

CRITIC

TE AROHI



[Historical Re-enactment]



EDITORIAL

Student General Meetings Are Very Boring and Very Powerful

By Charlie O'Mannin

In 1999 the Rowing Club's shed burnt down. It was a little shack on the waterfront with a single shower and space for a couple of kayaks. Jump forward a few years and OUSA had built a giant \$1.39 million Aquatic Centre in its place that was, and is, used by only a handful of students. OUSA still owns it, and every year it costs OUSA \$65,000 in maintenance. That's a lot of your money for something you probably didn't know existed.

The Aquatic Centre went ahead because the Rowing Club stacked a Student General Meeting and forced OUSA to do it. That's how OUSA works. If you can get a small vocal group together, you can pretty much get it to do whatever you want.

Which is why it's kinda weird that no one goes to Student General Meetings. At the start of the last SGM, there were 48 people in the Main Common Room (that weird room opposite the food court where sports is always playing) and the exec had to go into the food court and hustle

another 50 into the MCR with the promise of free pizza just to get quorum (the number of people needed to turn up to make the meeting legit). Considering that quorum is only 0.5% of the student body, this is kinda pathetic.

And this SGM was considered a success. They did eventually get quorum, and, despite Critic counting hopefully every few minutes, they managed to hold onto it until the end. Every motion that went to the floor passed, most almost unanimously. I've been to a lot of SGMs over the last few years at Critic, and this was one of the better ones.

But when 100 out of 20,000 people turn up, that's a bad turnout. OUSA is your student association. You, the students, own it. You can make it do whatever you want it to do. It's also a multi-million dollar organisation; it's got real power.

At the same time it's absolutely not your fault for not going. As someone who's sat through a lot of them, to say SGMs are dry would be like saying the UBar line can sometimes be a bit of a wait.

The bad MCR acoustics, the noise from the food court, the endless motions ratifying minor grammatical corrections to the constitution; I care about OUSA politics (urgh, that's a harrowing thing to say) and even I find them fucking boring.

1981 OUSA President Paul Gourlie told me after the SGM that "there are no complacent students, they just need something to inspire them," and as much as my first year marks prove that there absolutely are complacent students, he's not entirely wrong.

Also, hot conspiracy theory: the Rowing Club burnt down their own shed to get better facilities. I'll give a job to anyone who manages to bust open this cold case.

CORRECTION

We'd like to make a correction to the article "Residents Said Uni Best Practice Not Enough to Prevent or Discipline Sexual Violence at Knox" that appeared in Issue 8.

The incidents described in the piece by Rose* actually happened in 2016, not 2017.

In the final section of the story, the quotes attributed to "the submasters" should have been attributed to "one submaster" and do not represent the views of all 2017 submasters.

We've updated the online article and we apologise to anyone affected.



Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

Please email letters to
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Letter of the week wins a \$30 voucher from
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Critic,

It's my friend's birthday next month and I'm a bit stuck on what to get her. I need something cheap, that won't use up the entire student loan, but also something that she can treasure. When thinking of what she likes, the only thing that comes to mind is her crush on our esteemed

OUSA President, James Heath.

So, I know that it's a big thing to ask, but if possible could Critic's next centrefold please be a tribute to our beloved James, that she can pin to her wall alongside Shawn Mendes (the picture in his Calvin's) and a young Leo DiCaprio.

Sincerely

Friend of James' biggest fan xx

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Recent **BIG DICK ENERGY** article by Henessy Griffiths

hi

could u please not forget computer science next time. can attest to there being some big dicks on these geeks, I'm working my way through the cohort.

Thanks,

We will automate all of you

Dear Critic,

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THE CRITIC TEAM ISSUE 09

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CRITIC

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cheap, that won't use up the entire student loan, but also something that she can treasure. When thinking of what she likes, the only thing that comes to mind is her crush on our esteemed OUSA President, James Heath.

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Sincerely

Friend of James' biggest fan xx

Dear Critic,

as autumn is upon us here's an Autumn poem for you

TREES HAVE LEAVES LIKE CIGARETTES...

Trees have leaves

Like Cigarettes

Blowing in the wind;

And sometimes the gutter

Is full of them.

by Anthony Skegg

(So goes the tragedy of trees smoking leaves- so don't start yourselves!)

NOTICES

Referendum

Opens 9am 28 May 2019 and closes 4pm 30 May 2019

Go to: www.ousa.org.nz/voting

Would you like to ask your Association a question?

Send it to: adminvp@ousa.org.nz

National Rape Awareness Week: 1st – 7th May 2019

Rape Crisis Dunedin are hosting a number of awareness raising and fundraising events in collaboration with other Dunedin services and community groups, including a Street Appeal on Saturday the 4th.

For more details check out: <https://www.facebook.com/rapecrisisdunedin/>

To volunteer email: support@rapecrisisdunedin.org.nz

OSIG Quiz Night

Wednesday 1st May, 6-8pm, Main Common Room

OSIG is hosting our first event for the year! Bring your friends and flatmates for a good time and some free food! Our quiz will test you on everything from general knowledge, food and some questions on religion. Heard of lent? Know what a hijab is? Bring your brain and your best bants for a guaranteed good time. See ya there!

Nude Model Wanted

Leave all your insecurities behind for the name of art and join us in this creative experience!

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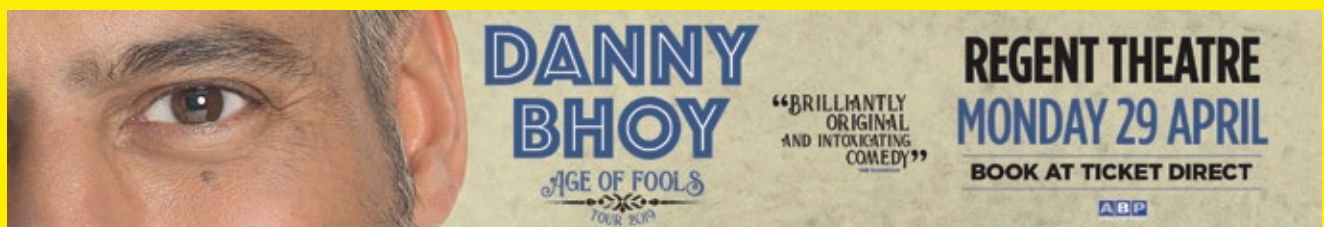
call for the bookings:

Diana 02 123 63 321

Petridish, Dunedin

My mate's head collided with someone's fist at Hyde Street, and he was too concussed to know where my Victoria Bitter hat went. If you picked it up, drop it off to the Critic office for a six pack of Australia's finest beer and whatever free sex toys we still have lying around the office.

By Anonymous Critic Staff Member





DCC Parking Meters Inch Closer to Studentville

They clearly don't remember what happened in the year 2000. But we do. Critic never forgets.

By Sinead Gill and Nina Minogue

The Dunedin City Council has turned three strips of unlimited and limited-time parking into pay and display as a part of a wider set of changes to parking in North and Central Dunedin. In a media release, the DCC explained that this was the result of a survey that indicated a need for improved flexibility for motorists to stay all day if visiting the hospital, museum or university campus.

That may be great news for visitors, but it has sparked concerns among residents that they'll have to pay for their on-street parking.

Student and resident Lizzy told Critic about the shock of seeing the parking meters "just appear out of nowhere." Out of the seven people in her flat, four have cars. They emailed the DCC twice "asking what was going on and if we could have some kind of permit," to which they replied that they were in the process of making two residential parks.

Lizzy explained that off-street parking and driveways are uncommon where she lives. "One time we had no choice but to park at a motel down the

road. The owner came out and told us to fuck off."

Lizzy has already received six parking fines this year for breaching limits in the area.

Pou, who may or may not be on the OUSA exec, said "fuck that. As a student with a car who used to live in that area, I remember how hard it was to find a park."

Critic did some doorknocking to talk to more residents, however it seems that everyone except Critic reporters were actually on holiday for Easter.

DCC Group Manager Transport Richard Saunders told Critic that the DCC do consider residents when making parking changes, however he said that on-street parking is not intended to provide long-term parking for residents. He said that the DCC did not approach residents individually when considering the changes, but that as the changes are a result of public feedback, all residents technically had a chance to give their views. He also mentioned that "a residents' only parking process [is available] where appropriate," although he did not mention the \$200 cost associated with this option.

A similar public-feedback excuse was used in 2000 when the DCC tried to roll out paid parking along Cumberland street. At the time, Mark Baxter, who wrote a piece for Critic, made the obvious point that as students change flats from year to year, it's unfair to expect them to have the time to, or even be aware of, incoming council changes. In a fresh, never-before-seen 19-years-later comment to Critic, he said "the DCC and ORC have failed to avoid parking becoming a dire issue around campus, rather than the PITA issue it used to be."

Back in the year 2000, \$150,000 worth of damage was dealt to freshly installed parking meters within the first few weeks of semester. It got bad enough that the council had to hire security patrols to keep an eye out for vandals and students were straight-up yeeting the meters off the street and taking them home as trophies.

Critic hopes that the DCC won't be so quick to forget this slice of student history, should they have their sights set on more North Dunedin streets.



Pasifika Representation Returns to OUSA Executive

Also, the unexpected tea behind its initial removal

By Sinead Gill

After nearly a decade, Pasifika students will see the return of a representative on the OUSA executive: this time, as an ex-officio position, the same system that Te Roopū Māori, the Māori students' association, uses.

The motion to restore the position passed almost unanimously at the recent Student General Meeting. Of the 108 students in attendance at the SGM, only one student, Josh Smythe, abstained. Everyone else voted in favour of the motion.

Josh told Critic that this was because he felt if the Pacific Islands Students' Association wanted to encourage Pacific representation on and with OUSA, then they should do so by running for one of the other positions on the executive.

The question was initially put to referendum in 2018, passing with 81.5% of the vote. Unfortunately, the tragically-low 730 response rate by students meant that quorum was not reached (not enough people voted), which is why it had to be brought back up at the SGM.

A member of the crowd asked if this would set a precedent for other minorities to seek representation. President of the Pasifika Students'

Association, Mary Jane Kivalu responded, saying, "every minority should have an opportunity to have a seat at the table that makes decisions for them, but I am only representing Pacific Islanders." She later added to Critic that she hopes "the discussion highlighted themes like inclusiveness, rather than just diversity alone".

In a message to Critic, Mary Jane thanked everyone who came and voted on behalf of the Pasifika student body. She believes that "there's a strong foundation being built here with a common goal that one day, minorities will no longer need specific positions to confidently raise their voice."

Daniel Stride, who was on the 2010 OUSA exec that originally cut the position, along with many other minority reps, told Critic that the position was only removed in the first place because the then-President Harriet Geoghegan "saw OUSA very much in corporate, efficient terms".

In an issue of 2010 Critic, Harriet described the reshuffle herself as "efficient". She explained at the time that "the [former OUSA] structure is trying to be both a governing board and a representative group. As a result ... OUSA is not reaching its potential in either area." At the

time, she believed that minority groups would still be taken care of through the welfare committee, as that was "the way to get welfare issues acted on".

Critic was unsuccessful in reaching out to Harriet for a fresher comment, but probably because she's moved on from OUSA and doesn't need to give a fuck about this anymore. Can't relate.

After conducting a review of the exec, OUSA determined that the minority rep positions should be abolished, which was held to a referendum that same year. Up until that time, Stride said that constitutional amendments had always been done by SGM, but the thought process was that by emailing it around as a referendum, it would stop "minority groups turning up to save their position".

Stride added that the exec had passed a motion binding executive members like him to support the removal of the reps, saying "this was basically a loaded gun pointed at my head - disobeying would have meant [he would have lost his position]."

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Drug Testing at Hyde Finds Potentially Dangerous Substance

"This substance is so new that we do not know of the health risks"

By Charlie O'Mannin

OUSA's second trial of their new drug testing initiative at the Hyde Street Party found a potentially lethal substance that they were able to put out warnings about over social media.

The initiative, run in conjunction with KnowYourStuffNZ and the New Zealand Drug Foundation, was used by 81 people, following a trial in O-Week which saw 61 people use the service to make sure their substances were what they thought they were.

Unlike the O-Week testing, the testing at Hyde was run using a spectrometer, a machine that gives a precise breakdown of the substance tested. This accuracy helped KnowYourStuff identify an unknown cathinone (bath salts) that they're calling 'C86'. In their alert they said that "This substance is so new that we do not know of the health risks".

OUSA President James Heath told Critic "we're very happy with how KnowYourStuff went at Hyde. In particular, the post on the OUSA FB

page, alerting students to a potential problem substance identified during testing, is a perfect example of what the service is there for. This is what harm reduction looks like."

James said that OUSA is looking to continue drug testing at its events. "I'd like to see this continue, not just at OUSA events, but at similar events across our country," he said.

Law Students Considering Accepting Russell McVeagh's Money Again

Students to vote Russell McYay or Russell McNeigh

By Charlie O'Mannin

The Society of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) is polling its members as to whether they should go back to accepting sponsorship from law firm Russell McVeagh after they cut ties in 2018 when the firm was accused by multiple students, including one student from Otago, of systematic sexual harassment.

Russell McVeagh has sponsored multiple SOULS events in the past, including their annual sports exchange with the Canterbury Law School. Following the 2018 revelations six University Law Faculties cut ties with the firm, with SOULS and other student law associations following suit.

However, SOULS is now deciding whether to start accepting money from the firm again. In an email sent out to Law Students, Teddy Rose, SOULS President, said "We did not feel comfortable promoting Russell McVeagh to our students since we could not guarantee it was a safe environment to work in. However, we are aware that

a large amount of internal structural and cultural change has occurred during the last year."

Attached to the email was a statement and review documents from Russell McVeagh. In the statement, which was uploaded to their website in March, CEO Jo Avenell said "Russell McVeagh is a different organisation to the one that made headlines 12 months ago. We faced some humbling truths about our firm that have been a catalyst for significant change, and while change was underway at the time of Dame Margaret Bazley's report in July 2018, we still have a long way to go."

SOULS has created a google form to poll their members on the decision. Teddy told Critic that "Due to the sensitive nature of this decision, we felt it appropriate to get feedback from the student body". While the final decision will rest solely with the SOULS exec, Teddy said that "Every piece of feedback will be read and will aid us in making a decision."

One fourth year Law student Critic spoke to said that "To continue to hold Russell McVeagh solely accountable for the failings of the legal profession is unfair. If Russell McVeagh has taken real steps towards changing a toxic culture then perhaps it is time to review their exclusion."

Another fourth year Critic spoke to agreed that the problem was wider than a single firm. "I just think that we'd be kidding ourselves to think that the same problem isn't happening at other firms, and that Russell McVeagh was only the first on the chopping block. However, I do think it's too soon after the fact to start endorsing them again. Sure, we can endorse the 'strategies' etc. that Russell McVeagh has implemented to ensure the same won't happen again, but only time will tell whether they work. One year on though, that's too soon for me."

As far as Critic is aware the Otago Law faculty is not looking to re-establish ties with the firm.



Craccum Magazine to Throw Off the Chains of Democracy

Critic to throw impromptu Charlene Chainz rap battle

By Charlie O'Mannin

Craccum, the University of Auckland student magazine, has ended the controversial practise of electing its editors, creating new provisions for the editor to be appointed on the basis of merit, like is done at every other student magazine in New Zealand.

Craccum Editor Bailley Devon told Critic the changes are something “we as a magazine have wanted to do for years”.

In the past Craccum editors were elected alongside the Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) student executive, despite the Craccum editor having no voting rights on the AUSA exec. “It is not a representative role in the same way,” said Bailley. “The editor’s role is to provide a voice to students in a journalistic sense.”

AUSA will put a new system in place to create a “Craccum Administration Board” to govern

the magazine, which will consist of the AUSA President and Design Officer, along with two “independent industry experts in the fields of journalism, publication and content creation”, one academic member of staff from the University “who specialises in either Media Studies or Communications” and the Editor of Craccum.

Bailley said that “we at Craccum feel being accountable to a board better protects our journalistic integrity. Until now, an editor could be removed by a no-confidence vote, so if the magazine pissed off the wrong people, it would have been possible to campaign against an editor because you didn’t like how they reported something. It also gives a better opportunity for the best qualified candidate to assume the role rather than the most popular.”

Bailley said concerns over having AUSA exec members on the board were unfounded, and that hopefully the industry professionals would

counter any efforts to have political recourse against the magazine if they wrote something negative about the exec. “[It’s] assuming grown adults would side with 20 year olds that have no experience with journalism,” she said.

“I would be surprised if the exec thought enough of Craccum to actually interfere.”

AUSA did not respond to our request for comment on whether having a politician sit on the board of a media body that holds that politician to account is unethical.

Taylor Galmiche, Editor of Salient, the Vic student magazine, said “I’m sorry, Craccum? I’m not familiar,” when asked for comment.

Finance Minister Talks About Something Very Interesting That You Should Read the Article to Find Out About

Critic tries its hand at clickbait

By Sinead Gill

When you flick over this page you'll find an interview with Grant Robertson, Finance Minister. During this interview, however, Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) managed to dominate the conversation. Because what he had to say was interesting, and also because most people don't know what the fuck VSM is, we decided to give it its own piece.

VSM was introduced by the ACT party back when it was actually a party and not just David Seymour putting on ever tighter pants in the hope it'll trick people into thinking he's politically relevant. It essentially meant that rather than students directly funding their students' associations, we switched to Service Level Agreements (SLAs), where universities charge the same fee that students' associations had previously, and then use this fee to hire the associations to provide roughly the same services.

OUSA was basically the only association to survive VSM unscathed. We're lucky that Otago Uni appreciates the value of OUSA's services – things like academic advocacy, Queer Support, class reps, the foodbank, the hardship fund, clubs grants, R U OK, \$3 lunch, recreation courses, and even things like O-Week, Radio One and Critic (although we are largely funded by ads).

But even so, all of that could change in an instant if the uni decided it didn't want to be

so generous. That's exactly what happened at pretty much every other uni in the country. Canterbury and Massey's student associations both went from 20-something staff to low single digits overnight. Their associations were forced to focus almost entirely on commercial ventures like food trucks and on-campus advertising just to sustain themselves. Advocacy and support (i.e. their primary reason for existing) fell by the wayside.

Former student union leaders-turned-politicians such as Grant and the Minister of Education, Chris Hipkins, have received flak from students for not prioritising its repeal now that they are in government.

As President of OUSA in 1993, before VSM, Grant remembers the benefits of having "certainty of funding and [the] ability to control our own destiny". To him, student control of student fees was always "really important".

He sympathises with the current student associations, noting that "it's clearly a different environment when the university is effectively controlling how you get your money".

Despite knowing what it's like to be on the other side, Grant defended the lack of repeal so far, explaining, "I think it's one of those prioritisation issues. What I believe, is we need to figure out what [the middle ground between

parties is] and then legislate for it. And for me that's something like a kiwisaver opt-out style, where you tick a box and say you don't want to be in the students' association, otherwise you are."

Though not a priority, Grant did let slip that he knows "some of the Labour backbench MPs are considering it as their own private members bill".

To be fair, Labour did vocally oppose VSM when it was being brought in. Grant recalled filibustering for "months and months" on a local bill in his name restructuring the Royal Society, saying they "gave some magnificent speeches that went on for many, many hours and days," however ultimately "couldn't quite outlast the time". He added that "[filibustering] is really hard to do in New Zealand parliament - it's not like the US system where you can read out the phone-book or whatever. In New Zealand you actually have to debate the law itself. The next bill on the order paper was the VSM bill and we ALMOST pushed it so it couldn't go through. But in the end, National and ACT conspired together. And during that period of time, one of the things that even National MPs conceded is that there was some middle ground that was possible."



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Quizzing and Shooting The Shit with Daddy Robertson

By Sinead Gill and Charlie O'Mannin

He turned up bang-on 2:30pm with his PR dude and a warm hello. He seemed completely at ease within moments - possibly a mix of the confidence that comes after decades of interviews, and because he felt at home in our office. As a member of parliament since 2008, and also former OUSA President, it could have been either. It doesn't take long for him to spot a photocopy of his first ever campaign blurb that we'd found - stoked with his promises and priorities should he be elected onto the 1991 OUSA executive.

Although he lost that election, he would get a second chance during the 1992 by-election, beginning a lifetime of wins for Grant Robertson, culminating in becoming the current Minister of Finance, you know, the person in charge of all the money.

And, of course, as the associate Minister for Arts, Culture and Heritage, we insisted that he drew for us while we interviewed him, even if he cheated and wrote us an acrostic poem instead.

♥ Can we have some money?

Grant - "If by you, you mean Critic, then no."

Critic - "Why not?"

Grant - "Cos if I gave it to you I'd have to give it to all the student magazines, and then it would get out of control."

♥ Can you look at the Critic budget and give us financial advice?

Grant, at one point, referring to the fact we'd just recklessly hit print on an excel spreadsheet - "look at this - this is ridiculous".

Grant at another point, stating the obvious - "This is not sustainable."

We only asked for the meme value, but it turned

into a serious roast session that resulted in some solid advice. We skirted around the question of whether Critic should demand more money from OUSA, which he caught onto and promptly reminded us that just because it was financial advice from the Minister of Finance didn't mean that we could use it as genuine leverage.

♥ Would you rather have chainsaws for legs or arms, and why? Consider how this will affect your intimate relationships.

Grant - "I just think the legs would be really awkward. How would it work? Arms - obviously - on a really slow speed you could pick things up. And also it would cut through a lot of red tape."

HAHA.

♥ **Will postgrads finally be eligible for student allowance this year?**

Grant - "This year? No. Not in the cards for this year. It is something we want to do and we recognise that is an area where it has been difficult for a lot of people, but we have to match that against a whole host of other priorities."

Charlie - "Do you think we will have to wait until a second term?"

Grant - "Ah, I don't know. We'll have to see what happens next year."



Grant Robertson 1992



We asked Grant to draw a self portrait and he gave us this

♥ **What was Critic like during your reign?**

Grant was shook that we called it a "reign".

Grant - "It's an elected position! It's not called a reign by anyone!"

We had a bound copy of all of 1993's Critics handy, and he flicked through it to show us the special edition of Critic that the team churned out overnight when students occupied the registry building, followed by a dramatic police response.

Grant - "It was the most bizarre and ridiculous event. I remember being incredibly proud of the fact that they got this out overnight, cos there was no way that other media outlets in the country were going to."

We also heard a rumour that back in the day Grant also used to have to approve Critic before it went to print, although he said "it wasn't so much approval, more like, [making sure OUSA is not] gonna get sued. In practice it meant I worked over deadline night and Colin [the Editor at the time] would bribe me with KFC."

Charlie - "Someone said that old Critic would just get you fairly drunk and then get you to approve things."

Grant - "I deny that."

♥ **Did you and 1993 Education Minister, Lockwood Smith, ever meet again after your reign? Was it awkward?**

For context: Grant and Lockwood butted heads quite spectacularly during his presidency. At one point, he and other students were banging on the windows of a conference he was speaking at to get his attention.

Grant - "We most certainly did [meet again]. He was the speaker of parliament when I became an MP which, truth be told, was quite awkward, and Lockwood certainly remembered me. There were moments of [awkwardness], and I certainly felt occasionally in parliament that he was remembering. I've had quite a lot to do with him after that. I did manage to get on ok with him later on in life. That's what happens in life."

♥ **As Minister for Sport, what is your least favourite sport?**

Grant, outraged - "You can't ask me that! Then I'll upset all the sporty people!"

Then, he immediately confessed - "I'm not a huge fan of motor racing. I like driving, but watching? That's not my favourite thing in the world. But I like almost all sports. It's like your children, you love them all."

Charlie - "Except motorsport."

♥ **What are your thoughts about going bankrupt to wipe student debt?**

Grant - "Not good. I know in the past people have done that ... personally, we don't want people to be in that position. It does limit you and what you can do."

Sinead - "Only for 7 years, though. I've looked into it."

Grant - "It's not something I'd advocate at all."

Grant had to leave to do an interview with the ODT, which he did just outside our office without a thought for our feelings.

Grant, as he's going out the door - "Just to confirm, everything before you said we were about to start the interview is off the record."

Sinead - "I mean, we never agreed to that."

Grant - "I know we didn't, but I'm telling you. It's libellous on the people who got drunk."

It's ok Grant, we'll take your secret to our graves.

ODT WATCH

This week the ODT are being heartbreakingly self-aware.

Dear reader, feel free
to turn the page now

For some reason, there was a lot of feet related content this week.

There are many
ways we can
vote with feet

Really? Because when I walked into the polling booth on my hands and picked up the pen with my prehensile toes, they called me an animal and threw me from the local community hall.

Then, the ODT had a genius plan to make it sound like far more people turned up to a Scottish dancing event than actually did.

Scottish dance school
school gets 700 toes tapping

Couple of things. 1 - the image of each toe on a foot individually tapping is horrifying. 2 - I will bet all I love and hold dear (which is nothing, ha, got you) that the ODT did not count the toes of all 70 people. 3. I assume "Scottish Dance" means bagpipes, an instrument it is biologically impossible to tap anything to (apart from your lover; trust me, try it).

Then there was this.

We have not heard the last of this
name change business. Political
correctness will continue to govern our
behaviour and soon someone will query
the name "All Blacks". "All Men of
Colour", perhaps? Not the same, is it?

Yip.

And finally, the ODT are officially out of news this week,
reporting extensively on the fact that Autumn's a thing.

Families, including young
children, were seen also
playing amid the colourful
fallen leaves at the Dunedin
Botanic Garden over the
holiday weekend.

Search

DUNEDIN NEWS

Best use of a cycle lane I observed today; and old man on an even older tractor driving on North Road towards town using the cycle lane. He took up the WHOLE width of the lane but didn't hold up traffic or inconvenience any cyclists.

Ladies, your input please... No bashing.

Not news but I'm really hoping to hear from anyone who has had a UFO/alien experience. If you're out there, please let me know!

Accident
FREE

EDIT: Horses and owner and have all been found.

Someone took their old dishwasher to the park and put it in a ditch.

Happy St George's day.

is there a surcharge on meals today?

The Critical Tribune

Confused Freshers Go To Hyde - Central Otago



"You going to Hyde this weekend?"

"Yeah bro!"

In what can only be described as a 'wholesome fuckup', Middlemarch native Harry Henderson (18) drove down State Highway 87 to the small Central Otago township of Hyde after

hearing heaps of hype for Hyde. While the locals were reportedly 'confused' by the visiting reveller, the police described the party as a roaring success with zero arrests.

Leith River Found to Contain Traces of MDMA

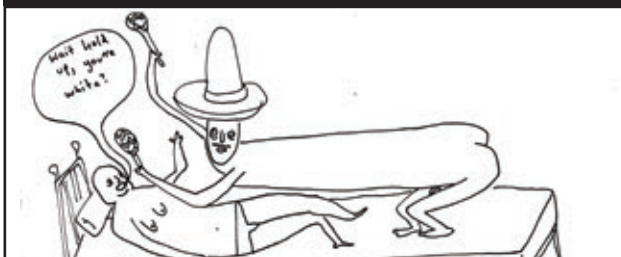


In a recent study undertaken by KnowYourDrugsNZ, the Leith has been found to be 7% MDMA. Experts theorise the recent Hyde Street Keg Party is largely to blame, with an "influx of pingers" hitting Dunedin streets (and apparently the rivers). Students are gearing up for what looks to be the ultimate new plug of candy water. University Chancellor

of Vice Charlene Chainz commented on the recent spike, saying "it's likely going to increase university enrolments" calling the phenomenon "only a positive thing, really".

However, a resident water-quality expert warned against thrill-seekers drinking from the river. "You really don't want to know what the other 93% is," she said, "it sure as fuck isn't water".

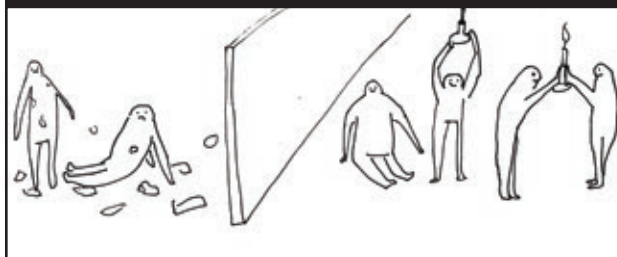
Man Who Wore Sombrero to Flat Party Not Actually Mexican



"It's true. I'm not Mexican," revealed Jackson Whitely, while wearing a sombrero and maracas to a local, un-themed flat party. When asked what his ethnicity actually is by Tribune

reporters, he responded "Cantabrian." In an independent investigation, it was found Jackson Whitely was, in fact, 100% Ignorant.

Conditions Worsen in Communist East Dundas



If you look at Dundas Street from space (and really, why else would anyone ever go into space), you'll see a tragic sight. One side of the Dundas Wall is sparkling and joyful, with many lights burning in a homage to the glories of unbridled capitalism. On the other side, however, in Communist

East Dundas, no light can be seen.

Andrey Soloviev, the Soviet Commandant of East Dundas, was also quick to downplay claims of human rights abuse in East Dundas, telling the Tribune that the reports of sub-standard rental properties and inadequate recycling services were imperialist lies.



Critic Goes to Hyde

By Owen Clarke

Photography: Aiman Amerul Muner

April 13. The infamous Hyde Street Party started off for me with a bit of a whimper. Our photographer, Aiman, and I were shown around, stone sober, by someone from OUSA, along with a bunch of other old-fart media guys from around town. It was 9:15am and nothing had kicked off yet - nobody was really out, but the music was still really loud, and a few people were milling around awkwardly as the media guys took staged photos.

Upon sneaking out of this snoozefest, I promptly ducked into the liquor store and bought half a case of beer and a bag of chips. I immediately chugged four beers, stuffed the rest in my pack, and hopped around in the

bushes making strange noises trying (unsuccessfully) to force myself to burp. Then, feeling significantly more in the swing of things, I plowed back through security into Hyde, flashing my media pass ("I'm with the media. No no, I'm good, no worries, let me through. I'm with the fuckin' media, man. Hahahaha.")

4 beers in:

I approached two women dancing on a brick wall, dressed in schoolgirl uniforms.

Owen: "How much do you reckon the biggest shit you've ever taken weighed?"

Girl #1: "The big what? Take a shit?"

Owen: "Yeah, like the biggest dump you've taken. How much did it weigh?

Approximately, of course? I'm with Critic - it's okay."

Girl #2: "We aren't answering that! Ask her!" *points to another similarly costumed girl nearby, visibly drunker*

Owen: *repeats question to Girl #3*

Girl #3: "Fuck off! Ask him!" *points to the guy next to her, who's wearing a plain white T-shirt with purple tentacles drawn on it*

Suddenly, it becomes clear what this costume theme is. Fortunately, the gentleman is very keen to answer my question.

"It's a hard question," he muses. "If you include the liquid, I reckon several shits could've been quite heavy. If you include the liquid..."

"Liquid?"

"Yeah, like... I reckon sometimes when I shit there's a lot of liquid shit coming out with the solids too, you know? Like if you include that, could be quite heavy. I dunno. Maybe, one kilo?"

At the time, I just nodded emphatically, wrote this down in my notebook, and walked away. But guy, wherever you are, for the love of God go see a doctor.

5 beers in:

I began asking several guys the question: Would you rather have a banana for a penis, or a mushroom for a nose? This led to an interesting debate with a guy dressed as Thor, who positioned himself firmly in the mushroom camp, citing potential breakage as the deciding factor: "If you have a banana, you'd get 99% of the way only to be like, 'Sorry, it's a banana, and it's broken.'" A grim prospect indeed, his friend conceded, but any chap with a mushroom for a nose would likely not even be getting his foot in the door in the first place.

Total count: Out of 34 males interviewed at Hyde Street 2019, 26 stated they'd rather have a banana for a penis (regardless of potential breakage). The remaining eight preferred to have a mushroom for a nose. Many in the former camp, interestingly enough, appeared rather enthused by the prospect of a banana dick (of note: the average banana is 20 to 23 centimeters in length, noticeably longer than the global average penis length). Motivation?

I proceeded to the line of Port-A-Loos, where I waited in line next to two girls, dressed as either Hillary Clinton or my ex-girlfriend, for what felt like forty minutes. Then again, it might've only been four. When I finally reached the front of the queue, I was promptly shoved aside by a large guy with a banana peel on his head, "My dick's about to burst, cunt!" He stumbled sideways into the loo and nearly shoved his hand into the toilet when catching himself.

Pissing in the toilet, I for some reason decided to take a picture of my piss stream on



I followed a guy I vaguely knew from a lecture into the backyard of a flat, passing by no less than two girls squatting pissing directly onto the pavement.



my phone, thinking “yeah, (Critic Editor) Charlie’s gonna love this. This could be a rad cover for the issue.”

At the time of writing, I don’t know what the cover of the issue will be, but I’m willing to bet it’s not my piss stream.

6 beers in:

I stood on the porch of a flat called “The F Shack” and talked to a guy dressed up as my best mate’s older brother Johnny, who did too much DMT in high school, believes aliens built the pyramids, and still lives in his mom’s basement at age 27.

At first, this guy and his mate aggressively insulted my journalistic quality (“That’s shitty fucking journalism bro! What fucked up questions are you fucking asking?”), but eventually he seemed to feel a bit stoked about the possibility of being in Critic, and began to open up.

Initially curious regarding the banana/mushroom conundrum, he posed the question, “Is the mushroom a psilocybin one?” seemingly insinuating a willingness to consume his own nose for a singular shroom trip.

When I responded that no, it would not be hallucinogenic but just a standard mushroom, he

Cringing from secondhand embarrassment, I sat on the curb for five minutes and drank a beer next to a guy who wanted to be referred to as “Banter.” I don’t remember much about this except that he was wearing glasses of some sort and I think he had big, hairy jowls, like a Mafia-boss or something.

I began to have premonitions of a hulking rugby player who would slice my ass up like raw carrots. I skedaddled

came out with the official answer of: “I’d rather peel my banana back into the mushroom that keeps me captive” (“Whoa look at me I do lots of drugs look how cool and trippy and philosophical I am huhuhu have you ever heard of Daoism?”)

7 beers in:

I interviewed two girls dressed as cavewomen making out in an alleyway. I don’t remember what we talked about, but they identified as “Thelma and Louise,” and at one point Thelma stated she would enjoy having penises for





fingers and a vagina for a mouth because, “I’d always have fun with myself.”

@ the guy who made Human Centipede - here’s your next movie idea, ya wacko.

I approached a guy wheeling around in a chair as Professor X from X-Men, in what was easily the best costume I saw that day. I asked him, “Would you rather live in a rubbish bin forever, or sleep with your grandmother one time?” to which he responded “Rubbish bin forever! NEVER my grandma.” Looking for a different answer, I changed the stakes to “Would you fuck your grandmother for one billion dollars, if nobody knew about it but you two?” Receiving a firm negative again, I retreated, vowing silently to come back.

Leaving this encounter, I became entangled in a long orange string trailing off of a guy dressed as Spiderman, and stumbled into a glassy-eyed girl.

“Sorry,” I said.

Apology unaccepted, apparently, because she began screaming “WILLIAM! WILLIAM! WIL-

badminton racquet. After nine throws, not a single racquet made contact with the birdie, and one girl proceeded to vomit chunks of what appeared to be tuna.

I was hit in the head by several items over the course of the day. I decided to begin keeping a list. These items included: a beer can, a chopstick, a small plastic toy saw, an inflatable basketball, another beer can, and a half-eaten sausage.

I followed a guy I vaguely knew from a lecture into the backyard of a flat, passing by no less than two girls squatting pissing directly onto the pavement.

In this backyard, I got tangled up talking with a guy about America. We argued for a bit and were drunk enough that it almost came to blows, but the situation defused.

As is standard with this sort of nonsense, two minutes later we were slapping each other on the back and using “bro” a lot. At one point, he took out a retainer and revealed several missing teeth and a visage reminiscent of Javier Bar-

I waited in line next to two girls, dressed as either Hillary Clinton or my ex-girlfriend, for what felt like forty minutes

LIAM!” in a pitch that could’ve shattered glass. It wasn’t clear who she was summoning, though the screaming (which lasted at least a minute) took on a slightly necromantic intonation.

I began to have premonitions of a hulking rugby player who would slice my ass up like raw carrots. I skedaddled.

8 beers in:

Things began to get a bit funky here. I danced on a wheelie bin for a few minutes, then jumped off, nearly sprained my ankle, and flashed finger guns to no one in particular. Slicking back my hair I leaned against a wall, trying to look cool, and watched three girls attempt to hit a birdie back and forth with

dem’s villain in Skyfall. This was in-sync with a declaration of his status as a boxer. Maybe I dodged a bullet there, or maybe this guy has just run into one too many doors in his life. I guess I’ll never know.

9 beers in:

I returned to a much drunker Professor Xavier, still wheeling around in the chair, who now reported that, “Yeah, for unlimited money... I’d definitely fuck my grandmother.”

Score. I rewarded myself with the remaining three beers in my half case, and very quickly lost all journalistic capabilities. All in all, a great day on the job.





A couple facts gleaned over the course of the day:

- The best video game of all time (according to twenty-five partygoers) is Goldeneye, on Nintendo 64.
- The best song to have sex to is Glue by Bicep, though, to be fair, a large group of douchebags with matching haircuts stacked the deck on this one ("As long as you're on acid bro, it's like... the best song in the world").
- The worst colour ever is lime green (four votes more than the runner up, normal green).

The most interesting hypothetical posed was: "which two superheroes would you most like to watch have sex?" The general consensus here, out of thirty interviewed parties, was a bit muddled. Hulk was a common element, as was homosexual sex in general because, as one girl put it, "FUCK HETERONORMATIVITY".

The most all-encompassing answer, however, came from a girl and guy, Tiarna and Daniel, who responded, "it'd have to be an orgy. You gotta have the Invisible Woman in there somewhere, just to see what that's all about, and Elastigirl and the Hulk, for sure, and then like... probably the Flash I reckon, but he might fuckin' kill someone, huh? Yeah nah, still though. The Flash."





I began asking several guys the question: Would you rather have a banana for a penis, or a mushroom for a nose?

Critic's Guide to the Best Food Trucks Around Uni

By Erin Gourley

A restaurant with wheels. Food without a consistent location. Cuisine sans frontiers. A trailer filled with a range of hot cooking implements that must create some kind of health and safety hazard. As much as I love food trucks, they're a bit weird. Ordering from a food truck is like spinning a roulette wheel – is the sauce hot chilli or sweet chilli? Is it true that Hussey & Laredo have a secret bagel advertised on Instagram? Does Rising Sun ever have vegetarian dumplings in stock? Life's too short to eat disappointing food, so Critic went to seven food trucks near campus to figure out your best options for lunch.

Hussey & Laredo: Halloumi Bagel

Where: Outside Archway

In terms of aesthetically pleasing food, Hussey & Laredo have got it sorted (they're also aesthetically pleasing people). I pay \$10 for a bagel which is a visual symphony: black poppy seeds and white sesame seeds, green spinach, red chilli jam, hummus and, most importantly, halloumi. The bagel is crispy and well-toasted, with dense and satisfying dough, and the halloumi is perfectly fried. Halloumi is by its very nature delicious, and there is a lot of it in this bagel.

There's a slight imbalance though. The chilli jam is delicious, both sweet and spicy, but the garlicky hummus dominates the bagel. I love garlic, and hummus is amazing, but there's just too much. The halloumi, while delicious, is subtle, and

would have worked better with more chilli jam and less hummus.

The bagel comes in a cardboard container, and they give me napkins. So 10/10 for recyclable, convenient packaging. But it's not all convenient. The halloumi is slippery and a few pieces slide out of the bagel as I'm eating. I would back myself to eat this right before a lecture and walk in looking relatively presentable, but I would have to forego those last pieces of halloumi. And I'm not prepared to do that because I paid \$10 for this. Essentially, if you want to eat all of the halloumi, it's going to get messy. Other than that, the bagel is (relatively) easy to eat, the service is fast, and the flavours are strong and satisfying.

Chinese Street Food: Beef Jianbing

Where: Union

I'm not going to lie to sound more cultured than I am: I had no clue what jianbing was until I walked up to this food truck and ordered it. To be honest, it's still a bit of a mystery. I paid \$10 and in about two minutes I was holding some hot food in a brown paper bag like a surreptitious bottle of alcohol.

When I opened the bag, I was essentially confronted with another bag in the form of an egg wrap. I thought I might be facing a Russian doll-type situation. Once I opened this wrap, would there be another wrap inside? There wasn't. Within the egg wrap was a parcel of meat filling, with chunks of beef and cabbage stir fried together in chilli sauce. There

was a LOT of filling, and the fragile egg wrap did not have the structural integrity to support it. That engineering flaw made the jianbing impractical to eat on the spot, and impossible to transport. I was forced to eat my jianbing beside the grass in Union while wearing a white shirt. I failed miserably. It was messy and disintegrated quickly.

On the plus side, it tasted great. The beef was spicy and flavourful, balanced well with the cabbage and spring onion, and they gave me a really big portion size. The spice level went beyond 'mild butter chicken', which was a pleasant surprise for Dunedin. The beef jianbing was really good, it was just really hard to eat.

Churros Olé: Churros

Where: who the fuck knows, probably Mosgiel

Everyone knows that churros are a key element of a balanced lifestyle. They have sugar and cinnamon and chocolate or caramel sauce. According to the Churros Olé website, Spanish people eat them for breakfast. I would suggest that makes churros a key component of a healthy Mediterranean diet.

Six churros for \$10 is solid. That was the pricing the last time I could find the food truck, anyway. Seriously, the churros are good, but access to them is a problem. They're sporadically on campus, and then not, and then at rugby games, and then at airshows out in Otago. I just want some churros, but trying to track down this food truck is a nightmare.







This could be the best food truck, purely off the back of churros being an amazing food, but there's no consistency. I can't get my daily hit of cinnamon and sugar and burning hot donut pastry stuff, so what's the point? The unavailability of good churros in North Dunedin is a problem. Churros Olé could be the solution, but they keep gallivanting around Otago and visiting things like the Mosgiel Food Truck Market (why?).

Rising Sun: Dumplings and Pork Bun combo

Where: Union

Rising Sun are reliable and consistent, always available whenever you're feeling dusty and needing some carby goodness to drag you through a day of lectures. The dumpling/pork bun combo is \$8 for six dumplings and one delicious pork bun. That pricing speaks for itself. Rising Sun is the people's food truck.

The dumplings are delicious and crispy, but the insides sometimes shoot out when you stab them with a fork. With the added chilli oil (admittedly a choice I made), they can be quite messy to eat. Same with the pork bun, which again, was doused in a lot of chilli oil. Both the dumplings and the pork bun would be easy to eat without the chilli oil, but you would miss out on the flavour. The pork bun is exactly what you expect from a pork bun, doughy and meaty with a pop of curried flavour in the middle. Bonus points for having the most wholesome Facebook page in the world. Rising Sun knows their target market and they are here to help you through your hangover for the low price of \$8.

Falafel Mate: Falafel Wrap

Where: Museum Park on Tuesdays
Walking across Museum Park one Tuesday,

I stumbled upon Falafel Mate. Before that, I had no clue that Dunedin had a food truck that made kebabs. After doing my research, I learned that Falafel Mate is the food truck owned by Ali Baba Restaurant. Which makes sense, because both of them do great kebabs.

I ordered a falafel wrap, which cost \$8. It was amazing. The falafel was crispy, there were generous amounts of hummus and mayo and sweet chilli sauce, and they had some extra hot sauces out the front, which were delicious. I have nothing more to add. Falafel Mate do great falafel, mate.

Citizens: Fried Chicken Bao Bun

**Where: Wednesdays, Albany
beside Museum Park**

Citizens' matte black food truck and communist imagery really got me amped up for some authentic street food. I ordered a fried chicken bao for \$6 (they also do a two for \$10 deal) and I was excited. Bao is one of my favourite foods.

I was disappointed. This was an average bao bun. All the components were there – the bao was fluffy and light, the pickled red cabbage was tart, the fried chicken was crunchy, and the spring onions gave the bao bun a lift. But something was missing. Each ingredient worked individually, but they didn't work together. The sauce was a kind of peri peri mayo, but it didn't have enough flavour. The chicken and cabbage needed a strong, heavily-spiced sauce to hold them together.

My bao was a communist revolution without a uniting force. The flavours were meant to be collective; instead they were individual and sad. They worked against each other instead of working together. Rising Sun are the true Marxists of the food truck world, and Citizens are merely revisionists.

Salchicha: Chimi Chicha

**Where: Wednesdays,
Museum Park**

Salchicha has the best looking food truck. It has some retro wood-panelling, and they're constantly playing Spanish pop music, which is authentic and fun for the five minutes that it takes me to get my food.

Again, I was introduced to a new kind of food with this truck. Salchicha literally translates to "sausage", but these sausages are served in a long, garlicky baguette. The baguette is doused in olive oil and what I can only assume is an entire head of crushed garlic (seriously, almost too much garlic, do not eat this if you're planning on going near anyone with your breath for the next two hours), as well as a lot of parsley.

The bun/sausage combo opens up a whole new world of dick jokes. As my flatmate commented upon watching me eat it: "It's like a dick coming out of a foreskin". Despite the unappetising imagery, this was a yum baguette. If you like garlic bread, and you like sausage, you will like this combination of the two things. It was easy to eat and compact, and they gave me some luxuriously thick napkins to take away. While it's not a light lunch, it is fulfilling and delicious if you feel like eating some sausage and bread. My main issue is the price. Even though the salchicha was good, \$11.50 is a lot for a glamorous snag.

The Verdict

Rising Sun wins. For value, for flavour, for consistency, and for range of sauces, they have you covered. Long live the true people's food truck.



'80S PLAYBOYS: REVIEWING THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS

By Wyatt Ryder

I've never really considered myself a classy man. The last time I wore a blazer was to the Hayward College Ball in 2017. The closest I've gotten to smoking a cigar is trying a ten dollar disposable vape out the back of The Bog. I don't really understand what liqueur is, and I certainly don't drink it. According to my recently purchased collection of '80s Playboys, I'm not very good at being a man.

Back in the early '80s, a 300-page Playboy would cost you USD\$3, or about NZD\$10.00 when you consider inflation and exchange rates. Fortunately, Galaxy Books keeps a collection of these dusty old tomes, and you can own one for the criminally low price of

Where are the hot sex tips? Where are the ridiculous foreplay suggestions? It just wasn't there

\$5.00 plus one incredibly awkward interaction. I bought four, ranging from 1981 to 1985.

Playboy has always been a mysterious thing of the past, like video stores, or landlines. To me, this was an exciting adventure into the forbidden unknown. Unfortunately, it turns out that

old Playboys are actually just kinda shit.

I was born in 1998, so all the nudie mags got phased out well before I was of Playboy age. The only memory I have of raunchy magazines is seeing Zoo Weekly in The Warehouse when I was about 7. Naturally, I was under the assumption that Playboy was about breasts. I was expecting half the magazine to be portraits of ladies lacking clothes, and half the magazine to be about sex. This is a fairly reasonable assumption, considering every issue has a lewd woman posing on the front.

All I found was 300 pages of manly advertisements and articles about sports, alcohol, and being a man. I scoured the first magazine looking for something saucy. Where are the hot sex tips? Where are the ridiculous foreplay suggestions? It just wasn't there. There was barely any porn in the magazine at all. In total, I found about ten pictures of naked women and a centrefold. I know you're not actually meant to "buy them for the articles", but what else can you do with these things? There's nothing else in here.

When I was a child, I remember my sister would collect Dolly magazines. There were all kinds of cheeky gossip and hot tips on kissing boys in those. I assumed Playboy would be just a kinkier version of that, except aimed towards adult men instead of teenage girls.



There a man belongs.



After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?

**HE WANTS YOU
TO HAVE HIS BABY**

I have a theory - the reason there's no exciting sex tips, no dating strategies, and no ways to spice up your love life, is because readers of *Playboy* assume they're hot shit. Why would a classy man need to know how to better himself at sex? He is a classy man, and therefore an automatic sex god. To suggest he is anything less is an insult. I certainly wouldn't pay \$14 for two pages of incredibly lacklustre softcore pornography, but maybe *Playboy* had created this culture that the only classy way to consume porn is if it's surrounded by articles about being a man.

I accepted my situation, and decided to dive in and try to enjoy some of this fine literature. My eye was caught by the 1982 November issue, which had a woman dressed up in mediocre Charlie Chaplin cosplay. It featured a bold 'SEX IN CINEMA' heading on the cover. What I didn't realise when purchasing this fine collection, was that two of these magazines were completely "water damaged". I started peeling apart the pages to try and find the article about Sex in Cinema, but the deeper I got into the magazine, the crustier the pages became.

Continuing my crusty quest to find this article on Sex in Cinema, I made my way past the centrefold. From this point on all of the pages were fused together, impossible to pry apart without destroying the paper. Safe to say I was done with this *Playboy*.

The next *Playboy* in my stack (January 1985) featured some very interesting things. Firstly, I found an article in the sports section titled 'Real Men Don't Wear Mesh'. *Playboy* writer Dan Jenkins spends a page complaining about how he doesn't like when American football players wear mesh shirts, because he doesn't like being able to see through them. If he and his pals wore sweaty and uncomfortable football jerseys back in their day, then so could the youth. They're not real men. Poor Dan.

Progressing through the magazine, I found a shocking article titled 'The *Playboy* Guide to Girls' Schools'. This fold-out table outlines the ideal college *Playboy* road trip in gross levels of detail. I really can't figure out if this is satire. For men looking to get action at Alverno College, *Playboy* suggests you be slow and patient, as girls from this college are easily frightened. However, the suggested pickup line is "It won't hurt. I promise." I was baffled by this. I can't tell if this is bad '80s man humour, or genuinely awful advice.

Some of the pickup strategies for other colleges are outright bizarre. If you find yourself at Pine Manor College, *Playboy* recommends that you "look like an investment banker". Smith College apparently has "lots of feminists and lesbians", and frankly I don't know if that's meant to be a compliment or an insult.

I started peeling apart the pages to try and find the article about Sex in Cinema, but the deeper I got into the magazine, the crustier the pages became.

Playboy had lost me. I came in expecting a lot more jerking and a lot less masculine circle jerking. Half the magazine is ads, and the other half isn't worth reading. Despite what the 1981 Christmas special may lead you to believe, *Playboy* is not "the perfect stocking stuffer".

It turns out old *Playboys* are all a bit shit. I feel less intelligent for having read these.



JAMES HEATH:

A VERY IMPORTANT BOI WITH A VERY SERIOUS JOB

By Henessey Griffiths

You may have seen his iconic black puffer jacket around campus, or his face on some election still in the Richardson building, but who is James Heath? Is he the vigilante hero we all need? Or is he secretly the admin behind UoO: Meaningful Confessions? Surprise! James is actually the President of the Otago University Students' Association.

James originally got involved within the student community body by volunteering for Rotaract in 2016, working to create a wider sense of community outside of the student area. James was first elected onto the OUSA Executive in 2017 as the Colleges

Officer, providing support and ensuring a positive experience for students within halls of residence. In 2018, James was elected as the Education Officer involving representing and advancing educational matters.

However, his biggest venture yet has been becoming the President of OUSA for 2019. After being nominated for the role and rigorous campaigning, James was elected to be the positive and powerful voice for students at Otago. Being President is no easy feat, as it requires a lot of time and effort. But in this case, the rewards seem to outweigh the

hard work. "Making a genuine difference in [a] student's life is really why this role, and OUSA, exists - if that wasn't important to me then I'd be the wrong person for the job. Making a difference, as cliché as it sounds, is why we all do what we do. This isn't just for OUSA, but Silverline, Red Cross, and all the amazing people in this community."

"One of the things I'm most proud of this year is probably my Convocation Speech (the speech to freshers at the start of the year). Not the speech itself but because, according to our Student Support Centre, it directly led to more students going to



“OUSA President is a role of growth - it’s constantly pushing me, challenging me, and teaching me new things each week.”

Student Support around mental health and other challenges this year than any other year - some directly stating 'convocation' as why they felt comfortable to come. This is what's important to me in this role."

Although he has only been in this role for a few months, being President has already taught James a lot of valuable life skills. "OUSA President is a role of growth - it's constantly pushing me, challenging me, and teaching me new things each week. I've also gained some life changing experiences, such as MC-ing the Christchurch Terror Attacks Dunedin Vigil, alongside Hamzeh Obeidat, in front of 18,000 people, and learning how best a leader and community should respond to such terror. Working at this amazing Association gives me some amazing experiences each week."

There are many more things James wishes to achieve while being President. On a wider scale, mental health awareness on campus and engagement with Te Ao Māori are two things James is working towards. But James also believes that "there are lots of smaller changes

that can be just as significant (such as a new constitution as much as that's exciting) and a lot of day to day tasks and challenges as President that need to be addressed". But what is important to note is the role students have to play within the OUSA Executive. As James puts it, "you're only at Uni once - take every opportunity you can. What better a time to explore hobbies, build professional skills, and begin to show the world you actually give a damn."

While OUSA does tend to take up a lot of James' time, he finds it important to take time for himself. "I wish I had time for interests outside Uni and OUSA; my 'work hours' and 'personal hours' tend to blur a bit. I try to head along to as many things as I can - from a Debating Society debate to SOULS Wine and Cheese. I wouldn't really count flat parties as work but they're 'around campus'". Although the future is still unclear, James hopes to find a job and "get my life together". But for now, you'll be sure to see James in his natural habitat of the OUSA offices, smashing down some dumplings and being a straight up g.

H&J Smith
STUDY IN STYLE

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you need to make you feel at home

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STRAIGHT OUT THE OVEN: KING REX

— By Oscar Francis —

The first time I saw King REX play live was at Inch Bar. The thing about Inch Bar is that I haven't been to many good gigs there. Most of my memories of the venue are of sitting around, bored out of my mind, as greying men pluck away at ukuleles haphazardly and beat congas halfheartedly. King REX was in another realm. It sounded good, like a molten pancake of compressed air being squeezed therapeutically into my eardrums.

I had arrived late, expecting the worst. I wedged myself into the weird stage room, between the barstools nailed to the floor and the kegs. The tiny stage was crowded. Two raucous guitars, two sets of vocals, a bass player, a synth and some really, really loud drums. The bass amp fell off the stage halfway through the set and had to be propped up awkwardly between the wall and speaker.

Everybody onstage was completely out of sync and doing their own thing. Yet it all seemed to match up in a perfectly harmonious wave of pure racket and guitar feedback. It was the best kind of gig. Surprising and transcendental. "That was fully cooked," I remember saying. "Yup," someone replied, "straight out the oven".

The new EP, *Styx River*, by King REX sounds nothing like that gig. Rob Wilkinson (The Rothmans) is the brain behind King REX. The recorded version of the band is largely a solo affair, with darkly slanted Casiotones peppered with layers of delay replacing a howling sheen of feedback. In contrast to the chaotic volume of the live show, it is the subtleties and restraint which stand out.

Rob told Critic, "I feel like if I was [playing live] what I did on the recording it would be quite boring to

watch. Listening to it, I think it sounds nice." Indeed, the vibe of the EP, for all its woozy and ostensibly down-buzz parameters, is bursting with a chirpy country charm that lurks just below the reverb.

Rob's central inspiration for King REX is God, alongside chess, *World of Warcraft*, and Hank Williams. He said that he chose the name to reflect his piety. "Rex means 'king' so the name is kind of like 'king of kings'". The goal of the King REX is to "bring the word of God to the Christian rock community, and the Christian indie-rock community". Despite having lofty goals for the Christian rock scene in Dunedin, Rob is intending to move to Bristol midyear with The Rothmans for a change of scene. He still intends to keep working on King REX in the meantime, with another EP in the pipeline and the potential for more live shows on the horizon.



POLEDANCING: LIKE DANCING, BUT ON A POLE

By Sophia Carter Peters

When I think ‘pole dancing’, I think a combination of ‘strip club’ and those insane videos from ‘Somewhere’s Got Talent’, that defy the laws of gravity and human flexibility. What I ended up experiencing was somewhere in that spectrum, but also something completely different.

I walked into the pole studio, hidden beneath Stiletto's strip club, with low expectations and the usual nerves associated with a new environment. The room had soothing purple walls and about 6 poles scattered around facing a huge mirror. Two dogs ran over to say hello (is there a better way to start?) and I was greeted by Val, the instructor from “Pole With Val”. I told her I'm from Critic she smiles, and joked about the two boys who came in last year to give it a shot. (Shoutout to Joel MacManus, we miss you.)

Knowing I had some kind of legacy to follow, I straightened my shoulders and was ready to go. First is an hour of pole fitness. Now, I may not be

the fittest person, but I am a regular gym attendee who tries to stay healthy on a student budget and pole fitness is one of the hardest workouts I have ever experienced. It's a HIIT (High-Intensity Interval Training) that consists mostly of ab and leg work - that shit KILLED ME. Walking downstairs was hell for a few days after. So, if you want a super intense workout that is also fun and tests your limits, I would definitely recommend pole fitness.

Then we moved to the dancing part. With some much-needed intervention from Val, and shoulder strength I didn't really have, I was soon swinging around the pole like a reasonably graceful sloth. I was feeling pleased with myself until I looked around and saw some of the other people in the class hanging in insane positions, and doing things the human body surely shouldn't be able to do.

Despite the wide range of skill levels, the vibe in the class was positive and chill; Val occasionally pounced

on people, making sure you “thrust your hips!!!” The encouraging smiles I got every time I slammed my knees on the ground made it a little less humiliating (but didn't help the bruises).

I spoke to some of the other attendees about their thoughts on the class. Two girls (one who had been going for about four months, and the other for years) shared the love of pole. “It's addicting, you just want to keep getting better.” There's something satisfying about flinging your body through the air, and climbing up to the top of the pole so you can touch the ceiling.

My first pole experience was fantastic, and if anyone has been wanting to try it, I seriously recommend you do. Just come prepared with lots of water and leave your dignity at the door (there will be bruises).

DEBACLE



DW

SCARFIE FLATS OF DUNEDIN WITH SARAH GALLAGHER

By Henessey Griffiths

Flatting while studying is one of the most important parts of student life and flat names are a big part of Dunedin flatting culture. Near campus, there is an abundance of named flats, each with their own history. From Pink Flat The Door on Clyde Street, to Legendairy on Duke Street, each named flat has its own unique story.

For the past 18 years, Sarah Gallagher has documented named flats around Dunedin and researched the names' origins and history. In collaboration with Ian Chapman, Sarah has released the book "Scarfie Flats of Dunedin", which documents the history of 28 named flats around Dunedin, with an index of 500 more.

The research behind flat names has been a long process for Sarah. She originally started taking photos of named flats around studentville in 2000, but it wasn't until 2009 that she realised she had created a catalogue and began to dive deeper to try and find the stories behind some named flats. "Some of it was pure research and others was serendipity and luck," said Sarah. After having some articles about her in the ODT, her work gained more attention – with more people sharing their own stories from their flats. "I had people coming up to me saying 'oh, I have a story about this flat!' It's been a long and involved process of having email conversations with people and ringing people up. There's been a lot of archival research going digging and finding information and memoirs." After receiving a New Zealand History Trust Award in 2011 and meeting Ian Chapman in 2016, the collaborative flat names book started to become a reality.

Sarah's documentation of named flats from the 1930s with The Bach on Leith Street, all the way to recent times. Over the course of her research many flats have stood out to her. "In the last thirty years, the flat that people recognise and remember the most is Pink Flat The Door, and what's cool about the story in the book is that it picks away a layer that no one else knew except from the guys who lived there. The signs are almost like an artefact that you can use to delve in and tell the story about a particular time. Not about the people and place, but about what's happening in wider society."

"When I started this, it was purely about taking a photo of the sign. Then I took a step back and I took a photo of the full building, and I never engaged with the people. It was only later that opportunities for that started happening when all the photos went on Facebook and Flickr; it's only been occasionally that I've talked to residents in the flat at that time. But something I've observed is that students who live in the flat at the time generally don't have much to say about their flat sign. My theory is that people a few decades down the line have a lot to say. I think it's because when you're living in something you're in the moment, and you don't have the time or space to reflect. What I've found talking to people my age and older (and younger as well), is that they look back with glassy eyes at these times in these flats and it's like they're back there again. It's a memorable time, and whether or not students name their flats I hope they treasure the time they have." For Sarah, flat names are truly a unique and

important part of student life. "It's really a sub-culture. If the culture is students, the subculture is students who name their flats. It's a thing that some people get into because maybe they want to fit into that environment and they want to feel like they belong, create an identity for them and their flat." The experience of flatting and living in a named flat adds to the extended adolescence of being at University. "There's a short time in students' lives between leaving home and being a kid and joining the adult world full of responsibilities. It can be a very creative time because you are busy with school, work and social life, but it's a magical time. It's an experimental time when you're becoming the person you'll eventually be. You make all kinds of stupid mistakes and do some crazy shit and have lots of fun with lifelong friends."

Scarfie Flats Of Dunedin contains lots of photos, anecdotes, and historical information about some of Dunedin's most iconic named flats. With contributions from a wide range of people and archives from the likes of the Hocken, Critic (woop that's us!) and OUSA, the book contains specialised chapters each placing a different outlook on flat names for a wider community project. "I think it's really important that people get excited about them, even if they don't know much of the history."

You can purchase the book from the University Book Shop, Paper Plus, and FishPond.

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DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

**AMAZING EXHIBITIONS RIGHT
IN THE HEART OF THE CITY**

30 The Octagon, Dunedin, 9016

© The Kiangyo Task Project 2011-13 Vegetable farmed leather. © The Kiangyo, Collection of White Rabbit Gallery, Sydney



THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING: UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO INSPIRED VAPE FLAVOURS

By Henessey Griffiths

We're back with yet another vape article. Honestly, vaping is my favourite past time at the moment. When I was an avid smoker I thought I'd never be caught dead ripping a phat vape. But I've seen the light of day; now you'll never catch me without my Smok Novo in hand. Vaping is just so easy and inconspicuous, plus it tastes so bloody good. However,

Otago Uni doesn't really think vaping is all that neat – and I'm here to change that. As self-proclaimed Vape God of Central, I propose that the University of Otago should start selling their own customized vape flavours. These vape flavours are not just a taste and a smell, but rather an immersive experience of what it's like to be on campus

GREGG'S COFFEE FACTORY

I mean the factory churns out so much smoke it's like you're vaping coffee anyway.

WATERMELON CRUISER VOMIT OUTSIDE STARTERS

Contains aromatics of Macky Gee, breathas saying racially inappropriate comments, and a lot of regret.

U-BAR ON PINT NIGHT

The taste of uncomfortable bodily fluids from the mosh and the sweat from the ceiling; really smells like teen spirit.



PARENTS' DISAPPOINTMENT

Contains hints of being compared to your siblings, with a touch of the guilt from not passing UMAT.

ENTITLE-MINT

Evokes a sense of authority from being accepted into Med and having to tell everyone you meet.

MATURE STUDENTS

Contains a strange dank musk and the constant need to fight a lecturer in the middle of class.

MI GORENG

Tastes of the day before StudyLink comes through, with an aromatic hint of asking your parents for food money.

OUSA PRESIDENT JAMES HEATH

Flavour notes of an overwhelming sense of power with a little hint of ginger.

LEITH WATER

A strong nose of classic damp and tangy black mould. Now with extra fluoride.

A NEW CRITIC

A powerful tang that lingers for days and infects everything it touches.

THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU IN THE LIBRARY

Flavour notes of noticing them uncomfortably looking at your work and a slight hint of spray deodorant.

HALF A BOTTLE OF SCRUMPY FOUND IN A BUSH OUTSIDE ST DAVID

Aromatic hints of going to a dusty Castle Street party and somehow losing your phone, cards and keys.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

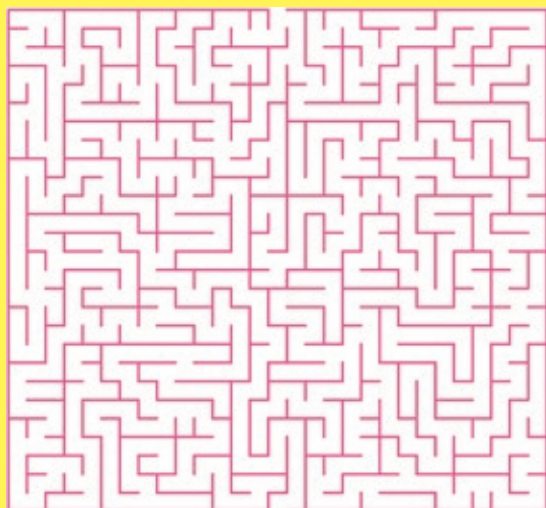
Brings to life the sense of anxiety, adrenaline, and arousal that comes from being asked a question in a lecture.

THE STALE SMELL OF CIGGIES FROM THE PERSON WHO ONLY "SOCIALY SMOKES"

You can really taste the three-day-old Rothman Blues and the proclamation that smoking is okay because they've been drinking.



MAZE

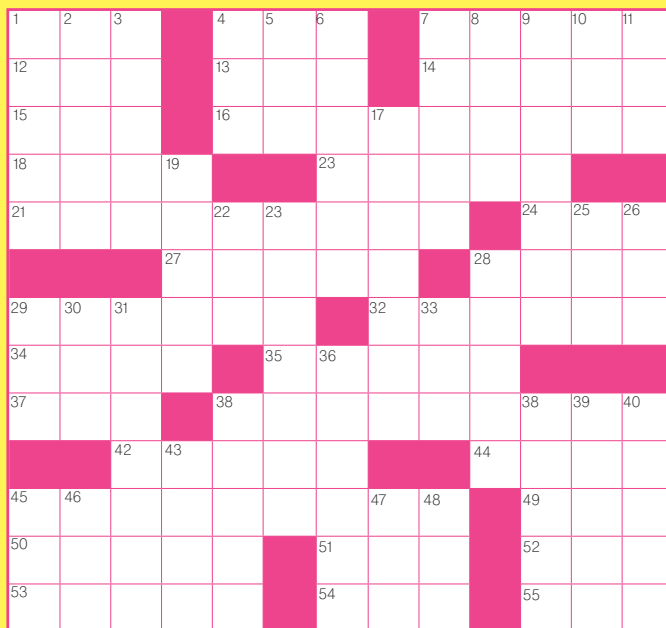


TOP 10 WAYS TO...

remind your flatmate to do their dishes:

1. Put a sad face on a post-it note
2. Message the group chat a friendly reminder, hehe!
3. Do it for them! Surely they'll remember next time!!!!
4. Lock the dishes in a cupboard that only you, the keeper of keys, know the combination to. They will only get access once they prove their worthiness
5. Call their parents and ask them to do the confrontation instead
6. Call their parents and ask them what the fuck kind of animal they raised
7. Start using their MacBook Pro as a dinner plate
8. Throw a dish at their head every time they enter the room
9. Set up a chore wheel :)
10. Slowly seduce your flatmate, make them fall in love with you, get married and adopt several offspring. Say you're going out for a pack of cigarettes and drive off to start a new life. As the home you've built slowly recedes in the rear view mirror, text them. "Next time, maybe wash your own fucking cereal bowl, Pete."

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Addition total
4. Pack animal
7. _____ of humor
12. Compass pt.
13. Rebel general
14. French pancake
15. Fall mo.
16. TV Host David _____
18. Butter substitute
20. High-strung
21. Relevant
24. Lawn starter
27. Orchard
28. Employ
29. Part of FBI
32. Purple flowers
34. Customer
35. Walk heavily
37. Medic
38. Carry
42. Simpleton
44. Bassoon's relative
45. Fatherhood
49. Needle feature
50. Start of a Dickens title (2 wds.)
51. Have bills
52. _____ Francisco
53. Shouts
54. Negative word
55. Overhead railways

DOWN

1. Be nosy
2. Mother's brother
3. Measuring device
4. Entire amount
5. Notice
6. Sofa
7. Fragrance
8. Makes a mistake
9. Arch enemy
10. Health club
11. Still, poetically
17. Nervous strain
19. Water mammal
22. Nest egg
23. Atom part
25. Raw mineral
26. _____ Moines
28. Large mammal, for short
29. Baby flower
30. GI's hangout
31. Music performance
33. Kitchen and parlor (abbr.)
36. Food allotment
38. Grows weary
39. Fat
40. _____ blue
41. Adolescents
43. Small valley
45. Income
46. Devoured
47. Pair
48. Nevertheless

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE 7



SUDOKU

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RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 1ST MAY

Open Mic Night w./ Bronwyn
INCH BAR
8pm
Free entry.

THURSDAY 2ND MAY

Bou w./ Melt, TOLLO, 2Step, and Shortball.
Catacombs
Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz
8pm.

Friday 3rd May

Bass 101: Flash 89
Starters Bar
8pm
Free entry
Paul S Allen
Ombrellos Kitchen & Bar
5-7pm
Free entry

SATURDAY 4TH MAY

HEAT 008: Tunes of I
Starters Bar
8pm
Free entry

Afrobeat Vibes

Featuring DJ ICY BTK and DJ D.O.T.
U-Bar
Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz
9pm

Ronél Hunter

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8pm
Free entry



Check out r1.co.nz
for more info



AQUARIUS JAN 20 – FEB 18

Pluto is going to be in your spiritual zone until exam time so be careful about going to \$3 lunch from now on. One more “hello smiley” directed at you might send you over the edge and before you know it you’ll be the one in the kitchen chanting while you drop things into oil.

This week’s comfort food: a single scoop ice cream but the ice cream is meatballs



ARIES MAR 21 – APR 19

You will smell oblivion in a tissue.

This week’s comfort food: dip gummy bears in Le Snak cheese



GEMINI MAY 21 – JUN 20

Pluto is in your 2 fruits and 3 vegetables sector which means that you need to grab your best friend and kiss them passionately on the lips. There will never be a better time to make things uncomfortable and possibly end a friendship built from years of trust and shared experiences.

This week’s comfort food: 12 dairy free Magnums



LEO JULY 23 – AUG 22

You’re noticing a lot of really pregnant people this month. This is because you are destined to have a Taurus baby. They’re not going to move out of your house until they’re 36 and they’ll never truly appreciate what you’ve done for them.

This week’s comfort food: core a small apple, fill the hole with peanut butter, and then try to fit the whole thing in your mouth



LIBRA SEPT 23 – OCT 22

Pluto is in your family sector, so you might be feeling like calling up Grandpa and learning all about your family tree. Spoiler: you’re white all the way back.

This week’s comfort food: grape skins, then squish the skinned grapes in your armpits



SAGITTARIUS NOV 22 – DEC 21

Your luck is way up this week, but charisma and agility are critically low. You’re going to find some mean shit going dumpster diving, but you’re going to get caught and it’s going to be really embarrassing.

This week’s comfort food: a lukewarm mince and cheese pie from the Coupland’s dumpster



PISCES FEB 19 – MAR 20

Your grandma gave you so many easter chocccys last week that you threw up all over her Midsomer Murders DVD collection.

This week’s comfort food: powdered cat milk



TAURUS APR 20 – MAY 20

Tonight you’re going to wake up to go to the toilet but on the way you’ll come across a ghost who is going to try to convince you that his unfinished business is that he is on the brink of orgasm, and that you have to help him finish his business. The question is, Taurus, will you believe him?

This week’s comfort food: waffle with tomato sauce



CANCER JUN 21 – JULY 22

Every morning at 7am head to the beach. Love percolates from the waves like bubbles of friendly hellos.

This week’s comfort food: cheerios in milk (the sausage, not the cereal)



VIRGO AUG 23 – SEPT 22

It’s time to tell your partner about that freaky sex thing you’re into. If you don’t have a partner, you could come out about it on Facebook.

This week’s comfort food: suck on a Beyblade, it brings a comforting nostalgia



SCORPIO OCT 23 – NOV 21

Uranus is in your relationship sector lol

This week’s comfort food: the cheese dust at the bottom of a party-size bag of Twisties



CAPRICORN DEC 22 – JAN 19

Bro, you should have caught up with study during the break.

This week’s comfort food: that food that your friends sometimes got in their lunch that Mum never let you have



BOOZE REVIEWS:

SPEIGHT'S

By Sinkpiss Plath

In ye ol' Dunedin, there used to be three icons of the metropolitan city. One was the beloved Cadbury factory, blessed be her name. Gone but not forgotten. Another was the albatross colony, until people realized that they were just like seagulls if you squint a bit. Last but not least, Speight's Brewery. The three lived in harmony; beacons of a dwindling town. Then everything changed when the Emerson's brewery attacked. They introduced us to reasonably priced tasting trays and delicious alcohol. Suddenly, it wasn't enough just to have a mediocre beer and some kind of misogynistic slogan. Speight's is a dinosaur living in the future, and it shows. My sexual awakening may have been Littlefoot from Land Before Time, but that

doesn't mean he doesn't die a slow/sudden painful death (email in your dinosaur extinction theories please. Meteorite: y/n).

Speight's is a champion for the 'Real Southern Man.' Now, I'm not quite sure what that is, but if I remember correctly it's something to do with opening a bunch of farm gates. Honestly, if I were to even do like, five minutes of exercise, I would be so thirsty that I would drink any beer, regardless of taste. So, I guess Speight's does kind of make sense.

Speight's has a spring water tap outside their brewery which, I shit you not, people literally line up to collect by the bucket. Perhaps these people also partake in the

fine ale, but even so, Speight's consumer base consists of people that don't know you can get fucking free water from your tap at home. Or even worse, they're the kind of people that are paranoid about fluoride in the water and probably wear tinfoil hats. Hey, you do you. At least the spring water tastes better than the beer.

Taste Rating: 3/10 inches - shout-out to my first boyfriend

Froth Level: Opening a bunch of gates
Pairs well with: Milking the first goat of spring, sweat trickling down your wife's back as you're chopping wood in the middle of nowhere

Tasting notes: #notallmen



WED: QUIZ NIGHT | 6PM - 8PM
UNDER THE COVERS: OUDJ'S | 8PM - 12AM

THUR: SLUMBER PARTY
PULL ON YA PJ'S | 8PM - 12AM

FRI: BASS 101: FLASH 89 (AUS)
8PM - 1AM

SAT: HEAT 008: ACT TO BE ANNOUNCED
8PM - 1AM



**MILD?
MEDIUM?
HOT?!**

**THE BLIND DATE SETUP
TINDER IS JEALOUS OF.**

The hopeful lovers on the Critic Blind Date are provided with a meal and a bar tab, thanks to Mamacita. If you're looking for love and want to give the Blind Date a go, email blinddate@critic.co.nz

CLARKE

I discussed the criteria of an ideal date with my flatmates, before I made my way over to Mamacita. Being the classy gent I am, I guzzled a Scrumpy on the way there, stowing the remaining half in the gutter for later. I was revving to go. The lovely gent behind the counter showed me to my table, my date having arrived a couple of minutes before me. One of my criteria was immediately met; my lucky turtle socks were knocked right off by her stunning beauty. We firstly spent about 2 minutes clarifying each other's names - good thing we did as I had no idea what she said at first and I imagine the Scrumpy was slurring my words by now.

My second criteria was great chat; she passed with flying colours. Only thing against her so far was that she studies law; probably the only thing more wanky than my degree. The Margarita jug was amazing and went down a treat with the food. As the date wound down, she asked what I was up to after. I coolly invited her to my mate's party that evening. Unfortunately, my leftover Scrumpy remained in a bush, in fear picking it up would reveal my true bleak colours. My flatmates were surprised my date agreed to come back, saying she was out of my league. Turns out we are both too competitive and made quite a good beer pong team and even managed to just miss out on a coffee-mixed cup in rage cage. The night came to an end quite abruptly with my date getting picked up by a friend. Being the gentleman I was, walked her to the car.

Sorry to the readers, nothing more exciting happened, but we did agree on a follow up date to play badminton, so maybe she'll play with my shuttlecock this time.

Passing down George Street the next day, I was disappointed to find the Scrumpy I took missing from the trusted bush I hid it in; I guess you can't have it all in life!

Cheers Mamacita for a sick feed and Critic blind date for a fine night.

JACINDA

Walking into Mamacita already a couple drinks down, I had no clue what to expect. The maître d' had no clue what Critic's Blind Date was, which left me under the relentless eyes of the kitchen staff while she went off to find a table. Farewelled by a wink by the older chef, I was escorted to my table. My date showed up a few minutes later, and I was relieved. He was tall, had a scruffy beard going, and had some geeky glasses on. Exactly my type. It was immediately brought up that he was a Med student, and I found myself tuning in and out of the conversation as I picked out what colour Mercedes I would have when we were married.

To my surprise, he was actually a good yarn. We vibed on our similar senses of humour, and contrasting hobbies. He seemed interested, and interesting, leaving me wanting more. Two delicious meals later, I was ready for him to take me home and fuck my brains out. Instead, he invited me to his friend's red card and for some reason I didn't say no, despite my preferred desire for the evening. The red card itself was filled with the loveliest people, however due to his unflattering drunk personality, I found myself more attracted to his French friend. His overly competitive nature at the beer pong table lead me to believe he was over compensating for under performing in other aspects. Sexually frustrated, I found myself sneaking off and seeking refuge in a past Tinder hookup's bed. He was pretty understanding.

Overall it wasn't a bad night. Good food, decent company, hot French guys at the red card (who I hope to see again soon), and thankfully a good fuck.

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

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA TAQUERIA

UoO Moaningful Confessions

x2

Two years ago, I had been out on a date with my (now ex) girlfriend. We'd gotten back into her sleep out at her parents place and were going at it like a couple of pornstars. Despite both of us being really into it, we'd be going for awhile, and didn't have any lube. As we were doing doggy, she pushed back in my dick as I thrust forward, and I felt a sharp, but quick pinch on the head of my dick.

I, being a hard cunt, ignored the pain and kept pounding on. However I noticed that her pussy had become very wet again. I looked down, spots

of bright red crimson dropped into her white bed sheets and light grey carpet. "Babe?" I ask, "do you have your period?" "Nah, I had it last week you moron." So I pull out, and as I pull my foreskin back over the head of my dick, a jet of blood streaks out, like a tube of toothpaste being squeezed, all over my torso, her ass, bed and carpet. Safe to say, your humble narrator was a hard cunt no more. I began screaming in horror, as my blood splattered girlfriend leapt up, threw a robe on, and went to grab some cleanup supplies. I sat on her bed, shaking in horror as she returned, bucket in hand, and began

calmly cleaning the gore all around me. She paused, and looked at my crimson flaccid penis with concern. "Babe, I'm gonna need you to hold still for a sec". She grabbed my cock, and pulled a blood clotted pubic hair from out of my foreskin. This was too much for me, and I sprinted from her room out onto her rain lashed balcony, fully naked and covered in blood, and violently vomited the contents of our dinner date over the railing into the garden below. I returned to her room, shaking, got my clothes on, and walked home in misery.

It was a Monday morning, and I was sexting a sexy breather on snapchat. Things started to get heated and he asked me to shove something up there. I panicked, what the fuck was I meant to use?? I ran downstairs to the fridge half naked and saw my flatmates courgette in the fridge... What

else could I use?? I scavenged through the fridge but in avail couldn't find anything else, and thought she's the drama queen of the flat so why not....

I ran upstairs hiding my prized possession and you can guess I went hard, and the breather frothed it.

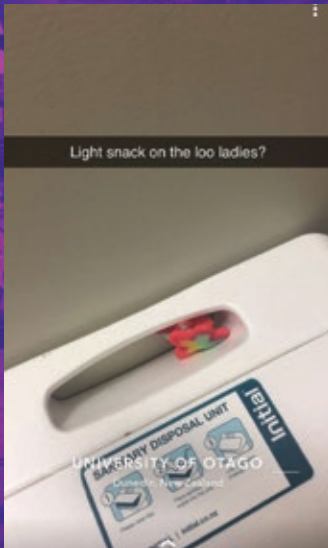
Even encouraged me to buy a dildo myself, after seeing the deal in Critic. Surprise drama queen, the courgette has been put back in the fridge, enjoy eating my cum, isn't karma a bitch xxxx



Snap crack and popple us!



SEND US A SNAP, CRACK OPEN A CRITIC & POPPLE UP A PRIZE!
THE BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF V.



Light snack on the loo ladies?

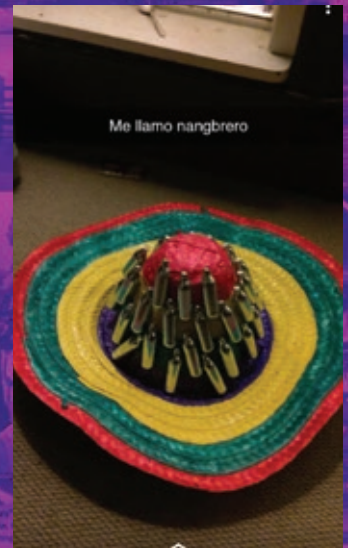


My friend posted the sex issue all the way to the Netherlands for me because I miss Dunners

10/10 top issue, thanks Critic



Leith liquor providing the good deals baby



Me llamo nangbrero



Accurate depiction of my fursona



"My whole bag smells like the critic"



Deep within their natural habitat, members of Homo students create elaborate sculptural art to be displayed to potential mates

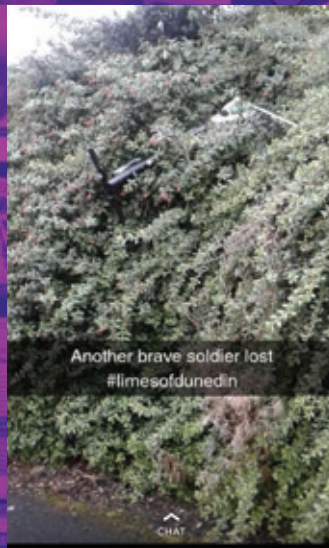


Uni has me a lil stressy



WINNER

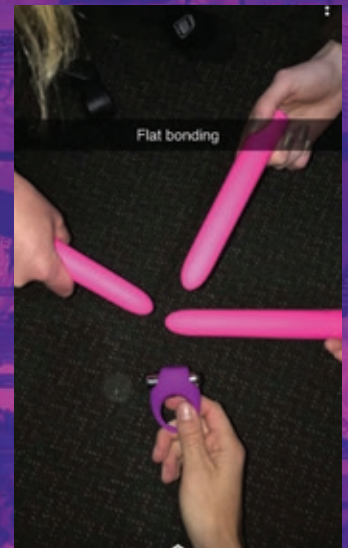
Wow I created a masterpiece <3



Another brave soldier lost
#limesofdunedin



So are you gonna help pay rent or?



Flat bonding



I write this as we look back on a successful SGM which saw Pasifika students' representation restored to OUSA by an overwhelming majority. This, gives me hope that students' will do the right thing. With that hope, I look to resume the semester with Rape Awareness Week.

With the recent coverage around our residential colleges, what more 'awareness' do we need? Institutional critique looks to address policy and processes, but this can't be our only response.

As an executive we can, and will do the behind-the-scenes work, because re-traumatising survivors who speak up, and failing to prevent further harm is unconscionable.

However, it's our peers who are quicker to ostracise vocal survivors than the friends who cause trauma. Even if we improve everything in our colleges, the 39% of women, 13% of men, and the majority of gender minority students who experience sexual violence prior to university, still deserve a community who contribute to their healing rather than isolating them.

Challenging our misconceptions around sexual violence shouldn't wait until someone we love confides in us. This means learning which 'prevention tricks' teach us more about blaming survivors than keeping anyone safe. We must also grapple with the fact that most assaults are committed by partners, friends, and acquaintances. Attending events like the "What I Was Wearing Exhibition" on Monday 29th-Tuesday 30th April is a good starting point.

Supporting survivors so we can build safer systems for reporting isn't the only reason. We need to focus on their long-term wellbeing and reinforce their value, instead of leaving them feeling like we've skipped justice to discuss prevention. Specialised support organisations like Rape Crisis Dunedin are key to this healing, but still rely on donations.

Taking up their call to learn, and to donate, is part of doing the right thing for our community, especially this week.

Kevin R-S x0

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

MAKE SURE YOU ARE A VALID VOTER

for the **UPCOMING LOCAL ELECTIONS**

If you haven't updated your enrolment details this year, you're probably not a valid voter! For information and tips head over to www.ousa.org.nz/executive

Alternatively, come into the OUSA main reception and fill out an enrolment form! It's that easy!

ousa

9 JUL **20 JUL**

MITCH JAMES
TUES 9TH JUL | DUNEDIN TOWN HALL

SACHI
WEDS 10TH JUL | OTAGO UNI MCR

UPGRADE(UK)
+ **LEE MYTHUEWS**
THURS 11TH JUL | OTAGO UNI MCR

BAYNK
SAT 13TH JUL | OTAGO UNI MCR

SKEGSS
SAT 20TH JUL | OTAGO UNI MCR

RE:ORI '19

PRESENTED BY **ousa** **OTAGOORI.CO.NZ** **CRITIC**

CAPERS CAFE

2-for-1 gourmet pancakes,
Monday-Friday only.

CORNERSTONE INK

10% student discount off any tattoo, not
in conjunction with any other special.

CRUSTY CORNER

\$6 BLTs Mon-Fri (and more...).

HOLOGATE

"Fill'er up mate" - Bring three mates and
the fourth person goes free (and more...).

LUMINO THE DENTISTS

\$69 new patient exams and x-rays
(and more...).

ONLY UR'S BEAUTY PARLOUR

Brazilian maintenance & eyebrow
(Thread or Wax) combo for only \$45.

SHOSHA

Free 10ml of Shosha E-juice of choice
with any starter kit.

IRESSURECT

Free protective case and glass screen
protector (valued at \$60) with every
screen repair.

STIRLING SPORTS

10% student discount on all full
priced items.

THE OUTPOST

10% student discount storewide.

BACON BUTTIE STATION

Free regular fries with any burger purchase.

BIGGIE'S PIZZA

2-for-1 NYC Originals pizzas. Add chips &
aioli or 1.5L Pepsi, Pepsi Max, Mountain Dew,
or a can of Red Bull for \$2.

COSMIC

10% student discount.

FIFTY GORILLAS

2-for-1 burgers (pick-up only).
Add chips for \$2.

LEAP DUNEDIN

\$4 off general admission at Leap Dunedin
and Clip 'n Climb.

T M AUTOMOTIVE

\$52 Warrant of Fitness fee.

ROB ROY DAIRY

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every
Monday and Tuesday.

SUBWAY

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to
a footlong meal deal for free.

ZAIBATSU HAIR ART

Half head of foils and luxury conditioning
treatment for \$120 (saving \$100).

STA TRAVEL

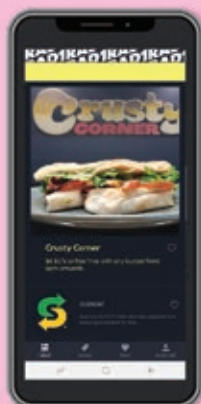
10% off Comprehensive Insurance policies
(and more...).

HANSON RENTAL VEHICLES

10% student discount on all vehicle hires
when using the code 2019RAD1.

ALSO FEATURING ON THE RAD1 APP

Bowl Line
Eat Me Supplements
Hell Pizza
La Porchetta
Painted Rock Tattoos
Rapunzel's Hair Design
Taieri Lakes Golf Course
Otago Golf Club
Lorna Jane



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otago uni **students'** association