CRITIC

TURNINGA BUNDEYE Sexual Assault at Knox

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> LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Girl Whose Jacket I Stole,

A couple of weeks ago I was studying in the library when I heard a high-pitched, plaintive cry. At first I thought it the familiar sound of a HSFY having a mental breakdown, but when it rang out again it struck me as inhuman (inb4 'that doesn't rule out a HSFY').

I followed the cries to their source: a baby bird that had somehow found its way on to the shelves of Central. I could tell from the look of filial love in its eyes that it had imprinted on me; I never back down from a challenge, and what greater challenge is there than being a father?

So I decided to take it home to my flat where I had some three-day old spag bol leftovers and some trim milk for it – but how to carry it? Not in my hands like some kind of animal. That's when I spied your beautiful black leather jacket.

I honestly was intending to wait around and ask you to borrow it, but then my little boy chirped, and it sound like "Papa! Papa!" and I decided that you'd understand. He's now tucked up in it fast asleep while I write this; I think if you could see the sweet rise and fall of his little chest you'd offer me forgiveness. Just kidding bitch I stole your jacket because it looks fucking dooope on me!!! Haha, loser!!!!!!!!!

Sincerely, Norm de Plum

LETTERS

Critic is a Shiny Piece of Nothing.

Critic has started the year in typical Critic fashion by being bitchy. The amount of vitriol and criticism the Critic has directed in its first two (!!) issues at AskOtago staff and KiwiBank's I Am Hope campaign is unwarranted and upsetting. As the University's only student newspaper it would be good to see some positive, creative content instead of these opinion pieces which are worse than Simon Bridges take on the Kiwi way of life.

Come on, you know you're better than this. Stop cutting people down and be a newspaper for all students. Not just the ones who are as bitter as you.

Sincerely, The Guy on George.

NOTICES

Do you love animals, or want to have your say on teaching methods used at Otago? Come to the NZAVS event on 21st March 2019 5:30PM at the Burns 1 Lecture Theatre and hear about exciting humane education methods and more, then share your thoughts!

JOB AD

Our amazing subeditor is leaving to do his Masters, so Critic is hiring for a new subeditor. The subeditor's role is to proofread and edit the magazine every week. Excellent written skills and grammar required. 12 hours a week. Email critic@critic.co.nz to send in your application, or to request a job description. Applications close on the 25th of March.



This week Critic's news section is a little different. Instead of our normal news stories we've got a seven-page investigation into the culture of Knox College, a story that Critic has been working on for the past month.

There are so many elements to this story, and there were even more that we couldn't or chose not to include.

Here're some takeaways of the story:

- There have been cases of people reporting sexual harassment and assault at Knox, reports that have been dismissed by the college leadership.

- The college's policy for dealing with sexual assault is at odds with the University's.
- The Master of Knox says that the "Animals" initiations do not involve nudity, but Critic has video of Knox students stripping in front of a crowd chanting, "take it off".
- Knox gives out awards for the students who have the most sex, which the Master confirmed he knows about.
- Women couldn't play billiards at Knox until 2015.
- In 2011 there were two independent reviews into Knox's culture, which both "expressed

By Charlie O'Mannin

serious concerns about student wellbeing and safety". Most of the incidents people reported to us were in 2016 and 2017, a long time after the college was told it had a problem.

- Some people who went to Knox felt seriously unsafe there, even in their own rooms.
- A lot of people are afraid they'll get attacked if they come out publicly against Knox. Even some people who said positive things about the college wanted anonymity so ex-residents wouldn't target them. Critic observed the same thing with Selwyn College last year. Being afraid of your own peers for speaking out is very not good.



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SEXUAL ASSAULT AND RAPE WENT UNDISCIPLINED AT KNOX COLLEGE

By Esme Hall, with additional reporting by Charlie O'Mannin

CONTENT WARNING: rape, sexual assault, sexual harassment

A Critic investigation has revealed multiple instances of sexual assault and rape at Knox College where college leadership failed to take action despite incidents being reported to management. Critic spoke to four students who said they had been sexually attacked by fellow students during their time at Knox, ranging from drunken assaults to threats of physical violence.

Critic spoke to students who were residents of Knox between 2011 and 2017 who described Knox's culture as "sexist". They said Knox's initiations and traditions created a "sense of entitlement" amongst male students that led to a pattern of sexually inappropriate behaviour toward female students.

<u>Sexual Assault "Brushed Off" by</u> <u>College Leadership</u>

In 2016, Anne* said she experienced sexual harassment from another student at Knox, and

when she took her complaints to the Deputy Master at the time "she brushed off everything I had to say".

Anne said a male student "tried to kiss me multiple times even though he knew I had a boyfriend. One of the times he invited himself into my room while I was on the phone. He pushed me down on the bed and kissed me".

"He would sit outside his room, which was next to the dining hall, and wait so he could sit next to me at meals and say rude things. Due to tradition we had to stay at the table until everyone had finished eating."

"He would follow me to and from Uni. When my boyfriend came to stay he had a friend threaten to throw me down the stairs and beat up my boyfriend because he said I was bullying him."

When Anne reported the alleged incidents, the Deputy Master "made excuses for the student; she implied that I was bullying him and leading him on. I was crushed by this and let my

parents know what was going on. The student's behaviour had gotten so bad that I didn't feel safe walking to Uni, dining in the hall and even showering. My mum tried to get in contact with the Deputy Master multiple times and she kept dodging the calls," said Anne.

"When the Deputy Master finished up her time at Knox, she did not pass on any information to the Master about what was going on," said Anne. Anne approached the Master about the harassment individually and in a group, but "he was still under the impression it was an isolated issue."

Anne said the second years and management created a sexist culture at Knox which "not only let incidences of sexual harassment happen but also allowed it to go on unnoticed."

"It seemed as if the reputation of the college mattered more to them than the comfort and safety of their students."

<u>'Upsetting' Handling of Sexual Violence</u> <u>by College Leadership</u>

In 2016, Alexis* went to the Deputy Master with a group of other girls with a list of allegations of sexual assault and harassment against one particular male student. No discipline was taken against this "serial sexual harasser," she said. "The guy stayed in the hall for months making everyone feel unsafe." policy and procedures as the University of Otago." The person or persons making allegations are "treated with dignity and respect," are enabled to "maintain control" and "determine their own needs and how to meet those needs," said Redding.

However, the submaster said putting the decision of discipline on the survivor was problematic in the Knox context. In their year as a submaster, they said students only chose the

"No student wants to rock the boat, Knox is a close-knit community."

One submaster (Knoxspeak for RA) Critic spoke to said poor handling of sexual violence upset them more than Knox's intense initiations. The submaster said when the Master would resolve sexual harassment claims "his approaches were tone-deaf."

Master Graham Redding gave survivors a spread of options, from getting an apology from the student or having a sit-down mediation to investigation by the college and potential removal from University.

Redding would not comment on specific instances of sexual assault, but said providing "information about options for action and determin[ing] whether or not they wish to report to Police" followed "the same sexual misconduct apology or mediation options. "No student wants to rock the boat, Knox is a close-knit community."

A University of Otago spokeswoman said "the University endorses an approach which involves those who make complaints about sexual misconduct being involved in decisions about how to proceed." But, she said "while affected parties are advised on their options, the University would never expect a person affected by sexual misconduct to make a determination on a penalty such as exclusion if misconduct was found to have occurred."

One student said there was a "decent bit of blind eye being turned" by the College leadership. "If you were messy and obvious you got a drinking



ban, one guy got kicked out of the college [in my year] for smoking weed in his room, but it was kind of 'ignorance is bliss' [for more serious offences like sexual harassment]," they said.

Alexis remembers college management couldn't catch an alleged sexual harasser "doing anything wrong on the hall cameras, so in their eyes it didn't happen. Most of this guy's behaviour was entering girls' bedrooms and harassing them, so naturally it wouldn't be on camera".

The student was allegedly kicked out of Knox in the end, but for an unrelated disciplinary reason. Alexis said lack of action about sexual assault or harassment contributed to a culture where she felt like 'lads' could get away with anything.

<u>Resident Felt Silenced Through Two</u> <u>Sexual Assaults</u>

Talia* said she was sexually assaulted and raped whilst at Knox in 2015 and 2016, but felt no one would listen if she spoke up.

Talia applied to Knox because she was "keen to live in a pretty building" but "knew nothing about

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Knox beforehand." She was 17 and had "never been around any lads before, let alone a huge group of ridiculously entitled lads" so "I wasn't equipped to deal with them." She said she "took everything said to me at face value" so when a second year guy asked where her room was, she told him and thought nothing of it.

Then one night she woke up to him "taking off his pants in my room and then making out with me," she said. "I froze up and couldn't say no, luckily I was on my period and he got the idea," she said.

Talia told her second year friends what happened and they said "'yeah he does that sometimes, he's a good guy though it's no big deal, you shouldn't judge him off that". They told her to laugh it off.

"So far as anyone was concerned this was normal," she said. "The general consensus was just to get over it and learn very quickly about the warning signs of that kind

of thing." So she didn't tell any of the College leadership.

In her second year at Knox, Talia was "raped after a Knox event."

"I got drunk at a Knox event and a guy walked me home, he came into my room and I wasn't too sure what was going on and again I froze up and felt like I couldn't say no or kick [him] out as I had let him into my room. I just remember thinking 'God I hope this is over soon so I can go to sleep'."

She told him to stop, but "he kept going."

"For both situations 1 know people at Knox would say it's my fault or that it's normal to have sex misadventures but no big deal." For a long time she believed this. She said she blamed herself because "1 got myself into that situation through my own naivety" and "1 should've known the dangers of what could happen."

"The only reason I figured out what happened was rape was because I talked to someone else who wasn't at Knox and she was like 'what the fuck is going on?" It was only then that Talia realised that even if girls "got into those situations, it doesn't meant guys were allowed to take advantage of them." Because no one at Knox thought her experiences were a big deal, she never spoke up about the rape to the submasters or College management. "I was so worried about people judging me and [the one female submaster] seemed like the kind of person who would judge you," she said. "I didn't feel the [female] deputy master was approachable."

"My previous experience told me that if this happens it's your fault and no one will help you," she said. "Who the fuck was I going to tell? Nobody gave a shit."

"I would get panic attacks and I couldn't leave my room for days because I was afraid of that sort of thing happening again." Even when she could barely leave her room to go to the bathroom, "nobody noticed."

"It seemed as if the reputation of the college mattered more to them than the comfort and safety of their students."`

"If I thought before that nobody cared, this just reiterated it."

Talia said she had "never fully experienced rape culture until I went to Knox. It is alive and well and so hurtful to everybody involved." She said Knox "victimises people who aren't prepared for it. You shouldn't have to prepare to be bullied and potentially taken advantage of."

"People often joked Knox is a cult. As much as that's a laughable statement, it's somewhat true that a form of brainwashing goes on. You see what's happening and part of you knows it's wrong but you're told by everybody around you that it's okay and not to make a fuss."

"There are lovely people at Knox," said Talia, "but one small group holds the power and feel they can do whatever they want to everybody else, and everybody else feels like they don't matter enough to say no."

<u>"Casual Misogyny" Creates "Toxic"</u> <u>Environment for Residents</u>

'Knox is what you make it' is a common sentiment at the College. One resident Critic spoke to who loved Knox said "people can be a little bit sensitive over things that are not worth making a fuss over [...] you want to go to the College with an open mind, if you don't get involved you're going to have a shit time, it's what you make of it."

But, another resident said the 'Knox is what you make of it' motto gave "the idea that it was your fault if you had a negative experience."

Master Graham Redding said the culture at Knox has "come a long way over the last few years." Although he admitted "there is still some way to go" he "strongly refute[d]" the allegation that Knox's culture was misogynistic.

Lizzy* enjoyed some of Knox's traditions, but said she hated the "casual misogyny" she experienced there in 2017.

> "In the first few weeks, I was getting ready for St. Patrick's Day with some girlfriends. We were near a group of guys who we noticed were putting up numbers with their hands. We clicked they were rank-

ing us. I was like 'holy shit that's so gross'".

Another time, she was "lying in bed with a girlfriend, just chilling. A guy friend got into bed with us, just as friends, but then he started touching me, like scratching my back under my shirt and pulling my undies up into a g-string. I was paralysed with shock. I wish I'd been able to stand up and say something, but I thought that if I did people would call me a prude."

She said guys she was friends with would start groping her every time she got drunk, but then would say 'don't worry about it' or become hostile if approached about it later.

She felt it was her fault for not "enjoying the attention. There were these expectations that you just have to conform to the culture, and enjoy it."

Lizzy found Knox's culture "really toxic." She felt she had to constantly be on her guard. "I even locked my door whenever I went to the toilet," she said. "I felt lucky that I escaped the worst. I wasn't raped or assaulted. I just got used to being scared or uncomfortable all the time. I shouldn't feel lucky."

"Knox was not a good environment for young impressionable minds," she said.

A Tradition of Sexism

Since it was founded in 1909, Knox College has gained a reputation for having a 'work hard, play hard' culture and a collection of initiations and traditions, which are passed on year to year by the second-year returners that make up a third of the college's 262 students.

Knox's traditions are a draw-card for many prospective students. One student Critic spoke to said initiations and traditions made their experience at the College. "I didn't put Knox as my first choice college, but I'm so glad I got in. I don't think I could have had a better time anywhere else; there was always stuff to get involved in."

However, many former residents told Critic only certain people had this experience. One said they "felt invisible" because they weren't into drinking or making themselves sexually available. "I almost had to apologise for being there. Anytime [older students] paid you attention the thought was that you should feel lucky."

Former residents said initiations and traditions were a key contributor to an unsafe environment for women. Many events are run by the second year Student Exec, who try and "raise the bar" every year, said one resident.

The events tend to involve lots of alcohol and nudity which made it "easy for all this other gross stuff to happen," said another resident.

An early initiation is 'White Shirt Night', which takes place at a flat party hosted by a previous Knox resident. In previous years, "first years were told to put moisturiser on their faces and then got drawn on. Guys would write poor things in vivid in inappropriate locations on girls, like on their cleavage and stuff," said a former submaster.

Several student groups were traditionally formed early in the Knox year.

One was a group of first year girls chosen by second years for being promiscuous. In recent years this group have been called the 'Prudes', 'Dusters', 'Crabs' and 'Thirsties'.

One resident said "basically these girls were called out for their sex lives, and once they were given the name, guys were encouraged to try and pull girls from that group."

Knox Master Graham Redding said he had "categorical assurance from the current student executive that this [group] no longer exists." Critic is aware it was present until at least 2016.

A group that still exists is the 'Animals' who one student said are selected by second years for being able to "sink their piss and party." They attend an ex-residents' flat party early in the year for an initiation. Redding said "drinking is not the sole purpose of the gathering."

But, the 'Animals' initiation "involves drinking for the most part," and "gross stuff like beer bongs off butt-cracks and bodies," said another student.

Redding said the 'Animals' initiation "is not endorsed by college management" but they do "seek assurances from the organiser(s) that the University's Code of Conduct will be upheld (no hazing or initiation), that participation is consensual," and hosts exercise responsibility. He said "during my time as Master of Knox College 1 have not received any complaints in regard to this event. Nor have 1 been made aware of any acts of nudity associated with it."

Critic has video evidence that at an early Knox flat party, the Animals were made to strip on a roof in front of other Knox residents.

A former submaster said "you can call it hazing for sure."

Until about three years ago, on Sunday nights, after the Master and Submasters left after Sunday dinner, the Exec read the Weather Report, which was "a coded list of all the people who'd slept with who that week." Master Redding said he knows this tradition "no longer occurs because the members of the Senior Common Room [...] now have their post-dinner coffee in the common

room next to the dining hall where the student president addresses the Knox residents, and we can hear what is being said."

Former residents said that a list of names was read out at a Knox gathering listing

how many people each person in the hall had hooked up at least until O-Week 2017.

One student said, "this seemed funny at the time, but looking back now it's pretty problematic; it was like a badge of honour if you had hooked up with more people than anyone else. I recall in my second year, some guy getting a shout out in front of everyone for having slept with the most people."

Date Night was described as another "problematic" tradition.

Date Night is where the "Supers" (a group Critic were told has been discontinued as of 2018) or the nearest selection of "popular" second year boys choose the most attractive first year girls to go on dates with them. One former resident said guys were "definitely trying to get girls drunk to get them back to their rooms." "Date Night was always fucking dodgy as fuck," they said.

Another resident said "the tradition originally started years ago where it was a wholesome thing that the girls were taken on a date; now it's basically where second year guys pick a first year girl [...] gets her super drunk and sleep with her. It's pretty much a vehicle for the second year guys to have power over the freshers."

The inverse is called Cougar Night, where second year girls pick out boys for dates. In one year "second year girls made first year boys send strip tease photos" which they all looked at together. One former submaster said it was "all fucking downhill from there."

The submaster said the "College knows about Date Night and fucking hates it." Indeed, Redding said "we

are especially concerned to make sure there is no sexually predatory behaviour associated with these events. We have seen a dramatic improvement in the tone, intention and naming of these events over the last couple of years. This

"You see what's happening and part of you knows it's wrong but you're told by everybody around you that it's okay and not to make a fuss."

year, for example, the terms Date Night and Cougar Night were not used."

At the end of the year, the Knox Exec give out awards. Nominations are received for positions with nominees' consent, said Redding. But students said some of the awards were problematic. In recent years awards have been given to the couple who have the loudest sex, the second year guy who got with the most first year girls, and the girl with the "biggest tits" got given an enormous bra by the girl who received the award the previous year. There is also an award called the "Knox Bike", given to the girl who has had sex with, or 'been ridden', by the most guys and "Bike Lock" for the equivalent guy.

Redding said the current Knox Exec assured him the 'Loudest Couple' and 'Biggest Tits' awards no longer exist. The titles 'Bike' and 'Bike Lock' "will be subject to review," said Redding, as "the titles have connotations that, in my view, trivialise intimate sexual relations and are at odds with where Knox is heading." Redding confirmed that Knox still gives out the awards 'Bike' and 'Bike Lock'.

Who plays at the billiards table also indicated the College's "casual misogyny," said several former residents. During Sunday dinner, students sent notes up to the President about the hook-ups in the college. After the upper management left, the guys who had hooked up with girls got together to play an informal game of billiards. The girl who hooked up with the losing guy "would get bathed [and have] three rubbish

"I didn't feel safe walking to Uni, dining in the hall and even showering."

bins filled with ice water tipped on them," said a former resident.

In 2012, the rules changed so that girls could play billiards, but only if they were invited by a

guy. It was only at the end of 2015 that the rules changed again to allow girls to play whenever they wanted. But, in 2017, residents were still constantly trying to ban girls from playing pool at the billiards table. "It was supposedly a funny joke but

it's not really that funny," said one resident.

Former residents said these "sexist" traditions created a "sense of entitlement" among male students that was mostly ignored by College management. "Sexism isn't a culture. It's just shitty," said one former resident.

<u>College Leadership Working Toward</u> <u>Change, but Students Want More</u>

After a 2011 Review of Knox College by the Presbyterian Church and the University of Otago, "a process of cultural change" was triggered at Knox that included changes to governance, leadership, management and staffing levels, said Redding.

When Redding was hired in 2015 he said this process "was far from complete." He said he he has spent time gaining trust of the Knox College Student Club (KCSC) and the student body to create "collaborative and incremental change," rather than imposing a "stricter regime" that would generate "resentment and disaffection" that could strengthen "patterns of behaviour that were, at best, controversial and, at worst, continued to compromise student wellbeing and safety."

Some of the problematic personnel have left over the last several years and Redding said improvements in measures like academic results, student survey results and application

> rates as well as anecdotal evidence from students, staff and College Fellows, suggest that "progress is being made" to change the tone of the college.

Now, when students arrive at the College, they are presented with a comprehensive handbook on student safety. Sub-masters undergo 10 days of training



and, in 2019, returners also underwent a bystander workshop with Te Whare Tāwharau before first years arrived which focused on using "returners' experience to reduce potential sexual harm at Knox and beyond the college," said Redding.

Redding said two thirds of Knox first years completed a survey at the end of O-Week 2019 and 98% said they did not feel unsafe during that time, which was a similar result to 2018.

But, he acknowledged "there is still work to do."

Students echoed this. One 2017 resident said the submasters were more helpful than management, as they were pretty aware of what was going on and mostly tried to their best to make things safe. But "whenever we did complain to management, [they] had a 'boys will be boys' attitude and wouldn't do anything about it," they said.

One former resident said "it would be good if the Master and Deputy Master were a bit more informed. There are things that they don't know."

Lizzy*, another 2017 resident, said she would "like to see disgusting traditions end as they're derogatory for everyone involved" but are just backed by students because of 'tradition'. As another resident put it; "Knoxies will do mental gymnastics to preserve something for no good reason."

She said she hoped other "people could step into shoes of people who had a rough time, and think about how we all have different experiences." "Knox residents are smart people, they should be able to recognise that their behaviour and jokes are not okay in 2019. They need to realise they have to step up their game."

"Things can change and that can be really good."

*Not their real name

If you or anyone you know has been affected by sexual violence, support is available:

Te Whare Tāwharau - Sexual Violence Support and Prevention Centre - +64 3 479 3790, or +0800 479 379 or text: +6421 278 3795, email: tewharetawharau@otago.ac.nz or walk-in at 5 Leith Bank, North Dunedin, between 10am and 4pm Monday to Friday during semester

Rape Crisis Dunedin – 03 4741592

Rape Crisis – 0800 883 300 (for support after rape or sexual assault)

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Drug Testing Finds a Quarter of Substances Not What People Think They Are

Don't Do Drugs Kids

26% of drugs taken to OUSA's O-Week drug testing service were not what people thought they were. 61 people used the service which was "well received" according to Finn Boyle of KnowYour-StuffNZ, who ran the service for OUSA alongside the New Zealand Drug Foundation.

Of the 26% who found out that their drug was not what they thought it was, 37.5% said they wouldn't take the substance, 25% said they might, and another 37.5% said they were still going to take the substance.

Finn wasn't too disappointed that so many people said they'd still take the substance. "Knowing what it isn't and getting some indication of what it is, allows them to make a more informed choice and to use that substance more cautiously and with less risky dosages," he said.

OUSA was unable to obtain a spectrometer, which Finn said was "best practice" for drug testing, and instead had to depend on reagent testing. "This means the information and safety advice we were able to provide was significantly less accurate than we would like," he said.

KnowYourStuffNZ couldn't provide their spectrometer because they were booked for two different events over the same weekend. Finn said they're looking into purchasing a second spectrometer, but "sadly, finances are a limiting factor as we are entirely volunteer run and donation funded".

The most common drug tested was MDMA, with 45 bringing in the substance to be tested. Other drugs that were brought in to be tested included Ketamine, LSD, Opioids, DMT, and Nootropics.

The most common substance that was not what people presumed was MDMA laced with adulterants. Other substances found included BZP and an unknown cathinone.

One student who went through the tent told Critic said they were "a little worried about it possibly turning out an undercover narc tent".

But "it was nice to finally have someone who would help me be safe rather than simply straight up judging me," they said. "The people there that helped me out were so so lovely. They explained exactly what they were doing and why throughout the entire process."

The student's substance was what they thought it was. However, they said the jar of substances people had destroyed was "reassuring in a way because there was physical evidence of the

By Charlie O'Mannin

stuff that I would have been saved from if my substance hadn't turned out to be what it was supposed to be," and said they felt like they'd made a smart decision.

Finn said that KnowYourStuff talked with many of their clients about why they thought more people weren't coming to use their service. "A concerning theme that came up here is a belief that some people don't want to know they had been 'sold a dud' or 'ripped off' - that people would rather remain ignorant for fear of feeling cheated - a wilful ignorance which could one day lead to some horrible consequences."

"This is a thought pattern we really want to dismantle before more people are hurt by it. Ask anyone who has ended up hospitalized after taking n-ethylpentylone or in a psych-ward after taking 25i-NBOMe - I bet they'll tell you they wish they had known the effects and risks of those substances before they chose to put them in their bodies."

Finn hopes that the service will be more popular if OUSA chooses to run it again. "Once people realise that police aren't waiting around the corner and they aren't going to kicked out of Uni, we hope more people will be looking to visit us."









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Tutors, what's up with them?

Tutors and demonstrators across departments and divisions do not have consistent pay, meaning some tutors are getting a better deal than others, even across similar subjects.

While the University has 'payment guidelines' for tutors, the final call is made by the department, meaning some tutors who do not question their pay may be paid less than their peers in other departments.

The University's payment guidelines set out that a Grade "A" tutor is minimum wage and is offered to undergraduate tutors; with Grade "B" being \$18.51 for graduates of a three or four year degree. Beyond that, Masters students and graduates can typically expect Grade "C" at \$22.58, while PhD candidates can reach up to grade "D" at \$29.38 an hour.

But Critic has found that tutor pay varies widely, not always in accordance with the guidelines.

Some tutors are being extremely well taken care of by their departments. One postgraduate tutor said that after they had tutored for one semester, their department deemed them satisfactory enough to be upgraded to Grade D. One undergraduate tutor started on Grade C pay and was surprised to hear that starting on Grade A is the norm. Another tutor said that their department had graduated pay scales; their contract from one year to the next showed a clear pay increase of at least one dollar to reflect their increased experience. This is similar to how the University increases the pay of employees in other areas and departments. However, some tutors may be getting taken advantage of. Earlier this year a department in the Humanities Division sent around an email informing their tutors that they would be dropped to the Grade "B" pay scale, and that anyone who felt they deserved to be paid more would have to take it upon themselves to speak up. One tutor called this move "intimidating," another "unfair," given that many tutors rely on tutoring experience for their future careers and do not wish to jeopardize it by speaking out.

When one tutor tried to contest their pay scale, they found that their department interpreted the pay scales differently to others. They explained that Grade "C" was for people who have already graduated with a Masters degree. This contradicts what tutors from five other departments told Critic, where, in their experience, Grade "C" is the expected pay for someone who has just begun their Masters qualification.

Will Dreyer, OUSA Education Officer, said that "the guidelines [for pay] do provide consistency, but the interpretation of these is causing the issue. If a tutor is providing services above the guideline they should be paid more".

Tutor pay may be determined by the complexity of the subject that the tutor is tutoring. One student from the Sciences Division said that, as a demonstrator, they had to demonstrate technical skills with equipment and assist dozens of students at a time in a lab, thus justifying their pay. A tutor from the Humanities Division disagrees that demonstrators are inherently

By Sinead Gill

offering more labour, as often Humanities tutors have to spend hours in preparation to ensure they have a deep, critical, and balanced understanding of that week's topics and readings. Most Humanities tutors Critic spoke to were only paid one-hour preparation time, however all agreed that they felt that this arrangement is fair.

Of all the tutors and demonstrators spoken to, there was only one department that had taken broad measures to bring their tutors down a pay scale. Other departments still had odd instances of underpaying or overworking, but these were either administration errors later corrected, or just the result of student tutors wanting to impress their professors.

All in all, it does mean that departments that underpay their students are the exception, not the rule.

If a tutor feels they are being taken advantage of, or are nervous about approaching their department to negotiate their contract, OUSA Postgraduate Officer Dermot Frengley says that he and other OUSA Executive members can help, as well as Student Support.

Are you a tutor with a story to tell? Contact us at news@critic.co.nz.





44BRILLIANTLY

ORIGINAL

REGENT THEATRE MONDAY 29 APRIL BOOK AT TICKET DIRECT



show of

search

It's another week of ODT Watch. You know what that means:

feel a yodel coming on

This week the ODT perfectly captured my feelings about the ODT:

get a thrill when something miraculously survives, or even flourishes,

Although the flourishing doesn't seem to apply to their journalists' bedrooms:

Mar and	SBELLING HILL
	hood eventually surface.
	Sex is not for everyone (
	dialogue and appreciate t

Surely this could have been phrased better?

High Court bid to stop dumping

Did no one teach them to use their neighs not their hooves? Won't somebody think of the foals?

Three-way fight for Horse of Year

A contender for the best clapback of the year so far:

The defendant picked up a bigger rock and dropped it on Gilders' head, breaking his jaw. Keen asked the man whether he was dead yet. "Not even close, brother," Gilders replied.

Finally, faint praise for Dunedin in a considered and non-biased editorial:

ence, no longer a regional outpost but the centre of everything worthwhile in New Zealand.

> For a start, the influx of fashionable and attractive people enhances what is already, clearly, the world's greatest small city.

> > Own

Sav

DUNEDIN NEWS

We should all be concerned about anti-vaxxers, they are delusional and a threat to society.

Hi does anyone know a Dog Trainer called Raewyn. I would like to contact her about my dog. Many Thanks

Anyone lost a bird. Out Ravensbourne area. Can't catch it.

Thanks for letting me join

Anyone else buy the Brussel sprouts from Countdown in South Dunedin this week!!

Full of mites and bugs! I could only find ten out of about 100 that I could peel enough away to actually eat!!

Not a great experience so won't go back.

Who at the weetbix tryathon today saw this guy being a dick trying to drive thru the kids coz he didn't like a road closure. It was only the balding guy on right front of Audi others were not involved

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 II!

THE CRITICAL TRIBUNE

Broke Students Can Only Afford to Burn Half a Couch

The party at the "Sik Lads" flat on Castle Street was already dying down at I a.m. when the Tribune arrived to review it. The crowd - once a sizable 150 people - had dwindled to only 30. Chazza, one of the hosts, said that when he heard a gaggle of second year girls calling their party "a let down," he just knew that they had to do something wild to get people to stay.

"There's eight of us living here, so we need all the furniture we can get," Chazza explained to the Tribune as the crowd rapidly increased in size to watch half of a

burning couch. Although the fire wasn't that impressive, it was enough to retain interest in the "Sik Lads". Chazza's flatmate Bazza was standing nearby with a fire extinguisher to stop the flames from getting to the half they wanted to keep.

Campus Watch turned up but were unable to reprimand any students, saying only burning half a couch doesn't count.



Pressing Remote Button Harder Brings Batteries Back to Life, Says Stupid Flatmate Breaking Your Remote

If this fails, Ryan's future strategies are likely to include: taking the remote closer to the TV, taking the remote closer to the TV and pushing harder, taking the batteries out and switching them round, or in a worst case scenario, taking the batteries out and breathing on them for several seconds.

At press time, Ryan appeared to have given up on the idea of trying to breath life into the dead double As, and was scanning the lounge for a wireless mouse or keyboard. The Critical Tribune would like to point out that healing crystals can be effectively used to recharge dead batteries, if placed correctly.



Velvet Drapes "Not A Waste Of OUSA's Money"

Hames Jeath, OUSA President, has long since claimed that 2019 is the year of "doing things" for students. Previous years have always been very apprehensive about spending any of their students' money, meaning that this year's exec has been left with a respectable war chest. Mr Jeath said that one of their first investments for the semester will be installing velvet drapes in every OUSA-owned building.



"I think it adds a layer of sophistication to the student

experience," Jeath mused to the Critical Tribune. "I was watching a movie set in a university in the 19th century or something, and they were all reading books in leather armchairs and smoking from wooden pipes. It just looked so classy. I want to bring that back to Otago."

When questioned about whether that money (an estimated \$400,000) could be better spent elsewhere, Mr Jeath insisted that style is, in fact, priceless.

Uber Eats Voucher Distributor Just Wants to See Family Again

Felix Manducare, who has been 'employed' by Uber Eats to stand at the corner of Albany and Great King and give out vouchers to the disinterested tide of streaming passerby, has not eaten in the last 72 hours, has not slept in 86 hours, and is starting to develop severe carotid atherosclerosis.

"I've started writing on the vouchers, in my own blood, "Take this note and keep walking. Don't look back, they're watching. Please help me for the love of God, I haven't held my children in three years.' I've been standing here for two weeks and not one person has taken a voucher," Manducare

told the Tribune, who promptly forgot about his plight after using a voucher to order some Domino's.





By Erin Gourley

Bean juice, java, a cup of joe, the good stuff, espresso, café, a brew, COFFEE. I love it. You also love it, unless you're a Mormon or one of those people who thinks caffeine is 'bad for you'. I put myself on the line for coffee lovers and ordered flat whites at ten places on/ near campus to find out who makes the best cuppa.

Cafe Albany

The name 'Café Albany' is promising. Is it a cute little bookshop café that you haven't heard about? No, it's the café in the Link with the massive blue sign that you have never read. And things don't get better from that initial disappointment.

There's nothing worse than ordering a coffee only to realise that you are stuck right next to Central Library, trapped under fluorescent lighting with students who are buying cheese rolls. I ordered a flat white, which took 11 minutes to make. They gave me a numbered receipt, which was weird, and even weirder because they never called out a number. When my triple shot coffee arrived, it was (somehow) a bit weak. The milk frothing was okay, no fun patterns (I took off the KeepCup lid to check), but it had the right silky texture. Overall, below average coffee in a remarkably shit location.

Dispensary

Just across the road from Café Albany, Dispensary is on another level. The coffee was strong and came quickly, like an attractive one night stand who turns out to be bad in bed. The caramel slice, while unrelated to coffee, was also amazing.

It's somehow always sunny and warm in Dispensary. I feel far away from uni when I drink coffee there, like maybe I'm on holiday in Sydney rather than stuck at the bottom of the world. That illusion was ruined on this occasion when no less than four of my lecturers walked in and ordered coffee. Other than the disturbingly high percentage of Law Faculty members who frequent Dispensary, it is a genuinely nice café with good coffee. Side note: Referring to Dispensary as "Dispense" is not cool. Please give Dispensary the respect it deserves and call it by its full name.

Strictly Coffee

Strictly Coffee doesn't really look like a café. I walk past the place every day and it took me six months to figure out that I could buy coffee there. They make coffee beans, maintain coffee machines, and sell every coffee-related implement you could think of. Which is to say, they know what they're doing.

It's worth building up the courage to get past the intimidating black reflective windows. There's a red patterned feature wall, rock music is always playing, and the coffee is good. If Brendon Urie opened a coffee shop it would be Strictly Coffee. When I placed my order, I was on my way to a lecture and under time pressure. I walked out the door with a flat white in under two minutes. The milk was the perfect temperature, the coffee

was rich and full-bodied, birds were singing, the sun came out from behind a cloud; I had found a good flat white and still managed to arrive at my lecture on time.

Marsh

I know some people are still upset about the loss of Gardies. RIP. With that tribute out of the way, here is my controversial opinion: the Marsh is a good study centre and makes good coffee. Of all the uni-owned places that sell coffee, the Marsh was the best.

Coffees from the Marsh pulled me, kicking and screaming, through second year law. It was the first place that I took the leap and moved from mochas to real coffee. Back then, a regular coffee was \$3. They have now increased in price to \$3.70. Maybe nostalgia distorted my palate, but the flat white was an all-round decent coffee. The only qualms I had were that the milk was slightly too cool and the mixed study centre/café vibe was confusing. Could I tell a fun anecdote while drinking my coffee? Why was there pop music playing?

Hits: A REVIEW

St David Cafe

Going to St Dave's and paying \$5.40 for a triple shot flat white almost killed my love for coffee. Any coffee over \$5 is outrageous, no matter how many shots there are. \$5.40 is approaching captive-market airport pricing. I think the café is intended for the tourists who buy overpriced merch from the adjoining University shop.

The place started filling up with first year health science students the moment my flat white arrived at the table. I was trapped, listening to health scis talking about how stressed they were after one week of lectures. The flat white did not take the edge off. It was hardly even worth it for the caffeine hit. The milk was bubbly, the coffee tasted over-extracted, and I had to force myself to finish the cup. Nicki Minaj's Super Bass played, a jarring background track to my disappointment. The real Saint David, patron saint of Wales, would cry with disgust if he knew about this sorry excuse for a café

Fluid

Fluid sits in a similar price range to St Dave's at \$4.50 for a regular coffee (i.e. about a dollar too expensive). Unlike St Dave's, Fluid's coffee is drinkable. I walked in around lunchtime and joined a queue of students to order my flat white.

A while after ordering, I watched people who were behind me in the queue receiving their coffees and slowly realised that they had forgotten to call out my order. By the time that I received my coffee, it had been sitting on the counter for five minutes. I assume that the flat white was made at a good temperature, but it had since cooled down and the milk texture had gone a bit foamy. The regular coffee was quite small considering the \$4.50 price tag. Overall, Fluid made a good coffee, but the service was not great.



The Good Earth

The Good Earth is a lovely spot to catch up with friends. The courtyard is pretty, the jars of preserved fruit create a homey vibe, there are live plants on all the tables, and the windows facing the street are perfect for people watching. But the coffee is shit.

My coffee was on the borderline between a latte and a cappuccino, but the steamed milk didn't even begin to resemble the silky texture of the flat white I had ordered. It felt gritty in my mouth. Every coffee I've had from The Good Earth has had a dirty aftertaste, like they're making it from mud. Maybe I just have a problem with the organic beans they use, but possibly the coffee at The Good Earth is just bad. I have bought many coffees here, and every time I have regretted it.

Te Matiti

Te Mātiti is new, located on the bottom floor of the renovated Business School building. I expected my flat white to be comparable to St Dave's. It was significantly better. Basically, it was the same good-butnot-impressive level as coffee from the Marsh, with the downside of being surrounded by BCom students.

Veggie Boys

When I heard that Veggie Boys sold coffee, my only thought was: why? Nothing that I experienced in the store answered that question. I walked straight up to the counter and the staff members were, understandably, putting out vegetables and fruit and chatting to a customer about the price of pineapples. I stood at the counter for an awkward ten seconds, eyes on the Vibiemme coffee machine, and no one noticed me. So I panicked, picked up a bag of capsicums and put them down on the counter with my KeepCup. (My panic buy was actually pretty good: \$5 for 7 capsicums.) A woman came over and took my order, then started to make the coffee. There's no designated barista; whoever takes your order will have a go on the coffee machine.

The coffee was exceptionally bad. My hopes, which had been raised by the sight of the Vibiemme coffee machine, were dashed by the sound of squealing milk. My coffee was lukewarm. I ordered a flat white but I received an ambiguous white coffee with lots of uneven foam. The espresso was over-extracted and bitter. The upside: this coffee, whatever it was, only cost \$2. However bad the coffee is, Veggie Boys are aggressively undercutting the competition.

Hussey & Laredo

Tucked away behind the Archway lecture theatres, the little yellow Hussey & Laredo caravan is one of the happiest sights on campus. I walked up to the caravan on a Friday afternoon, successfully avoiding the queues by ordering my flat white late in the day. They took about two minutes to make my coffee and honestly it was perfect.

The milk was creamy and had the glossy texture of a proper flat white. I'd ordered a large coffee, and the ratio of milk to espresso was perfect. The milk was hot, they gave me a discount for bringing a reusable coffee cup, and the truck was in a convenient location. I have no criticisms. Bonus points for also selling bagels.



HUSSEY & L



Stoke Silen

Hussey & Laredo make the best coffee, followed closely by Dispensary and Strictly Coffee. For God's sake, stop ordering the shit they serve in lecture theatres.

CAN YOU BUY DRUGS FROM HOUSES WITH HOES ON THE DOWERLENE?

A Critic Investigation By Sinead Gill North Dunedin is full of students again, and the stocks of almost-legal substances are getting low. This Critic reporter went on the hunt for drugs using one of the oldest methods in the book. The powerline method.

For those unfamiliar with this method, it stems from the urban legend that when there is a pair of shoes hung over a powerline, the house in front of it sells drugs. I grew up in Dunedin and I remember that the legend came with the assertion that the house was a meth den. But, the global financial crisis has hit since those golden days, and after all it is in every business owner's interest to diversify. Even if a house I approached had a flek of chronic I would consider it a success.

FLAT 1:

A young fresher-looking girl answered the door and I introduced myself as Critic. Her flatmate popped their head around the corner as soon as I said the word "drugs," but neither of them could sell me any. Guttered.

FLAT 2:

A construction worker out the front convinced me that the people who lived in the flat "never answer the front door," so I awkwardly trespassed between two properties to find a trio of students lying on couches. They seemed rightly weirded out that I just appeared out of nowhere, but chilled out when I said I was Critic. Unfortunately none of them had drugs, either.

FLAT 3:

I saw someone leaving their flat with their refill pad in tow. I called out to him, introduced myself, and asked if he sold drugs. With a grin he said "ask him, aye," and pointed to a flatmate inside the house. His flatmate passionately denied that he did anything of the sort.

FLAT 4:

I knocked on the door and was met with an enthusiastic "door's unlocked!" I think I saw both her and her mate shit themselves a little when they realised they had let in a complete stranger. They admitted that they had heard about the "shoes-on-the-powerline" method of buying drugs. One of them said that they weren't dealers, but then changed their minds, remembering, "oh! I think [our other flatmate's] brother sells pills sometimes. Does that count?" Close enough.

FLAT 5-10:

The rest of the flats were Uni Flats. Only one of the students spoken to knew what this method of procuring drugs was, and they were a Kiwi Host. Critic presumes this is because throwingshoes-over-a-powerline is a product of unique kiwi ingenuity. The poor uncultured exchange students spoken to were extremely concerned when I asked if they sold drugs. One of them outright asked me "would you get me in trouble if I said yes?" which would have been an incredibly suspicious thing to say, if it wasn't for the fact that she sounded genuinely on edge that a total stranger was soliciting her.

All in all, it turns out that the powerline method is an incredibly shit way to buy drugs.

To anyone reading this who lives in a flat I approached and lied about not selling drugs because you presumed I was a mufti campus watch officer: definitely do not message Critic and tell us you secretly suss. We would be absolutely uninterested in discovering new places to score.

Photography: Aiman Amerul Muner







LAW CAMP: A HISTORY

BY JAMES JOBLIN

Law Camp. Last year, this post-admission honeymoon retreat for two hundred thrusting second year law students was exposed to be a weekend not of whispering "I do law..." into one another's ears, but rather a weekend of nudity, aggressive drinking, and grand-slam jelly wrestling. It was reported that some had felt pressured to participate, but ultimately it was the New Zealand media's fiery love of salacious scandal mixed with the heat of #MeToo, and the exposing of sexual harassment at Russel McVeagh, which led to last year's event being canned. But while 2018's Law Camp cancellation blue-balled a whole year of legal yuppies, Law Camp 2019 is on. So what happened to Law Camp? When did it start? Was it always like this? In order to answer these questions we've dug deep into the archives of Law Camps past.

1992. Cartoon Network was established, and a hot bunch of OULSA (Otago University Law Students' Association, now named SOULS, presumably because it makes an actual word) students planned a weekend away for about 150 second years, and "one brave baby". Whether they were an actual baby, someone under the age of 18, or just a fresher, it's not clear, but it was reported that they didn't mind being handed from student to student.

The camp began at the Captain Cook Tavern but eventually made its way to Orokonui where games of softball, bullrush, and scrag were held, while others bumbled along a confidence course. Although many engaged in recreation and roughhousing, some double-booked punt-

THROUGHOUT THE 2000S, LAW CAMP CONTINUED TO BE AN EVENT WHERE LAW STUDENTS GOT DRUNK AND MADE A FOOL OF THEMSELVES – OH SORRY, BONDED AND CULTIVATED COLLEGIALITY

ers made their way inside to watch Pakistan win their first Cricket World Cup. In the evening there was a communal barbecue, with drinking to help people socialise. Although some were hosed in their beds, with the prankster sentenced to cleaning toilets the next day, the camp was apparently a howling success.

The following year the camp was brought back with more rugby, volleyball and relay races held in knee-deep mud. A "60km/hr" flying fox was available for riders to cheat death on. While some went on nature walks, others smashed windows. Maybe the first hint of questionable behaviour to come.

Professor Mark Henaghan told Critic that Law Camp "was, as all the best initiatives are at Otago, set up and run by law students. It was based on the idea that as Otago is a very collegial place and as the Law Faculty was the only faculty in New Zealand where students did second year law and nothing else, it would be good for them to have a camp where they got to know each other, build relationships and friendships as they were to stay together for the whole academic year". Law Camp 1995 had more sports, kegs, mud, and some students "going in the water melon" which I think is ye olde for oral. The successful marriage proposal to Marie Riddell, whoever that might be, made Law Camp history. Also, Travis peed on someone.

The archives on the fifth Law Camp held in 1996 are thin. I was able to track down a former law student who went to the camp, but she wasn't willing to share details. Her cited reasons were that (a) you had to be there and (b) it was a '90s kid thing and being born in 1999 wasn't going to make the threshold. By this we can expect the camp involved Yu-Gi-Oh card trading, a tsunami of denim, and a laugh track being played after every law pun.

Law Camp shifted from Orokonui to Pleasant Valley Holiday Camp in 1998. The second-year representative for SOULS who was elected at that year's Law Camp said that camp involved "alcohol, sport, alcohol, food, alcohol, games, and of course alcohol". The second year rep said that after camp "classes and reality greeted us on Monday morning, but this time there was a new gleam to the class". Following the success of the '90s, Law Camp strode into the new millennium with one particular heroine, Miss Natural Justice - the result of a beauty pageant and the crowning of one volunteering lad with a passion for female fashion. The earliest sighting of this rare and powerful figure in Law Camp mythology is 2004, with the tradition continuing until 2017 where it may have catalysed the media's understanding of our University's problem with nudity. But, as one 2017 Law Camp attendee said, "it was effectively a big strip tease that was absolutely consensual [male students chose to strip naked]". Of course, they would say that as law students are pretty good at covering their butts, although not in this instance obviously.

Throughout the 2000s, Law Camp continued to be an event where law students got drunk and made a fool of themselves – oh sorry, bonded and cultivated collegiality. At some point, select students became woke enough to question whether the camp's bizarre drunken activities, striptease and sexual skit show were actually okay.

A 2012 attendant spoke to the New Zealand Herald in 2018 and said the camp involved



"a lot of social pressure". The 2012 Law Camp reportedly involved groups picking girls to jelly revealed that the 2017 Law Camp had garnered complaints from parents due to the talent show

THE SECOND-YEAR REPRESENTATIVE FOR SOULS . . . ELECTED AT THAT YEAR'S LAW CAMP SAID THAT CAMP INVOLVED "ALCOHOL, SPORT, ALCOHOL, FOOD, ALCOHOL, GAMES, AND OF COURSE ALCOHOL"

wrestle. Jelly wrestling has been banned from the 2019 event. Critic has seen a photograph of said jelly wrestling and it basically just involved a small paddling pool with two clothed people wrestling it out. So probably a bit of lost context from the media. But, media reports last year also where senior and second year students came up with skits involving nudity.

While some parents were shocked, one student who enjoyed that year's camp said, "you knew going to law camp exactly what it was going to be. Your money was spent on kegs and food, you'd have to be fucking dumb not to know that". He also stated that the Law Camp wasn't as messy as he thought it was going to be.

From barbecues and bullrush to jelly wrestling and jaunty dancing, each fuelled by booze, raises the question of whether Law Camp became nothing more than an unrestricted, excessive piss up and one Russian short of recreating Rasputin's analeptic orgies. So, was it too dangerous to go ahead in 2018?

Over the years, Law Camp evolved its traditions and activities, and also its logistics — particularly under the rule of Professor Henaghan. Off-duty Campus Watch staff were organised to be present, and a professional chef was brought in to cater and cook — which had previously been done by the students. The introduction of a bar manager saw to management of evening drinking, restricting drinks to beer and "a low alcohol form of RTD formula".



Whether those booze rules weighed heavily on those attending is unlikely, as reports of morning hangovers being shaken with a vodka shot are plentiful. "There was concern at the time that there had been some drinking held during the day," said Professor Henaghan, and so the introduction of the camp's community service aspect was brought in to curtail that unwanted drinking. For at least ten years, students have painted buildings, crafted poppies for ANZAC day, cleaned roads, and helped the elderly, and in 2018 the Oamaru Heritage Trust wrote to the Otago Daily Times expressing their sadness with Law Camp's cancellation, citing the benefit students had provided to the community.

According to Professor Henaghan, recent camps have had a Health and Safety plan, with the 2018 one being submitted to and signed off by the Proctor. Supposedly the Vice Chancellor had also approved the 2018 camp before it got cut. Law Camp came under scrutiny at a time of monumental change and inspection of behaviour in the Law profession. The University's independent report found nothing criminal about Law Camp, but it was only based on interviews with five students and one parent, something SOULS criticised at the time. SOULS conducted its own review which received 235 responses, most of which were "overwhelmingly positive" according to 2018 SOULS President Tim Austen. But, SOULS' review process had its own flaws as it was conducted via a Google Form that was open to unlimited responses and did not require proof of law student status.

Many law students have reported Law Camp to be about friendship and increasing student participation. Others have said alcohol and nudity got in the way of those lofty goals. Law is back for 2019, with more restrictions and a secret location so that media don't try and sneak in. It has been part of every Otago Law graduate's experience for the past 25 years and may very well be part of that experience for the next 25.



SCOOBY DOOOOO.....NT MAKE ME WATCH ANY MORE OF THESE

By Owen Clarke

l watched all 41 episodes of Scooby Doo, Where Are You? in four days. Last night, l dressed up in a white sheet with two holes for eyes and skulked around my flat roof going "Oooooo". This morning, l was diagnosed villainously insane by a local psychiatrist. l have no memory of these events. Before l hatch a dastardly plan, let me impart my knowledge.

If I've learned anything from watching 41 episodes of Scooby Doo it's that the Scooby Doo gang do the same. Fucking. Thing. Every.

Fucking. Episode. If like me (until last week), you haven't seen a Scooby Doo episode in a decade, let me walk you through the basic plot for 99% of these 20-minute brain zappers.

First, the gang gets stranded or lost somewhere and meet a creepy local who tells a story about a monster or ghost. They then encounter the monster or ghost (a lot of horizontal panning shots of Shaggy and Scooby running back and forth ensue), set a trap for said creature, and the trap fails but the creature still gets caught. Guess what, it was actually the local from the beginning, the only other character in the story, all along!

Not sure why that blew my mind as a kid, but it did. Still, of these 41 episodes, there are some gems. Here they are, the top ten episodes of the original Scooby Doo series, according to yours truly:



10. THE TAR MONGTER

(geagon 3 epigode 5)

It's not what's in this episode that makes it so great. The Tar Monster is relatively scary (think walking ball of diarrhea with one green eye), and there are a bunch of angry-looking Turks walking around, but the wildest thing about it is, the gang is in Turkey. Like, the country. And.... they drove the Mystery Machine there. That means a cross-continental journey, likely from France, clocking in over 3,000 kilometers. Through Soviet-bloc countries like Croatia, Bosnia, Serbia, Bulgaria, all during the height of the Cold War (seeing as the series takes places in the 1970s). How many Soviet roadblocks do you think they had to run, with Shaggy firing an AK47 while Velma lobbed hand grenades from the roof? Also the plot of this episode is essentially that an esteemed archaeologist (it's never quite clear) invited a gang of stoned high school kids to drive to Turkey to be part of a legendary archaeological dig.

9. A CLUE FOR SCOOBY DOO (SEASON 1 EPISODE 3)

One of the original episodes, this one stuck in my heart as a kid because of the strange music

that plays when the villain, a glowing guy in an old-school diving suit, shows up. Aside from a few strange inconsistencies (the gang goes to a beach party at night and brings an umbrella?) it's a pretty tightly knit episode with two possible suspects, neither the actual villain, who turns out to be the live version of the dead guy whose ghost they thought was haunting them (?). Also we've got a wife who calls her dead husband "Captain". Kinky.

8. HASSLE IN THE CASTLE (SEASON 1 EPISODE 2)

You might think that Hassle in the Castle has the least scary Scooby Doo monster, but trust me, there's way lamer than this ghost in a sheet (Episode 4's monster is just an old hunchback with a grey beard). Still, some actual hijinks are involved, with the ghost seemingly able to pass through walls thanks to some unexplained trick involving mirrors (in this show you can do just about anything with mirrors). Also, the villain is someone we've never met before, a random magician called Bluestone. Still, to be fair there aren't any other characters in this episode at all, so it makes sense that we don't know the guy.

7. DECOY FOR A DOGNAPPER

(geagon 1 epigode 5)

There's a lot going on in this one. We've got multiple supporting characters showing up, which makes it hard to figure out who the villain is, and a rad chase scene where Shaggy rides a moped. There are also two different villains, a witch doctor and a ghostly Native American on horseback who rides around yelling. I'm still not sure how these two are related.

6. THE BEAGT IS AWAKE AT BOTTOMLEGG LAKE

(geagon 3 epigode 16)

This is the final episode of the original Scooby Doo series and it actually scared me a little bit (though this might be because I'd been awake for 20 hours by the time I watched it). The monster, a large fish with legs, runs like Usain Bolt and has big googly eyes. Yikes. Also, the villain behind the disguise ends up not being the bulky French lumberjack or the angry old fisherman, but a little blond girl named Julie, which definitely threw me.



5. A NIGHT OF FRIGHT IS NO DELIGHT (SEASON 1 EPISODE 16)

Scooby Doo is set to inherit a massive fortune if he can stay the night in a haunted house, but all the other chaps competing for the fortune end up dead as the night progresses. One of the only original Scooby Doos to have people actually dying, this episode's also notable for having four supporting characters. The two villains refer to themselves as the "Phantom Shadow" unironically, just like that weird kid who used to do anime runs down the hallway in Year 9. Oh wait ... that was me.

Also, Scooby and Shaggy ride a flying washing machine.

4. NOWHERE TO HYDE (GEASON 2 EPISODE 1)

Bringing in a bit of literary linkage here, Nowhere to Hyde also has one of the show's scarier villains in the form of The Ghost of Mr Hyde, a green guy who laughs a lot and can climb buildings (no, it's not mirrors this time). It's also a relatively tricky case to figure out. Dr Jekyll, who the gang finds experimenting in a random basement, says he might be inadvertently turning into the ghost of someone his great-grandfather used to turn into, but then skillfully attempts to manipulate the gang into thinking it's actually his maid, before it's eventually revealed he's just disguising himself as the ghost on purpose to rob jewellery stores. It must be said that his robbery strategy is absolute shite, as he laughs extremely loudly the whole time he robs places, tipping off every cop in a square kilometer radius.

3. Jeeperg, it's the creeperi

(geagon 2 epigode 3)

The Mystery Inc. gang attend a hip barnyard dance, a bank manager robs his own bank, there's a soundtracked chase scene, and the villain mutters his own name while walking around chasing everyone. Oh ... and there's one of those sequences where somebody steps on a rake and it hits them in the face. Iconic.





2. A GAGGLE OF GALLOPING GHOSTS

(GEAGON 1 EPIGODE 11)

It was tough for me to choose the top two, but I had to push the classic AGoGG to second slot; it is great though. It's got three different monsters, Dracula, Frankenstein, and a werewolf, as well as a weird gypsy, and a creepy castle. Also, the classic line "Yes, and I'd have gotten away with it, too, if it wasn't for these blasted kids and their dog!" makes its first appearance in this episode.

Most of all, AGoGG has nostalgia value for me. I specifically remember watching this episode when I first ate candy, a bag of Skittles, at age four, on my parents' bed. I also remember shitting my pants for some reason, not because I was scared, more so because I was four and wasn't fully toilet trained at that point.

1. HAUNTED HOUGE HANG-UP

(GEAGON 2 EPIGODE 5)

This is definitely the scariest episode of Scooby Doo. The opening scene with the headless guy walking around with a candle freaked me out when I watched it last night just as much as it did when I was a kid. It's got hidden treasure, secret clues, and multiple villains (which rapidly decrease in scare factor): the headless spectre, a guy in overalls wearing a sheet, and a balloon under a sheet. Yep. A balloon under a sheet. The "clammy hands" line is also a classic ("Velma, you've sure got clammy hands!" "Shaggy, yours are even worse!" Surprise! It's the headless spectre, who is holding both their hands. Except this makes no sense because he's wearing white gloves).

Anyway. What the fuck, Scooby Doo?!





A NATURAL HIGH: CAMERON JARDELL

By Owen Clarke

L ike most students at uni, Otago third year Cameron Jardell admits he just loves "getting high". But Cameron isn't taking bong rips out in the back room of his flat while eating nachos and playing Fortnite. He's climbing mountains (though he might also be taking some major bong rips, we don't know).

Cameron began climbing back in Alaska, shortly before moving to New Zealand for uni, after reading an instructional ice climbing book from the '90s while at sea on a fishing boat. "Mountaineering just seemed like the most badass shit, to be honest." The first thing he bought when he returned from the stint on the fishing boat was a pair of ice tools [axes]. Then, he went to work.

After moving to New Zealand, Cameron began hitting both rock and ice routes with a passion. He learned in an informal manner, from books and YouTube videos and locals he met, who "weren't afraid to critique my noobish and often unsafe practices". One of his first partners was Otago student Liam Pyott. "We shared the same mental stoke: high, and level of experience: pretty low," said Cameron. The pair have since shared a score of harrowing experiences, from avalanches to blizzards, including on one occasion the construction of a jerry-rigged aluminium stove fed by a cut up Ace bandage and matches to thaw Liam's frozen boots, an escapade which resulted in permanent nerve damage to his big toe.

Not one for simply bagging summits, Cameron said he prefers "to quantify my climbing in terms of 'missions' rather than peaks, since the peaks themselves [...] really just mark the halfway point. Often getting down is more difficult than getting up". In the last year alone, Cameron has embarked on missions to the East peak of Mt. Rolleston (2,271 m) via Rome Ridge, the North Face of the East peak of Mt. Earnslaw (2,830 m), the South Face of Single Cone (2319 m), and the southwest ridge of Mt. Aspiring (3,000 m).

Cameron sees the South Island's mountains as a perfect blend of technicality and accessibility for a budding mountaineer. "They offer the sweet spot of being accessible in a weekend but not a day," said Cameron, "and are high enough to offer incredibly technical alpine climbing, but not high enough where altitude sickness is an issue. There are also plenty of routes, but not an abundance of information."

Cameron said each of his missions have been not only mentally and physically exhausting, because, as is the nature of the mountains, something always goes wrong. "It just wouldn't be an adventure if everything went as it should," he said. "For instance, on the South Face of Single Cone, Charles Leaper, Matt Gruber and I found ourselves lost in a vertical world of rock and snow at night with only one head torch. We spent 23 hours on the go that day and I, thinking it would be a quick climb, brought only a single measly energy bar, which fell out of my pack."

"It just wouldn't be an adventure if everything went as it should"

> In typical Dunners fashion, Cameron has also integrated into the local uni drinking culture, which, combined with an "inner urge to send it," has resulted in a practice he calls DUC (Drunk Urban Climbing) - scaling buildings and other structures around Dunedin while intoxicated. "I certainly don't condone the practise," said Cameron, "although it is pretty radical and can add heaps to a night on the piss. There are plenty of sweet routes around North Dunners for those with the intoxicated imagination, and the primal urge and lack of mental sensibility to climb them [...] for now I'll just say the Unicol North Tower has been bagged."

> An adventurer through and through, as fun as DUC-ing is, Jardell will always prefer the real deal. "Memories are made in the mountains," he said. "All it takes is a wee bit of insanity to enjoy them up close."



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BEIN TO WIN AN IPHONE X

The Ötepoti Youth Vision has been developed for Dunedin with young people. The vision says, "In Ötepoti (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 I 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 "Ötepoti 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 Ötepoti 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.



vodafone
WatchMojo Top 10 Videos By Henessey Griffiths

I have a confession to make. I watch at least one WatchMojo video every day. WatchMojo, a You-Tube channel with over 20 million subscribers, is the pinnacle of shitty clickbait. Their videos focus on aspects of popular culture and analyse them through top 10 countdown lists.

Their videos are trash. Like, super trash. Do I really need to know the hottest aliens from movies and TV? No. Will I still sit through an 8-minute video and rethink all of my life choices afterwards? Hell yeah.

So today, we're counting down the top 10 WatchMojo top 10 lists.

10. Top 10 Most Shocking Music Myths

This video is great because it really is clickbait. It seems like one of those things your aunt would share on Facebook, commenting about how number one should've been how Marilyn Manson allegedly removed his ribs for autofellatio.

Honorable list mention: Paul McCartney is dead.

9. Top 10 Nuclear Bomb Scenes in Movies

Riding the wave of niche content, this list goes through nuclear bomb scenes that make you think "woah, that's a big explosion".

Honorable list mention: The one where the big bomb exploded.

8. Top 10 Reasons Why 2018 Was the Worst

Everyone obviously has different experiences, but in the world as a whole 2018 was a pretty standard year. This list looks at some bad things that happened in 2018, such as the alt-right and kids eating Tide Pods. This is quite a sobering list, and it does tend to make one reflect on broader socio-economic and political themes.

Honorable list mention: Climate change is nearly irreversible.

7. Top 10 Reasons You Wouldn't Survive Ancient Times

Publishing new top 10 videos every day means that you're bound to be strapped for ideas, but you can tell they're particularly scraping the barrel with this one.

Honorable list mention: The Black Plague.

6. Top 10 Creepy Examples of A.I. Gone Wild

This list seems more like a Reddit conspiracy theory list than anything meaningful. The whole video is just basically talking about how one day technology is going to destroy us all, and I'm too hungover to deal with this right now.

Honorable list mention: Racist Al Judges Beauty Contest.

5. Top 10 Skimpy Female Outfits in Video Games

The description literally says "if you're about to type 'In before the triggered feminists', maybe you should just do us all a favor and go kill yourself" – like what the actual fuck?

Honorable list mention: Honestly? None of it.

4. Top 10 Anime Betrayals

You know I study memes, right? Honorable list mention: You know I had to do it to 'em.

3. Top 10 Hilariously Twisted Things To Do in the Sims Game

This video ranks so highly in the list because I'm pretty sure the narrator is a sociopath. The video literally starts with him saying "at this point they might as well call this game psychopath simulator" and getting overly excited at the thought of killing sims.

Honorable list mention: The narrator talking about how his dad left him.

2. Top 10 Infamous Mass Shootings in the US

The problem with creating top 10 lists is that they give off connotations of being happy. Generally speaking, you don't tend to countdown things that are actually terrible, unless you're WatchMojo. Although the video isn't trying to glamorise these events, it still seems super weird that they would try and capitalise off of tragedy.

Honorable list mention: The comment that said "From the channel that also brings you Top Ten Savage Gordon Ramsay moments brings you this".

1. Top 10 Notorious Hate Groups

Honestly? I have no words. The fact that someone thought that this is a great topic for a video is insane to me. While claiming to take the approach of "understanding their origins and influence" this shit is whack. Why WatchMojo, why?

Honorable list mention: My hatred for WatchMojo.



Pike ake, kake ake ki Te Māhiae!

By Tama Tū (brackets are Māori translations)

My head and body break the cloudy surface. A fear of drowning brings me up quickly. Blurred vision, and a salty gasp of air. I dive and I dive. Something erupts inside me and I roar trimphant! Flesh is goosebumped and muscle is defined in the cold.

Seaweed and tide want to take me with them. I have to jump for a breaking wave. An onshore gust whips the spray into my eyes. Blind, but still with sense. The wind bites again, so I submerge my body. "Fuck, this is even colder." I sit and feel because I am tough. Kelp moves around my ankles. Pressures mount on my chest, breathing getting shorter. "AAAAAaaaaahhh!" I scream! I am free from these humans. A time of solitude.

E whio atu ana ahau ki ngā manu, engari, kāhore rātau i whakahoki. Ka hekea te rākau e te ngokura, auē, he haerenga nui tērā. Katahi ano au ka kite i tētahi ngeru ki rō rawa te ngāhere! Kei te aha ia i tēnei wāhi? Tērā pea, i pātai ōrite ia ki ahau. Ka whai ia i tōna taha taika pea. E mātakitaki ana ia i ahau. Auē, kei te patua ngā manu e te ngeru...

(I whistle forth to birds, they don't return my call. The tree is descended by the caterpillar, oh my, that's a big journey. Oh wow, I just saw a cat right in the forest! What the heck is it doing in this place? Maybe he was asking me the same question. He's probably trying to find his inner tiger. I can feel him watching me. I hope the cat isn't killing birds...)

l pātai atu te tama ki te kaumatua. "E Koro, pēhea ngā whakaaro huna o tō tāua tūpuna?" E katakata ana te tangata, mau ana i tōna tokotoko. "Me haere koe ki ō whenua, hikoitia ngā tapuwae o ō tīpuna. Kei reira ngā whakaaro huna."

(The boy asked his grandad. "Grandad, what is the sacred knowledge of our ancestors?" His grandfather chuckled and leaned upon his walking stick. "Go to your ancestral lands and walk in the footsteps of your ancestors. There lies the sacred knowledge.")

A billy goat's scruff is long, his horns are down-turned. Elfin ears poke out sideways, they wobble in the wind. A nuclear family of four scout the land, moving down-hill. They must have caught my scent, "have a shower man."

I settle into the couch, pen at the ready. "What to write?" The mouth of the piano is wide open, but no one is here to make it sing. Table chairs are pushed in, knees to knees. The dogs thirst must be quenched. I can no longer hear their lapping. In the kitchen, its a competition of the most incessant noise. Darn... it's about all I can hear now. The weight of the old binoculars still drags on my neck. They're resting on the table over there. Furry companions moan and whimper through glass doors. Their big eyes are hard to deny. "Sorry friend but you're an outside dog."

Whati ana ngā ngaru i ngā toka tohorā. Moemoea ngā kekeno i runga i ngā kōhatu. Kua hinga te aukati, e tū tahi ana ngā pou. Kua ngaro te hononga ki ō rātou hoa, auē. Kei te mārō te whenua nei. Koikoi te karaehe i ōku ringaringa. Kei runga rā e mau ana te taumata o Nukutaurua.

(Waves break upon whale backs. Dreaming seals sleep on rocks. The fence has fallen and the posts stand alone. They have lost the connection to their friends. The ground is hard and the grass pricks my hands. Up above the hill line of Nukutaurua holds fast.)









MISO AUBERGINE ON PEARL COUSCOUS By Gordon Oliver

Of the five different tastes the tongue can detect, umami is perhaps the hardest to describe or define. It is often called the meat taste or the savoury taste, but this is kinda hard to pin down. The only concrete definition is that umami is the taste of glutamates, such as MSG. I guess in the end umami is kind of like pornography; you know it when you see it (or in this case taste it).

Miso paste is an excellent way to add some umami taste to your cooking. It's also a great investment as a student, since a tub will easily last a whole year. This recipe also uses aubergine and soy sauce, which both have strong umami flavours. The addition of chilli and garlic helps give this dish a more complex flavour.

Heat the oven to 200 degrees. Slice your aubergine into slices lengthways, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a centimetre thick. Finely chop or crush the chilli and the garlic. Mix together with the miso paste, soy

sauce and oil in a bowl. Lay the aubergine slices on a baking tray (best with some non-stick paper underneath) and then spoon the miso mix onto the top of the slices and spread evenly. Bake for about 40 minutes, or until the miso covering is dark brown and starting to crack.

SSHI

While the aubergine is cooking add the oil to a saucepan and warm up. Add the pearl couscous and cook, stirring often, until the pearl couscous starts to darken slightly. Then add the cold water and crumble the stock cube in. Stir regularly to prevent the couscous sticking to the bottom of the pan. Cook for about fifteen minutes or until the pearl couscous is soft. Take off the heat and mix in the handful of dates.

Serve the aubergine slices on top of the couscous.

Ingredients:

Miso Aubergine

- 1 Aubergine
- 1 Tbsp Miso Paste
- 1 Tbsp Soy Sauce
- 1 Tbsp Vegetable Oil (Sesame if you have it) 2 Cloves of Garlic
- 1-2 Small Chillies

Pearl Couscous

1 Tbsp Oil ¹⁄₂ Cup Pearl Couscous ³⁄₄ Cup Cold Water 1 Stock Cube Handful of Chopped Dates



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Top Ten ways to

Fall in Love With Your Flatmate

- Your hands accidentally bump while doing the dishes one night. You laugh softly and flick a bubble of dishwashing liquid at them. At night, drifting off to sleep, your heart feels oddly clean and new, as if it, too, had been washed.
- 2. Slowly, and then all at once.
- 3. On Tinder you come across them and swipe right, as a 'joke'. You start a conversation that turns into so much more than a conversation; you feel, for the first time, that someone recognises your complexity. You begin to forget what loneliness feels like.
- 4. You have awkward sex after flat drinks one night. There aren't a lot of other options out there for you. You already know that you can live together functionally. What the hell?
- 5. You watch them take the bins out on Sunday night. Your interest is piqued when they flatten the cardboard and rinse the milk bottles. But when you see them sort the high-density polyethylenes from the polyvinyl chlorides, it's game over baby. Your ensuing passion will never need recycling.
- 6. Your hot water cylinder fucking sucks. You decide to shower together so no one has to have a cold shower. You drop the soap. Goddamn, you're so clumsy. Why does everything you touch turn to shit? You start crying, and hope the shower disguises your tears. It doesn't. But she holds you.
- He reminds you of your dad. The big hands. The gentleness that makes you feel so safe. You laughed when you learned about Freud in PSYC112. Who's laughing now.
- 8. You get sick. They make you a creamy soup. When you feel better, you thank them with a 'creamy soup' of your own ;)
- 9. Be a snowball running down into the spring that's coming.
- 10.Start off as friends, and slowly realise, over the course of the year, that you wish you were something more. Never work up the courage to tell them. Live the rest of your life with the crushing weight of your own cowardice, forever wondering what might have been.





March 26th | 27th | 28th | 29th | 30th | 7.30pm

Allen Hall Theatre

\$15 concession | \$20 full Bookings | dunedinfringe.nz

Cono-Weal Corne

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30. Festive occasion	21. Slow-moving mammal				
31. Weight measure	22. Worried				
32. Swiss mountain	24. Baldwin and Guinness				
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RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 20TH MARCH

RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS: QUIZ NIGHT WITH JAMIE GREEN

Starters Bar 6 - 8pm. 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!

THURSDAY 21ST MARCH

DELTA HEAVY - ONLY IN DREAMS TOUR

Catacombs with Modestep Tickets from theticketfairy.com 10pm

JAN PRESTON - 88 PIANOS I HAVE KNOWN

Dunedin Folk Club Tickets from eventfinder.co.nz 7:30pm

HOE DOWN Starters Bar

JAZZ IN THE POCKET Dog with two tails Free entry 8pm

FRIDAY 22ND MARCH

DUNEDIN FRINGE FESTIVAL

All around the Dunedin City See dunedinfringe.nz for the latest ticketing and venue information.

BASS 101: TENZE & JORDI Starters Bar Free entry 8pm

SATURDAY 23RD MARCH

DANIEL CHAMPAGNE AND NICK KNOX

Dog with two tails Free entry 5pm

INNOMINATUS - "FEAR" SIN-GLE RELEASE Fifty Gorillas

Support from Ronnie Stash,

Goats Az, and Deathcall \$10 on door includes a download code for the new single 9pm

MURGATROYD - 'SHARPS!' EP RELEASE

with support from Methchrist, Ashes To Battle, and Night Lunch

The Crown Hotel \$10

8pm

HEAT 004: WAX MUSTANG

Starters Bar with James Murphy & Kevin in Luv. 11pm. Free entry.

ROOM ONE LIVE FEATURING BASS INTRUSION

Catatcombs with T1R, Tellah, Josh Humberstone, Ribs, and Tenze.

\$10 10pm.



CHECK OUT R1.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFO

ousa page



Free cuddles with dogs on campus.

How good.

This Thursday we're working with the SPCA to bring you dogs to cuddle and relax with. It's a great way to chill out, take a mental health break, and an unashamedly obvious attempt to get more people to our Student General Meeting (SGM). Who said that?

Those three letters, SGM, might instantly put you off but stay with me for the sake of the dogs.

There are no requirements to come along to the SGM. No prep work, no initiation, and no intimidating rite of passage through the dusty depths of student politics. If you're a student you're as qualified as you need to be to take part (If you just want to come along for the dogs that's totally fine too - everyone's welcome x).

So come.

An SGM is a big meeting of students where we debate big questions for our student association, such as;

Should there be a Pacific Student rep on the OUSA Executive?

This would set aside a role on the OUSA Executive, the team you all elect to represent you and govern your student association, for a student of Pacific background - and it's being decided upon at our SGM.

It can be tempting to think "How am I qualified to weigh in on that?" "What do I know about Executives, SGMs, and OUSA?" - but you have just as much a right as anyone to come along and make your voice heard (or just to listen).

We'll outline the situation for you and cover the background - you just need to show up, listen, and vote the way you think best. Your vote can never be wrong. I said it before and I'll say it again, if you're a student then you're as qualified as you need to be to be there. So come. Dogs - what about puppies?

Starters Bar - what's the plan?

Hyde Street - when is it?

This is also your chance to talk to the OUSA team - to ask questions, complain, suggest, hear about our plans and generally speaking have a yarn. Use this chance. Sometimes students wanna raise things like these but never know how or feel they can.

This. Is. Your. Chance.

This isn't a meeting intended for the OUSA policy nerds (sorry OUSA policy nerds) but a meeting intended for all students for all reasons.

lames \times

SGM

21st March 12:30pm, Main Common Room (That's the room where Sky TV plays,opposite Union Grill and the sushi place in the link, with the wooden floor and wobbly tables)

STUDENT GENERAL MEETING THURSDAY 21 MARCH | 12:30PM MAIN COMMON ROOM





C.S. BREWIS AND GEORGE POURWELL'S GUIDE TO LITTLE FAT LAMB:

Little Fat Lamb are still pretty fresh on the scene of getting scarfies loose, having only been around for about 3 years, but they sure have made a name for themselves. Here's a rundown on each flavour and what they say about you.

The Holy Trinity

Ginger:

Ginger is your starter lamb. It's a real call back to all those keg stands where you held on for too long so you looked cool. The big issue is now that it's been doubled to 8%, the acidity really gets to you after a while. As a human it's your Auckland basic bro, rocking the long hair, Patagonia jacket and the Polo cap. His dulcet tones reverberate out of his dirty moustache in a covers band at UBar on pint night.

Berry:

Berry is the refreshing lamb. It's the only flavour we'd genuinely pour in a glass with ice. In a world where cider is either sweet or sour, Berry finds the perfect balance. Berry is Ginger's cool older sister. She has all the cool aspects of Ginger without the constant need for validation.

Tropical:

Tropical is the fun lamb. It's the sweetest of the trio, which really gets you on both the sugar rush and alcohol buzz. The biggest drawback is that it's basically diabetes in a bottle, making it a real once in a while beverage. Tropical embodies the metro stranger, the guy you meet on a night out who you know is just out to dance and have a good time. You never meet them again or know their true intentions, but you can't help but be impressed by their booty drop. Just like the stranger, having tropical on a night out may make it one of the best ever.

Side Lambs

Strawberry & Lime:

Now we have the millennial lamb. The flavour is that of Berry and Tropical's love child. Still sweet – but toned back just a touch by the citrusy goodness. Here we have the only child, rich law student who thinks they are going to change the world. They mean well, but need a bit of a reality check.

Hard Apple:

Apple is the scrumpy lamb. Not sure what else we can say; a wholesome drop, it's the one to comfort you when you don't quite get the grade back that you wanted. Apple is very much the group dad, they sip on their drinks, look after the rowdier kids and are only drinking this stuff because it's a red card.

Lemon:

Lemon is the forgotten lamb. As one of the original two flavours, Lemon deserves a bit of respect. But it's just plain bad. We think it's two parts hydrochloric acid, one part lemon. Lemon is the boomer, the "You only drink that sweet stuff because you're soft, take some bloody concrete pills" type operator and we have no time for it.

How to mix flavours:

Now something we discovered when we were tasting all of these is that they can pair well together. So on a night out try a few of these combos!

Ginger + Tropical = The Sunburn Ginger + Berry = The Level Up Tropical + Strawberry & Lime = The Cocaine Train Lemon + Tropical = The Bitter Sweet Symphony Ginger + Lemon = The Bad Time (seriously, don't try this)



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NICS NECTOR AND NECTOR AND ATE SETUP INDER 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

TRANG PAK

My night started with some encouragement from my flatmates to "be myself", however "being myself" hasn't been doing for my dating life over the past few years, so I was feeling pretty nervous.

In the tradition of all the Blind Daters before me, I necked a few drinks, and then headed on my way. Announcing myself to the wait staff, they informed me Critic had in fact forgotten to book us a table (cheers Critic, what an absolute stitch up). [Soz – Critic.]

While one of the staff went to set us up a table, a guy approached me and informed me that he too was there for the blind date. What followed could only be described as one of the most uncomfortable dates I have ever been on. Poor dude was clearly very nervous, but no girl wants to be asked four times what they do, and at least three times what they do in their spare time. The fact he wasn't a uni student was confusing to me considering why we were on the date in the first place ... Honestly, after being there for what I felt was a polite amount of time, I texted my friend a 911, and she let me know she was "having an emergency" so I could gap. Feeling pretty tipsy and unfulfilled, I decided to join my friends at Devilman's set at Catacombs.

Cheers Critic and Mamacita for an awesome feed, sorry to all the readers who were hoping for a bit of softcore erotica for their Monday morning. Thanks to the drum and bass father and a cheeky cap for doing to my body what my date unfortunately could not ;)

COACH CARR

My first blind date. Where to begin, this was a first for me. Nerves got to me a bit more than I expected so pre-drinks with some close friends was much appreciated. With five minutes to go, I headed off to the restaurant and ended up getting there at the exact same moment as my blind date, which led to the first of many awkward exchanges of the night. But as much was to be expected, the rest of night was spent doing my best to pull my 'A' game banter out of anything and everything - but when you're talking to someone who you have almost nothing in common with, there ends up being a crushing amount of awkward silences. The night came to a close when her "friend was having a crisis" which could have been genuinely true, but I don't blame her for cutting the night short.

In the end I shared a really nice meal with a beautiful girl - so not a total loss.

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





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

OK so I'm not much of a writer but I have been thinking about this for a very long time and I reckon the Critic readers might get a wee buzz out of it so here goes. Last year I was in Unicol and me and my friend's friend Matt* were out on the piss after a party. We were at Macs when we met up with Jess*, a chick from my hall. I had had a bit of a thing for her since O Week, she was pretty hot but I hadn't had much of a chance to get to know her by that point. So we were all pretty drunk, having a big night etc. I was flirting with her quite a bit and then it dawned on me that my mate was as well, I guess he didn't realise I liked her too. At some point I went to the toilets and when I came back they were kissing, which I was gutted about. But then later that night, she came up to me and started hooking up with me. I asked, "weren't you with Matt before?" and she said "yeah, can't I be with you both though?" I asked what she meant and she said she had never had a threesome and wanted one with me and Matt. Initially I was like, NOPE, but then thought about it a bit more. One thing lead to another and before I knew it we were all at Matt's and she was making out with me and him in turns. It was a bit awkward at first because I'm definitely not into guys, but I kind of went with the flow and soon she was sucking us both off, switching between us. It wasn't even difficult to stay hard and I started to

relax. She was having such a good time and clearly enjoyed being the center of attention. A few times Matt and I accidentally kind of touched and I started getting really turned on having him there too. I realised that I actually wanted to see what it would be like with a guy. Jess maybe realised that because she told us that she wanted us to hook up. Moment of truth. I was shocked, Matt actually went in for a kiss and before long the three of us were all kissing each other in turns. I took a deep breath and reached out to touch his cock - and he was totally cool with it. I was jacking off another guy and it was so hot! Jess was super into it and she asked if she could watch me go down on him. I was lying on my back, and he knelt by my face, letting me lick and suck his hard cock. Jess was so into it that she started riding me while this was happening, and pretty soon I had Matt shooting his load all over my chest, and Jess coming hard shortly after. It was a crazy night and to this day I'm not sure if it was the alcohol or having Jess there, or something else, but honestly Matt if you're reading this, you know who you are and I wouldn't mind a repeat performance! *Names changed



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