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

### Letter of the week

I would really love to know what exactly goes through the mind of local National MP Michael Woodhouse. Like, what are his brain cells even up to? What does he do to fill his days? Has he found his true purpose in life? Does he have decent alcohol tolerance? After seeing him speak at the Marjiana Legislation debate on campus against Chloe Swarbrick today it's hard to not look at such a small, compact man and wonder what goes on up in there.

.....

There is truly nothing I love more than a sandwich. It is the perfect combination of every single food nestled tightly in a soft, warm, doughy roll. You can change it up depending on the day or mood and everytime receive a truly distinctive, unique culinary experience. However

recently, I've noticed the quality of sandwich making in Dunedin has slipped to an incredibly inadequate standard. The bread has been soggy, the meat to sauce ratio inconsistent. Not only that but there has been a lack of generosity when it comes to vegetables. I'm a broke student, where else do I get my nutrition from? Billy Mavs do not suffice. Honestly get your sandwich making shit together, I'm getting more disappointed by the day. Frankly Disappointed.

.....

You don't have an advice column (you should) but I need some advice. It has been two weeks and my flatmates are already fucking me right off with their messy bullshit. I'm not perfect, but I literally do not know how three people can use so many fucking dishes. What do I do to convince them to clean more?

**Editor's response:** You should passive aggressively post photos of the dirty dishes in the flat chat with no context, every day, until the dishes get done.

## Apology

On 15 March 2019, Critic published a story entitled "Sexual Assault and Rape Went Undisciplined at Knox College". The article included references to the way a former Deputy Master had dealt with a complaint raised by a former student referred to as "Anne".

Critic Te Arohi did not approach the former Deputy Master referred to in "Anne's"; story for comment before publishing this story in the 15 March 2019 issue of Critic. Critic apologises to the Deputy Master for not giving her the opportunity to comment on the aspects of the story related to her.

Having now sought comment from the former Deputy Master, Critic accepts that the former Deputy Master took complaints of sexual harassment seriously and took steps to address matters brought to her attention. Not all parties would have been aware of those steps taken, for privacy reasons. Critic accepts that there is evidence that the former Deputy Master ensured all complaints were documented and reported to others as appropriate.

# RAD TIMES

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9pm

**Georgi Hampton**  
DOG WITH TWO TAILS  
5.30pm

**Friday Jazz Showcase**  
DOG WITH TWO TAILS  
8pm



# Editorial: Fuck The 2020 Election And Fuck Anyone Who Wants Me To Cover It



## By Sinead Gill

Party politics is boring and bullshit, and politicians are too.

This year is election year. As of writing this, I haven't even made a single Critic yet, and already there is incredible pressure from all sides for me to cover what politicians and parties are up to.

But here's the thing: they are up to fuck all.

I don't want to write about them.

I also don't need to write about them. Every other media outlet will be covering what these politicians are up to and what they are offering students (a single shriveled pea).

Critic interviewed a couple of available politicians over O-Week to give them the benefit of the doubt and make sure that I wasn't just being a cunt. But we did, and I was right.

Because the truth is that parties will only ever offer fuck all to students until they: 1. Make tertiary education free for all. 2. Repeal voluntary student membership. Or 3. Give out free fifty bags when you update your enrolment info.

I'm not going to explain why any of those are important – read the entire back issues of Critic to find out.

Unless I can be convinced otherwise (or bribed with cold hard cash), Critic will not be covering any kind of party politics.

Instead Critic will continue to talk to students and get their takes on issues that fuck with them.

If that means spending my time masturbating to Cats (2019) instead of covering some random politician's latest hot take, then hell yeah.

## ISSUE 1

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## CRITIC

Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA)

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## Couch Burnings Heat Up 2019

### 2019 actually more lit than first thought

By Bonnie Harrison

Radio One News Manager // [bonnie@r1.co.nz](mailto:bonnie@r1.co.nz)

Couch fires in North Dunedin have more than tripled in number from 2018 to 2019. After a decade-long gradual decline, recorded incidents spiked from 14 in 2018 to 48 in 2019.

University Proctor Dave Scott, a man who has seen some shit, was not too put off by this rise. "In the bad old days, we were having this number of fires in a month," he said. In 2014, 30 fires were recorded in February alone.

In the early 2000s, when the alcohol age was lowered to good-old 18, couch-burning incidents increased to 360 per year. Senior Station Officer Rob Torrance said this era saw the highest number of call-outs to individual fires in one night, with 19 separate incidents. With each couch fire taking up to 20 minutes to deal with, Rob says a busy night can tie up the city's resources.

"It's much, much better [now] than it was, that's for sure," he said.

The cause of the 2019 surge after a long cooling down period is unclear. Some days, Dave said, are so singularly busy that they statistically "blow out the year". Saint Patrick's Day alone, occurring on the Sunday after the Christchurch terror attack, was one of the busiest days for couch fires in 2019.

"We are still in a good place," Dave said. He believes the overall downward trend in couch fires since the introduction of University initiatives, like Campus Watch in 2007 and the updated Student Code of

Conduct in 2014, is still an important indicator of "a massive change in student behaviour".

In 2019, eight students were disciplined through the Student Code of Conduct for couch burning offences instead of facing the legal system and a possible conviction. "If we can keep students out of court – that's really important," the Proctor said.

Looking to the year ahead, Dave said Campus Watch would be "educating and talking to students where we can" about the dangers of lighting fires. He recounts how a student in 2019 suffered facial burns from trying to light a cigarette over a flaming couch that suddenly

exploded. There were some "near-misses" in 2019 where houses could have been burned down, he said.

"You do not want to inhale any of the smoke whatsoever," Rob said. "It is carcinogenic, it is not good for you, full stop. You're putting yourselves in real danger."

"This behaviour is a cost to the taxpayer," the Proctor said. "I don't understand why it's seen as something we do in Dunedin."

*To hear the full report, tune into [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz) @ 11:00am Monday 24th February.*

*Didn't catch it live? Listen to the podcast at [r1.co.nz/podcasts](http://r1.co.nz/podcasts).*







## Greasy Beaver Sign Gets Dammed

Is this totalitarianism of the highest degree?

By Naomii Seah

Staff Writer // [naomii@critic.co.nz](mailto:naomii@critic.co.nz)

The iconic flat "the Greasy Beaver Lodge" has had their flat name physically and spiritually confiscated by their Property Manager, Jenny Adamson. This occurred mid-December last year without tenant consultation. What followed was a wild tale of miscommunication, misinformation, and stupid flat drama.

Rachel\*, who alerted Critic to the incident, was a tenant in 2019, though was not present herself when the sign was removed. Second-hand information from her flatmate alleged that the sign was taken without notice by the Property Manager's handyman, Billy\*. He allegedly told the tenants that the order had come from the University, who were allegedly cracking down on "offensive" and "misogynistic" flat signs.

Billy was referring to a closed meeting held by the University of Otago, which discussed the possible removal of "misogynistic" flat signs around the student quarter. Billy was not in this meeting, but the property manager, Jenny, confirmed to Critic that she had been.

A University spokesperson denied giving the orders, and said, "The University recognises that the flats are private property and that the removal of signs is the sole discretion of the landlord or property owner."

Ron, the property owner, told Critic that the flat was called "the Greasy Beaver Lodge" when he bought it. He said he had found the name 'odd' but did not think much of it. According to Ron, Jenny had informed him that the University had made this decision "in a committee".

When Critic contacted the property manager, Jenny said that she removed the sign of her own free will, and confirmed that the University had not given the order. She said that the Greasy Beaver sign was "offensive and should be removed" as it does not "depict nicely what the flat is about". She also said that "landlords should have a say" in what the flat was called.

She had first heard the idea of removing allegedly offensive and misogynistic signs from a meeting hosted by the University involving multiple community stakeholders. Although she said that the University ruled it out, she decided to remove the sign herself because "I thought, 'that's quite right'".

Both Ron and the tenants emphasised that Jenny is a great property manager. Rachel said she is "really lovely" and Ron said he had full faith in her management of the flat.

Following Rachel contacting Critic about the issue, someone alleging to be a current Greasy Beaver tenant anonymously called Critic and

challenged the point of the story. She said "it's not even a fucking story" and that the tenants "literally do not care" about the removal of the sign.

Other students disagreed, and did care. One student Critic interviewed said "that's fucked" when the situation was explained. Another said that they believed the value of their flat was "directly linked" to name recognition of the flat, and couldn't imagine the sign being taken away. Most students, when asked what they would say to their property manager if they also tried to take away their flat sign, said they would tell the property manager to "fuck off".

When Jenny was asked if she was concerned about the loss of history, she stated "some things in history can stay in history".

She also said the new tenants get to give the flat a new name "that is respectful to the property. So long as it is an acceptable name."

\* Names have been changed.

## Bla bla bla politics bla bla

These interviews were all predictable as fuck. We will not be doing a write-up

---





## Academic Misconduct on the Rise

### And for once, med students are bad at something

By Erin Gourley  
News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Either Otago students are getting worse at plagiarising or the University is getting better at detecting plagiarism. The Academic Misconduct Report 2019 identifies 86 instances of academic misconduct in 2019, which has more than doubled the 34 instances in 2018. The Report was released to Critic on 13 February 2020.

Among the offences were students caught with mobile phones in exam rooms (along with one Microbiology student who wrote notes on their hand); the Med students who went on holiday instead of doing their placements; standard plagiarism of assignments copied from the internet/bought online/copied from other students; and, perhaps the worst crime of all, students who failed to listen to the invigilator's instructions.

The biggest loser in the report is Otago Medical School. The Med School had the highest number of academic misconduct incidents out of all the departments at Otago. In 2018, Medicine faced just one instance of academic misconduct. In 2019, there were 20.

The marked increase came after reports that 53 medical students had not actually completed the overseas training required by their course. The Otago Daily Times described this as a "travel rort". Just 17 of the 53 med students who faked those placements were included in the Report. It is not clear why the others were left out.

Otago University Medical Students' Association did not comment on the increase in academic misconduct within the Medical School.

The instances of academic misconduct within the Science Department (which does not include Health Sciences) also increased greatly. In 2018, there were only 10 instances of academic misconduct in Science. That increased to 27 in 2019.

The rates of academic misconduct were surprisingly low in the Commerce Department. They were also the most consistent department, with 9 instances of academic misconduct in 2018 and 10 in 2019. Humanities was also relatively low, with 17 reports in 2019 up from 11 in 2018.

So, it's good news for people studying for 'easy degrees'. Next time your sciencey flatmates develop a superiority complex, you can tell them they're dirty rotten liars.



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# University Pays Staff Less If They Are Students

Students value education, but also money

By Wyatt Ryder



The University is paying staff members more than \$2 less per hour if they are enrolled as a student.

PhD student Kirsten Gibson discovered the wage discrepancy recently, when she applied for a Research Assistant position. Kirsten received her contract only to find that the pay scale had been subtly changed. When she reached out to HR to request the advertised wage, she told was that "[t]he rate advertised applies to the General Staff Agreement, student rates are not advertised." "If this doesn't suit, you have the right to decline the offer," HR told her.

Research Assistant positions are advertised under the 'professional' pay scale, which is paid at a rate of \$24.24 an hour. However, if the successful applicant is enrolled as a student, the contract is sent with the 'casual' pay scale, which is paid at \$22.20 an hour.

These casual and professional scales apply to a wide variety of staff positions, including chefs, plumbers, and electricians. They also apply to both part-time and full-time positions, which means if you're a full time worker taking one paper, then the University will finesse you out of thousands of dollars.

"I feel it's exploitative and it seems to be yet another thing this university does that makes

post-graduate students feel like they don't matter," Kirsten said. "My experience as a post-grad is continually tainted by the institution."

Postgraduate student Laura Starling worked as a Research Assistant for over a year before the difference in pay was brought to her attention. Laura believes the University is exploiting its students. She said "once I was made aware of the pay difference I was shocked. So was everyone else I told - fellow students, academics, administrative staff. Not one person I spoke to was aware of the two separate pay scales."

**"I feel it's exploitative and it seems to be yet another thing this university does that makes post-graduate students feel like they don't matter"**

Despite her inquiries, nobody that Laura spoke to was actually able to explain why there was a difference. "There's no clear justification beyond the fact that general staff are on a collective agreement, and student staff are not. To me, that's not a good enough reason to pay someone less for the same job."

The pay gap has been raised by individual staff and HR employees, but to nobody's surprise the students involved have seen no sign of change.

Kirsten says that the pay gap is hypocritical considering the 'Health Yourself' campaign run by the University, which is focused on making sure students are leading healthy lives. "Health Yourself - but we won't pay you a fair wage so you can pay for medical care, decent food, etc."

She believes that this problem isn't tied to any one department, and is instead "a university wide issue". Kirsten has found that none of academic staff she has spoken to was aware of the two separate scales existing, and "that they're all horrified that they do".

OUSA Postgraduate Representative Hanna Van der Giessen is aware of what has been going on, and has said that it is "discriminatory against the student population, and puts them on the back foot from the start of their academic career".

This is not the only issue that has been discovered with the pay scale. Kirsten also found that, until recently, the lowest bracket on the student casual scale was below minimum wage. After the problem was raised with the University it was swiftly changed to minimum wage.

The University did not respond in time to comment on the issue.



# University Sinks Piss-sinking Ship

The 20s are back baby. Prohibition is good again awouuu [wolf howl]

By Bonnie Harrison

Radio One News Manager // [bonnie@r1.co.nz](mailto:bonnie@r1.co.nz)

An OUSA advertisement that breached the University's policy around promoting alcohol on campus has been taken down.

The inaugural 'Dusty Sundays' gig, headlined by Aussie band Lime Cordiale, is being run in association with alcohol brand Part Time Rangers. A big fuck-off poster advertising the event was put up in the OUSA archway featuring the brand name.

The University has a policy against "any material advertising alcohol" on any land owned or occupied by them. A University spokesperson said the purpose of the exclusion was "to foster and promote a safe and inclusive environment for all".

OUSA initially said that the ad did not fall within the University's alcohol restrictions. Association CEO Debbie Downs said the ad promotes Starters Bar specifically, which

"promotes responsible drinking in a safe environment".

OUSA purchased Starters Bar at the end of 2018. OUSA Events Manager Jason Schroeder defended the endorsement by Part Time Rangers, saying that in order to run a student bar, Starters needs "to offer beverages and events that reflect student culture".

He said that this "comes at a financial cost and if we can access financial support that allows us to better meet our objective of harm reduction then that makes sense".

When asked for comment, a University spokesperson confirmed that the sponsorship breached regulations, and that the breach had "been addressed with OUSA".

The offending poster has since been taken down. It is the first alcohol sponsorship the student association has taken on since the

regulations were introduced in 2014.

When asked whether alcohol brands should be allowed to advertise on campus spaces, one second-year student said that they "don't think [students] necessarily need encouragement to drink". Another said advertising shouldn't be allowed unless it promoted "safe drinking culture".

OUSA President ~~James Heath~~ Jack Manning said, "The OUSA-owned Starters Bar is a means by which we look after our students – providing a safe and enjoyable place to spend their night and, should they wish to drink, to do so responsibly."

"Drinking is something that's going to happen either way," another student said of the Part Time Rangers sponsorship. "Get your business out there."

"They're healthy, anyway."





## Goodbye, Salient FM

You will be missed by five listeners and people involved in student media

By Erin Gourley  
News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Salient FM is no more. The student radio station at Victoria University was abruptly shut down in November 2019 after Victoria University Wellington Students' Association (VUWSA) decided that Salient FM was no longer relevant to students. Salient staff are "gutted" about the shut down.

Kii Small, the editor of Salient magazine in 2019, said it was a "pretty big disappointment". He continued, "That's what happens when the students' association can control the media."

Jazz Kane and Nav Nair were the station managers in 2019. When asked how they found out about the shutdown, Jazz replied, "we basically didn't". He said that "there was no communication and we were given no reason. We had no idea why or what was happening." When they began the recruitment process for 2020 managers, they received an email informing them that the station was no longer there.

**"there was no communication and we were given no reason. We had no idea why or what was happening."**

Salient FM was similar to Radio One, but different in some technical respects that Critic does not fully understand. Despite its name, the station only broadcast over FM at short range. Usually, it live-streamed on the Internet.

"I was gutted," Jazz said. "This is an institution that I'd been a part of for the past five years, and it's been active and up and running for closer to 20 years." Nav added that "there were a bunch of little things that could have been changed," but no reason that justified shutting

down the station. "Something just didn't add up," Jazz said.

"No decision was made to shut down Salient FM," claimed VUWSA CEO, Matt Tucker. Instead, and on a different note entirely, "a decision was made to ensure Salient was relevant and had the tools to grow engagement with the student body by suggesting a shift to podcasting."

**"a decision was made to ensure Salient was relevant and had the tools to grow engagement with the student body by suggesting a shift to podcasting."**

To carry out this decision to make Salient relevant, "VUWSA entered the Salient Offices, and had to dispose/recycle over 2000kg of items," Matt said. They did this without the knowledge of any Salient staff.

Matt said the decision was made without sufficient information because Salient failed to complete their 2019 self-review of "all parts of Salient". He said that "sufficient time was given and reminders sent".

Kii said that the self-review was completed. "It's quite rich of VUWSA to be talking about not receiving it on time or not receiving it at all, when really they should be addressing the \$16,000 deficit from the last budget." He thinks that "VUWSA have a lot to answer for, instead of blaming Salient and taking away our resources."

The current Salient editors, Rachel Trow and Kirsty Frame, also missed out on consultation about the shutdown. "The cut was decided by VUWSA, and because of the timing it was

out of our control as incoming editors," they said in a statement. Critic understands that the shutdown occurred before the co-editors for 2020 had been hired, but after the 2019 editor had finished working. Nav and Jazz speculated that the terms of the new editors' contracts specified that Salient FM would stop broadcasting.

The Salient editors will now be focusing on Salient Cast, their new podcasting service. VUWSA see this as a new, direct way to present the student voice and shift the focus away from music. The former Salient FM managers said that the decision should have been made by the Salient editors rather than VUWSA. The editors "have the right to choose the format in which Salient is going to be presented," Jazz said.

**"What has really been ignored in that conversation is that music is often an integral part of the student voice."**

Nav and Jazz do not see podcasts as a good alternative to live radio. Salient FM has made podcasts in the past. "What has really been ignored in that conversation is that music is often an integral part of the student voice," Jazz told me. Nav agreed, and added that podcasts would not have the same contributor involvement. "I'm glad podcasts are still there, but I think it's a step backwards," Nav said.



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# Who is NZUSA and Should You Give a Fuck?

By Fox Meyer and Sinead Gill

NZUSA is the New Zealand Union for Student Associations, and they have copped their fair share of shit over the years for being inaccessible, secretive, and – worst of all – sucking hard.

This year, however, President Isabella Lenihan-Ikin and co-Vice Presidents Matthew Schep and Sam Smith (both former OUSA executives) plan on being different.

Critic will reserve judgement until we see these promises in action, but in the meantime, who are these people? What makes them the right kind of people to be lobbying the Beehive on students' behalf? And, most importantly, do they smoke weed, or are they fucking squares?

## Isabella Lenihan-Ikin



## NZUSA National President

Isabella is the National President of NZUSA. She likes to host dinner parties. She cracks jokes when she's not giving earnest speeches on debt-free education and student representation. Critic has a full page worth of her impassioned quotes and pragmatic solutions she's devised to solve your problems. She wants to mobilize 400,000 uni students as a force for good. You'd like her.

Isabella reminds us that "we wouldn't have gotten a \$50 increase in living loan costs and student allowance if NZUSA wasn't in existence.

10, 15 years ago, NZUSA was pushing really hard on those issues, and we're now seeing the benefits." She reminds us how small steps amount to big change, and that NZUSA is trying to be more vocal about their goals.

It's hard to be "cool" when you're any sort of governmental body (and they get that), but an extra \$50 goes a long way. Cheers for that one, guys.

**Does she smoke weed tho?** "I don't smoke weed, but I have smoked weed. I'm not a regular."

## Matthew Schep



## The Vice Prezesses

Her two VPs are good lads as well: Matthew is organizing the Ōtepoti Pride Festival and trying to get outside more. Sam wants to study public policy abroad and likes to go to the theatre. Both are Otago-alumni-ish. Matthew was the 2019 Postgraduate Officer on the OUSA Exec while finishing his Masters in Politics, and Sam Smith was our 2018 OUSA Finance Officer before he fucked off to finish his undergrad at Vic Uni in Wellington. Traitor.

**Does Matthew smoke weed?** Not at all.

**Does Sam?** He said no, but Critic remains dubious.

The current team is focusing on debt-free education, though have inherited a number of campaigns from old NZUSA executives,

like Thursdays in Black. As well as debt and sexual violence, they fight for stronger student union voices in their respective Universities, rent controls and flatting standards, and many other issues. It is busy work, and lends itself to half-assmanship. But they signed up for it, so don't feel too bad.

"We are one organisation in a puzzle of organisations that work on these issues," said Isabella. "We represent different communities, and they're key to bringing together the student movement."

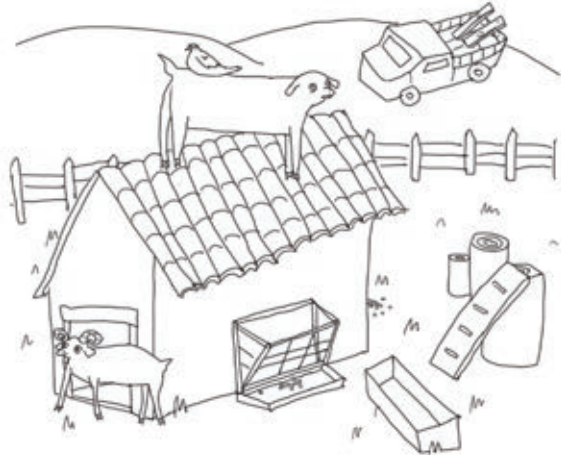
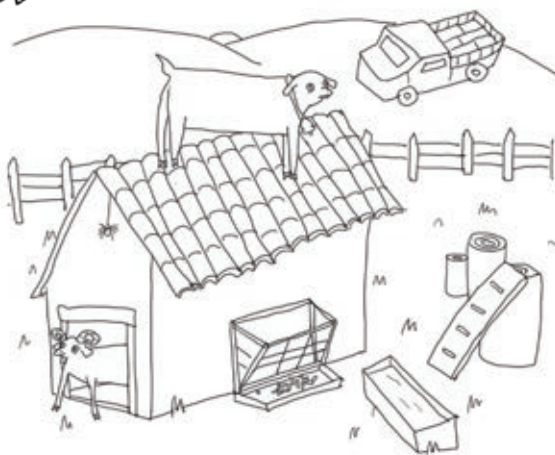
One voice is hard to hear, but 400,000 voices together are pretty hard to miss. "We need to think big. We have the ability, we're gonna be here, and we're gonna face these big societal issues."

## Sam Smith

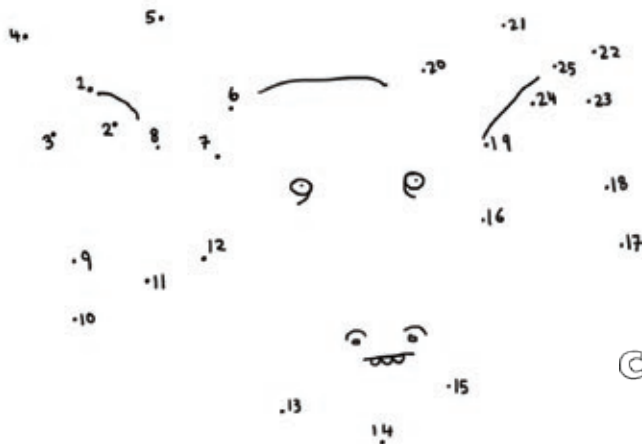
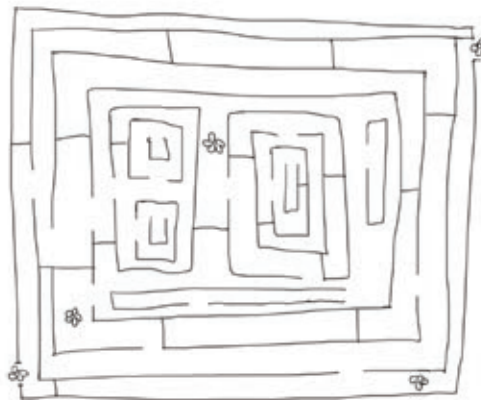


# COLOURING & PUZZLES

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



## MAZE

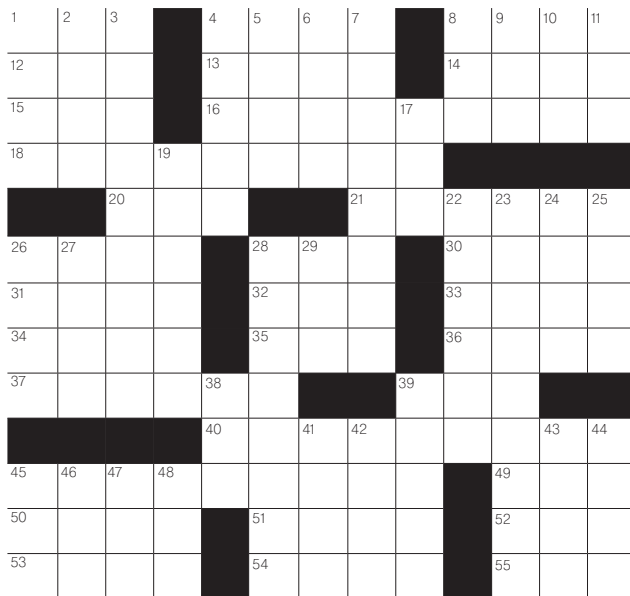


## CONNECT THE DOTS



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**ACROSS**

1. \_\_\_\_\_ loss (2 wds.)
4. Tiny particle
8. Nibble
12. Marsh
13. A la \_\_\_\_\_
14. Skillful
15. Italy's cont.
16. Spoken of earlier
18. Financial officer
20. Naval rank (abbr.)
21. Cuddle
26. Goals
28. Musician's job
30. Captured
31. Personnel
32. Water, to Jacques
33. Lily species
34. Zilch
35. Compass point (abbr.)
36. Perfect
37. Main course
39. Man's title

40. Destroy

completely

45. Sneaker ties

49. Koppel or

Kennedy

50. Lids

51. Oolong and pekoe

52. School subject

(abbr.)

53. Picnic nuisances

54. Whirlpool

55. '50s monogram

**DOWN**

1. Assist a crook

2. Guided trip

3. Accord

4. Stockpile

5. Healthy food

6. Stench

7. Ballroom dance

8. Cooking fuel

9. Hoop gp.

10. Boxing grey

11. Marry

17. Lyrical "before"

19. Reply

22. Radio noise

23. Put up with

24. Diving bird

25. Makes do

26. Teen's woe

27. Wrinkle remover

28. Produce

29. Bond creator

\_\_\_\_\_ Fleming

38. Elongated fish

39. Coward

41. Passed with flying

colors

42. Grateful \_\_\_\_\_

43. Watch over

44. Slight advantage

45. Bus depot (abbr.)

46. Deary

47. Choose

48. Snaky curve

WORDFIND

## Sudoku

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

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

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

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



# Pickin' up Butts

By Henessy Griffiths

Flo Week is a week-long ceremony of buying shit you don't need from Kmart and deleting piss with the bradas. Throughout the week, different named flats host different themed parties, and everyone gets absolutely cunted on White Rhinos and Billy Mavs.

I considered joining in on some of the festivities, but then I remembered a crucial roadblock. I am 22, and am only living on Dundas as part of an effort to savor any sense of youth from these decerped bones. Going to one of these parties would just be sad, and I just can't do it anymore.

So, I might not have hit the streets until the morning after these riots, but when I did, it didn't take long to realise that these students – rich on course related costs – were throwing perfectly half smoked darts while on their Castle St crawl.

Listen. I am a cheap and scabby bitch. Darts are racking up at anywhere between \$27-\$32 a packet. At this point, even the rankest of leftover dart is worthy of a humble rip and roll. As I had just run out of my pouch, I decided to wander down Castle at the end of Flo and see how many ciggies I could salvage. I had no idea just how many treasures I would find.



## Tuesday Morning

What better way to kick off Flo Week than the classic Back to School party at Courtyard on a Monday evening. What better things do you have to do on a Monday than watch The Bachelorette NZ like a sad, pathetic, loser? Well, that's exactly what I did instead. However, the Tuesday morning was the beginning of the chaos and destruction that would flo throughout the week. Among finding too much smashed glass and a few unopened Tropical Elephants, I only found five ciggie butts. I was disappointed, as it was only enough to roll one pathetic dart. Maybe this whole idea would be a bust? Maybe kids have all hopped on the vape train with no remorse? Only time could tell.

## Wednesday Morning

Tuesday night of Flo Week was home of the notorious Trippy Tuesday party at Adventure Time. To be honest, I didn't really hear most of the party or the hype around it. I didn't think it would be that big of a rager. But Castle St on the Wednesday morning proved otherwise. Among some scattered UNI101s I found on the ground, I managed to score seven durry butts. A slight improvement from the night before, but still not great. I managed to roll one and a half ciggies this time, which is at least a slight improvement. Maybe these kids finally found an ashtray?

## Thursday Morning

The Wednesday night of Flo Week was the Gothic party, held at Haunted. Someone needs to tell these kids that wearing an overpriced Harley Davidson does not constitute what it means to dress goth, but y'all ain't ready for that conversation yet. The morning-after Haunted, I managed to find what appeared to be an unused flesh-light, at least three empty Nang containers (don't worry, I checked), but most importantly, thirty ciggie butts. Thirty. That was enough to rip and roll 6 thin, very unpleasant, but still smokable darts. Did I smoke them all that day? Yes? Did I probably contract Glandular Fever? Also yes, but at least it was free.

Later that night I went to Night n Day and I met a girl walking by herself and walked her home. We talked about life, studying, and why her up2 hadn't texted her back. Ash, if you're reading this, I hope you're having a great day.



## Friday Morning

Thursday night was Frat Party at the Feisty Goat, apparently. The Friday morning, I awoke to a whole bunch of smashed glass by my door, alongside a miscellaneous trolley and a windshield wiper. Were the two correlated? That's a secret we will never know.

The most polluted area of ciggie butts was around the remains of a burnt couch. I like to imagine that people were chain-smoking as it burned, using the flames to light up. I found two slightly moist Rothman Reds still in a packet and decided to call that a win for the day.

## Saturday Morning

The morning after the Valentine's party at Fridge was one of the more interesting sights on Castle, given the amount of kids being dropped off to their shit flats by their mums in black SUV's. I overheard a concerned mum, who I assume was called Karen, ask her son "are you really living here?", as he tried to play it cool in front of his mates. I found a couple more supermarket trolleys as well as some actual human shit on the road, which I think is a fair enough representation of what Valentine's Day is all about. Out of the nine durry butts I found, only three of them were able to be rolled into some form of smokable object. I think I cut my lip on some smashed glass that infiltrated its way into my beautiful roll. Beggars can't be choosers on these unforgiving streets.

## Sunday Morning

Following presumably the biggest night of Flo Week with the White Out at Thirsty Boys, Castle was in absolute disarray. In a very hungover state, I went to go find some darts and was greeted by some absolute mad lads pissing on their friends from their roof. There were more freshers piling into their halls with a box of Billy Mavs tucked away under their bedding, which made me feel very sentimental of being so young and youthful. The cleanup was already well underway when I set on my quest, so I only managed to scab enough durry butts for one very average ciggie: an anti-climactic end to my mission.

Maybe there is some deeper meaning to this about the amount of waste that happens around partying. Or maybe it's just a representation of the shit students do when they get on the absolute rark. I don't know, you can make up your own metaphor. All I can say is thank you to the poor, naïve kids that don't know how to smoke a cigarette right to the filter. Also, if you want your cheap flesh light back, hit me up at [culture@critic.co.nz](mailto:culture@critic.co.nz).



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# Māori Migration to Otago Uni: Taurira Perspectives on Life in Te Cold

By Kaiya Cherrington

Moving to a new city fresh out of high-school is daunting. It is especially daunting to commit to a University far away from your iwi or culture-rich Māori communities. It is no secret that Dunedin has a low population of Māori – not to mention, has the polar opposite weather of tropical Northland – and I found my move down south a little overwhelming. Not only did I lack the security blanket of my whānau, but I feared I would not find a second whānau at Uni.

Despite these fears, being fair and blonde - the token white girl from Te Norta - I was sure I would fit in. Soon I made some mates – even one from the same suburb as me – and Te Rangi Hiroa began to feel homely. My little friend group reminded me of my hometown. As my crew grew, I felt more comfortable in Dunedin – I almost forgot that we were extremely outnumbered.

A huge worry for Māori is their loss of identity, loss of reo, loss of fundamental values that are the basis of their being. Those who went to kura reo and came from dense Māori areas struggle to find their feet and feel homesick often. These kids went from speaking Te Reo every day, to rarely, and their hauora began to slip.

Naera\* is from a small town off the west coast that is affluent in Māoritanga. She said coming to Dunedin “was a huge culture shock. All of a sudden, I went from being a white ass in my hometown to the darkest in my class. I felt like a token Māori.” She struggled with the way others perceived her, but found it easy to make friends with other Māori, saying “as soon as I saw another Māori, we just clicked.”

Kiri\* comes from the same town as Naera and had similar outlook, in that she felt Dunedin was the “polar opposite” from kura. Being involved with Māori health made her feel like the “token Māori” who was “used countlessly for information or image”. Kiri often feels down and out about living here, especially with the way she looks and how others react to her. However, she says while going through Uni “whānau is number one, ring them because they ground you and keep you sane. Surround yourself with like-minded friends who support you, it makes the experience so much better.”

Polly\* hails from the Waikato and went to kura most of her life. Her kura experience is similar to the others, and although she doesn't feel homesick as often, she is aware of the “huge cultural differences between Waikato and Dunedin, it's black and white.” She advises that Māori taurira “have one brown friend who is going through the same shit you are. Make sure you enjoy your studies and don't settle for less. Be proud of your cultural identity and know who you are.”

“...I went from being a white ass in my hometown to the darkest in my class. I felt like a token Māori.”

“Make sure you enjoy your studies and don't settle for less. Be proud of your cultural identity and know who you are.”







**"It's never too late to dive deeper into your Māoritanga at Uni, and having Māori friends is a great place to start that journey."**

Tewa from Tiki in the "Norty Norta" has a similar experience. Going to "one of most Māori schools in Whangārei," she knows what it's like to have your perspective shaken up. However, Tewa "loves it down here" and if you're lucky, you'll spot her on the Ubar door. She advises to "try not to sleep all day. Play volleyball, go to Unipol, and hit up Ubar on pint night so we can be friends."

However, the overwhelming stress of first-year health sci as a Māori facing homesickness, iwi-sickness, lack of Māoritanga and poor mental health became a burden for Paea.\* She "struggled keeping up with Uni work and maintaining a balanced hauora", so much so that it all fell apart. Although first year was an uphill battle, Paea branched off into Māori health and consequently is "more passionate about the subjects." She recommends that young Māori "go along to [Te Roopū Māori – the Māori students' association at Otago] and all the sports events regardless of how nervous you are, because you may find some mates to vibe with. Also exercise, do stuff outside of Uni - Uni isn't your whole life. Even if you don't have a rich Māori upbringing, don't ever be ashamed. It's never too late to dive deeper



into your Māoritanga at Uni, and having Māori friends is a great place to start that journey."

The vast consensus is that friendships are a massive highlight of being Māori at this Uni. We spot the Māori kids in class and feel a sense of relief; okay, I'm not the only one. In terms of support, the Māori centre offer advice and tutorials, Arihia the queen at reception is always there to help you out. Not to mention TRM is there for Māori students to study, have a feed, and chat to other Māori in the same sitch. Additionally, a mentor program pairs tuakana and teina together so tauira can chat about life, Uni work, or just grab a pie together. Moral of the story: We are not alone in this chilly little place.

So many negative statistics surround Māori, and at Uni we are faced with content that can makes us feel down, upset and angry, wanting to change the numbers. But at the end of the day, look at you - against all odds, an education system stacked against Māori, you made it here. On behalf of the fellow 'Maaari's, everyone agrees on one thing: your ancestors would be proud.

\*Names have been changed.



BILLY

MAY

FUCK

FUCK





CENTREFOLD ART  
BY GRACE LANGE

# REMEMBERING THE UNDIE 500

## A NOSTALGIC CHAT WITH UNDIE 500 FOUNDING MEMBER MATT MCCLOY

(PICTURED FRONT MIDDLE)

BY CHELLE FITZGERALD



Now existing only in memory, the Undie 500 was a longstanding event facilitated by the Engineering Society of Canterbury (ENSOC) which spanned from 1988 to 2009, in which contestants would purchase a warranted and registered car for less than \$500, decorate it, and drive it down to Dunedin from Christchurch. Beginning as a hitchhiking race, the event grew into a spectacular facet of student history. Founding member and Sports Officer of ENSOC, Matt McCloy reminisces on the Undie 500's humble beginnings.

The inception of the Undie 500 began in 1986 with a hitchhiking race from Christchurch to Dunedin, "but not many of them made it". The following year they made a \$300 rule to buy a car and go down, "but then not many of the \$300 cars even made it. I don't know if ANY made it." Undeterred, Matt and his friend Pete Taylor decided, "right, \$500, buy a car, do a race down". They purchased a Holden Special 186. "It was great, it was called Doris."

Decorating the cars was always part of the event from the start. "It evolved from the Engineering Ball [in 1988], where our friend Buckweed was driving his wannabe girlfriend home, and we decided we'd pick up some road signs and a few other things on the way home." With a carload of "probably seven or eight of us," they ended up getting home with "quite a lot of road signs, and those big flashing lights" in the back of the car.

They quickly stashed all the evidence in the garage, where they found "all this horrible paint from the landlord" which they disguised Doris with. "So, we thought, right, we better have the Undie 500 next week." The inaugural Undie 500 that year comprised of about 12 or 13 cars. "We did the rules up and invited a few people [...] there had to be a sober driver, who drinks a couple of jugs at the last pub, the Gardies. It started at the Bush Inn [in Christchurch]." Matt's son Ben had taken him to the site of the Gardies recently and pointed out that Matt was "almost crying when we went to the Gardies," [now the Marsh Study Center on Castle Street]. Matt frowned at his drink. "It's disgusting there. There's no requiem or anything."

That first event was attended by all the boys who had been part of both the hitchhiking race and the \$300 car race. "They were all the mechanical engineers who supposedly knew everything." As the official driver of Doris, Matt "picked those guys up, because their car had crapped out". They ended up picking up two other carloads, in the already full Holden Special. "We ended up with like 14 in the car. Big bench seats, four in the front, four in the back, then another few in the 'back back'." As carloads broke down, the other cars picked up as many of their stranded cohorts as they could. "We were a bit full over the Kilmog."



The following year, the convoy had doubled to about 25 cars, including Doris with a brand-new paint job for a second voyage. "We were the only ones to use the same car from the previous year." In the third year of the event, attendance had doubled again, with around 50 cars paving the way down south.

Matt was involved in the event for three years before passing the torch down through ENSOC, likening it to the Engineering Ball. "We used to run that, too - 600 people, open bar. There were enough people rolling on so that it just kept going. There were always people willing to step up and do shit." His voice betraying a touch of ENSOC pride, he pointed out that ENSOC is a very historical society. "It's one of the oldest societies in New Zealand, dates back to the 1880s. So, there's quite a bit of passing the chequebook on [...] Quite a good group of people to do shit with."

In what can only be considered a heroic effort, Matt sheepishly recounted a car going up in flames. "Look - it was an environmental

disaster about to happen that some petrol was going

So, putting it on fire was

The fact that it ran up a car had nothing to do shenanigans were part 500, which steadily grew national news coverage occurring from 2006-highly negative public students and the event

Eighty arrests were made 2009 Undie 500 event, pushing the crowds back shields as rogue bottles their riot gear. Firefighters

control many blazes which broke out, threatening cars and flats. As a result of the 2009 carnage, the Undie 500 was cancelled by the University of Canterbury Students' Association (UCSA) due to the inability of ENSOC to control the behaviour of non-students who were turning up to the event in droves.

Matt was saddened when the Undie 500 in its original form was cancelled, attributing it to "the closed-mindedness of councils [...] NZ is a great place - let people be intuitive, get on, be innovative and do shit ... part of that is people having fun."

Doris the Holden Special now lies in her final resting place, buried "in a spot by my old man's farm, down by a riverbed". As her bumper corrodes with the years and she returns slowly to the earth from whence she came, she revs on in the memories of those founding fathers who breathed life into her.

**"Look - it was an environmental disaster about to happen that some petrol was going to run into the gutter. So, putting it on fire was saving the environment. The fact that it ran up the gutter and went into a car had nothing to do with me."**

disaster about to happen to run into the gutter. saving the environment. the gutter and went into with me." This and other and parcel of the Undie larger and larger, attracting in later years with riots 2009, culminating in a opinion towards both itself.

over the two nights of the which saw police slowly with pepper spray and riot and bricks rained down on were in attendance to



# "TOUR DE SOUTH" FORMULA \$500

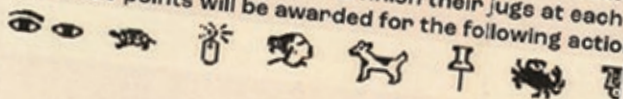
You have been privileged to be asked to enter a team and join the Tour De South, under \$500 car rally. The rally is to be held on the 16 of September 1988 and will start from the Bush Inn at 1pm. Here are the rules:

- (1) The car that is entered must have been purchased for less than \$500 (modifications incl.).
- (2) A twenty dollar entry fee per car must be paid to the conveners before the event so that prizes can be bought for the winners.
- (3) THE DRIVER OF THE CAR SHALL NOT DRINK THROUGHOUT THE RACE UNTIL THE GARDENS IN DUNEDIN WHERE IT SHALL DRINK 2 JUGS.
- (4) All cars must be at the Bush Inn at 12.29 on Friday the 16th so that they can be scrutineered and officially registered.
- (5) At 1pm the event will start with all members of each car (excepting the driver) consuming a jug of beers (females may substitute two 7os doubles of any spirit for the jug of beer, from now on where jug is written this is implied) at the Bush.
- (6) All cars must stop at the following pubs where the drivers' team "mates" must consume a jug of beer.



- The Sommerset, Ashburton.
- The Terminus, Timaru.
- The Northside Seven, Oamaru.
- The 1st pub you get to in Palmerston (Hint: On the RHS).
- The Gardens, Dunedin (The driver must consume 2 jugs, without spillage, here).

- (7) Points will be gained in the following manner:
  - (i) 10 points for the 1st team to finish their jugs at each pub.
  - (ii) 8 points for the 2nd team to finish their jugs at each pub.
  - (iii) 6 points for the 3rd team to finish their jugs at each pub.
  - (iv) 4 points for the 4th team to finish their jugs at each pub.
  - (v) 2 points for the 5th team to finish their jugs at each pub.
  - (vi) Bonus points will be awarded for the following actions;



- (8) This notice must not be shown to any M.O.T phugers.
- (9) ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

- (10) Each team must have at least 4 members in their cars.
- (11) Each team should have a distinctive uniform.
- (12) Cars will wait at each pub until all teams are present and then the car will restart it with a Le Mans start, i.e. a push start (if a car has broken down maximum wait at each pub will be 30mins from when the 1st team arrived).
- (13) Compulsory meeting to finalise winners at the Gardens on Saturday sharp! (start of pub crawl).
- (14) All teams are entered at their own risk and no responsibility will be taken by the conveners and no correspondence will be entered into!
- (15) DORIS' decision is final (or Bumblebee's fist) on any arguments!





Top: Doris, 1988.

Middle: Free Africa, 1989

Bottom: Arrow Dynamic, 1990.



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# STUDENTS TO WATCH

By Caroline Moratti  
Culture Editor // [caroline@critic.co.nz](mailto:caroline@critic.co.nz)

## MAGDELINE HUANG



PHOTO CREDIT: KENT JAMES PHOTOGRAPHY

**"PROUD TO BE A WOMAN IN TECH, PROUD TO BE ABLE TO BRING NEW ZEALAND TO THE CENTRE STAGE, AND PROUD TO BE A MALAYSIAN REPRESENTING NEW ZEALAND."**

If you've ever had to post on Otago Flatting Goods, you are submitting to the mortifying ordeal of being known. To watch yourself or a loved one make a post begging to buy or borrow an item is a shameful endeavour, posting to 40,000+ people is not an experience that comes lightly. Like most things in life, you just wish there was an app for it. That's where Magdelaine Huang comes in.

Magdelaine is a third year student at Otago studying Computer Science and Entrepreneurship, and is the national winner of New Zealand's first ever Red Bull Basement University competition. The words 'Red Bull' and 'basement' together in a sentence personally make me think of a couple of traumatic high school parties, but for Magdelaine the competition has enabled her to enter a six-week development phase full of mentors, funding and workshops to work on her app, Temp. Temp, shockingly short for Temporary, will be a platform where students can list and hire items from each other, such as sports equipment, cute clothes and whatever else you beautiful bastards desire.

Magdelaine came up with Temp when she found herself needing items for one-off occasions; let's say a 21st or a red card. Rather than going to Kmart for the hundredth time and buying another basket or whatever the fuck you need at 11:07pm on a Tuesday night, consider this as a cheaper and more environmentally friendly option. Magdelaine says, "I have a few valuable items lying around that I feel are not being utilised often enough by me. At the same time, I know there are people out there who would benefit from using them." This sounds legit, but at the same time the only valuable item I own is my 2009 high school MacBook which I probably wouldn't loan out to people for, you know, porn and bad Photo Booth selfie reasons. "I hope this sharing culture can take away the stress that comes with buying and selling items as well as money worries so that students have more time to focus on important things like studying and socialising," reasons Magdelaine. Temp uses AI technology to image search and help to recommend complementary items and listing prices.

Her app earned 503 votes in a tense showdown between other young student entrepreneurs. Magdelaine is floored by the support shown from friends and family and says, "Honestly, I was really surprised that the competition was so strong during the voting period considering the fact that it was during exam season! The votes just kept soaring and soaring."

Temp is currently just a prototype, but Magdelaine hopes to make the app a reality sometime this year. "I feel a lot of people are afraid to start because they feel like they need to come up with a ground-breaking idea. But the reality is that you don't. A classic example is attaching wheels to suitcases. Wheels were invented c. 3500 BC, but it wasn't until the 1970s that someone thought of attaching them to suitcases." Forget wheeled suitcases, let's have some discourse on whoever came up with putting wheels on shoes. What a fucking good cunt.

Magdelaine's been lucky/talented enough to be selected as one of 16 students to attend the Tertiary Market Immersion Programme in January, a business programme in Southeast Asia. The chosen ones spent three weeks travelling around Indonesia, Malaysia and Singapore to get exposed to the business landscape of the region. Magdelaine also repped NZ at the Global Workshop's international finals in December in Canada. Although the competition was ultimately won by a team from Austria, Magdelaine stood out as the only solo team at the event. She said she is "proud to be a woman in tech, proud to be able to bring New Zealand to the centre stage, and proud to be a Malaysian representing New Zealand."

Locally, she co-leads Comp Girls Otago, is a member of Momentum Investment Committee and part of the Otago Computer Science Society. If anyone has any suggestions for Temp or wants to work alongside Magdelaine, she encourages them to reach out to her on LinkedIn (lol). The app has enough potential to revolutionise the way we use and lend items, much like the 1997 movie *The Borrowers*.

# UBS

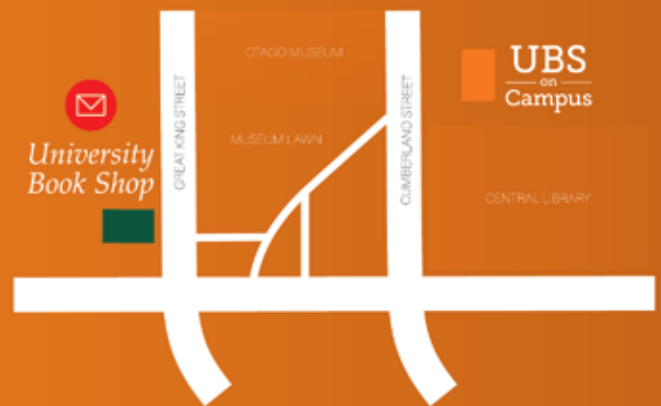
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## Jack Manning

I'm sure you've all been welcomed or welcomed back to Otago plenty of times already. Instead, let's talk about something that might not have been said: Test your drugs.

Many of us have witnessed the harm that drugs can have on an individual and their community. Otago's own Professor Joseph Boden found that 80% of young people will have used cannabis by the age of 21. The New Zealand Drug Foundation says that 44% of adults will try an illicit substance at some point in their lives, and while most people don't experience long-lasting negative effects, those that do can experience social, financial, and legal problems - not to mention the impact it has on their safety and wellbeing, particularly if the usage becomes habitual. This is a quality of life issue.

Last week, OUSA collaborated with KnowYourStuffNZ and the New Zealand

Drug Foundation to provide a free and anonymous drug testing service for students. In 2019, when we ran this same service, it was the first time it had been offered in New Zealand outside of music festivals. Initiatives like this save lives, and provide invaluable data about the drugs currently in circulation in New Zealand to relevant bodies, who can then act on this to keep you safe

We hope that by running initiatives like this, we can help normalise discussions around drug use, and draw attention to the need for legislative change and the increased curation and access of data. Please, test your drugs and keep yourself safe.

*Disclaimer: OUSA does not condone the use of drugs at all, nor does testing drugs guarantee they are 100% safe. This is not about condoning use, this is about reducing harm and saving lives.*





Find out more: [otago.ac.nz/languagescultures](https://otago.ac.nz/languagescultures) | Email [languages@otago.ac.nz](mailto:languages@otago.ac.nz)



**Agnew**  
*noun*

A popular party street, often thought as of far superior to the likes of the ticketed Hyde.

**Breatha**  
*noun*

A person who lives, or rather breathes, for the sesh.

**Ceebs**  
*adverb*

A shortened abbreviation for "can't be fucked".

**Dusty**  
*adjective*

A term used to describe a hungover state, as well as any uncomfortable or sub-par situation.

**Eccey**  
*noun*

Slang for the drug Ecstasy.

**Froth**  
*verb*

A term to describe how excited one is for an upcoming event, whether it be a gig or a party.

**Gurn**  
*verb*

One's facial expression after consuming MDMA, usually resulting in chewing your face off.

**Hard**  
*adjective*

Positive affirmation, approval.

**Innit**  
*contraction*

A shortened abbreviation for "isn't it?".

**Juiced**  
*adjective*

Inebriated, intoxicated.

**K Hole**  
*verb*

When you accidentally take too much Ketamine and transcend into another, terrible dimension.

**Leech**  
*verb • noun*

Refers to a person who is always trying to get free shit from you, or just won't leave you alone.

**Monged**  
*adjective*

A word to describe how drunk or fucked on drugs you got on whilst on the sesh.

**Nangs**  
*noun*

Nitrous oxide, also known as laughing gas, also known as a fucking good time.

**On the Piss**  
*verb*

Getting absolutely slaughtered on copious amounts of alcohol.

**Pingas**  
*noun*

A term used to describe drugs, generally MDMA (also known as gear).

**Quirky**  
*adjective*

An annoying white girl.

**Rark**  
*verb*

To get fucked up with your mates while causing mischief.

**Sharn**  
*verb*

Shit yarn. When someone is talking about something obviously not real or boring.

**Tour by Macky Gee**  
*proper noun*

Literally the most boring and average Drum and Bass song to ever exist, yet all the breathas froth it. Seriously, stop playing it. I'm begging you.

**Uce**  
*noun*

A fond friend or good cunt.

**Vortekky**  
*verb*

The act of swirling one's drink, usually beer, and then skulling it all in one go.

**Wank**  
*verb*

The act of masturbation.

**Xbox**  
*verb*

When you sleep with your former lover, and you slide back into that ex-box.

**Yeah the Boys**  
*expression*

A saying of praise and solidarity between lads.

**Zoot**  
*noun*

Another word for a joint.

Your body needs  
eight hours **sleep**  
a night (not a week).

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# Summer Schooling Under Duress

By Caroline Moratti

We all know it, we all talk about it, but the fact that there are dozens, if not hundreds, of students that take on summer school papers just to afford rent is absolutely cooked. Five anonymous students to confessed their sins to Critic, and how they are both paying now and paying later just to keep a roof over their heads.

Hannah\* not only took a summer school paper to afford rent in 2018, but worked two jobs simultaneously. She said one job was casual and the other was "barely" part-time, and that without a summer school paper she "would've gone broke before semester started".

"I was really lucky that the summer school paper I chose was only on two days a week, and a lot of it could be done at home online. But I was doing some really long days. Some days I'd start my first job at 6:30am, go straight to summer school at 9:30am, then head to my second job around lunchtime and not get

home till after 9pm."

Throughout her degree she believes she took "at least" two papers that she didn't actually need to graduate, purely because her "StudyLink would've been cut off otherwise". Hannah attempted to increase her hours at both work places, but was told she would not get any extra permanent hours "because I was returning to study, and therefore considered unreliable compared to other people".

The system can create confusion at the best of times. Annabelle\* enrolled in a pre-Christmas paper in order to get StudyLink. When her paper finished, she was approved for the Jobseeker Support Student Hardship, "which was great because then I was able to pay rent over Christmas," she said.

However, when Annabelle enrolled in a normal summer school paper, her support money was retroactively cancelled. "I was ordered to pay all the money

back which like, bitch is already poor, I can't afford that shit," said Annabelle. She was informed that enrolling in both pre-Christmas and summer school papers counted as a continuation of the previous years semester, in which Christmas acts as a semester break rather than a divider of the years.

Annabelle is planning on setting up an automatic payment of \$5 a week to pay back her Jobseeker Support until her debt is cancelled, "I'm literally gonna pay it off over the rest of my degree," she said.

Susan\* also picked up a summer school paper for that sweet StudyLink, but questions whether the decision was the best one she could have made. It's "probably not worth the added course fees for the summer school papers going on my loan as well as living costs," she said.

That being said, she acknowledged that it was "way better than having to hope a part-time job gives

you enough hours to cover your rent over summer".

For Sandra\*, picking up a course in summer school was a matter of common sense. Enrolling means she doesn't have to work and gets access to StudyLink, all for the little cost of going to class twice a week. "Cruisy as," she said.

Unlike some students, Sandra's decision was one of relative privilege as she admits that the decision wasn't one born from desperation. She said, "it just made more sense - why pay for rent somewhere you're not living?"

Staying in Dunedin and doing summer school resulted in one of her "best summers yet" thanks to the weather and lack of crowds. "It was a holiday," Sandra admitted.

If you are fortunate enough to get a job over summer instead of facing countless rejection emails, you might consider yourself lucky. But sometimes, the decision to work rather than do



summer school can, let's face it, suck balls. Cherry picking in Cromwell? Working as a kitchen bitch in some back alley of Te Anau? Not for my small, delicate hands, thank you.

Eddy\* realised after her first year that "working through summer completely turns your brain to mush". She vowed to get a studentship the following year, but that opportunity fell through, and it was too late to get a summer job. Needing to pay her rent, she signed up for BTNY303, a pre-Christmas paper.

"It was a field course so I was outside half the time, there were no exams, I just hung out with cool people who liked plants and Dunedin turned out to be actually really nice during summer," Eddy said.

She enjoyed the experience so much that two weeks later she took up another field course, ECOL314, for January, which "was even better because StudyLink was paying not only for my rent but for me to study overseas until semester started next February". Overall, she thoroughly recommends the experience, but also admits that "it's a little rough scraping by and you don't get much downtime".

# WHAT'S GOOD

**WEDNESDAY 26TH**  
**OPEN DECKS**  
9PM TO LATE

**THURSDAY 27TH**  
**SBK PRESENTS: NEED FOR MIRRORS**  
9PM TO LATE

**FRIDAY 28TH**  
**LANDERS ARMY HQ: HIGHLANDERS VS REBELS**  
FROM 5PM

**KICK ONS WITH FLYSPRAY, WHY CAPONE  
& JAM HENDERSON**  
9PM TO LATE

**SATURDAY 29TH**  
**UNIFIED: AN AUSTRALIAN FIRES APPEAL**  
7PM TO LATE

**SUNDAY 30TH**  
**DUSTY SUNDAYS: JOE MADSEN**  
3-8PM





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# Gig Review: How Deep is Your Love?

By Sophia Carter Peters

On Valentine's Day, an army of Doc Martens' shook the flimsy 19th-century floor of the Cook; by 9pm, the How Deep is Your Love gig was well underway.

The vibes were strong the whole time: each band commanded total control of the crowd. The breaks between acts left the audience disappointed and redundant, restless for the next act to begin, while they chain smoked to pass the time.

Mary Berry, on their home turf, opened the night, followed by the siren songs of Mermaidens, with Sea Mouse bringing the evening to an energetic conclusion.

Critic profiled Mary Berry not too long ago - loyal fans will remember how their sound goes: the perfect mix of head-banging heavy and groovy toons. The pre-set energy in the room may have been mellow, but once Mary Berry took the stage, the crowd was braced for the emotional and melodic journey ahead. The shared glances between the band members and audience made the whole room feel like they were in on some private joke. Dancing on the floor surrounded by strangers felt like a hug followed by a fistfight. They finished their set with Deranged, a crowd favourite, and left the crowd riled up for the set to follow.

Mermaidens took the stage dressed head-to-toe in red for the occasion. Floating above the expected and accepted, we were enticed by the wandering riffs and ethereal vocals that place the band on the map. Through the shifting red and blue lights and a drunken haze, the image of saints visiting the martyred doesn't seem far off. If you didn't have an out of body experience at some point during the set, you weren't listening. The meandering beat fell perfectly in time to the tune of a Valentine's Day heart, somewhere between apoplexy and infatuation. Loving melodies met neatly with dark, bass-heavy ballads of pain and heartbreak, the perfect equation for a dance followed by enough emotional volatility to collapse a small dam. The classic Dunedin sway was in full swing as the intoxicating riffs drifted over the crowd and into the night. Booze and bass lines flowed easily among attendees, unblemished but impacted by an invisible force of some hypnotic substance infused in the music.

Sea Mouse brought the night to a close, not with a lullaby, but a knock-out punch to the face. The ethereal energy provided by Mermaidens was brought kicking and screaming down to earth with the signature upbeat energy the band effortlessly supplies. Stomping tunes shook the dizzy-headed slowness of a late, long night of music and booze. Even the lights seemed harsher and more awake as they flowed alongside the set. After the emotional rollercoaster of the previous bands, some pure rock and roll to throw yourself around to was pure catharsis.

Valentine's Day can suck for a number of reasons, but this gig made it nearly impossible to wallow in self-loathing. The individuality of the bands made for an engaging and provocative show, but the energy and tone created a unique, yet cohesive set, roping the crowd in and stringing them along until the final song. Like a toxic ex, I have no doubt the blush glow of the lights and unforgettable show will stay with you for a lot longer than you thought it would.







# Bone Apple Teeth: Vodka Vegetarian Pantry Pasta

Hosted by Caroline Moratti and Alice Jones

Welcome to Bone Apple Teeth. This column is not going to teach you how to make nachos. Everyone fucking knows how to make nachos. If you're here for that school camp shit of defrosted meat and canned beans, please kindly turn the page. Bone Apple Teeth is about beautiful, fun, vibrant food on a student's budget and imagination. This column will answer some of the big questions, like what kind of breakfast you should make for your one night stand? What delicious lunch can you prepare to prevent you from spending obscene amounts of money on campus sushi? How can you elevate your Mi Goreng from flaccid to bazinga? The answers, **mes** petits chefs, will be unfolded each week.

This week, Bone Apple Teeth started where all flat meals do: with pasta. The kind you knock together for a meal in an attempt to make amends for forgetting to take the bins out again. The classic pasta mistake comes from the age-old itch to gravitate towards the cheap canned tomato (or even worse, the overpriced and under-seasoned pasta sauce) as the foundation of your sauce. It's lumpy and boring, much like post-grad breasts. Vodka pasta is smooth, tomatoey, creamy and, most importantly, contains alcohol. It's the perky fresher tits of flat dinners. Put whatever kind of shit you like in your pasta, I recommend a fresh element like tomato and red onion. Please don't put canned beans in it though. I beg of you.

Serves 4, or just one really big serving of pasta if you're sad.

## Ingredients:

Bag o' Pasta (whatever shape you want, but rigatoni and spaghetti make it feel fancy)

Half a tube of tomato paste

Onion and ya girl garlic

Cauliflower, red onion, tomatoes, whatever the fuck else you have in your fridge

Cheese, yum

Cup o' milk


Vodka

Estimated price per plate: \$4.20 – but cheaper if you can just steal some vodka and cheese from your flatmate.

## Instructions:

- Chuck some cauliflower chunks in the oven (180, you know the drill), make sure to slather with oil, salt, pepper and spices depending on how white you're feeling. Cook until toasty. •While waiting for the cauliflower, dice the onion and probably like four garlic cloves. Maybe more. Probably more, let's be honest. Brown them together in a pan for fiveish minutes (use your biggest pan, trust me babe). You're not trying to reach caramelisation stage, just add a touch of colour.
- Squeeze half a tube of tomato paste into the pan. Stir occasionally for another five minutes.
- Meanwhile, put the kettle on for your pasta water. Make sure to fucking salt your pasta water (we're talking about tablespoons of salt, NOT teaspoons; we're not here to make love to spiders).
- Once reddy-brown, pour in a generous slosh of vodka. This will deglaze the pan and help save all those aromatic flavours. Also take a shot for yourself, because it's been a tough week.



- 
- Now in goes the milk. It's gonna mix with the onions and the tomato pasta and all that good shit to gradually form a sauce, just keep stirring.
  - Remember about that cauliflower you put in the oven at the start. Say 'Oh shit!' and pull it out.
  - The pasta should be ready (you want it al dente, so still cooked but a lil raw on the inside, like good pussy). DON'T DRAIN THE PASTA WATER. Instead just ladle those fuckers out into the saucepan, don't worry if you get a bit of water in there.
  - Get some tongs and just fucking mix it all together. Gradually pour in half a cup of pasta water - it'll absorb quickly and will help make the sauce silky smooth. Toss in a handful of cheese during this process to bring the sauce, water and pasta together.
  - After two minutes or so, the pasta should look creamy and delicious. Season it with salt, pepper and chilli. Just dump in the things like the red onion and tomatoes, and the cauliflower if it's not totally burnt. Remember, sometimes the best pasta is minimal.
  - Serve out into bowls, don't forget that extra bit of cracked pepper on top :-)

“  
*you want it al  
dente, so still  
cooked but a  
lil raw on the  
inside, like  
good pussy*  
”





# CRITIC BOOZE REVIEW: GORDON'S PINK GIN AND SODA BY VIRGINIA WOOLF-IT-DOWN

If you like Gin in-a-can, then, boy, is this the drink for you: Gin but Pink.

I don't fuck with gin too hard myself, but I was definitely intrigued by the fact Gordon's were spicing up their line of gin with... slightly more interesting gin.

Sadly, even an infusion of raspberries and strawberries - along with an attractive cute pink packaging - only marginally lifts Gordon's unimaginative and characterless spirit, a spirit that matches that of white fresher girls that consume it.

Thankfully, it doesn't actually taste like gin. At first glug, it just tastes like sugar - the finer, subtler tasting notes emerge only once you have actually swallowed it. I think. As advertised, allegedly the beverage contains hints of strawberries and raspberries. I don't think anyone at Gordon's has actually ever tasted either of these fruits. At best, it tastes like the strawberry Meadow Fresh yogurt that your flatmate brings home around March and abandons in the fridge, and that everyone else is too afraid to open.

FALSE ADVERTISING. When you remove it from the can the contents are not pink, but white and cloudy. The first swallow made me literally

foam at the mouth, but I rated that, because I have always wanted to know what it feels like to have rabies. Thanks Gordon's.

The real crime here is that no can of the stuff reaches a whole standard, but rather a pathetic 0.8 standards. This equals a measly 4% per can. But if you thought that number sucked, check out the price: a whopping \$24.99 for a 12 pack.

I don't know who came up with the pricing for this, but they should feel ashamed for this low blow in our already fragile economy.

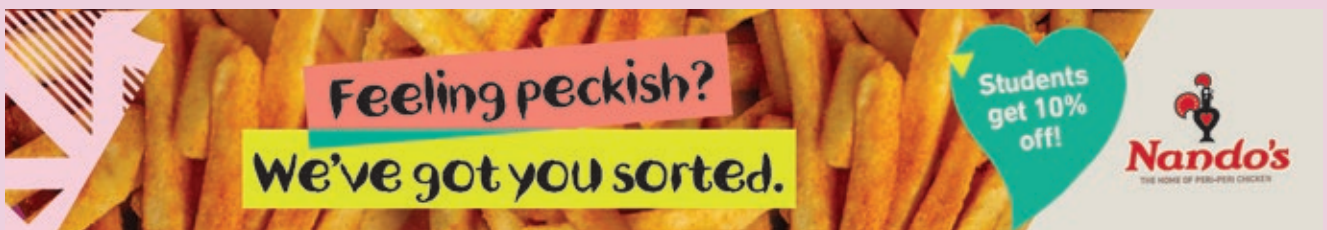
In any case, you'll likely finish the whole pack in an evening. But if you're Sarah from UniCol, you'll probably only need three cans while you're getting 'silly with the girls' before screaming and blacking out in the bathroom.

**Taste Rating:** 4%/10

**Froth Level:** Giving average head

**Pairs well with:** A superiority complex, majoring in Marketing

**Tasting notes:** Your best friend's 21st



# HOROSCOPES



## Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Aquarius season is nearly over and everyone else will be relieved.

*This week's 2am feast: A Macca's cheeseburger that you dropped on the road.*



## Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Asking people their moon and rising sign won't make you less single.

*This week's 2am feast: Your flatmate's frozen fish fingers.*



## Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Take a break from partying and have a shower.

*This week's 2am feast: More Billy Mavs.*



## Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

The weather is getting cooler and your eczema is flaring up again. Time to invest in some fatty cream.

*This week's 2am feast: Nutella out of the jar.*



## Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

Your multiple personalities are put to the test this week as you make friends and simultaneously stab them in the back.

*This week's 2am feast: Ass.*



## Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Drop out. It's time to settle down and start a family.

*This week's 2am feast: Sal's Sausage Pizza Pie.*



## Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

Don't talk this week. Shhh. Much better.

*This week's 2am feast: Cold fries.*



## Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

You're gonna match with a hottie on tinder and set up a steamy sex sesh, but bail the last minute like the flaky hoe you are.

*This week's 2am feast: Big Mac large combo with L&P no ice and a 20 pack nuggets on the side.*



## Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Don't fall in love with strangers this week. Fall in love with studying. God knows you need to.

*This week's 2am feast: Regret.*



## Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

You will gain another crush this week. It's me. I love you.

*This week's 2am feast: Leftover Maharaja's mild butter chicken.*



## Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Your zodiac sign is not an excuse to be a bitch.

*This week's 2am feast: Grated cheese.*



## Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Dance in front of your mirror. Play Party Rock Anthem and let loose. You deserve it.

*This week's 2am feast: Mi Goreng with extra spicy sauce.*



# THE BLIND DATE

Every week, two halves of a whole will be faced with a cooked as situation in order to woo their potential partner. A wheel of fortune will decide their fate. Are you game? Send in your application to [blinddate@critic.co.nz](mailto:blinddate@critic.co.nz)

## HARRY

Taking chances can lead to the most rewarding experiences in life. When the call went out and Ol' mate Critic needed some help, I was happy to oblige. A new format was interesting enough, but late afternoon was a rough time. Both parties were sober and the experience had a fair few rough edges, but I think it will get better over time.

I was going into it with the aims to try find a rave gal that could handle some #ifyouknowyouknow with some reasonable bants, but sadly no dice.

Overall the date was fairly uneventful. But on the positive note, it was O week and heading home for a feed and getting back into the bender was par for the course. By the end of the night my only regrets were forgetting my ear plugs, adding to my mild tinnitus and not having any serotonin to spare before Electric Ave.

## MEGHAN



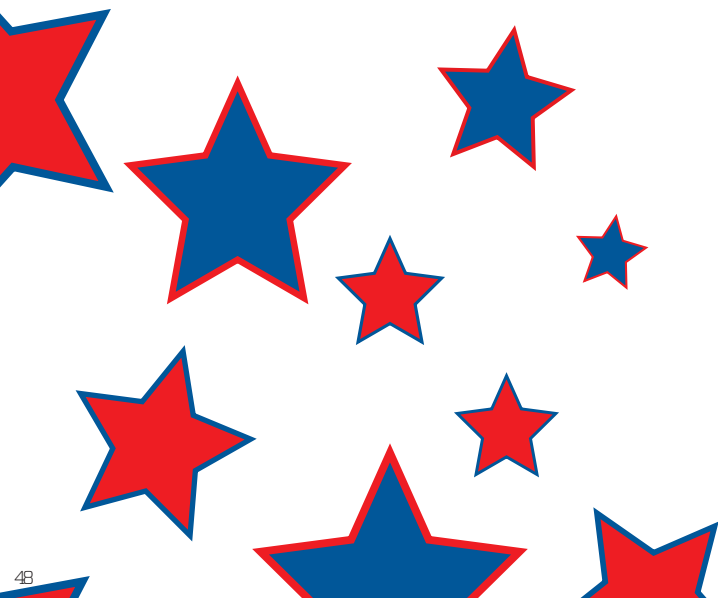
Why the fuck did I shave for this?

Now I'm all about experimenting at University, and I'm all for Critic changing up the blind date a bit. What I'm not all for was the walking hangover that I had the pleasure of meeting. The only thing I learnt about him was that he was both hungover and dusty and hungover. Did I mention he drinks?. At least we had that in common.

Our date was to ask each other questions through the Whisper Dishes by the Museum. I knew having a conversation between these would be difficult, but it turns out with him it was absolutely impossible. I know nothing about him except that he likes to delete boxes and that he was allegedly hungover. We were asked if we wanted to continue the date, and he declared he was hungover and needs to go home to delete yet another box and go to Hyde. What a unit! I did a slightly too audible sigh of relief. We did such an awkward hug goodbye that even people who say "thanks mum" to their teacher would have been cringing.

Now I'm all about the chase, but after the hug this guy just gasses it. He just runs away and keeps running. I hate to see you go, but I love the way you leave.

My favourite part of the date was hanging out with Critic afterwards. At least they had the decency to tell me my date's name. It was really nice to meet him, and I'm sure he's a lovely guy, but introductions are definitely necessary.





Presents...

# MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

I was going to send this in last year but at the time there were some rumours flying around about one of the people involved and I didn't want to give away any identities while we were all still in the same hall – so I thought I would hang onto this wee story until the following year once everyone was off flatting and hall life was a distant memory, tarnished by too many caps on the summer circuit.

I had been with the same guy from year 11 through year 13, and we decided to break up when we went our separate ways (me Otago, him Auckland). During this time, we had explored a lot of sexual stuff together, but we had never had a threesome with another guy because he was not comfortable with it. So, I made it my mission to enjoy an MMF threesome during my time at uni and spent the first few months of my hall life doing some recon into the guys on offer. I didn't want to jump in and ruin any potential friendships/potential flatmates, so I lay low and sussed the scene before making my move on my chosen ones, Ben\* and Richie\* in second semester. One night at dinner, I managed to find them both hovering around the salads, and invited them to come to my room for drinks after dinner, making sure to wear a carefully planned outfit that was both revealing and easy for rogue hands to push aside. As we got tipsier, I steered the festivities toward "Never Have I Ever" and proceeded to say all the right things at all the right times, making it very clear that if they were up for it, I was more than eager to fuck them both.

They both went for it and before I knew it, they were making out with me AND each other, which was far more than I could have ever hoped for. As I rode Richie in cowgirl on the floor, I got Ben to sit on the edge of the bed so I could tease his cock with my tongue. As Richie watched, I started deep-throating Ben, but I didn't let him cum. Then he pulled me off Richie and knelt behind me, letting his rigid cock graze against my lower back. I bent forward, back arched, and found Richie's cock with my mouth as Ben slowly inched into me. As he got faster, I sucked Richie harder, wishing I could watch Ben doing it instead. I asked them and they were more than happy to oblige.

As Richie stood up fucked Ben's mouth, he started finger fucking me on the bed, moaning as he pumped his fingers in and out, stopping only to rub my clit. He suddenly stopped and knelt down to take Ben's cock in his mouth, and this time it was Ben's fingers in my pussy. I wasn't able to take much more, and I came violently with Ben's fingers deep in me. Ben pulled out of Richie's mouth and sprayed across his chest. We then both shared Richie until he came too, and by this point we were all in need of a shower and some midnight toast.

We continued fucking in secret for the rest of the semester with nobody knowing a thing, and I'm expecting a warm welcome back from them both in Flo Week.

THIRSTY  
THURSDAY



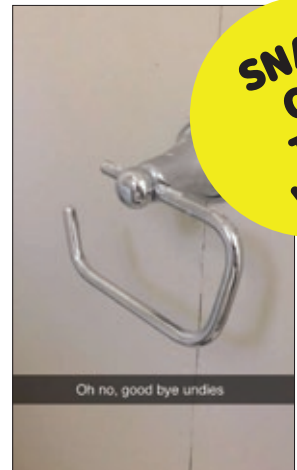
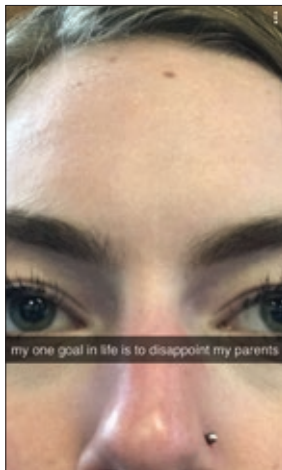
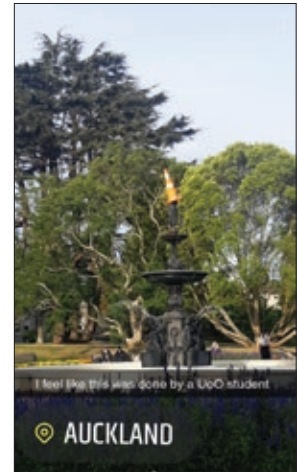
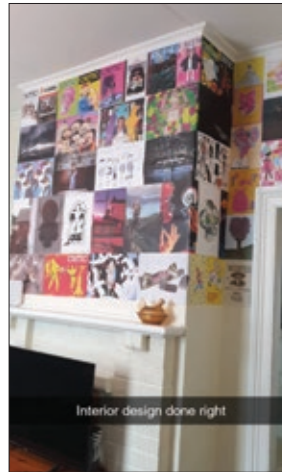
WHEN THURSDAY  
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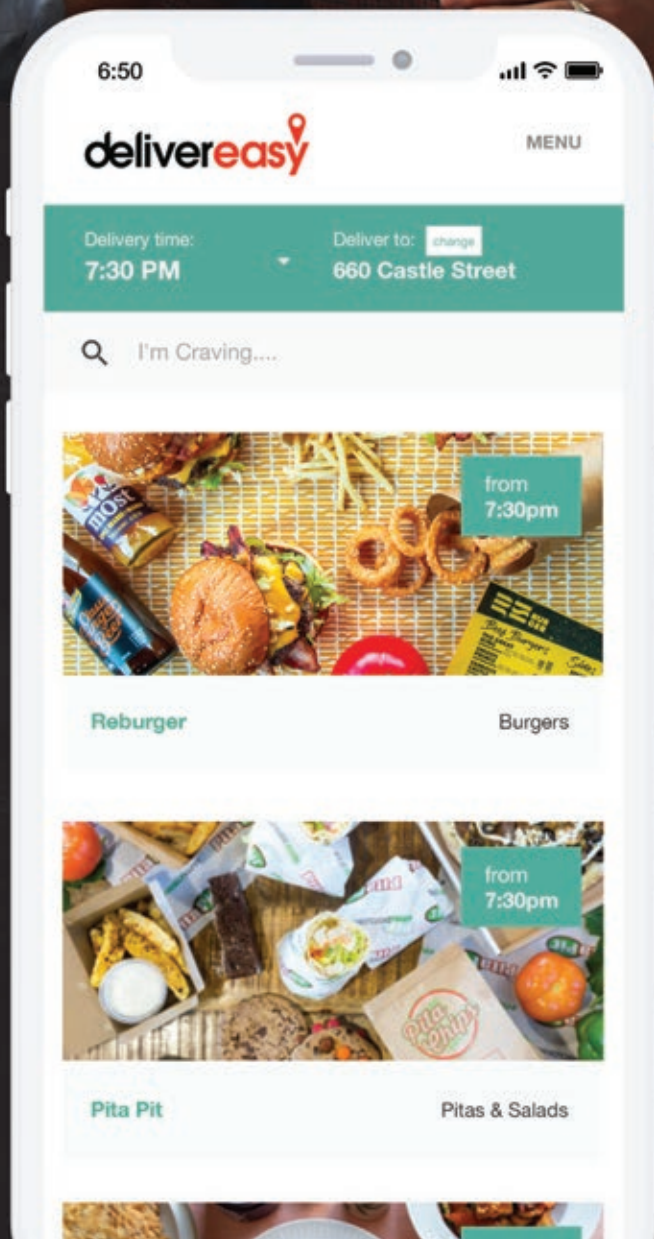


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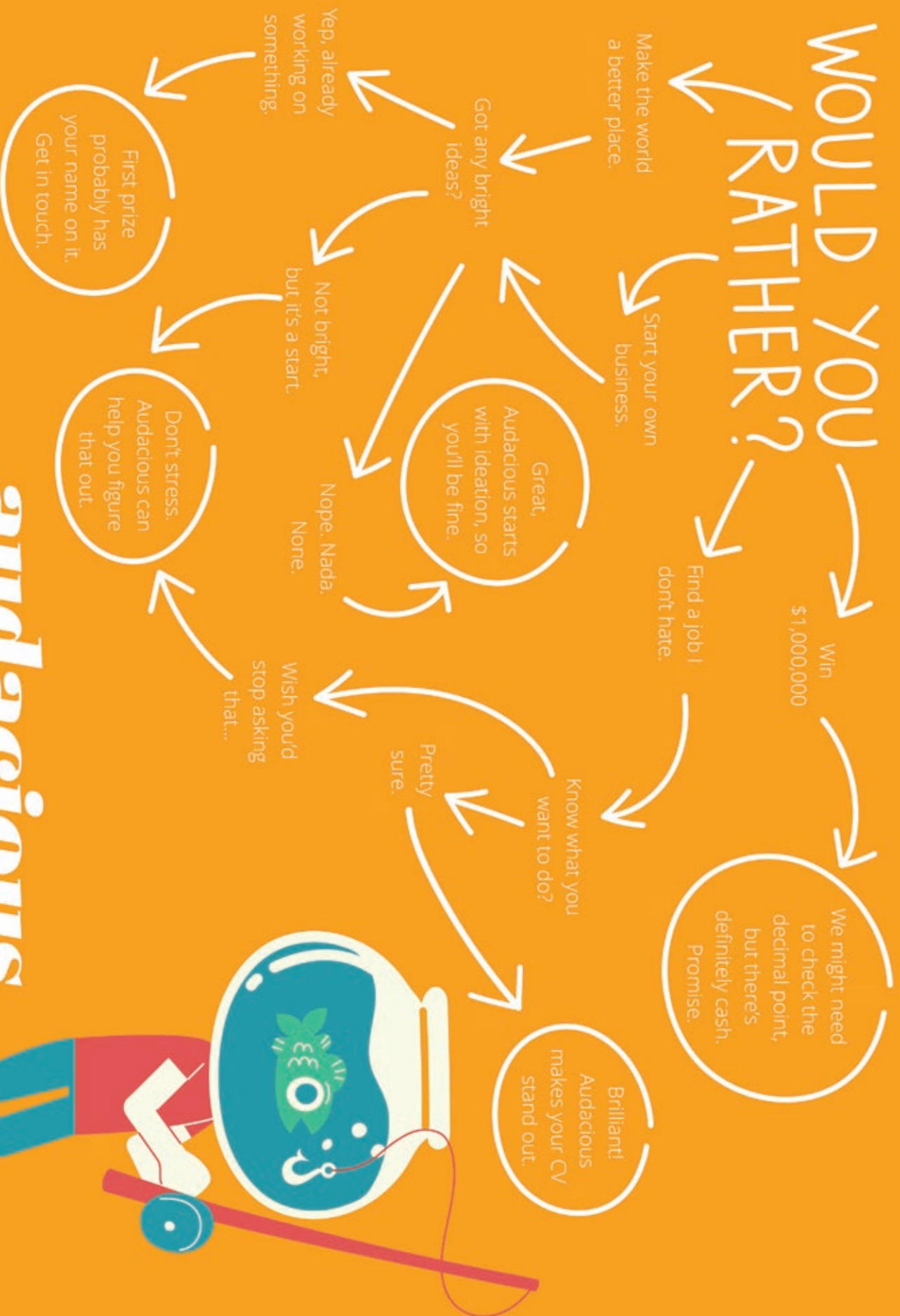
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