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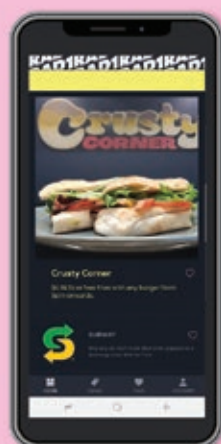
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Thief,

To whoever stole my black leather size 10 Just Jeans jacket on
Tuesday afternoon last week – I don't know you, but I would
know that jacket anywhere. And while I can't afford to
replace it, or pay for a ransom, I do have a very partic-
ular set of skills (good eyesight, lots of rage), skills which
are gonna make every minute you wear it on campus
a nightmare for a thief like you. If you return my jacket
now, that'll be the end of it. I will not look for you in the
library, I will not pursue you in the Link. But if you don't,
I will look for you, I will find you, and I will kill you, or just
take it back, whatever works. PS. If you feel like getting
it off your chest then please just drop it into the OUSA
main office xx

***Disclaimer:** Take these words with a grain of salt"

Right, Listen up: I don't know where your getting your
one sided, overly exaggerated "fake news" from, but I
have something to say about your ridiculous Courtyard
flo week review. For one, we, the eighteen courtyard girls,
don't pay over \$160 in rent per week, to have random,
drunken strangers trash our beloved backyard. It's called
Courtyard for a reason. Wasp off. Secondly, I can pretty
much guarantee that none of the six authors who wrote
the article were present at our gig. Here's the voice of
someone with first hand experience. Thirdly, in relation
to our rating of 10/10 for 'flat deck guardianship', I am
sorry you were too busy 'smashing pingas' to realise that
these speakers were brand new, cost our flats over 2
grand, and that our deck is on the verge of collapse...
(landlords these days). Again, I'm very sorry that we were

clearly concerned for the safety of our party attendees,
and would rather not be responsible for a couple broken
legs at the end of the night! Clearly the pinga strength was
"very strong bro" as there were multiple wide eyed faces
boomeranging back and forth between the grass and our
deck as we had to tell them multiple times.... "Do you...
Understand...us...please....get...off...the...DECK!"

[the letter complains about people going on the roof –
edited for length]

Keep in mind that these flats are our HOMES, don't disre-
spect our property and we won't disrespect yours. Sound
good? P.S.

Last year one particular person on the roof caused a pipe
to burst in the courtyard living room, allowing a cascade
of water to flood through the roof and house. Fuck load
of damage. Fuck load of money to fix it. There's a reason
behind everybody's madness people!

Yours sincerely, Angry Cuntyard member

To the author of 'AskOtago is a Shiny Piece of Nothing'.

I work at AskOtago. Us representatives that staff the desk
and answer the phones know that we're the public face
of the scarring SSR, but please remember that it was not
us who made those decisions. A considerable amount of
knowledge was lost in the SSR – it's going to be a long
process to recover it all. When we're 'reading off a website'
or standing 'awkwardly in the doorway' I promise we're
trying our best, but if you see one of us looking confused
it's not because we're inept – it's because you've brought
something to us that we never got trained on or that we
didn't even know existed.

That said, AskOtago (the department that consists of
everyone staffing desks, answering phones and chats,
writing online help resources, etc. – not just the central
hub) is getting better by the day. It's already made a mas-
sive positive experience for new students coming to Otago.
Give it time, and please be nice to us.

NOTICES

The Captain Cook Mercury Market is happening upstairs
at The Cook Hotel on March 16th.

Have a beer and listen to some sweet tunes while you
browse secondhand/vintage clothes, craft and other trea-
sures. Stalls are still available (\$30) so get in touch through
our facebook page The Captain Cook Mercury Market if
you would like to be involved.



EDITORIAL

Uni Flats Are Flats, Not Residential Colleges

This week we've got two stories about areas of tenancy that are technically legal but are still fucked, and in both cases the tenants are the ones who lose out. Erin Gourley looked into tenants being ordered by the Tenancy Tribunal to pay the rent that vanished flatmates have left unpaid, and Nina Minogue and Esme Hall talked to Uni Flats residents who are upset about University of Otago employees coming into their flats without giving them proper notice.

For those of you not in the know, Uni Flats are (generally) owned and/or operated by the Uni, mostly for the benefit of international students. I always assumed that Uni Flats were just like regular flats, except clean.

Landlords must give you at least 24 hours' notice before they come around as part of the Residential Tenancy Act.

By Charlie O'Mannin

However, the Uni told us that these properties don't fall under the Residential Tenancy Act, because the University essentially pretends they're residential colleges, which for some reason operate under completely different rules.

Except that Uni Flats aren't residential colleges; they're flats - they've literally got the word 'flats' in their name. They're just like any other flat: a bunch of people living together in a house and trying not to annoy each other to the point of murder.

The University gets away with this because the legal definition of a residential college is that it "must be located within an educational institution, or owned by the institution, or provided by another party under a written agreement with the institution". Essentially meaning that Uni Flats are residential colleges because the University says they are.

This wouldn't be that shit if it wasn't for the fact that residential colleges are EXCLUDED from the Residential Tenancy Act, which means that none of those laws apply to them.

Putting aside the fact that colleges themselves aren't subject to the Act (which is not cool), that the University can decide that a flat they own is exempt from the Tenancy Act just because they own it is fucked.

I wonder whether the Uni would get away with it if the majority of the Uni Flat residents weren't international students, who are often less aware of New Zealand tenancy law, and the fact that it's not being applied to them.



Uni Flats Residents Unhappy with Unexpected Landlord Visits

"I have my passport, my laptop, all my mess lying around in my room, and we never know if they are going to go in there"

By **Nina Minogue and Esme Hall**

Uni Flats residents have complained of unannounced visits from landlords and Property Services.

Uni Flats is the University of Otago's housing service for international students, where a local 'Kiwi Host' lives with a group of international students. Its goal is to "ensure international students have a quality place to live that is close to campus" and have a "flatmate whose local knowledge can provide support" said University of Otago Campus Development Division Director James Lindsay (also known as James "I have a very long title" Lindsay).

Under the Residential Tenancies Act, tenants must be given 24 hours notice before contractors or property managers enter a property to carry out repairs or maintenance.

But, Uni Flats residents "are not defined as tenants by law [which is] stated in their contracts," so "24 hours notice [before] maintenance staff [come] on to the property" is not required, said James Lindsay.

"The students in all but four of the Uni Flats are residents in the same way students in the University's colleges are residents, with wrap-around services including prompt attention to requests for maintenance work," said Lindsay.

Lindsay said "every effort is made to advise [residents] if staff need to go to the Uni Flats for any other reason than responding to a request from

a resident," but several students told Critic they are uncomfortable about how little warning they receive before people come onto their properties.

One resident said Property Services contacted them "out of the blue" about a piece of furniture in the flat that they couldn't have seen without visiting the flat without the resident's knowledge.

A student who arrived at their Uni Flat early in the year said Property Services was "arrogant and condescending" when arranging maintenance work, telling residents, contractors are just "here to get the job done, so we aren't going to notify you."

Another student had found dealing with Property Services difficult. They "changed the time for doing maintenance literally three times, and it's annoying because we can't be home [when we] have Uni. I mean I trust them, but I have my passport, my laptop, all my mess lying around in my room, and we never know if they are going to go in there."

Lindsay did admit it is possible for flatmates to not be aware work has been done. "Maintenance staff pick up the key from the Uni Flats Office, go to the flat, knock on the door and wait for an answer. If no-one is home, they enter and do the work" said Lindsay. He said the work "mostly" occurs because a Uni Flat resident has asked for help.

Some Uni Flats are University-owned, and some are leased from private owners who still

employ local property management companies. However, because Uni Flats residents are not 'tenants' under the Residential Tenancies Act, property managers contracted to the properties don't have to abide by the rules of normal flats either.

One resident said their property manager has arrived unannounced at their property several times. "One time they popped their head through the window just to say 'how's the flat?' It was weird and unsettling." They also visited the flat five times in a fortnight with no notification to drop off kitchen equipment. "Small things kept changing every day, and it was scaring me because I was often alone in the flat."

Another resident said communication between property managers, Property Services and Uni Flats residents is "a bit shocking". Last year, a property management company organised a flat viewing for their property and told Uni Flats about it, but Uni Flats failed to pass on what time it would be to the residents. "Someone was in the shower and they came out and people were there."

A Kiwi Host said, unscheduled visits might be fine if you're an exchange student and just there for a semester and "don't see the flat as your space," but when you have daily concerns and a busy life and keep most of your stuff in the house it's way more concerning. "I really love being a Kiwi Host, but the organisation [of Uni Flats] is a bit average."

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Uni Flats Still Have “Draconian” Wi-Fi Policy

Current students not as outraged as some kid in 2014

By Nina Minogue

Despite the residents paying normal rates for internet use, Wi-Fi at Uni Flats is provided by the University network, which is subject to “draconian” restrictions, in the words of former student Anton Hovius.

During University ‘working hours’ (Monday to Friday 8.30am-12pm, 2pm-5pm), the University Wi-Fi blocks auction sites, dating sites, gambling sites and game sites. Sites that contain pornographic or objectionable material are completely blocked as far as is practicable.

After these internet restrictions were introduced

in 2011, off-campus network traffic on the University network decreased by 32% in a year.

Uni Flats residents said not being able to stream movies was a common cause of frustration. One Uni Flats resident told Critic “Yeah . . . I know you can’t use Pornhub . . . that’s been tried and tested”. Another student had no knowledge of any restrictions saying, “Nah, I watch porn. I’ve never had any problems.” They later contacted Critic to say they were actually using a private browser.

Overall, current students weren’t as outraged as former Otago Uni student Anton Hovius who,

back in 2014, slammed the University for its “draconian” internet usage policies, deeming them an unfair restriction on student freedom.

He ran for Colleges Officer in 2015, campaigning to reform the Uni’s internet policies for Halls of Residences, saying “it doesn’t make sense when you are paying \$340 bucks a week to have the university interfering with what you are doing in your private time”. Uni Flats residents pay \$160 a week but are subject to the same internet restrictions.





Law Camp Going Ahead With New Changes

Third year law students smiling through the pain

By Esme Hall

Law camp will go ahead for 2019, with new changes from the Society of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) after last year's Law Camp was cancelled amidst a media furore that erupted when a 2012 attendee told the New Zealand Herald the camp was like "an American fraternity house," with nudity, jelly wrestling and excessive drinking that people felt pressured to participate in. A week out from the 2018 camp, the University withdrew its support and prevented SOULS from running it.

This year law camp has a "fresh approach" said SOULS in a statement. It will go ahead with changes that were scheduled for the 2018 camp before it was cancelled. These included doubling the number of leaders, so that each group had a male and female leader, requiring these leaders to be sober, having no nudity or jelly wrestling and making sure that "any student who might have decided not to drink alcohol would have had their decision respected," said SOULS.

Law Dean Professor Jessica Palmer said the SOULS Executive, Proctor's Office and Law

Faculty are "are all committed to building a positive and healthy culture" for Law students. They are working together to "provide our incoming second-year students with a welcoming and safe environment in which they can get to know each other and form strong friendships."

A fourth-year Law student told Critic SOULS found it harder to get enough leaders to attend the camp because of the increased leader numbers and new sobriety requirement.

A second-year Law student Critic spoke to said they did not buy tickets for this year's Law Camp as they "thought it was too expensive for something that might not be all that great". There was also "disappointment naked jelly wrestling is not on the cards". But they said "there is definitely excitement [...] it will be a bit of fun". SOULS said it has seen "a large amount of interest from second-year students" in the camp.

Many third-year Law students are happy to see the camp re-instated, but gutted they missed out on one of their own.

Third-year student Matthew said "I legitimately think our year group is worse off for [not having a Law Camp], just in terms of cliqueness and a general lack of engagement with SOULS events and competitions last year". But "a lot of people understand that the faculty really had no other choice in the circumstances. There were legitimate cultural issues [...] at the very least we still got our Law Camp 2018 [beer] handles, which is sort of like having merch from Apollo 11 or the Titanic".

Sam, another third year, is glad to see Law Camp is back. He said it "gives the cohort a good opportunity to bond outside class" and gives "law students and the faculty the chance to play their role in lifting the standards and standing of the legal community [...] sometimes a second chance is what it takes to create lasting change".



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Dundas Street Construction Is a Pain in the Ass

A street divided – cruel, totalitarian East Dundas and free, democratic West Dundas

By Sinead Gill

As Flo Week dawned on the student population, construction on the Dundas Street Bridge began, blocking it off as a part of the Leith Flood Protection Scheme. The long-term benefits of construction are probably worth inconveniencing a few dozen residents for six months, but that doesn't make it any less of a pain in the ass in the meantime.

Critic spoke to over a dozen students who deal with the construction every day. As you'd expect, they all complained about the all-day, every-day noise. They also spoke about the struggle of having an iron and wooden fence splitting the street down the middle, meaning they have to take a longer route around the construction.

One flat on the east side of the construction said that they barely get to see their mates on the other side, as "no one wants to come around any more" because of the inconvenience.

A flat on the west side has lost the front of their property to the site, including their valuable parking spaces.

Another flat said that on rowdy nights they often have over 20 people cutting through their property to climb the fence where it is most accessible.

The construction site had to install a security camera to deter people from climbing over or graffitiing and one flat said there was a security guard around the site most days.

Residents close to the site were sent a letter explaining what would be taking place, and they were reportedly required to sign it. All of them said that there was no way to decline the notice, and said there was no way they could have "reasonably expected" the extent of disruption. All of the students spoken to had heard of a rumour that some residents had received compensation for the inconvenience, however Critic could not verify it.

One group of students said that their property manager had told them the construction would be finished before they moved in for Orientation Week.

Gavin Palmer, the Director of Engineering, Hazards, and a bunch of other stuff for the project, said that it would not have been possible to start construction earlier to avoid disrupting students. He assures students that the project has been "streamlined to ensure minimal disruption to the public" and "regrets" the inconvenience.

Work on the site will be paused for the University's 150th Anniversary events, for a concert, and for the May graduations, but there is no indication that they will pause over the exam period.

One flat suggested installing a zip line from one side of the Leith to the other until the construction is done. Critic agrees and suggests they start a givellittle page.

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Proctorial Justice Stocks Removed For 150th Exhibition

University adamant it had nothing to do with the Proctor Protest last year

By Wyatt Ryder

The Proctorial Justice stocks were removed from outside the Proctor's Office in mid-January to be included in a historical exhibition for the University's 150th anniversary.

A University spokeswoman said, "The removal of the stocks was unrelated to the protest held outside the Proctor's Office last year".

Some students expressed disappointment with the removal of the stocks, while others were unphased. One student remarked "It feels both forced and subversive after last year's miscarriage of justice," while another student said, "I walked by that place three times today and didn't even notice they were gone. I give zero shits about that wooden art piece".

The stocks were erected on the 25th of March 2015 in honour of former Proctor Ron Chambers who served for 21 years, from 1980 to 2001. He passed away in late 2014.

The memorial was a remake of what was originally a prank organised by students, where one night in 1999 stocks were placed outside Chambers' office. Seeing the humour behind the act, the University cemented them in place, where they stood as a tourist attraction for many years.

The original stocks went missing after being put into storage when the office was removed to make way for the Centre of Innovation in 2001. The current whereabouts of the original

stocks is still unknown. Upon hearing the story in 2015, former Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson decided to recreate the stocks as a memorial to Chambers.

The stocks will be featured in the "Dare to be Wise" exhibition at Otago Museum which will be formally opened on 31 May 2019 as part of the official Queen's Birthday celebrations, said a University spokeswoman. It will feature many items of significance from the past 150 years.

UniCol Drops Residential Assistant Numbers While Piling on Academic Work

Former RA told Critic workload already too high

By Esme Hall

University College (UniCol) has only hired 18 Residential Assistants (RAs) this year, down from 21 last year, and has given the RAs more responsibility for academic mentoring on top of their pastoral care role.

Master Andy Walne said, "University College did not seek to reduce the number of RAs hired" but "we were not prepared to compromise on the qualities or skillsets of those students offered roles at the College". So effectively UniCol did not receive enough quality applications to hire the normal 21 RAs.

On top of their already intense pastoral care roles, the 2019 RAs have been tasked with

meeting with students one-to-one to do academic check-ins, work previously done by the Resident Tutors.

Master Walne said this approach "has a number of benefits. Rather than a small number of staff meeting with a large number of students (over 100 each), each RA meets with on average 26 residents". Resident Tutors then have more time to provide more help for "those students identified by the RAs as needing a higher level of support". He said it has also "been a good way for the RAs to get to know their residents early in the year".

Walne said, RAs received training to give them "tips and confidence" to do these interviews,

and said that the RAs have found the experience "rewarding".

But a former RA told Critic that "giving the job of a highly paid Resident Tutor to a barely paid RA seems unfair" to RAs and to "the freshers who just want to know how to take the first step into the rest of their lives".

"I definitely found certain times of the year to be stressful as a student and as an RA." They said this additional work would add even more stress.



Otago Polytechnic Too Successful for Its Own Good

Otago Polytechnic tells Education Minister he's doing his job wrong, he does it anyway

By Owen Clarke

Last Tuesday Education Minister Chris Hipkins visited Otago Polytech to address concerned students, faculty, and staff, following the Government proposing a merger of all 16 of New Zealand's polytechs.

The controversial merger bodes ill for standout polytechs like Otago, which are concerned their strengths will be watered down to prop up failing polytechs. Hipkins provided no reassurances, saying, "We want to share Otago's success with the rest of the country".

Props to Hipkins for showing up and pretending to care. "This is a genuine consultation exercise," he said. "This is a reform programme, but actually, I don't want to go ahead with a reform programme until we get the chance to engage with all of you on the ground and in our local communities." Engagement isn't synonymous with appreciation, however. I engage with my toilet every morning when I take a shit.

Hipkins said the merger aims to bring together the currently disparate systems for vocational education and on-the-job training provided by

workplaces. It will create the "New Zealand Institute of Skills and Technology" and a better funding system for vocational education in New Zealand, he said.

Lofty goals aside, Otago Polytechnic students and staff are concerned the merger will pull down Otago Polytechnic into mediocrity when it is forced to "share the wealth" with other regions and institutions, in Hipkins' words.

At Tuesday's meeting at the Polytech, concerned parties voiced complaints along the lines of the obvious: "Why, under this proposal, will the results of our hard work and accomplishments be redistributed to other institutions that took no part in the work that brought us to the position we're in today?"

Richard Greatbanks, Associate Dean of the Otago Business School mentioned Otago Polytechnic's Baldrige Performance Excellence Award in 2018, and the apparent lack of space for "excellent" institutions under the proposed merger. "How will you ensure," he asked Hipkins, "that we don't end up with a polytechnic sector

in three or four years that is a sea of mediocrity?"

Hipkins had no clear answer to this. He said, "If we could fix the other parts of the system without affecting the parts that are working well, we wouldn't be having this conversation". When questioned further, the Minister continued with the platitude, "I want everyone to be great, and I'm happy for some to be excellent. What I'm not willing to accept is that we have some that are excellent and some that are failing. Everyone doesn't need to be excellent but everyone does need to be great".

Consultation for the proposal closes March 27th, though it remains to be seen how much local opinion actually matters to the officials heading the merger.

"I hope in the next few weeks," said Hipkins, "Otago will be thinking about how they can use their contribution to this process to help the system."

Get your thinking caps on, sheep. The system needs you. Big Brother is watching.



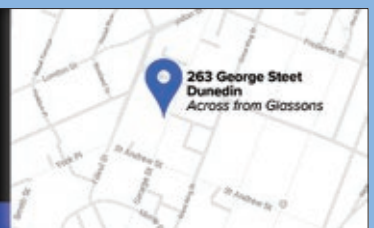
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2018 OUSA Exec: Where Are They Now?

By Sinead Gill

Even if you don't fuck with OUSA, there is no denying that people who wind up on the executive have gone on to do fancy things. Here's an insight into the 2019 plans and goals for the future leaders of our country.

Caitlin Barlow-Groome: President

This year Caity is the Vice-President of the National Students' Association, NZUSA. Besides that she has decided that 2019 is the year of being active, and is not only playing netball and touch, but is also training for the North Island Amateur Boxing Champs in August. Just in case you think this makes her too unrelatable, though, don't worry – she assures us another goal for the year is to catch up on all the drinking she missed out on last year while working for OUSA.

Cam Meads: Admin Vice-President

Cam has already landed a job in the Government as a grad policy advisor. He's working in the Government's migrant exploitation review, among other things. Namely, he says, just doing his best not to piss off ministers. Fitting to his former role at OUSA, part of the review is focused on minimizing the vulnerability of international students in the workforce. Despite how Very Adult and Career Advancing this all sounds, Cam has "massive fomo" looking at O-Week photos, and is missing the good life in Dunners.

Tiana Mihaere: Tumuaki, Te Roopū Māori

This year Tiana is the kaihāpai for Te Mana Ākonga and she is working on creating the first ever National Taura Māori publication – the website launch of which is set for April 6th. She'll be contributing to the new Māori segment on Radio 1 (name still tbd) with other taura. She has returned to 3rd year Med and says, "neuro is less traumatising the second time round". We'll have to take her word for it.

Sam Smith: Finance Officer

In search for "a stronger dose of coffee, culture, and politics," Sam moved to Wellington to finish off his

Arts degree in Political Science and Public Policy. He still intends to finish off his law degree at Otago.

James Heath: Education Officer

Most of James' time is taken up by OUSA (no surprises there). For those who don't know, President is a 40-hour a week role. His goal is "to make this the best damn year for students and OUSA". Non-work related, he plans on getting back into hockey and generally look after his physical and mental health, which are his most important personal goals.

Abigail Clark: Welfare Officer

Abigail is doing what she does best – flexing on most students with how much work she puts into the community. On top of working at a rest home, she is the secretary for Dunedin Pride Incorporated and is a refugee support volunteer with the Red Cross. When she's not doing that, she's working on her Masters in Peace and Conflict.

Josh Smyth: Re-Creation Officer

As the re-creation officer for this year as well as last, Josh wants to be the most visible and accessible OUSA contact he can be for all students and clubs. He intends to rep OUSA and "our fam" at all possible student cultural events like pint night, courtchella, and even in town. In 2019 he also will also continue provide "yoga, meditation, flame slinging, lush vibes, spiritual deep 'n' meaningfuls, and access to the pathways of knowledge and healing" that have helped shaped him so powerfully. Outside of uni, he teaches fire spinning with two large disability trusts, runs Ninja Training (he says to "hmu if you wanna get ninja"), and planning the next summer fire performance tour.

Roger Yan: Campaigns Officer

Mr Roger Yan is making the very respectable move of focusing on finishing his degree in Psychology and Politics. If he doesn't get a job right off the bat he has his eyes on postgraduate

studies. In the meantime, he has launched the Otago Psychology Society to bring psych students closer together. He says everyone should go and like the Fb page.

Umi Asaka: International Officer

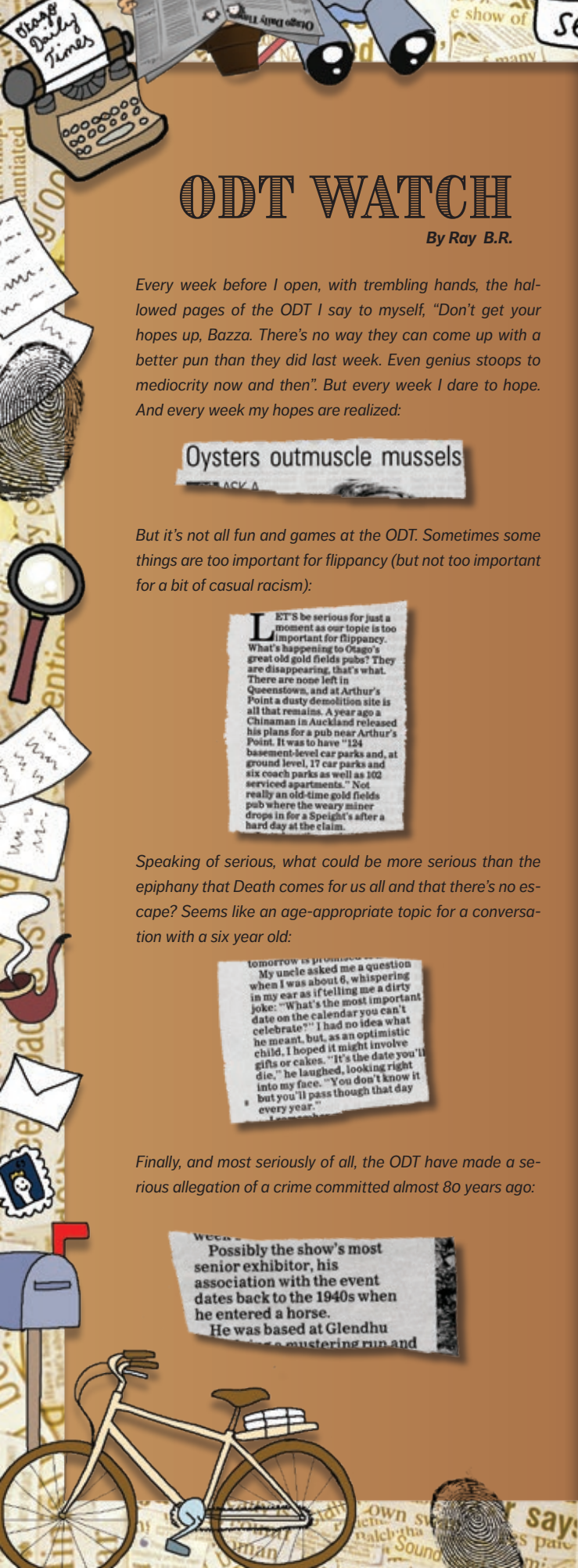
No shade to the other former exec members, but Umi by far is already killing 2019. Unfortunately she didn't get back to us for a life update, but in the time she's been gone she has published a book, and by lurking her Facebook we've been able to see her talking at some fancy looking conferences. Go her.

Kirio Birks: Post-Graduate Officer (Jan-August)

Either he blocked us all on Facebook or has left social media. Whichever, last we heard he got into a pretty competitive postgraduate course. Critic wishes him the best of luck.

Dermot Frengley: Post-Graduate Officer (September)

As the 2019-elect postgrad officer at the time of his appointment to 2018 postgrad officer, he was able to get the ball rolling on a number of issues. So far he's started working on improving postgrad representation within decision-making bodies, and has improved pathways for students to deal with supervisor conflicts. Besides that, his goal is to finish his thesis and get a job, and enjoy what might be his last year "in the city of dreams". What a cheesy cunt. He also wants to improve on his Te Reo and do a bit of fishing.



ODT WATCH

By Ray B.R.

Every week before I open, with trembling hands, the hal-
lowed pages of the ODT I say to myself, "Don't get your
hopes up, Bazza. There's no way they can come up with a
better pun than they did last week. Even genius stoops to
mediocrity now and then". But every week I dare to hope.
And every week my hopes are realized:

Oysters outmuscle mussels

But it's not all fun and games at the ODT. Sometimes some
things are too important for flippancy (but not too important
for a bit of casual racism):

LET'S be serious for just a
moment as our topic is too
important for flippancy.
What's happening to Otago's
great old gold fields pubs? They
are disappearing, that's what.
There are none left in
Queenstown, and at Arthur's
Point a dusty demolition site is
all that remains. A year ago a
Chinaman in Auckland released
his plans for a pub near Arthur's
Point. It was to have "124
basement-level car parks and, at
ground level, 17 car parks and
six coach parks as well as 102
serviced apartments." Not
really an old-time gold fields
pub where the weary miner
drops in for a Speight's after a
hard day at the claim.

Speaking of serious, what could be more serious than the
epiphany that Death comes for us all and that there's no es-
cape? Seems like an age-appropriate topic for a conversa-
tion with a six year old:

My uncle asked me a question
when I was about 6, whispering
in my ear as if telling me a dirty
joke: "What's the most important
date on the calendar you can't
celebrate?" I had no idea what
he meant, but, as an optimistic
child, I hoped it might involve
gifts or cakes. "It's the date you'll
die," he laughed, looking right
into my face. "You don't know it
but you'll pass though that day
every year."

Finally, and most seriously of all, the ODT have made a se-
rious allegation of a crime committed almost 80 years ago:

Possibly the show's most
senior exhibitor, his
association with the event
dates back to the 1940s when
he entered a horse.
He was based at Glendhu
mustering run and

Search

DUNEDIN NEWS



Does waldronville smell like the meat plant?



See petrol is .09

Please save some chickens.

Thank you to the absolute wanker of a bus driver who turned right on to SH8
from Burkes this morning. It is an 80k area and I had to slam on the brakes and
stop or I would have t-boned him right in the middle of the bus. \$19 per hour is
far too much for this bloody idiot.

What a cheek, who does he think he is, God ? Deputy Mayor Chris Staynes
quote: « Whenever there was a perception the council was taking something
away from motorists we all get bombarded with unhappy people « Really???
He then went on to say people would have to adapt. Really??? All we want is a
council who puts the rate paying permanent residents of this city first. Not all of
us can cycle or walk and the majority of us don't want to, So putting it politely
Mr. Deputy Mayor, Get Stuffed !!!

The Critical Tribune

Dunedin's Entire Allocation of Lime Scooters Already Submerged in Leith River

After the shock announcement that Lime scooters would return to Dunedin streets on Thursday morning, the Tribune arrived at the Leith in time to see two strange men standing outside a white Toyota Hiace with blacked out windows. One by one, they threw their cargo of Limes over the fence and into the water, where they were quickly swept out into the ocean.



"Is that the last of them Jim?" the slightly more ursine of the pair asked the other. "Yes, that's all of them," Jim replied, before getting back into the van and riding off into the sunrise. At time of press, Lime was unavailable for comment. However the University Chaplaincy has announced plans for a small memorial service at a date and time yet to be confirmed.

Local Adrenaline Junkie Lets Fingers Get Dangerously Close to Carrot Grater

Her blood banged in her ears louder than a lecturer testing their microphone, sweat flooded her pores, her mind was alive with the electric-quick rush of danger. Another grate, pushing her right to the edge, that delicious line between life and death.



This is what she lives for. This is the only thing that makes her feel alive. She knows that one day she'll push it too far, that she'll reach a point of no return and end up hurting herself and the people she loves. But she can't stop now.

"Let's Go Out Tonight and Stand in the UBar Line!"

"Oh my gosh, do you know what the best idea in the world is? Let's go get drunk and yell about what a bad time we're having while we wait for hours in the cold and rain to be let into UBar!" said Hamish Glunder to his assembled friends, who all nodded enthusiastically. "What an excellent idea Hamish," said Benjamin Klunk (it's a Swiss name), "we had so much fun last time we went and stood still for a while with a bunch of drunk people!"



The Tribune has confirmed that upon reaching the front of the line, Glunder, Klunk and co. doubled back and joined the end again, the bastards.

Lecturer Makes Snide Comment About Student Attendance, Not Realising He's Died and Become a Ghost

"Samuel Bronk?! I've never met this person. Are they even taking this paper?" said Classics lecturer Harold McHuckley, as he read out the roll of people supposed to be taking his 700-level paper CLAS767: The Foreskin in Classical Croatian Pottery.



Unfortunately for Associate Professor McHuckley, his class's poor attendance was not because of the general devaluing of the humanities but because he had died seventeen years earlier and no one had got around to telling him yet.

The ghost of the fourth most boring person in history to study penises segued into a rant about how no one ever asks questions nowadays.

WANTED



BILLY "WAITING ON A BULK PAYMENT" JACKSON

OWES
\$3000

Left in the lurch

What Happens When Your Flatmate Stops Paying Rent

By *Erin Gourley*

There are a lot of ways to waste your money (daily coffees, essential oils, cheap shots that are mostly syrup, fancy peanut butter from the Farmers Market). But there are none worse than paying off the rent that your flatmate didn't pay. Ari Cameron-Smith lived out that scenario. This year, he had no savings left by O-Week. That's because in 2018, one of his flatmates ditched their Leith Street flat and disappeared, leaving the rest of the flat to pay close to \$4000 of outstanding rent.

This happens every year in North Dunedin. I spoke to several students about their struggles. All of them were in the dark about their liability. A standard lease agreement includes a clause that makes tenants "jointly and severally liable," but most tenants don't know what that could mean when shit hits the fan. Even if they have thought about the agreement, they're often still shocked to find out that the default position is tenants paying rent for their flatmates, on top of the rent they've paid all year.

When one of Ari's flatmates returned to his hometown because of a family illness, they

needed to fill the fifth room. They found Billy Jackson* on Facebook. "Everything was pretty sweet at the start, nothing off-putting about him," Andrew Hurley, another of Ari's flatmates, told me. He signed the lease, but stopped paying rent a month in. He never ended up paying bond. "We hit him up a lot," Andrew told me, "but every time he would say that he was get-

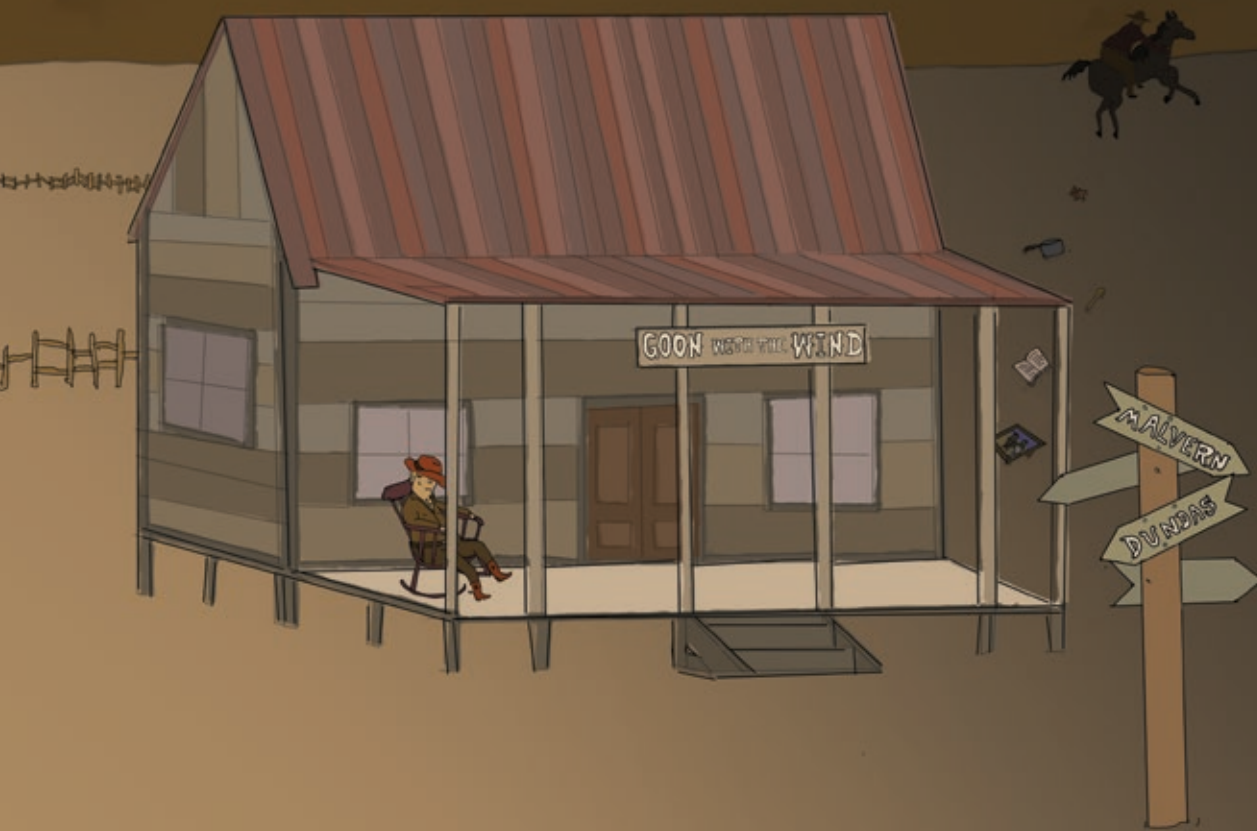
mates evicted before the end of their lease. One of the remaining flatmates, Henry Cox-Herring, said that having two flatmates leave without explanation "really stressed out my partner and ruined our relationship". They are no longer together. Many of the tenants I spoke with are no longer on speaking terms.

"I barely have the money to live, let alone be paying back money that I shouldn't be"

ting a bulk payment [from work] and not to find another flatmate". The missing rent built up pretty quickly. "This caused extra stress for all of us last semester," Ari said.

When a landlord knocks on the door, asking about missing rent, tenants tend to freak out. In a different flat, on Malvern Street, two tenants left. The arrears (the missing rent) ended up at around \$2000, with the remaining flat-

Legally, all of this is above board. Even if the tenants have virtually no power over the content of a lease agreement and just sign it because they want a roof over their heads, they still did sign an agreement with that clause. So they're liable for their missing flatmate's rent. That doesn't make it right or fair. There's a goal behind the process. The goal is: fuck the tenants, let's make sure the landlords get their money.



Another Otago student found herself in a similar situation on Dundas Street, with \$1800 in arrears. One of her flatmates left early in the year and they struggled to find a replacement. “It was extremely stressful,” she said. “Most of my time when I should have been studying for exams was spent trying to find a replacement or contacting the property manager.”

Ari described trying to get rent from Billy as “an ordeal”. Eventually, the unpaid rent mounted up to over \$3700. Edinburgh Realty, their property management company, organised mediation. After admitting that the unpaid rent was his, Billy didn’t show up. The mediation couldn’t move forward.

“Nothing was really taken on board by the landlord as to our situation,” the tenants from a separate flat on Arthur Street told me. Their

flatmate moved home and found a replacement flatmate through his rugby club. The replacement only paid rent for about a month. Their landlord wouldn’t listen when they said the situation was between the original flatmate and his replacement, and kept coming after them for the missing rent. Then the case ended up in the Tenancy Tribunal.

“It was an absolute stitch up,” one of the Arthur Street flatmates told me. Their new tenant completely ghosted them. His name wasn’t on the lease so he knew he wouldn’t have to pay. When their landlord filed in the Tenancy Tribunal, their original flatmate, who hadn’t lived in the flat all year, ended up paying the shortfall. The other flatmates believe he ended up paying around \$3000. “We all felt like it was quite unfair as there was no support around getting money off the person who owed it.”

“When it came time for the mediation and tribunal, no one could get in contact with him and we were made to pay all his rent,” Andrew, one of the Leith Street tenants, said. By the time that Edinburgh Realty filed for rent arrears (unpaid rent) in the Tenancy Tribunal, Billy was avoiding all contact from his flatmates and the landlord. “Despite the guy telling the property manager he would be happy to take the full cost of what he owes, the landlord chose to take the bonds and extra money off the other people.” The remaining flatmates lost a total of \$3780. Ari said that receiving the order was “a big learning experience for all of us”.

It’s the reliable flatmates, with money to pay, who become the targets of the Tenancy Tribunal orders. The order given against Ari’s flat named all of the tenants who signed the lease. It didn’t specify which flatmate should pay. A catchphrase appears in the Tribunal orders from all of these

cases: “If the tenants have an issue with who actually owes the arrears then this is a matter they can pursue in the Disputes Tribunal, because it is a tenant/tenant issue.” That’s the legal equivalent of throwing your hands up in the air and saying: “It’s not my problem, go away.”

Those orders are accurate; the role of the Tribunal in these cases is to make sure the landlord gets paid. The Tenancy Tribunal, despite what its name might suggest, doesn’t have the power to distribute that burden fairly between the tenants. The students I talked to were forced to pursue their missing flatmates in the Disputes Tribunal.

Amid her studies, the student from Dundas Street is hoping to put forward her case in the Disputes Tribunal. There’s no other way for her to get the money back. “As a student, I barely have the money to live, let alone be paying back money that I shouldn’t be.”

The Disputes Tribunal was also frustrating for one of the Malvern Street students. It’s time-consuming, she has to pay a filing fee, and it’s difficult to make the time to mount her own case on top of studying and working. “I have to pay money to launch this tribunal [case] with no guarantee that I’m even going to get anywhere.” She has now moved into a boarding house where rent is paid on a room-by-room basis. “I made sure not to make that mistake again.”

I asked some Dunedin landlords for comment about the current rent arrears process. “There

is nothing duplicitous in this and it does give the landlord protection which is necessary for his/her large investment,” said John Hornbrook from Edinburgh Realty. He also commented that renting on a room-by-room basis carries with it difficulties, especially when it comes to dividing up the power and internet costs. He said it often works out to be more expensive for tenants per week. Darlene Johnson from Property Scouts told me that “tenants may think that we are being unreasonable, but in actual fact we are simply working inside the bounds of the RTA [Residential Tenancies Act].”

seems hopeless in his situation. “He doesn’t work or have any money, so even if the [Disputes Tribunal] orders him to pay us each back, he can’t if he physically has no money.” Ari knows that he’s entitled to the money – obviously having to pay someone else’s rent is unfair – but an order doesn’t necessarily mean that someone will pay. “He [would] technically have to pay us eventually, but there’s no guarantee of when that could be.”

When a flatmate stops paying, the remaining flatmates lose out. They pay their own share

“People can just up and leave ... and cause a world of stress for those left to clean up their mess.”

However, working within the bounds of the law is not enough to make life fair for tenants. “There should definitely be more actions and inquiries into why someone isn’t paying,” said the student from Dundas Street. “Otherwise people can just up and leave like he did and cause a world of stress for those left to clean up their mess.”

When I asked whether he would try to get his money back in Disputes Tribunal, Ari seemed resigned to his fate. “I don’t have the time or money currently to chase it up,” he told me. Ari has asked for advice on his case, but an order

of the rent, go through the stress of having to cover the missing funds by finding a new flatmate or paying extra rent, and are left pursuing an unreliable person for potentially non-existent money. It’s a terrible situation. But isn’t it nice that the landlords still get paid?



REVISITING THE RIOTS

Remembering some of Dunedin's most lit student riots

By Chelle Fitzgerald

As our 150th anniversary dawns, it seems only fitting that we honour all of Otago's past – not just the fancy past that the weird 150th anniversary merchandise gift shop in the Link wants you to know about.

Critic talked to students and police who were present at the three most famous student riots over the last thirty years, to share what they remember about how it went down.

1990: Saturday 22 April - EASTER TOURNEY

"Easter Tourney" saw students from Christchurch heading down to Otago each year to compete in sports and let off some steam, student-style. During the 1990 Easter Tourney weekend, several parties began early on Saturday in Castle Street.

At the Palms Resort flat, students began throwing bottles at the building next door. Lincoln University student Mark Dasent was staying at the Palms, and remembers that "it all got out of control". Police were called to the Palms around 8 p.m. to clear out the party, meanwhile the Gardies Pub (now the Marsh) had become overcrowded, forcing management to close early after a reveller set off the fire alarm.

The crowd deluged out of Gardies, joining the swarm of bodies on Castle Street near the Palms Resort, prompting rioters to roll a car and light the spilt petrol from it. At the time Critic reported that "a stereo played Queen's 'We Will Rock You'. A rousing version of 'God Defend New Zealand' followed".

Bottles were flying freely, and police attempted to disperse the crowd toward the Castle/Dundas intersection. It was now around 10.30 p.m., and police were employing dogs to control the mob. Mark was forced onto the roof of his car, parked outside Palms. "The dogs were jumping up against the car, lashing out at me – one grabbed the bottom of my overalls and ripped my overalls off."

Over the next couple of hours, the riot reached maximum intensity, with numbers swelling to around a thousand students versus 45 police officers.

"They chased us down Castle Street; it was all quite out of hand. Cars were being turned over and fires were being lit everywhere. Another mate of mine, his car got overturned and burnt," remembers Mark.



Elsewhere in the fray, young policeman Ian Paulin was experiencing his first of all three riots, “on the road block at the wrong side of the riot”. The main riot was down at the Coronation St flats, down towards Cumberland St. “There was a police line on the far side and I think every cop in Dunedin was called in.”

Violence heightened and police began entering private flats in order to prevent bottles being thrown from flat roofs and gardens.

Dunedin District Police Commander, Superintendent Bert

“The dogs were jumping up against the car, lashing out at me – one grabbed the bottom of my overalls and ripped my overalls off.”

Hill, later commented “a fellow was playing ‘chicken’ with a dog, taunting him, but unfortunately when he did that for a third time he slipped on some glass. By the time he picked himself up he had been bitten”.

Ian remembers there were about 4-5 dogs involved, and “one of our dog handlers got a dart thrown in the side of his neck. To be fair, we had no riot gear, no protection equipment – nothing, no pads. A couple of old helmets from the Springbok tour ... but that’s about it.”

Constable Paul Kennedy, who later worked on duty at the 2007 riots, was also at the 1990 riot, albeit in his final year of high school. “I remember one of my mates getting locked up, for pointing a water pistol at the paddy wagon.”

At 3 a.m., the last fire, over in Howe Street, was put out and it was all over.

The OUSA Executive later issued the following statement:

“We feel the causes lie much deeper than alcohol and general irresponsibility and may well be symptomatic of the increased pressures University life places upon many students [...] students from almost every other University had received their first bursary payment - in one lump sum. Otago students had still not received any allowance, an allowance which at best only allows for a very poor standard of living.”

Former rioter Mark was back in Dunedin two weeks ago, dropping his own kids off at uni. “My daughter lives on Castle St. I pointed to the Palms Resort and said to my daughter, ‘this is where we had the riots!’ It was one of those great memories.”

2007: Saturday 25 August - UNDIE 500 Part One

The Undie 500 was an annual car rally organised by ENSOC (Engineering Society of Canterbury), where Canterbury students purchased vehicles for under \$500, decorated the shit out of them and drove them down to Dunedin. Like Hyde Street, each car and its occupants dressed in a specific theme, and like Hyde Street, there was much drinking involved.

Police officer Ian Paulin was once again working at this event. “I’d dealt with the Undie 500 right from its inception.” He acknowledged that it had grown over the years from a really fun event with some amazing vehicles, to something else. “It just became more about the party at the end of it than the actual event [...] it reached a point in 2007 where it was just massive”.

And massive it was.









Jeremy Duggan, a physiotherapy student at the time, sat on the front porch of his Frederick Street flat with friends “with Shapeshifter’s ‘Electric Dream’ and Scatman John’s ‘Scatman’ being blared on repeat,” watching the build up of cars and people, before setting off towards the mayhem. “We were able to follow the dotted couches that were burning along the way, like a guiding path right to the heart of Studentville – Castle Street.”

When Duggan and his friends got there, the scene that greeted them was one of bedlam.

Critic at the time reported that students faced off against police, chanting ‘Scarflies on the piss!’ and singing ‘Why Can’t We Be Friends?’ amidst flaming piles of furniture (couches and mattresses) and flying bottles. Cars were being overturned and torched.

A loud student haka was underway when the police managed to push the crowd down Castle St toward St David lecture theatre. The crowd pushed right back, charging the police line all the way back to the Gardies pub.

Critic reported that student Lauren McEwan-Nugent saw a group of officers converge on one person. “There were seven police in riot gear [...] they beat him unconscious.”

Jeremy and his friends didn’t stay long. “It was carnage and was raining empty bottles, bricks and letterboxes from above. There were sure to be injuries, so we got the hell out of there.”

Finally, the police managed to force the students all the way back through the university campus and through onto Hyde Street (because surely that would result in no shenanigans whatsoever). Sure enough, a large party was waiting for them at Hyde Street, with fires threatening to engulf dry timber houses and power lines.

Constable Paul Kennedy worked the scene that night,

and recalled that a fire engine arrived to put out a fire, but had bottles thrown at it. “We had to clear the street so that they could put out their fires and stop all of this continuing on”.

Most of Kennedy’s colleagues woke up with sore heads the next day, from receiving bottles to the head. “The riot gear was [last] used in the 1981 Springbok tour. So it was very old and the helmets weren’t very padded.” Ian Paulin recalled that “there were some pretty good injuries from that; our front line was getting bottled, flying debris and stuff”.

At the height of the riot, numbers were in the thousands. “We were really overwhelmed numbers-wise. You can’t do anything

“People were throwing bottles from the back, they weren’t throwing them far enough, so they were landing and hitting other students”

when you’re faced with 3000-4000 students and you’ve got a line of 15 cops,” said Ian.

Over the weekend, 69 people were arrested, 21 of whom were charged with rioting. Those ultimately convicted were forced to pay fines, reparations, donations and court costs exceeding \$16,500 (up to \$2,000 for some individuals), as well as community service.

2009: Saturday 12 September - UNDIE 500 Part 2

Though the Friday night saw some fires, the Saturday night was the biggest debacle, with the midnight closure of the Gardies pub leaving many people in the streets once again. Chanting “ole, ole, ole,” the students heaped rubbish atop growing fires at each end of the street, with firefighters watching from afar, allowing the fires to burn out rather than risking their own safety in the revelry.

First year health sciences student Adam* was at his sister’s flat in Castle Street, watching as the night escalated. “[The police] decided to start clearing the street, and there was a haka [in response]”.



Over 500 people (most of whom had been on the piss since lunchtime) launched bottles, bicycle parts and other white elephant items at police officers.

"People were throwing bottles from the back, they weren't throwing them far enough, so they were landing and hitting other students," Adam recalls.

Around 12.30 a.m., Adam saw about 40 police officers don full riot gear and form lines eight officers across outside the Gardies on Castle Street. "And then they just did this full-on charge at everyone [...] what they wanted to do was try push everyone off the streets and into flats."

Adam's sister's flat was one of the first that the police ran past. A resident of the flat got bowled over by the approaching wave of police, and Adam stepped in to defend her. "She was just screaming on the ground so I ended up kicking the riot policeman and he swung his shield at me and knocked me out in the doorway".

The police later issued Adam with a "pretty shitty apology" for this after footage of him being knocked out later surfaced. He isn't too mad about it now, though. "I guess when everyone gets to Dunedin and you're away from home for the first time, you feel a little bit invincible."

In another flat on Castle, 17-year-old Luke started his night with anticipation. "I hadn't started uni yet and it was all very exciting." He eagerly faced off against the line of police, joining in the haka, until the police started advancing with riot shields. He quickly became frightened when he found himself caught between the advancing police and the unmoving sea of students. "We got totally swept up in it. And all of a sudden, I just wasn't comfortable with it anymore."

Struggling to get out of the throng to safety was difficult. "I don't know what would have happened to me; I was frightened. I felt like a little boy in that moment." One of the flying bottles hit Luke in the back of the head, but he didn't realise the severity of his wound until the next morning when he awoke to blood in his bed. "I ended up going to A&E and getting six stitches in the back of my head."

There were multiple complaints from students who were pepper sprayed by police in their own doorways. According to Critic, police were going through "so much pepper spray that by the time they had pushed the mob back down Castle Street backup canisters were brought in."

According to St John, ambulance services attended 15 patients, including one with serious burns (a student who fell onto a burning couch while trying to jump over it, later requiring surgery), with others suffering lacerations and pepper spray effects.

Officer Ian Paulin was again present on this weekend. After the hectic 2007 debacle, the police had levelled up and called in reinforcements from Invercargill, Christchurch and Dunedin. "There were numerous arrests. I can't remember the numbers, but we were filling vans up and taking them back to the station. It was pretty full-on."

"We got totally swept up in it. And all of a sudden, I just wasn't comfortable with it anymore."

A bona fide student riot veteran by this point, what Sergeant Ian Paulin remembers most is the sound. "The noise of a riot is something else. That's what sticks with you. It's a loud, moving feast of bodies, really."



THE BEST VENDING MACHINE ON CAMPUS: A CRITIC INVESTIGATION

By Wyatt Ryder

University is hard work. Fortunately, our corporate overlords have placed easy access to delicious food and refreshing beverages all over campus. Quenching yourself has never been easier, but how do you know which machine to use?

The nearly twenty vending machines available on campus can be broken down into six different unique machine designs. Choosing

a vending machine is a delicate task. They all have different prices, products, and designs. Here's a guide to getting an authentic snack purchasing experience for the least money and hassle.

'VENDING DIRECT' TOUCH-SCREEN SNACK MACHINE:

Locations: The Link, St Dave's

This machine is an unnatural, disgusting mess. Half science fiction and half retro, it's the worst place to acquire snacks on campus.

Vending machines are ideal for loose change. Those coins in your wallet have no real value in the long run, so why not get yourself a delicious Moro Gold before class? Well apparently Vending Direct decided that my peasant money wasn't good enough for them. After inserting a reasonable \$2 exclusively in 10¢ pieces the machine began to malfunction.

Before even hitting the \$2.50 target for a disappointing Hershey's bar, the machine made a weird noise. It then spat half of my money out, but didn't cancel my sale. I then tried to manually cancel the transaction. It seemed to malfunction again and only gave me half of my remaining funds. After some D.I.Y troubleshooting I finally got my money back.

At this point I was getting strange looks from some people in the hall beside me, although that may have been caused by the sound of a 10¢ coin dropping into the machine twenty times. I decided to give up and use PayWave. However, the stupid machine malfunctioned again, and started displaying the numbers to the right of what I was actually pressing.

After another cancelation, I finally bought my chocolate bar. Receiving the candy was an awkward confusing mess, as these machines feature a pull-down style flap that was completely alien to me. Despite having the largest variety on campus, this machine is bad. Do not use this machine.

Price: 2/5

Authenticity: 1/5

Variety: 5/5

Ease of use: 1/5

Overall: 2/5



'VENDING DIRECT' BUTTON SNACK MACHINE:

Locations: Business School, Castle, East Lane

This style of machine is perhaps the most authentic of the pack, but not necessarily in a good way. While I do thoroughly enjoy watching my Snickers bar slowly fall from a twisting ring through a scratched pane of glass, I don't enjoy having my arms crushed by a pressured flap while trying to receive said Snickers bar. The prices are the same as the awful touchscreen model, and I'm not going to pay \$2.40 for a Cadbury bar when New World is only a few blocks away.

They do have cool light up buttons though.

Price: 2/5

Authenticity: 4/5

Variety: 4/5

Ease of use: 3/5

Overall: 3/5

COKE SIX CAN MACHINE

Location: St. Dave's, Burns, East Lane

When you can only put six different cans inside a vending machine, you would assume that they'd try to diversify the selection a little bit. Nope. Half of the tiny selection is different sugar varieties of coke. Despite this, these machines are incredibly popular. With giant buttons and PayWave it'll take no time at all to spend \$1.50 on a can of coke. It doesn't do much, but it will support your crippling sugar dependence.

Price: 4/5

Authenticity: 2/5

Variety: 1/5

Ease of use: 5/5

Overall: 3/5



REALLY HIGH TECH DRINK MACHINE

Location: St. Dave's, The Link, Castle, East Lane, Business School

These new drink machines don't drop your beverage down with the force of gravity. No no no, it's 2019; we need robot arms in our vending machines nowadays. This bad boy lets you buy several drinks at once using a complex yet easy-to-use touchscreen interface. Purchasing a beverage from one of these 'Hydration Stations' will treat you to a wild display of modern technology. Your beverage will be picked up and delivered to an automated rotating flap that requires minimal bending over to reach. Sadly, the large variety of drinks is spoiled by the high price, and the whole experience feels far too Blade Runner for my liking. The lack of authenticity is evened out by the cool-factor though.

Price: 2/5

Authenticity: 1/5

Variety: 5/5

Ease of use: 5/5

Overall: 3/5

'BLUEBIRD'S THE WORD' SNACK MACHINE

Location: Richardson

This machine is a stock-standard vending machine. The only unique feature here is the "healthier choice" labels underneath the packets of nuts. I can appreciate the logic here, but I don't go to a vending machine for healthy decisions. I go to spend money on chocolate.

Price: 2/5

Authenticity: 5/5

Variety: 3/5

Ease of use: 3/5

Overall: 4/5

THAT ONE REALLY OLD COKE MACHINE

Location: Outside Campus UBS

This vending machine is the real deal. This singular unit features a wonderfully sun-bleached Coca-Cola design from what seems to be the late '90s. There is a complete lack of confusing and arm destroying flaps, and a satisfying buzz when you finally put in enough coins to reach a dollar. Don't be going anywhere near this old gal with an Eftpos card though, as this machine is old school. Hell, it doesn't even take notes. That's not an issue when everything only costs a dollar though.

You don't have to worry about any keypads or product codes; everything is one button. Just pop in your pocket change and you'll have access to 7 different beverages that will be delivered to you at break-neck speed. This is the quintessential vending machine experience.

Price: 5/5

Authenticity: 5/5

Variety: 3/5

Ease of use: 5/5

Overall: 4.5/5





A Non-Political Chat with Chlöe Swarbrick

By **Henessey Griffiths**

Chlöe Swarbrick – Green MP, advocate for mental health and drug reform, and just a great chat. Chlöe's rise to fame came after she came third in the 2016 Auckland mayoral election. Following this, Chlöe began to work for the Green Party, becoming the youngest MP in New Zealand in the past 40 years. Chlöe works as the spokesperson for sensible drug law reform, mental health, education and much more in parliament, with the goal to help change New Zealand for the better. But you know, being a politician and all means

you are constantly bombarded with hard-hitting, serious journalist questions. So here's a non-political interview with Chlöe Swarbrick.

Who's your favourite musician at the moment?

I was listening a lot to King Princess on the plane, they're so sick. My partner just brought Marlon Williams' newest album on vinyl so I've been listening to a lot of that, he's really cool. Forever and always Frank Ocean is what I go back to. I've been having a renaissance on the plane when

I've ended listening to Panic! at the Disco, like old Panic. It takes me back to being 16.

Who do you think would win in a fight between Jim Carrey and Adam Sandler?

Jim Carrey. When I was in intermediate and 50 First Dates came out, I watched it so many times with my little sister so that's my image of Adam Sandler. Jim Carrey seems more buff. I think he'd win.

“I used to love Pepe but now he’s a right wing representative”

What’s your most embarrassing moment?

I’ve got quite a few. The thing that just came to mind was when I was at bFM and it was during the Obama years. We had an international correspondent Jason, who is now the head political editor at BuzzFeed, and I was talking about Obama and all the stuff that was happening in Iraq and Iran in the Middle East and I accidentally called Obama ‘Osama’ live on air. So that was cool, and so I had to obviously undo that. I immediately was like ‘What have I done. That was a mistake’.

What’s your favourite meme?

I’ve started really loving the ‘my dude’ thing because I think it’s really funny. I think that me and my friends developed a meme by calling everybody ‘old mate’. I used to love the ‘Scumbag Steve’ ones, and I used to love Pepe but now he’s a right wing representative.

What’s your favourite flavour of shapes?

I’m a vegetarian now, but it was cheese and bacon. Growing up I loved the little chicken ones shaped like drumsticks.

What’s your hype up song?

It’s really not a hype up song, but it’s funny because I think it’s more about the associations you connect to music. I listened to Frank Ocean’s *Blonde* during the 2016 mayoral election when I had to go all around Auckland all by myself; I listened to that album on repeat. “Nights” is the song if I want to be in a good headspace or be reflective.

What’s your favourite kind of dog?

Sausage dog. Dachshund without a doubt. The average dachshund doesn’t have a particularly

great personality but I remain convinced that you would be able to train them and love them like a child and develop personality traits.

What do you put on your toast?

Peanut butter. Hands down.

What’s your favourite day of the week?

All days kinda meld into one, right. You typically see the weekend as you lose formality and there’s not such a constrictive schedule. I really like Mondays. When parliament is sitting for a week they don’t sit on Mondays, so what I was doing all of last year and will be doing this year, is up in Auckland there are two housing youth suppliers called Lifewise and so I was working for three hours on Lifewise every Monday and then fly to Wellington that evening. I like that I can spend my Mondays doing meaningful community engagement.

What’s your biggest guilty pleasure?

It’s probably a situational thing. It’s probably hitting all the notes of being in bed, eating either pizza or a burger, and watching something on Netflix. I had a week to do that when I had the first real break over summer and it was amazing. The notion of taking time off felt like such a guilty pleasure itself, and adding eating food that isn’t good for you and watching Netflix was awesome.

What’s your favourite swear word?

Probably the one I use the most, which is fuck.

Who’s your favourite Spice Girl?

Sporty Spice, but what is she doing now?



Wash your hands, for the love of god, wash your hands.

This week I'm sick, so I thought I'd write my piece on being sick. I'm sick of being sick. I'm sick, our OUSA team are sick, students are sick, lecturers are sick, and Uni staff are sick. Everyone's sick – and I'm sick of it.

This is, infamously known, as the Fresher Flu. When the great migration of Freshers (and to be fair everyone else) arrive in Dunedin and bring with them a cocktail of colds, sickness, and flu. This year it seems to have come a little earlier and a little harder.

Measles and Influenza. They sound scary and they can be;

Measles might look like a dry cough, runny nose, temperature over 38.5C and you'll probably feel very unwell. A rash appears two to four days after first

symptoms, usually on the face and moving down the chest and arms. Be aware.. but don't panic.

Influenza can include fever, chills, aches, runny nose a cough and an upset stomach.

If you're feeling sick take it seriously. If you think you might have either of these tell someone (College RA, Flatmate, or even your Mum) straight away. If you think it might be Measles don't go into Student Health or anywhere for that matter – instead stay home and give them a call instead.

Wash your hands, eat your vegetables, rest up and, if you cough, cover it.

James X

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

POSTED OUR PARTY ON FACEBOOK TO

MAKE SURE

AT LEAST A FEW PEOPLE CAME

NOT MY BRIGHTEST IDEA, I'LL ADMIT. HAD A WHOLE HEAP OF

UNWANTED GUESTS

MOST TURNED UP TRASHED. TURNS OUT WHEN

YOU HAVE A

FRONT LAWN FILLED WITH NAKED, VOMITING STRANGERS

THROWING BOTTLES

AT PASSING CARS AND PLAYING BIEBER FULL BORE

YOU GET TO WORRYING

ABOUT CONSEQUENCES AND YOU CAN'T RELAX AND HAVE A

GOOD ONE



When parties go bad it's worst for the hosts. Good One is all about helping you have a great time while keeping you, your guests and your place safe.

Planning a party? Register it today:

www.goodone.org.nz

ousa

of auckland university students' association

MARKET

10am - 3pm
Wednesday 13 March*
Union Lawn Courtyard

Range of Stalls, Live Music & Tasty Food Trucks

Stallholder information can be found online at
<https://www.ousa.org.nz/events/market-day>

*bad weather postponement 14th March

DAY!

NOW WITH
TASTY FOOD
AND
LIVE MUSIC

Currency

*If I had a dollar for every time someone
Wanted my 2 cents,
I'd be able to sell them
for the price of a penny my thoughts.
And once I'd have enough, I'd exchange all that spare change,
sell that silver spoon I've been suckling on as well,
Since that that's where all my money seems to be.
I'd sell my rags to goodwill,
And if there's' any of the king's ransom left,
I'd Buy me the ability to
Show some 12-carat self-restraint online,
For the all insurmountable price
Of some fucking common-sense.*

By Bart English

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.





Students to WATCH

Rosette Hailes-Paku and Phoebe Lee: Fashion Designers

By Henessey Griffiths

Rosette Hailes-Paku and Phoebe Lee have been selected as finalists for the iD Fashion International Emerging Designer Awards. Alongside thirty-three applicants from around the world, they will be showcasing five garments from their graduate collection during Dunedin's iD Fashion Week.

For both Rose and Phoebe, fashion has always played a big part in their self-expression. Phoebe started experimenting with her style as a teen. "I started playing around more with dressing out there in my teenage years. I remember getting so many looks from everyone in the public that I was really annoyed at first and then got used to it so now I don't notice it. We're all kinda like walking billboards; people will naturally judge one another by what they wear and how they look." Rose found that fashion has become an integral part of her identity. "If I went out of the house wearing just a t-shirt and some jeans I would feel so uncomfortable and like I wasn't myself. I feel comfortable dressing like I do and that's how I want to present myself."

The process of studying fashion and creating collections has not been an easy road. Phoebe noted that "people seem to think fashion is very frivolous and there's not much to it. They don't realise how stressful it can be. There is a lot of research, writing, and reading that goes into the process". Rose commented on the intensive labour that goes into producing a collection, saying "there are so many hours that go into it. When we get deep into a project you're there all day and all night. It's so intense but fun and rewarding".

Rose's graduate collection is entitled "The Story of the Girl Who Wanted Pink Hair" and plays around with her experiences in a Catholic high school. "My collection explores the ideas of rebellion and innocence and being in a place [where] I felt like my creativity and self-expression was diminished". Her garments incorporate a range of belts, ties and buckles to represent the restrictions felt in her schooling environment, while also using free flowing silhouettes to represent childlike innocence.

“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”

Phoebe’s collection is “Dream Love Thrive Create,” and is based around creativity and self-expression. “It’s a celebration of being unique and expressing yourself through dress and style.” Phoebe’s work incorporates her art that has been digitally printed onto material, like vegan leatherette, which has then been turned into patches and keychains. Her collection is inspired by Japanese style, with each piece juxtaposing different colours, patterns, and materials together.

This year celebrates the twentieth year of iD Dunedin Fashion Week. The Emerging Designers show takes place on the 16th of March and will showcase thirty collections from designers from twenty-one fashion institutions. Rose and Phoebe are seven of the students representing New Zealand fashion institutes. Each collection will be on display in the Dunedin Public Art Gallery on the 15th of March.

Following Emerging Designers, Rose will be completing post-graduate studies in fashion design, focusing on social media marketing and establishing her collaborative brand Busy Going Crazy within New Zealand’s fashion industry. Phoebe is taking a break from studying but will be continuing to create more art and produce more garments in the near future.

@busygoingcrazy

@dream.love.thrive.create



BEST STUDY CAFES AROUND HERE

By Florence Dean



Sometimes when you're studying, the concrete jungle called "central library" just doesn't cut it. I don't know about you, but I can't study without noise. I'm not talking about people talking obnoxiously loudly (I'm looking at you second years on the third floor of central), but just natural background noise. That's why studying in a café is so underappreciated. I mean, not only do you get surrounded by coffee, but you can work in a chill open space. What's not to like? Here are my hot takes on the best cafes for getting your study on around town. Agree? Disagree? Don't tell me, I don't care.

Morning Magpie

Good coffee? Yes. An adorable, highly Instagrammable concoction of local art, tasteful plants and vintage teaspoons? Heck yes. Staff who are friendly but also you're kind of intimidated by because they're so aesthetic? Absolutely. Magpie also boasts decent sized tables for spreading all your gear out. Better yet, they have wifi. Is there anything wrong with this perfect studying utopia? No.

RDC

Let me tell you a secret, RDC is the love of my life. I love it because it's cute and

quaint and now features an excellent poster of Elvis Presley. RDC does hands down the best coffee in Dunedin (fight me). The coffee is so smooth, so deep, so flavourful. It is the bomb dot com cafe to go sip on a cup of caffeine and do the Stuff quiz with your buddies. HOWEVER if you want to do full-blown study, RDC is not the place. The tables are as small as Trump's hands, and there is no internet. In sum: I love, but not the place to get that bread.

Wolf at the Door

This place is dope. Smack-bam in the heart of op-shop land. I would suggest getting your study done at Wolf, then rewarding yourself with a well-deserved thrifting sesh. They also have a freakin' arcade machine that you can use for free.

Modaks

Modaks has a special place in my heart. I have been going there ever since I began Uni seven long years ago. Modaks has seen my bright-eyed, bushy-tailed fresher self transform into the jaded old hag that I am today. Quirk levels are high; she's covered head to toe in bits and bobs and



University of Otago artwork competition

Inviting all students, staff, alumni and Otago residents to submit original black & white line artwork for inclusion in the University's 150th anniversary colouring book.

Entries close 22 March 2019, 5:00pm | For more info: otago.ac.nz/150

PRIZES

- \$500 book cover winner
- \$100 each for up to 20 pages

knicks and knacks and nooks and crannies. Also satisfies those two requirements I won't shut up about: big tables + wifi.



Starbucks

I'm a hipster vegan green-voting girl with hipster green-voting friends. This means that when I am at hipster vegan green-voting cafes I'm bound to see people I know, leading to conversations and less work getting done. So, when I want to knuckle

down, where better to go than the most basic cafe on the planet? For people like me with friends like mine, Starbucks is an invisibility cloak. I doubt my friends even see it as they pass by. I'm hidden in plain sight.



If you're the opposite and live-laugh-loving your way through a basic lifestyle, try the reverse. Sneak into RDC and you'll be invisible to all that know you. On top of the lack of distractions, I'm kind of ashamed to say it but the fishbowl-sized coffee there is kind of delicious. I'm sure my coffee-connoisseur points just plummeted hard, but those Starbucks kids know how to froth soy.

Joe's Garage

Firstly: free wifi. Secondly: big tables. Both of those render Joe's another surprising



winner for me. Don't get me wrong, the vibe is weird. The theme seems to be metal and nails and rust. Wait, I see. It's a garage. I get it now. But then there's this sexy bathroom with red light that doesn't fit in with the rest of the vibe at all. But it's okay, and you know why? Say it with me! Free wifi and big tables.



Coffee Culture

Like Starbucks and Joe's Garage, the style of this place is definitely not why I go there. Décor aside (it's a bit shit) this is a bloody good study spot. You only get 30 minutes of wifi. This may sound like a con, but it's perfect when you have work to do that doesn't require much internet. You can do all your non-internet work, and then reward yourself with internet time and do your internet-ty things. Coffee Culture also has a killer view of the harbour which is ideal for staring into the distance, wishing you were doing literally anything other than your shitty, expensive degree that will take you a lifetime to pay for and probably won't get you a job lol.



**MEAN LUNCH FEEDS.
GREAT PRICES!**

I AM HOPE WAS WEIRD

By *Henessey Griffiths*



This year, Mike King was announced as Kiwibank's New Zealander of the year for his work as a mental health advocate. New Zealand has one of the highest suicide rates in the OECD, and one in six New Zealanders are diagnosed with depression or anxiety, and having someone like King, who is actively creating a discussion around mental health, is a huge step forward for positive change.

Following King's win, Kiwibank set up an initiative on Facebook where they created a profile frame that said "I Am Hope" with the hashtag #GumbootUpNZ, saying that they would donate \$1 to the #GumbootUpNZ fund for everyone who added this profile frame. Kiwibank had to keep raising their donation limit, in the end donating over \$100,000, which was an incredible feat, and has helped raise money and awareness around such an important topic in New Zealand.

Yet something just doesn't sit right with me.

The issue with online forms of activism like I Am Hope is that they become a trend, rather than a serious means for change. The internet

moves so fast; the hottest topic one week is completely forgotten by the next. Remember Kony? Remember how everyone watched a half hour clip and got so on board with the global campaign, only for it to become no longer trendy and die out? That's a common thing with online activism. Once we sign a petition online or change our profile photo, we simply forget about it. You think, "I've done my part" when there is still so much more to do.

Also, the point of the campaign was that Kiwibank was donating the money instead of the individual, and we have to think about the negative consequences of that. Knowing that you can easily support a noble cause without having to give anything (except changing a photo) pressures you into doing it. I mean, why wouldn't you want to do this and help support this charity? We cannot rely on one corporation to make change for us.

Of course, at the end of the day, this campaign wasn't inherently a bad thing. It's a start to creating change for a serious issue that impacts so many people – but it's only a start. Creating change is not an easy thing,

and won't be accomplished through changing a profile photo.

When you're talking about mental health, there are a lot of things that need to be done outside of the digital realm. It can be as simple as checking up on your friends, or helping a mental health support network any way you can. No one is a bad person for participating in I Am Hope. In fact, it is a great thing to see people actively engage in this wave of activism. I Am Hope is creating a much-needed discussion regarding mental health in New Zealand, but we can't stop here. We need to carry on these discussions off-line.

Need to talk? Free call or text 1737 (available 24/7)

Lifeline – 0800 543 354 or free text 4357

Anxiety phone line – 0800 269 4389

The Lowdown – 0800 111 757

Women's Refuge Crisisline – 0800 733 843


OUTline NZ – 0800 688 5463


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"It's a Tuesday thing"

\$2 Criss Cross Chips
Every Tuesday in March

2 Regent Rd, North Dunedin
Limit one per person. Terms and conditions apply.





HOROSCOPEES

Back by popular demand for one issue only, here're your horoscopes for the whole year.



Aquarius Jan 20 – Feb 18

Your flat is a mess. Time to start a cleaning roster and fall out with your flatmates.

Month to find a friend: November (again, it'll be a while, soz)



Pisces Feb 19 – Mar 20

You might just be a first year, and you might only have had two commerce lectures so far, but you already know that that business idea you had with your mate last night could make you millionaires. Go for it.

Month to find a friend: March (better get on it)



Aries Mar 21 – Apr 19

You may not have been able to move into your flat until after O-Week, but that doesn't mean that you can't catch up with all the partying. Go on, drink after your 10am lecture.

Month to find a friend: December (sorry for the wait)



Taurus Apr 20 – May 20

It could be the excitement of a new semester, or you're still pinging on MDMA, but either way you've got the energy of a racehorse this year. Take advantage of it while it lasts and head to Unipol.

Month to find a friend: June (it'll be cold so maybe make it a special friend)



Gemini May 21 – Jun 20

You've always been an average student, but this is the year to get your shit together. You know you can do better than a B-. Start the semester strong by actually turning up to lectures. Peter out quickly and do even worse. It's C+ for you.

Month to find a friend: August



Cancer Jun 21 – July 22

While everyone else is still getting used to their schedules, take advantage of Student Job Search and apply for a cool job before other cunts beat you to it. Get a job you hate and be miserable until you're fired.

Month to find a friend: January (sorry, it's too late for you)



Leo July 23 – Aug 22

It's not just you. Everyone is nervous about making mates in their classes. Stop being a pussy and just say hi to someone.

Month to find a friend: February (again, it's way too late. The person you'll say hi to will probably just blank you. You can last a whole year without making a new friend though, you've done it before)



Virgo Aug 23 – Sept 22

You will discover a deep passion for the sea, or vice versa, in which case you will drown.

Month to find a friend: September



Libra Sept 23 – Oct 22

You are going to develop a close personal connection with your lecturer by taking advantage of their office hours. They'll be a better job reference for you than your mum.

Month to find a friend: April (lecturers aren't real friends though)



Scorpio Oct 23 – Nov 21

You're probably going to want to fight something this year. Whether it's your washing machine, that cunt that keeps kicking over bins on a Saturday night, or the capitalist overload you work for. Try and resist, though. Just masturbate a bunch instead.

Month to find a friend: June



Sagittarius Nov 22 – Dec 21

You're definitely going to gain the Fresher 15 if you're not careful this year. Try and eat some greens.

Month to find a friend: October



Capricorn Dec 22 – Jan 19

Yes, that cute person who sits in front of you in lectures is totally into you. Ask them out!

Month to find a friend: May (they'll be the rebound from when that cute person dumps you)



presents

Top Ten ways to

Die on a Lime

1. Ride down Castle St. in the rain and skid on a puddle, falling head first into a bin of shattered Speight's bottles.

Cause of death: party foul

2. Take too many selfies while riding and crash into the Leith

Cause of death: vanity

3. Ride tandem with your friend and forget to pay attention to traffic laws

Cause of death: social suicide

4. Ride on the road in a lane alongside cars until one merges into you

Cause of death: arrogance

5. Eat a lime while riding a lime, accidentally drop the wedge in front of your wheel, spin out like a Fast and Furious driver and knock your head

Cause of death: redundancy

6. Be so busy swiping on Tinder that you crash into one of those white girls that wear chopsticks in their hair, which pokes into your eye socket and through your brain

Cause of death: cultural appropriation

7. Try to ski (ride two Limes at once) and inadvertently turn both Limes away from each other, ripping yourself in half from the crotch up

Cause of death: split identity

8. Try to carry as many Limes home with you as possible, wiping out and having all of them fall on you in a heap, fracturing every bone in your body

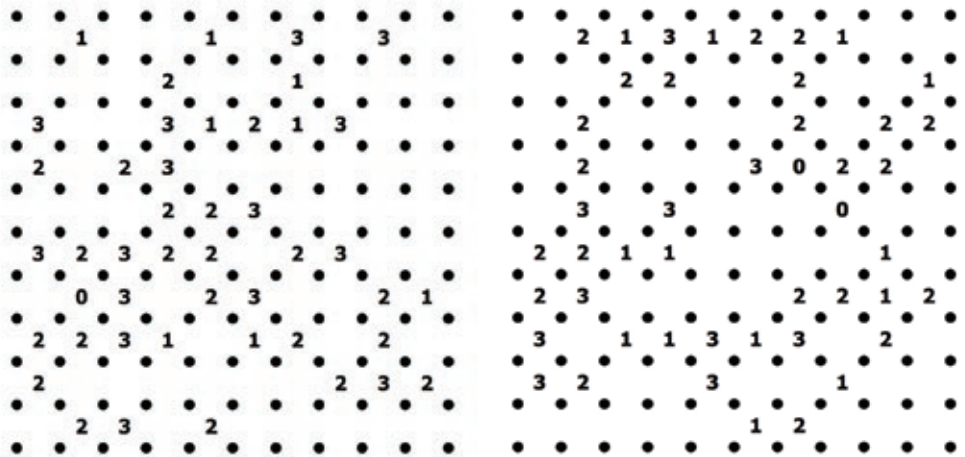
Cause of death: acquisition of power

9. Let a Lime hit you in the ankle

Cause of death: childhood memories

10. We could give you a reason #10. We could give you a Reason #1795. But do you really need one? Limes aren't cool. Ride a skateboard. Ride a bike. Ride a unicycle. Ride a crocodile named Carl. Don't ride a Lime.

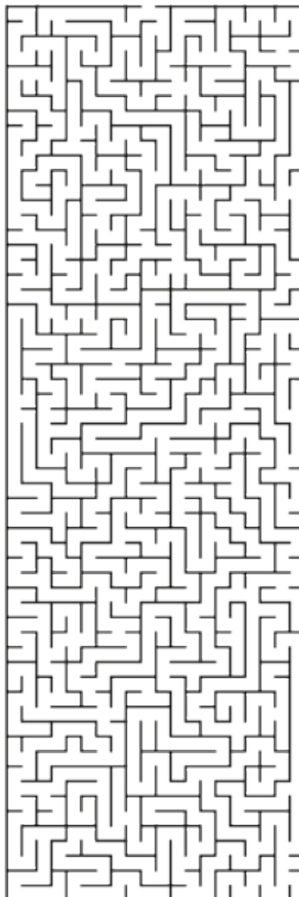
Puzzles.

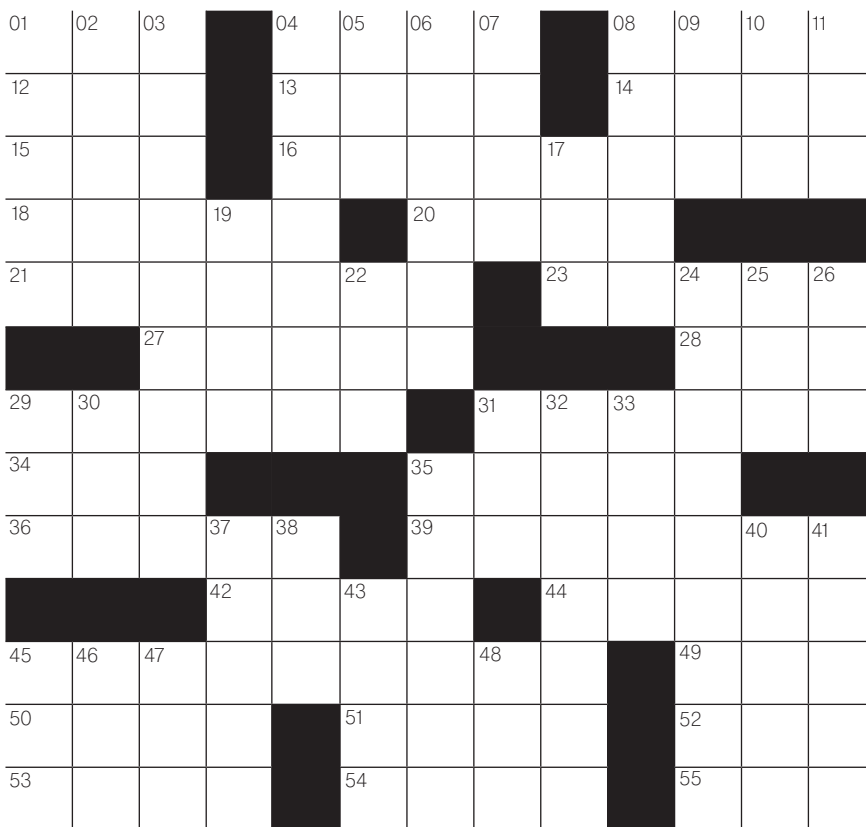


CONFUSED?

It's simple. Draw lines between the dots to form a single loop without crossings or branches.

The numbers indicate how many lines surround it.





AROSS

01. Get by
04. Petticoat
08. Mimicker
12. Dad's partner
13. Singer _____ Turner
14. Citi Field predecessor
15. Globe
16. Opposing
18. Tantalize
20. A Great lake
21. Sincere
23. Walk heavily
27. Appraises
28. Fight
29. Pass, as time
31. Dishonor
34. Had been
35. Peeler
36. Snaky shapes
39. Gathered
42. Wail
44. Transparent
45. Instantaneous
49. Memorable period
50. _____ - do - well
51. Mix
52. Border
53. Is unable
54. Roosters' mates
55. Briny deep

DOWN

1. Ham it up
2. Seoul's country
3. Humiliate
4. Roads
5. Stretch the truth
6. Map parts
7. Poker holding
8. Daisylike flower
9. _____ Beta Kappa
10. Poetic dusk
11. Cleaning cloth
17. Occupy a chair
19. Finger sound
22. Comprehend
24. Superintendents
25. Soccer's _____ Hamm
26. Fountain _____
29. Lamb's mom
30. "Leaving _____ vegas"
31. Beaver's creation
32. Blackboard wipers
33. Interlock
35. Roof of the mouth
37. _____ & Roeper
38. Downhearted
40. Mysterious
41. Stage offering
43. Aspiration
45. Business abbr.
46. "Cry _____ River" (2 wds.)
47. Guys
48. Can metal

EASY

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

MED

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

HARD

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

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 13TH MARCH

RADIO ONE 91FM
PRESENTS: QUIZ NIGHT
WITH JAMIE GREEN

Starters Bar

Get the crew together and sign up at Starters on the night. Spaces are limited so get in early. There will be giveaways on the night! 6 - 8pm.

THURSDAY 14TH MARCH

SAME NAME CONFUSION
AND LACUNA

Fifty Gorillas

Tickets from theticketfair.com. 8 pm

FRIDAY 15TH MARCH

CLAP CLAP RIOT - 10 YEAR
ANNIVERSARY TOUR

The Cook

Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

DEE STREET BLUES

The Galley Cafe & Cafe

Free entry
8 p.m.

BASS INTRUSION PRESENTS
002: TRUTH & HEADLAND

Fifty Gorillas

8 p.m.

Support from Namu, Lower1, Mud Monkey, Bass Intrusion, and

hosted by SHREDDA

Tickets from theticketfair.com
9.30pm.

SATURDAY 16TH MARCH

NICK KNOX

Dogs with Two Tails

Free entry
6:30pm

SERGEANT CHRIST BAND

The Crown Hotel
Support from Infinite Justice
and Chemical Damage
\$10 Entry fee
8:30pm

ID DUNEDIN WRAP PARTY

FT. EYELINER

New New New Corporation
Free Entry
8pm

SUNDAY 17TH MARCH

SUNDAY JAZZ SESSIONS

Inch Bar

Hosted by Craig Sinclair and guests.
5-7pm.

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.

MILTON CORONATION

HALL FUNDRAISER

Milton Coronation Hall
Featuring Bevan Gardiner with
proceeds going to help cover
renovation costs for the hall.
\$30 adults / \$5 children
1:30pm



CHECK OUT R1.CO.NZ
FOR MORE INFO



BOOZE REVIEWS:

By Sinkpiss Plath

Diesel

Naming a beverage after a kind of petrol is a pretty questionable business decision. I get the vibe they were probably going for – “It’s like fuel, for your body!” but instead Diesel comes across as smelly and messy as its namesake. If I wanted body fuel I would go with an Up & Go, not the liquid equivalent of body odour mixed with gasoline.

Diesel isn’t even what most cars use, I’m pretty sure it’s only Land Rovers, which let’s face it,

isn’t super flattering. Honestly, marketing departments need to sort their shit out. There’s a reason people call acid nice, calming names like “California Sunshine” or “Heavenly Blue”. If Diesel was called California Sunshine, my mother would probably drink it at brunch with the girls.

When I think of Diesels, I think of a guy named Kyle who is weirdly into motocross. No one’s quite sure what he’s been up to since high school, but he’ll turn up to a party uninvited and smash a pack of Diesels along with some darts. When he uses too much tongue – and he will – you will think of your dad and make a mental note to call him for dinner sometime.

Overall, Diesel is a gross but pretty decent time. It’s murky and ambiguous, just like your relationship with your parents. At least it’s cheaper than actual petrol. Who needs a car when this drink can get you places, baby.

Actually it’ll probably just get you halfway to town before you give up and go to Maccas, but

who cares, it’s not the destination, it’s the journey. Kung Fu Panda 2 taught me that.

Taste Rating: 1.5/10

Froth Level: BIKES!! SPORTS!!! CARS!!

Pairs well with: Man-size tissues for man hands, for man tears.

Tasting notes: Pepsi Max from the Campus store for only \$1.50. What a bargain!



The Central City Bus Hub

Opening 20 March

The Bus Hub, located on Great King Street, will be Dunedin’s major public transport hub. It will be the heart of our bus service.



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how to be a less shit COOK

By Gordon Oliver

One of the most important things to learn in martial arts is when not to use martial arts. The same applies to cooking.

So this week I present:

The Tuesday Night 'n Day Deals Ranked From Best to Worst:

1) \$2 Criss-Cross Chips

For some reason potato becomes 10,000% more delicious when it is in a hash shape. It's probably all the surface area for that great oil to stick to. Normally only your snooty Auckland mates can afford these, but when they're \$2 the gloves are off.

2) \$2 SUNDAES

Night 'n Day sundaes make an excellent late night dessert or a terrible breakfast alternative. These sundaes also have some pretty "punny" names, bringing little moments of joy and wonder into your day.

3) \$2 WEDGES

A form of potato almost equal in quality with criss-cross chips. The main downside is the moral dilemma you're faced with: deciding how much to splurge on sauce and extras. Also a great social event – if you go at lunch at least half the uni will be there.

4) \$2 Milkshakes

Pretty great, but just be careful. Lactose intolerance is no joke and your flatmates won't thank you for it.

5) \$3 MILKSHAKES

As above, but \$1 more.

6) \$2 PIES

A true contender to replace the fabled scarfie pie deal of the past. If you're in need of a cheap lunch, or just hungover after a wild Monday night, this is a pretty great deal.

7) \$1 ICE CREAMS

I'm pretty sure it's not a coincidence this gets scheduled in the middle of winter.

8) \$2 COFFEES

At first this deal seems like a cop out, but in the middle of semester time when you've got several assignments due and a pounding hangover access to some hot affordable coffee can be a godsend.

9) \$1 SLUSHIES

Slushies are cool I guess. It's like hard water, but kinda soft and sweet. Man science is whack!

10) \$1 HOT DOGS

The most phallic deal of them all. Pretty good value, but if you want to maximise the deal you gotta buy several and look like a wanker trying to hold them all.

11) \$1 FUDGE

For some reason Night 'n Day seem super proud of their fudge, despite the fact that it's kinda dry

and will make you wish some kind of drink had been the special of the month.

12) \$1 LASAGNE TOPPERS

Great value at only a dollar, but what the fuck is a lasagne topper? Is it the top of a lasagne? Does it go on the top of lasagne? Is it Italian? A lasagne topper is kind of like if Frankenstein's monster fucked a pasta bake and then deep fried the resulting love child.

13) \$2 LOLLY POTTLES

These are a sad reminder of times gone by. Kind of like remembering that sick Lego set you had as a kid, then realizing you only got it because your parents were getting divorced and your mum really wanted to make sure you had one last Christmas as a family.

Pro Tip: These deals start at midnight on Monday, so if you're a peckish insomniac you can get two days' worth of Tuesday deals.

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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

HER

Okay so right off the bat if you're here for a super juicy story about a hot and steamy date, you may want to wait till next week.

The night started off as most should, pre-drinking while getting ready. My mates and I even had a plan ready if the date went sour - one would call crying into the phone and I would 'accidentally' put it on speaker. Then my other mate would come and grab me to go help, luckily, I didn't have to do that. So, I get to dinner and the waitress tells me he's been waiting for about 20 minutes, instantly I check my phone thinking I'm late, but it was only just on 7:30. I get to the table and he seems like a very nice guy, not my type but I keep an open mind. So, we get talking and I start to notice a theme, the conversations die very quickly. See I have many conversation topics and honestly, I had used most of them in the first half hour. So, I'm trying to keep the conversation going and I'm questioning if I should put the plan into motion because it's so damn awkward. But I stick it out because free tacos (they were amazing by the way). So, we get to the end of the date and he walks me to the cabs. That's it, honestly, I'm just trying to reach the 300-word limit. Thanks to Critic, Mamacitas and my date for the night out, I did have a nice time in the end and I'm sorry to the readers that this isn't another daddy and princess story, we all know that's why you're reading this (come on don't lie to yourself) hey look, just made it to 300 words, go me.

HIM

Blind dates... that undeniable mystery for the hopeless romantic at heart. Thursday was no exception. I finished up at the uni, got in my shower and dressed looking like a million bucks.

Like damnn, you fynne! As time ticked to 7pm, I walked in at the doors of the lovely restaurant and got myself a table. Thank god, I've made it on time and importantly I'm here first. First impressions better make them count! Settled down in my table, now we are on the waiting game. 20 minutes pass by, as I look through the menu, thought tend to sink in, what if she doesn't turn up? Can I still eat for both? Perhaps call a friend? Possible violation of contract law? Was there an offer and acceptance? Shit, what about tomorrow's readings??

And suddenly something caught my attention. The love of my life has laid her eyes on me.

Margarita!! As I was getting into second base with that heavenly concoction, my date walked in. The lady of the moment! Alas, she is down with a fresher flu and strictly no alcohol for the night. At least she showed up, for Tacos!! Though we made up for the night with a long chat. She can certainly hold a conversation! By the end of it, I have a vague understanding of her, her entire family and me, like these margaritas are delish and I'm certainly an alcohol lightweight. But some things are not meant to work out and so do some people. That spark that ignites the best of love and lust was sorely lacking and so was any decent eye contact. As 9pm came by, we said goodbyes, wished both of us the best and called it a night.

Hey Tinderella, what ya up to tonight?!

**\$50 COUPLES
DEAL**

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

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
-TAQUERIA-

UoO Moaningful Confessions

SUMMER SPREE

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

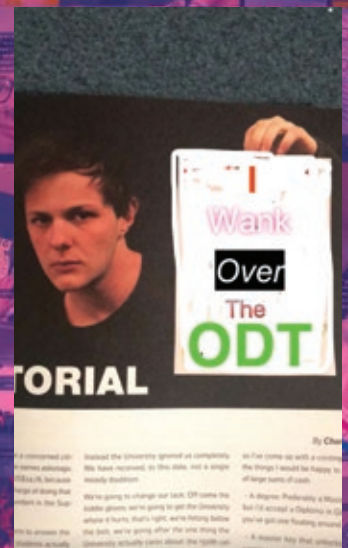
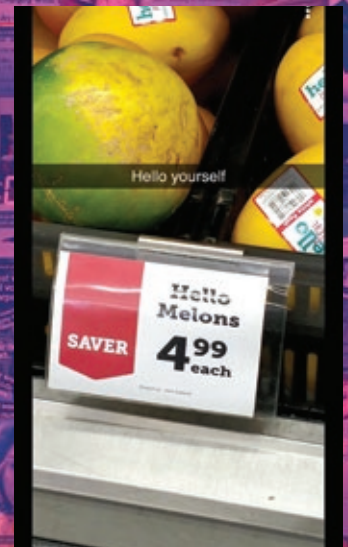
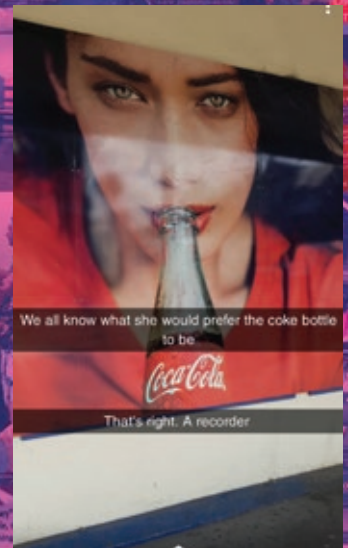
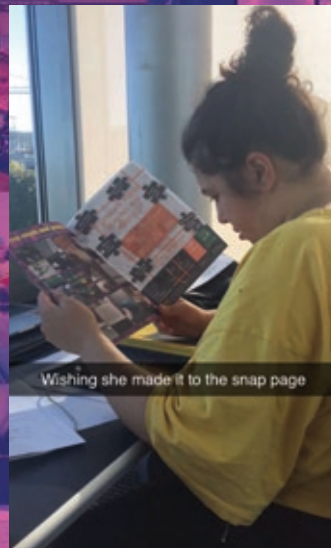
Back in 2015 my rabbit, Mr Fluffy, died, and I was grief-ravaged. I know that sounds like a joke, but I was a fresher living away from home for the first time, neck-deep in the shit creek that is HSFY, hadn't made any friends in my hall, and my childhood pet had died. To top it off I couldn't afford to fly back to Wellington for the cremation, and so I tried an age-old grief management strategy: drowning my sorrows and optimistically attempting to get laid. Tinder wasn't really a thing back then, but there was a club called Boogie which was basically the physical manifestation of the seediest hookup app you could imagine, so I rocked up there a box of Purple Goannas deep, cut some graceless shapes on the d-floor, and somehow managed to convince a girl that I was a viable mate. Anyway, we made it back to her flat and everything was going well: items of clothing were being shed, sweet nothings were being whispered, blah blah blah, and we started to fuck. I'd only lost my virginity a couple of months ago so had an extremely vague notion of what went where, and was completely lost as to the location of the clitoris, but I was giving it my best shot until I saw a toy bunny on her dresser that reminded me of Mr Fluffy. Instant boner killer. As much as we tried, and we tried every trick in the book, I was just too heartbroken to get it up again; I

was so embarrassed and sad that I started crying. Time to leave, obviously, but I couldn't find my socks. Eventually I found them just under her bed, and as I bent down to retrieve them I noticed a bunch of creepy dolls down there. Kinda weird, but I was too all over the place to really think about it or look closely, so dismissed it and got the fuck out.

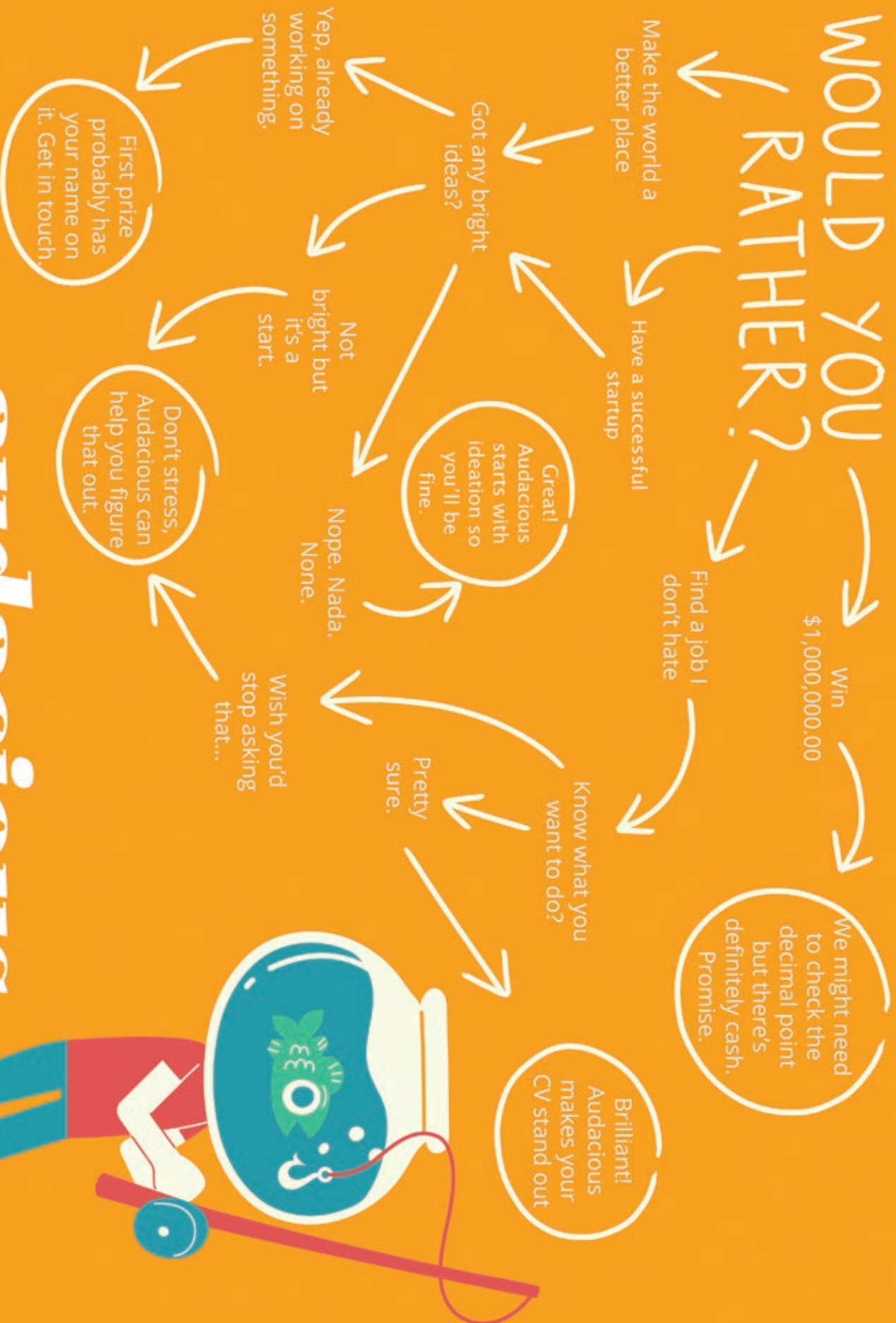
Fast forward to the end of the year and I'd finally made some friends, had done all right in HSFY, and had moved to the fifth stage of the Kübler-Ross model re: Mr Fluffy's death. So on my last Satdee night in Dunners before I went home for summer I was in a good headspace; when I bumped into that girl from earlier in the year in town I had a laugh with her about what had happened, one thing led to another and I was back at her place again to make amends. She kneeled on the floor and began to suck me off, and I was standing there thinking of how proud Mr Fluffy would be if he could see me now, when I saw those dolls she had poking out from under her bed. There seemed to be three or four more compared to the last time I'd seen them, but the weird thing was that one of them looked suspiciously like me, it even had a small mark under its right eye where I have a birthmark... She finished the blowjob and then I made some excuse and ran home.

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