

CRITIC

TE AROHI



LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

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LETTER OF THE WEEK:

Dear Critic,

Can we make it a subsection of the student code of conduct explicitly telling people to NOT WRITE IN BOOKS IN THE UNI LIBRARY????

It's rude, very inconsiderate of people using it after the fact, and often people write over the actual text. Especially when you editorialise it. I don't need to know your stupid notes AARON

And if you're gonna write in pencil at least rub it out!

-Just trying to study here

Dear Critic,

STOP trying to enforce HOMOSEXUALITY on DUCKS!!!!
It's **DUCKS NOT DICKS!!!!**

-Cheers,
Adam and Eve, not Bill and Bill

Hello.

I know there has been a lot of talk about ducks recently. Don't get me wrong, ducks are okay. Bill and Bill have yet to steal any personal possession of mine, including dumplings. But fuck, can we just get some campus geese instead? Geese are where it's AT. Honk honk motherfuckers. Geese are strong, beautiful creatures that would not get stolen. People would be afraid to even tiptoe near them. They are the mascot we need; neigh, deserve. They are BOLD babey. HONK!

-Love, Geeseteeth69

Dear Carpark Dude,

You live in North D. Why the fuck are you surprised that there are no carparks? This is a densely populated area walking distance from a University. And a Polytech. And a language school. You get the idea. I lived in South D, which is notable for also having shit houses while not having a University, and parking was rubbish there too. Have you been to a city before?

And you live walking distance from Uni. Why do you even have a car? As long as one flatmate has a does then just scab off them. Get a bike and spend your Petrol/rego/parking-ticket savings on extra Scrumpy and Mi Goreng instead.

-Much love,
Lame pseudonym

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TUESDAY
28 JULY

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GLENROY AUDITORIUM
7:30PM / FREE ENTRY
Tickets from ticketmaster.co.nz.

WEDNESDAY
29 JULY

Lunchtime Concert - Recital by Student Prizewinners & Senior Performance Students

MARAMA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
1PM
Tickets from humanitix.com.

Open Mic Night w./ Boaz Anema

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
7PM / FREE ENTRY

THURSDAY
30 JULY

Open Mic and Karaoke w./ Jae Bedford

XYZ BAR
6:30PM

Burnzy

CATACOMBS
10PM
Tickets from ticketfairy.com

FRIDAY
31 JULY

Paul S Allen

OMBRELLOS KITCHEN & BAR
5PM

Same Name Confusion

STARTERS BAR
8PM

Sometimes Winner, Jam Henderson, and Paper Frogs

INCH BAR
8:30PM / KOHA ENTRY

Psycho King Dogs, Infinite Justice, AJAX and the Washin' Up, and Chemical Damage

THE CROWN HOTEL
9PM / \$10



EDITORIAL: OUSA Needs to Bring Back the Mothras

By Sinead Gill

We've been back on campus for a while now, but it feels like something is missing. The whole world feels so much more serious and important. Otago Uni needs a lil push to lighten things up again. We need a laugh. We need the Mothras.

The Mothras (full title: Mothra Student Film Festival) is a relic of our '00 Scarfie forefathers. It was an annual film festival where flats, classmates and randoms you met at the student pub (RIP Gardies) would shoot videos that were no more than seven minutes long, or 60 Vines. Students could borrow film equipment from OUSA, which got rid of the financial barrier to participating.

During its glory days, over a thousand people would attend the film screenings. In one year there were 60 submissions. Even the final Mothras in 2011 had 40 submissions. I feel warm and fuzzy just thinking about spending seven hours with a couple hundred of my closest student union members.

Alas, in 2012 the Mothras did not return, reportedly due to the rising cost of processing the footage, staging the awards and screening the films, which the Mothras organisers believed coincided with a decline in the number of entries. Not only that, but the rising popularity of the 48HOURS Film Festival was reportedly stealing some of the best student films.

Axing the Mothras at the time sounded like it was a good move. But in 2020 when almost everyone has a phone with a functioning camera, and knows at least one person who knows how to cut and paste clips, there is no reason not to bring it back,

even in a super low budget form. Even if the entries inevitably turned out to be a bunch of long-form Tik Toks, but projected onto a big screen, that would be tight. I can tell you from experience (coughsomeBlindDateswerefilmedthisyear) that cringe is a great time. Especially cringe produced and starring your mates.

I propose that any current student who agrees with me should make this happen. All you would need to do is:

1. Start a petition.
2. The petition should specifically call for a Special General Meeting of the student body, specifically to put forward a 'binding motion' that "OUSA should book the Union Hall on a date sometime in this semester, organise a projector and a laptop, make an Exec member collate filmed entries and organise them into a slideshow to be played in that Hall" or something.
3. Get at least 50 students to sign it with their full name and student IDs.
4. Present the completed petition to the OUSA Executive, who would then have no choice but to call a Special General Meeting (SGM).
5. Once you are at the SGM, only the students physically present will vote on whether or not OUSA HAS to do it.
6. You stack the room with those 50+ people you signed (barely over 100 students typically attend SGMs).
7. The vote is YES.

BOOM, MOTHRAS.

ISSUE 12

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TE AROHI

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

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Student Safety Policy to be Released in Light of Sophia Crestani's Death

By Erin Gourley

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

"The Sophia Charter", a policy named after Sophia Crestani and developed by the University, will be signed into effect this Wednesday.

The Charter is named after Sophia Crestani, the Otago student who died at a flat party in October of last year.

"Full details will be forwarded to media on Monday – but yes The Sophia Charter will be officially signed on Wednesday next week, and media will be invited to the signing," said a spokesperson for the University of Otago.

The final version of the Charter was approved on 26 February by the University Council Standing Committee. The University originally planned to release the Charter in April.

The Charter has been in development since November last year. On 25 November 2019, the Vice-Chancellor's

Advisory Group considered "initiatives suggested by the family of student Sophia Crestani aimed at increasing student safety at off-campus social events and enhancing community responsibility in North Dunedin", according to minutes released to Critic under the Official Information Act.

A hui to develop the Charter was held on 13 December 2019. Attendees at the hui were the Crestani family, the University of Otago, OUSA, the Police, Fire and Emergency New Zealand, and the Otago Property Investors Association. "All groups were involved in the hui ... and had input into the drafting of the Sophia Charter," stated a spokesperson for the University in the OIA release.

"I note that the hui included discussion of flat signage ... and large scale parties such as the Hyde St party," the spokesperson said.

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne, on 21 February, emailed the groups consulted. "We are delighted to be formalising this collaboration to maximise the high level of communal energy and engagement as we continue to work towards making North Dunedin a safer environment for our student community," she wrote.

OUSA President Jack Manning told Critic in February that: "Both James [Heath] and myself were integrally involved from the start of the discussions around the Charter. I have continued to play a key role on behalf of OUSA as things have progressed. The Charter has made significant positive progress, and should continue to do so with student input."

Due to controversy around a leaked early draft of the Charter from November last year, Critic was not allowed to publish stories about the Charter until now.

ClinicalKey Licence Cut By Uni BA students slightly smug at another division experiencing cuts to resources

By Erin Gourley

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The University has decided to cut their subscription to ClinicalKey after the research database reportedly increased their license fee by "well beyond" 6%.

ClinicalKey is a research database for Health Science and Science students. According to the library website, it provides "full-text access to a large collection of medical and surgical journals, reference works, books, handouts, and medical and procedural videos and images".

The move was described to Critic by a student as a "cost cutting measure more than anything else ... It was such an important resource during lockdown."

The University attribute their decision to price increases in the resource. "Unfortunately, publisher prices increase at a much higher rate than University funding rates," said Acting Deputy Vice Chancellor (Academic) Professor

Pat Cragg. "In order to remain within budget, difficult decisions have to be made to cancel some subscriptions." The 6% increase is reportedly well above the average increase of most online databases.

"The vendor did however agree to extend access to November 10 2020, to cover the University examination period," said Professor Cragg. "The University does not propose or endorse a model of students buying more textbooks."

Professor Cragg said the Library will continue to negotiate a renewal price with the vendor, which is being "worked through urgently", but until then – and if a negotiation is not successful – the 10 November cancellation date remains.

A med student said "it costs the library system \$250k/

year" and "it's an online textbook service that all of Med, Dent, Pharmacy, Physio, Health Sci and Science students use to access thousands of key textbooks". The med student also claimed that librarians had been asked to begin "compiling lists of essential textbooks for the libraries to buy". Professor Cragg said that if ClinicalKey remains cancelled after 10 November, the Library would buy additional copies of "highest use textbooks" for Library Reserve.

"Unfortunately I was not aware of this decision until very recently and am now working with the President of the Otago University Medical Students Association to gain a better understanding of why this decision has been made," said OUSA Academic Representative Emily Coyle. "I am not aware of any student consultation on this matter but if any students feel strongly about this, I encourage them to get in touch at academic@ousa.org.nz."

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YONA LEE Lamp in Transit 2019 (detail). Object, stainless steel. Courtesy the artist and Fine Arts, Sydney

A Dunedin Public Art Gallery Visiting Artist Project supported by Creative New Zealand Toi Aotearoa. Project partner, Dunedin School of Art

YONA LEE: SUCCESSION





Below Average Pay for Summer Studentships

Students just want to pay rent, y'all

By Erin Gourley

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Students working summer studentships at the University of Otago felt that they had to choose between fair pay and academic experience. Some students believe that the academic experience earned was worth it.

Some students received pay as low as \$10 per hour worked in the summer of 2018 and 2019. The summer studentship involves students completing about three months of work in an academic department, often helping researchers with their projects. The summer studentship is not a job, so the University does not have to pay the minimum wage. But the summer studentship is also not a tertiary course or paper, so students cannot get StudyLink while they complete it.

"The payment offered is generally similar to the living costs paid to a masters by thesis student on a university scholarship (\$1250 per month)," said a spokesperson for the University. "The average value is \$5000. However, some Departments may offer a higher or lower value depending on their available budget and the proposed duration of the research project."

Students who spoke to Critic were paid either \$4000 or \$5000 for their ten-week summer studentships, depending on the department. At the University of Auckland and Victoria University, students are paid \$6000 for the same roles, based on information publicly available on their websites.

"If someone were to ask me if it's worth it, I would say yes for experience and no for pay," said a student who completed a studentship in Zoology in 2019. "I guess it comes down to whether you personally weigh experience over money."

"[The pay] might be a more significant barrier to lower socio-economic students who didn't have savings or easily accessible funds to supplement the studentship income," said Naomii, who completed a summer studentship in Chemistry in 2019. "It would increase the barriers for those students towards achieving the same professional opportunities that others had access to, like studentships."

At the 2018 minimum wage of \$16.50 per hour, a summer studentship would pay \$5,907 (assuming income tax at 10.5%). At the 2020 minimum wage of \$18.90 per hour, a summer studentship would pay \$6766.20.

"When deciding to take the scholarship I knew that working at a minimum wage labour job for the same amount of time would pay vastly more," said Henry, who completed a summer studentship in the Chemistry Department at the start of 2019. He was paid \$4000 for his work over the summer.

Another student who held a summer studentship in Chemistry at the same time as Henry agreed. "I wasn't able to save anything and it would've been more financially beneficial to me to work a 9-5 job on minimum wage," they said. "I did actually learn stuff but [it] just meant I had no savings."

"I do believe they should pay more as that amount of money is not enough to live off and have savings for unexplained costs over the next year," Henry said. "An extra \$1000 now putting at \$5000 would've reflected more my 9-5 working hours."

"I was alone in my flat, so I was paying rent and increased power bills and groceries as well," said a student who completed a summer studentship in Zoology at the end of 2018. "That's where it

became a struggle and only being paid every three weeks, I really had to budget it out. If we were going out for dinner it was like: 'Fuck, I only have \$50 left.'"

One student who worked in Microbiology thought that given their lack of training, the pay was fair. "I was basically just shadowing someone rather than doing it all on my own," they said.

Most students felt that they gained valuable experience from their studentship. There are "other things I accumulated," said Henry. "A reference that helped me land my job the next summer doing Chemistry, the ability to see that data doesn't always come out perfect and additional interactions with lecturers also helped in the long term."

"I think it was a valuable experience, but make no mistake it was a full academic project, and the work involved was significant," said Naomii, another summer studentship holder in Chemistry. "However, our hours weren't enforced and I took lots of breaks as in my view I was simply evening out my hours to reflect my pay."

"OUSA would like to see the University increase their summer studentship payments to match those of other New Zealand Universities and to recognise the valuable work and contribution of these students," said Academic Representative Emily Coyle. "For students who are thinking about applying for summer studentships, they are a fantastic opportunity."

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Bye Bi Birdie?

Campus Duck Back and Batting Both Ways

By Fox Meyer

Staff Writer //fox@critic.co.nz

DOC is still to confirm whether Bird Rescue Dunedin (BRD) released the Bills, but it appears that, yes, our darling ducks were relocated to Tomahawk Lagoon. Cue our collective tears.

In case you've missed it, our resident queer icons recently got in trouble for a brunch date at Kiki Beware. OUSA was set to hold an official meeting to adopt the ducks permanently on Friday 17 July, but BRD allegedly relocated them before the meeting could be held.

The Bills have not been seen together on campus since earlier this month. But a familiar lone male paradise duck was sighted on Tuesday 21 July, under unexpected

and potentially heartbreaking circumstances: He was with a lady.

Critic does not know what goes on at Tomahawk Lagoon. It may be a long shot, but gay conversion electro-shock therapy is not technically out of the question. This is a joke. Quack.

Catherine, resident Bill expert and owner of the Dumping Truck, said she was convinced the lone duck was him based on his appearance and pecking behaviour. The Bills were known to honk for free dumplings at the back of the truck, and she observed this behaviour on Tuesday. By the way, let Critic know if this back-quacking

method works for humans, too.

Catherine recognized the begging honks but didn't recognize the temptress. The lone Bill was seen on the Wednesday and Thursday following the initial sighting, without the lady. So while we cannot confirm that this means he's bisexual, we can assume that her attempts to graft were unsuccessful. Some things just aren't meant to last.

What does the future hold for Dunedin's top couple? Will they return to Union Lawn to bask under the shade of OUSA's 130th birthday tree? Have they decided they need to take some space? Only time will tell.

Campus-Wide Reports of Sketchy Door-Knockers

Might actually just be nothing, still scary

By Fox Meyer

Staff Writer //fox@critic.co.nz

Two young men have been knocking on North Dunedin doors and asking if any men live in the flat who would like to take part in their religious or University survey. They have reportedly been doing this door-knocking since as early as 6 July.

It's a bit sus, but might not be anything nefarious. Dunedin police have spoken to two young men who "actually legitimately" are going around "trying to convert people as part of their religious studies". Police advised them to maybe not do that in the middle of the night because that's how you freak people out.

Students have drawn connections between this activity and burglaries, with many concerned that the question is a way to gauge how easily a flat would be to burgle. The

reports of these concerns were confirmed by Campus Watch on the night of 22 July. After Critic posted a warning about this activity, dozens of students reported a similar door-knocking experience.

No one has reported an actual burglary to Critic. No one has been arrested.

One Leith Street student heard someone in their flat at around 5am, who "left when I walked down the stairs". Another reported that the night after the "surveyors" visited, a group of six young men attempted to break into the flat, but scattered when police arrived. If you've experienced a burglary, please contact fox@critic.co.nz after you report it to Campus Watch.

Students also report that they have been visited by young men posing as unexpected electricians. There is no definite link between these visitors and crime, but paranoia has nonetheless spread amongst the student body, and the events served as a "good wakeup call", as one student put it. Break-ins are not unheard of in Dunedin.

Flats visited by what they assumed were faux door-knockers were suddenly forced to figure out what they'd do in the case of a real break-in: "Something we already should've had in our toolkit." Some created male code-names to sound more tough, played dog barks on a UE boom, and armed themselves with the most lethal household objects they could find.



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DCC Keeps Promises Like Your High School Boyfriend

And probably fucks like him too

By Fox Meyer

Staff Writer //fox@critic.co.nz

The DCC say they are doing their best, having made six promises and upholding only one.

One year ago, the group that represents students (OUSA) delivered a list of issues to the group that represents the city (DCC), and asked them to pledge their commitment to whichever of the causes they wanted (or not, because the vows were optional). Many would-be Dunedin City councilpeople were sceptical of making a promise they couldn't fulfil but, nevertheless, several candidates entered into a signed engagement with the student body to accomplish the following goals:

Free bus fares for students, a one bottle per person policy at BYOs, to develop a Climate Change Mitigation and Adaptation Plan by 2021, to account for impacts and effects of climate change, to develop a landlord licensing scheme, and to develop a rental warrant of fitness scheme.

They have fulfilled the first one, but only until August when buses start to charge everyone again.

These pledges, which were intended to serve as an accountability measure, raised the concern of particularly anti-committal member Lee Vandervis, who said that they would hamper a representative's ability to "enter into all decision-making processes with an open mind". He also referred to the OUSA pledges as a "pre-election pledges game," and referred to "climate ideology" as "hot air" which, while literally correct, does not actually refer to the climate-concerned standpoint taken by OUSA.

Lee also remarked that "ignoring OUSA pledges would present few difficulties for [the DCC]," seeing as their priorities may not be getting "free stuff for students for whom half a bottle at BYOs is also not enough."

You know what else has six promises? Wedding vows. So, just as a thought exercise, let's talk marriage: after 150 years of steamy courtship, by voluntarily signing these pledges, some members of the DCC "accept[ed] a

mandate from 19,000 students" to be held "accountable". To me, that sounds an awful lot like an engagement. Let's imagine, for a moment, that I could take up the clichéd version of vows of marriage with the same standards of fulfilment as the six pledges taken by the DCC. What would that engagement look like?

"I take you to be my spouse (1), in sickness or in health (2), for better or for worse (3), richness or poorness (4), to love and to cherish (5), as long as we both shall live (6)."

With the same commitment standard that the DCC has with students, I'd only have to uphold one of those vows for my future wife. Sounds like a sweet deal to me.

Aaron Hawkins provided comment on these pledges, with the general vibe of 'yeah, we hear you, but we can't really work that fast'.

Here's what our Mayor had to say about each issue:

1. Make bus fares free for students

"COVID-19 has delivered this in the interim, but thanks to the running advocacy of both the OUSA and the DCC, the Otago Regional Council have finally started taking the issue of cheaper bus fares seriously."

2. One bottle per person at BYO's

"There is no council policy around BYO limits ... it's an opt in system that restaurants choose to be a part of."

3. Climate Change Mitigation and Adaptation Plan by 2021

"The DCC has a goal of being Net Zero Carbon (for non-agricultural emissions) by 2030. We've just started a major piece of work ... as part of our ten year plan from 2021."

Note from Critic: Agricultural emissions account for 48% of our emissions in NZ, according to the Ministry of Environment. So, great, I'll also promise not to go home with other women 48% of the time, and we can call it a deal, k?

4. Account for impacts and effects of climate change at every level of decision making

"Both the Zero Carbon and climate change adaptation work needs to be built in to all of our decision making processes. Along with the Treaty of Waitangi, this sits across all of our other strategic goals and plans."

5. Establish a landlord licensing scheme

"I have some sympathy for this, but would probably start with property management. As an industry it is wholly unregulated, which makes dealing with cowboys particularly difficult."

6. Establish a rental warrant of fitness scheme.

"Our priority is making sure that [the new Healthy Homes Guidelines] are enforced without relying on tenants to have to complain to the Tenancy Tribunal. Allowing those who successfully take cases to the Tribunal to have their details anonymised would be a useful step in terms of addressing that power imbalance."

Sounds like they're trying, but politics are complicated and slow, and bureaucracy is not exactly known for its efficiency. That being said, it's the same adage we've all heard time and again from a fickle partner: 'I'm trying, I promise, just give me another chance.' But what is our relationship with the DCC built on, if not pillars of trust?

The voting student population represents a significant demographic in the uni-centric city of Dunedin, and (in the words of every neglected spouse ever): if you can't handle us at our worst, you certainly don't deserve us at our best.



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First Person to Vomit Inside The Maharajas Speaks Out

Epic Ejection Ends Eastern Eatery's Exquisite Effort

By Oscar Paul

Popular BYO restaurant The Maharajas have survived their first in-house vomit. The vomit, which occurred at 9:15pm on Friday 17 July, broke The Maharajas' massive three year streak of puke-less student BYO curry nights.

"I had two bongs before I came to dinner and my flatmate pressured me into knocking back my first bottle of wine," said the perpetrator. After a successful attempt to save the queen at the bottom of his glass, he vomited in the restaurant.

The initial blast of vomit inside Maharajas was split in two when the upchucker lifted his hand to contain the chunder. This move was described to Critic as being like Blastoise.

Witnesses claimed that an athletically-skilled friend caught a blast of vomit in an empty glass.

Staff of The Maharajas were quick to help the

young person re-compose after their technicolor yawn. After the perpetrator had tactfully retreated to a nearby friend's flat, staff ensured the students that they would be moved to a fresh, sanitized table for the beautiful meal ahead.

Critic suspects that many students have retreated to the bathrooms to pray to the porcelain god. However, these incidents do not count toward The Maharajas' streak as they did not occur in the restaurant. A Maharajas staff member confirmed that the Friday night incident was the first time a patron has vomited in the restuarant.

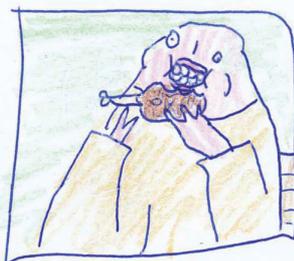
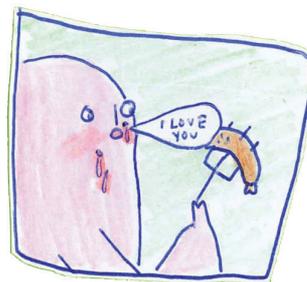
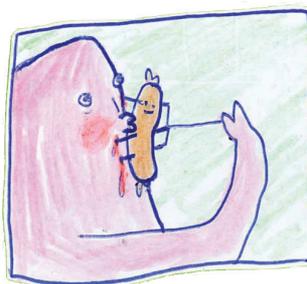
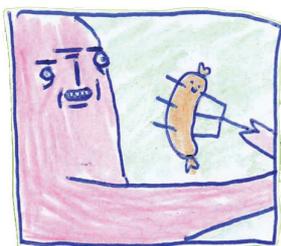
Dave from The Maharajas was working that night, and said the incident was "really unfortunate" but otherwise didn't see it as being a huge deal.

From the staff's perspective, no one appeared or acted intoxicated until the incident occurred, and they offered to clean him up and get him home. The whole table was "really apologetic" Dave said, and they didn't see any need to kick them out for "only one guy" being ill.

One student told Critic "despite [redacted] blowing chunks, the night was perfect ... the staff were understanding, patient, and the food was immaculate."

The expeller said they would return in the future, "however next time maybe I'll just have cones beforehand".

Godspeed.



OPINION: Fuck Sexual Violence, and Fuck Anyone Who Thinks it is Excusable

CONTENT WARNING: Sexual violence.

By Kayli Taylor

Director of Thursdays in Black Otago

The University of Otago is 151 years old, and has likely seen 151 years of sexual violence and abuse on campus. The most recent allegations against Josh Smith, former OUSA Clubs and Societies representative and president of the Dunedin Fire and Circus Club, are just the most recent in a long-line of stories of abuse on this campus. In my time at this university, there have been stories of abuse at Knox College and reports of abuse in OUSA affiliated clubs. And we all hold our own stories – our own experiences, and stories told by friends and flatmates.

These stories sit against statistics. Thursdays in Black Aotearoa's 2017 In Our Own Words report highlighted that 83% of respondents experienced sexual harassment during their time as a tertiary student, and over half (53%) experienced some form of sexual assault. Statistics like this contextualise the stories we have heard and read into culture.

OUSA sits at a moment of potential transformation – and the fast, effective and well consulted creation and implementation of the sexual misconduct policy is their first step towards the reduction of sexual violence on this campus.

This sexual violence has occurred within OUSA Clubs and Societies and has failed to be responded to adequately by the union. Last week, Critic reported that OUSA has known about allegations about Josh for a year. And yet, the sexual misconduct policy, for which planning started in 2019, has not yet reached even a draft form. Club leaders are also significantly under-resourced. There is no compulsory training on how to receive disclosures of sexual violence, how to create spaces that make people feel safe to come forward, or even how to act as good hosts.

There is also – still – no OUSA sexual misconduct policy that provides a process that club leaders can follow in cases of sexual violence within clubs. As a club leader, and someone passionate about sexual violence prevention on campus, this terrifies and angers me.

OUSA sits at a moment of potential transformation – and the fast, effective and well consulted creation and implementation of the sexual misconduct policy is their first step towards the reduction of sexual violence on this campus.

But club culture and OUSA are just one aspect of culture on this campus. The University itself is the broader setting in which this sexual violence has occurred. And their responses to sexual violence have been varied – but in general, awful. In May 2019, the University of Otago implemented a long-awaited Sexual Misconduct Policy. I know this hasn't stopped instances of sexual violence on campus. Furthermore, very few students are aware of the policy and its implementation, or the appropriate support and reporting procedures on campus.

A lack of knowledge around appropriate reporting procedures is reflected in the In Our Own Words report, which found that 37% of people did not know how to report their experiences. A lack of knowledge around reporting procedures reduces the chances of survivors sharing their stories and coming forward about their experiences.

The University of Otago is not isolated in its stories of sexual violence on campus. In the last month alone, stories of sexual violence and abuse at AUT have led to the resignation of two senior staff members.

The lives of survivors are not central to the priorities and policies of universities. This makes understanding the issue of sexual violence much harder. This is, in part, because there is no external accountability for universities to ensure a standardisation of policy, and that so survivors are treated correctly under those systems. There have been calls for a nation-wide body, independent from universities, to monitor and report on the institutional responses of universities to sexual violence. This group would force universities to be accountable to staff, students, and survivors. Thursdays in Black, some in OUSA, and other groups work to agitate for these changes.

Sexual violence is not excusable. I'll say that again in case you missed it. There is no excuse for sexual violence. Being drunk, being on drugs, being abused historically yourself, having a history of mental illness – none of these are, or will ever be, an excuse for sexual misconduct and violence. Drug and alcohol use should not be used as a shield against accountability. Perpetrators of sexual violence being under the influence of drugs and alcohol is not a defence in court, and nor should it be a defence in society. Anyone who thinks otherwise – or tries to convince you otherwise – is wrong.

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Series of Evacuations on Campus Inconveniences Some Students

Critic harbours the suspicion that this may signal the beginning of Otago's very own Y2K

By Annabelle Vaughan
Staff Writer // annabelle@critic.co.nz

Evacuations on campus caused a slight inconvenience for students, and is potentially karma for their eagerness to be on campus this early in the semester. St Dave's was evacuated on Friday, then Central Library on Saturday, and Mellor Lab was evacuated on Wednesday, all within the span of a week.

In a statement made to Critic, Directory of Property Services, Dean Macaulay said that the evacuations were not linked.

The first evacuation was St David's lecture theatre, which was evacuated on Friday afternoon during a lecture after students and staff began smelling gas. A University spokeswoman confirmed that "at about noon on Friday, there was a failure of a diesel generator within the basement of St David Lecture theatre. The site was evacuated by the Fire Service with support from Campus Watch."

"I leaned forward and the feeling hit me, I was super lightheaded," said Siobhann. She was attending a lecture in St David lecture theatre and said that during class, someone called out to

the lecturer that she smelled gas. "The lecturer agreed she smelled gas and that we needed to leave. We hung outside the lecture theatre for minutes until the evacuation alarm went off."

The University spokeswoman confirmed that people were permitted back into the building at about 12:30, with classes resuming as normal. The spokeswoman also confirmed that the generator has now been repaired.

The second evacuation was at Central Library on Saturday. Students reported seeing smoke in the library. A student said they "looked around for a good two minutes before actually leaving bc no one seemed too rushed to leave".

A person who was working in the library at the time said that they saw smoke and the security guard asked them what to do. They told the security guard to break the glass on the smoke alarm and pull it. "So many ppl were saying it was a drill but why would there be a drill on a Saturday haha," they said. "[The security guard] did a good job tho! The smoke was coming from

East Lane somewhere, the basement maybe."

"I was evacuated from Central on Saturday and had to sit outside in the freezing cold for like 45min," said a student. "There was only a few clouds of smoke honestly it looked like it could've been coming from Gregg's we were all a little confused." According to that student, five fire trucks showed up.

Macaulay described this power outage to Critic as a 'brownout'. "This results from minor fluctuations in supply and led to multiple buildings losing main power for a short period. This triggered an overheating alarm and the library triggered an evacuation," he said. "Power was quickly restored, and the PABX returned to normal temperature. The building was reoccupied."

"Was just fucking annoying tbh always assume it's a joke," said another student.

"Everyone walked as slowly as possible out because I feel a fire alarm doesn't alarm anyone these days."

CRITIC TANGENTIALLY TAKES OVER PART OF SALIENT AND MASSIVE MAGAZINES

Kind of, if you do some mental gymnastics

By Sinead Gill
Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Planet Media, the advertising department for OUSA, has taken on an 8-month trial run of managing the sales the student magazines for Victoria and Massey Universities, Salient and Massive.

The three incredibly dashing young men behind Planet Media help Critic with our ad revenue and are responsible for the free shit students get from OUSA, including pizza vouchers and Red Bull. The upcoming trial run is about to launch and will determine whether or not it is manageable to have lads from Otago suss their advertising in Wellington.

VUWSA CEO Matt Tucker said they and MAWSA are "looking forward to the trial with Planet Media. We have worked with Planet Media in the past and we believe this is going to be the most effective model for a future partnership."

Critic said: "Hm, I bet we can exploit this somehow."

A trip to Wellington for the Planet Media boys has already been planned. OUSA will "obviously be taking a cut" of all sales they make on VUWSA and MAWSA's behalf, according to OUSA CEO Debbie Downs.

While this new situation means that Critic is only very tangentially (slash, basically not at all) related to the advertising in Salient and Massive magazines, we're still open to ideas of how to extort this relationship. For example, with partial control of their student publications, Critic could share our insights and resources to our friends across the gap in the spirit of communal and responsible journalism.

Or we could implement this multi-step takeover:

1. Gain entry to the Planet Media office after they begin working with the other mags.
2. Hack the computers like it's 1999 so we can have remote access.
3. Replace all ads in other magazines with whatever Critic content appears on that page.
4. Steadily increase the amount of ads in each mag per week until the magazine is entirely Critic content.
5. Critic now publishes directly to three campuses.
6. Insert Otago candidates into other student body elections.
7. Use our new platforms to generate support for our nominees.
8. Critic now runs three university campuses.

You decide which option sounds more fun.



Happy 130th Birthday OUSA, Have A Tree

Nobody ever bought ME a tree for my birthday

By Fox Meyer

Staff Writer // fox@critic.co.nz

OUSA celebrated its 130th birthday by doing what any 130-year-old would do: planting a tree. However, in an unexpected and ghastly turn of events, the poor baby was forced to stand naked in Union Lawn for five days, an activity I've only ever done by choice. The tree was planted on Wednesday 8 July at 11:30 am, at least a full five days before OUSA got their act together and provided the requisite amenities - a shocking start to life.

As we all know, no commemorative tree is complete

without a plaque, and no plaque can stand without a plaque-stand, and the plaque-stand in question was late on arrival from Christchurch. The late plaque-stand prevented the tree from enjoying the ceremonial status that is quite literally the purpose of its existence. What's a ceremonial tree without a plaque? (Answer: Just another lovely tree.)

The plan to plant the tree was discussed as early as 18 May, leaving about two months to sort out the plaque-stand, which is about as long as it takes me to get my act

together, too. Critic reached out to the tree in question, who provided no comment, perhaps due to being in a state of shock.

You can find the baby kōwhai - and its shiny new plaque - by the scenic brick wall across from OUSA offices and Union Lawn. Maybe in another 130 years, students will be relaxing under its boughed branches; native birds adore the tree almost as much as I do, and the tree is sure to create a lovely spot for future scarves. The more trees the merrier, with or without a plaque.

Dedicated Campus Queer Space Faces Further Delay

Critic wonders if the Critic office counts as a Queer Space if 60% of staff are queer

By Naomii Seah

Staff Writer // naomii@critic.co.nz

The University of Otago still doesn't have a dedicated queer space, despite the promises made about the space by the OUSA Exec back in 2019.

Finding a queer space on campus has been a talking point for the OUSA Executive since late 2018, when then-Welfare Officer Abigail Clark began organising a queer space in November, following a meeting with the University's Equity Advisory Committee. She reportedly found a location before her term as Welfare Officer ended, and all the next Welfare Officer had to do was sign the dotted line.

By mid-2019, however, the space was not locked in, and the space Abigail had sussed was allocated to someone else. 2019 Welfare Officer Kerrin Robertson-Scanlan failed to find a suitable queer space for the rest of her term, and the task of finding a queer space got passed on to the 2020 Welfare Officer Michaela Waite-Harvey. She committed to finding a location for the queer space early in the year, but this has been delayed due to Covid-19.

Now students are back on campus, the hunt for a

dedicated campus queer space has continued, with Welfare Officer Michaela Waite-Harvey stating that "we are getting very close although we [cannot] put a definitive timeline on completion and opening".

The task of finding an appropriate room falls on Property Services, who had a meeting with President Jack Manning following the Level 1 announcement to clarify the requirements for the queer space. They are currently in the process of evaluating available rooms for the queer space, and the Exec are "waiting for those rooms to be presented to us".

Although there has been queer-friendly spaces on campus in the past, such as a meeting room that doubled as the OUSA Queer Support Library, there has never been an official queer space on campus. The Queer Support Library has since been moved from the meeting room, but is still available, and contains resources for the rainbow community.

Michaela said that the creation of a queer space on campus "aims to provide a safe, non-judgemental and

inclusive space for the rainbow community on campus".

In the meantime, "OUSA continues to recognise that the rainbow community are still an at risk group, and we need to ensure they are supported throughout [their] time at university... We have a queer support co-ordinator who works out of the OUSA Student Support Centre to achieve our goals of support for this community."

For rainbow students looking for alternative support while the queer space is being set up, the Queer Support Coordinator Kelli-Anne provides "one-on-one confidential conversations in a non-judgemental space". There are also trained queer peer supporters who can be accessed through the peer support programme, as well as a monthly social group called "Queer & Far" who offer intersectional support for culturally-diverse rainbow students. Other queer support initiatives also include Queer Awareness workshops for staff at the University of Otago, Otago Polytech and OUSA, and Diversity Week, which raises the profile of and celebrates the diversity within our student body, including the rainbow community.

ODT Watch

By Kayli Taylor & Kyle Rasmussen

Words are funny. I like words. And for a group of people paid to write words, you think they'd have more skills at stringing words together. This isn't the case always for the fine people at the Otago Daily Times. Here are some of their best words.

REGIONS • 19
Skifields
'overwhelmed'

Join the club.

SEX,

Someone's horny.

Focus on domestic visitors

Given the lack of international visitors, I think that sounds like a good business strategy

pot
says Labour

Legalize it baby.

City sidelined and out in the cold
Auckland names CEO

It's nice to see cities being treated as humans as well now.

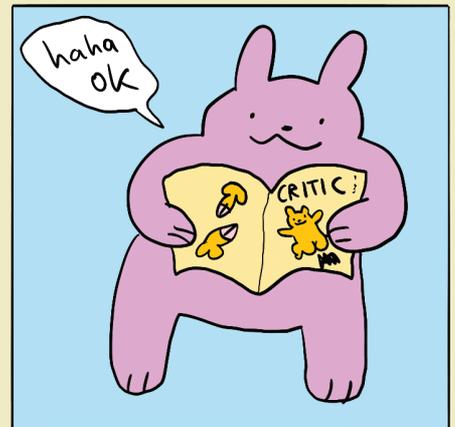
then National leader Todd Muller

I wonder how long it will be before the ODT says the same of Judith Collins.

JOURNALISM



OTAGO UNI ^{pg 10}
STINKY POO POO!
Smoke weed!
"big [penis] bong", said Henry*. "Also FUCK."
*Names changed to protect identity.



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PETER PERYER Mars Hotel Portfolio VI 1975 (detail). Silver gelatin print
Jim Barr and Mary Barr loan collection, Dunedin Public Art Gallery

THE BRINK

Peter Peryer, Christine Webster, John Reynolds
S raphine Pick, Peter Robinson, Julia Morison
Ralph Hotere, Gordon Walters, Colin McCahan





OUSA By-Election Not-Debate Not-Analysis

By Sinead Gill
Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Ah. Another year, another OUSA Exec resignation, another by-election. Despite even fewer people attending this debate than ever (Critic couldn't see any non-OUSA Exceccies or staff members in attendance), all three of these candidates seem to be the most qualified for an OUSA position in years.

Dushanka Govender, Quintin Jane and Rebecca Turner all have years of club leadership experience and all of the admin and people-management that comes with it. All of them mentioned the OUSA sexual misconduct policy as a priority, all want to see clubs and societies thrive under OUSA. None of them took any chances to make cheap jabs at each other - if anything, they seemed

to bounce off of each other with reasonable, good ideas.

It is nearly impossible to distinguish between these candidates based on their few sensible policies alone. The only differentiating factor between them seems to be in how they have campaigned. Quintin - a union man who won't let you forget it - seemed to have done the least amount of campaigning so far, saying he had been "quite busy in general" but has put up "a few" posters and had talked to people he already knew. Both Rebecca and Dushanka have launched Facebook events, but in person, Rebecca opted for the old school move of chalking her name around campus, telling the first years she RAs for to vote for her, and 'lecture bashing'.

On top of poster-ing, Dushanka took a ballsier route - she went straight to the people at Pint Night to explain what the by-election was and why they should vote for her.

WINNER: DUSHANKA GOVENDER

Look, I don't know what to tell you. They all seem fine. From Critic's assessment of their answers, priorities and campaigning strategy, Dushanka is the winner of this not-debate. She is an internationally recognised equity officer and is the equity officer of the New Zealand Universities Debating Council, on top of her work with the OUSA affiliated club. Also, considering how much of a divide there is between students and their student union, campaigning at Pint Night is not only a smart move for her, but a smart move for OUSA engagement overall.



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WORDFIND

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- CHARISMA
- CHAOTICEVIL
- LYNX
- DUEL
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- VIRGINS
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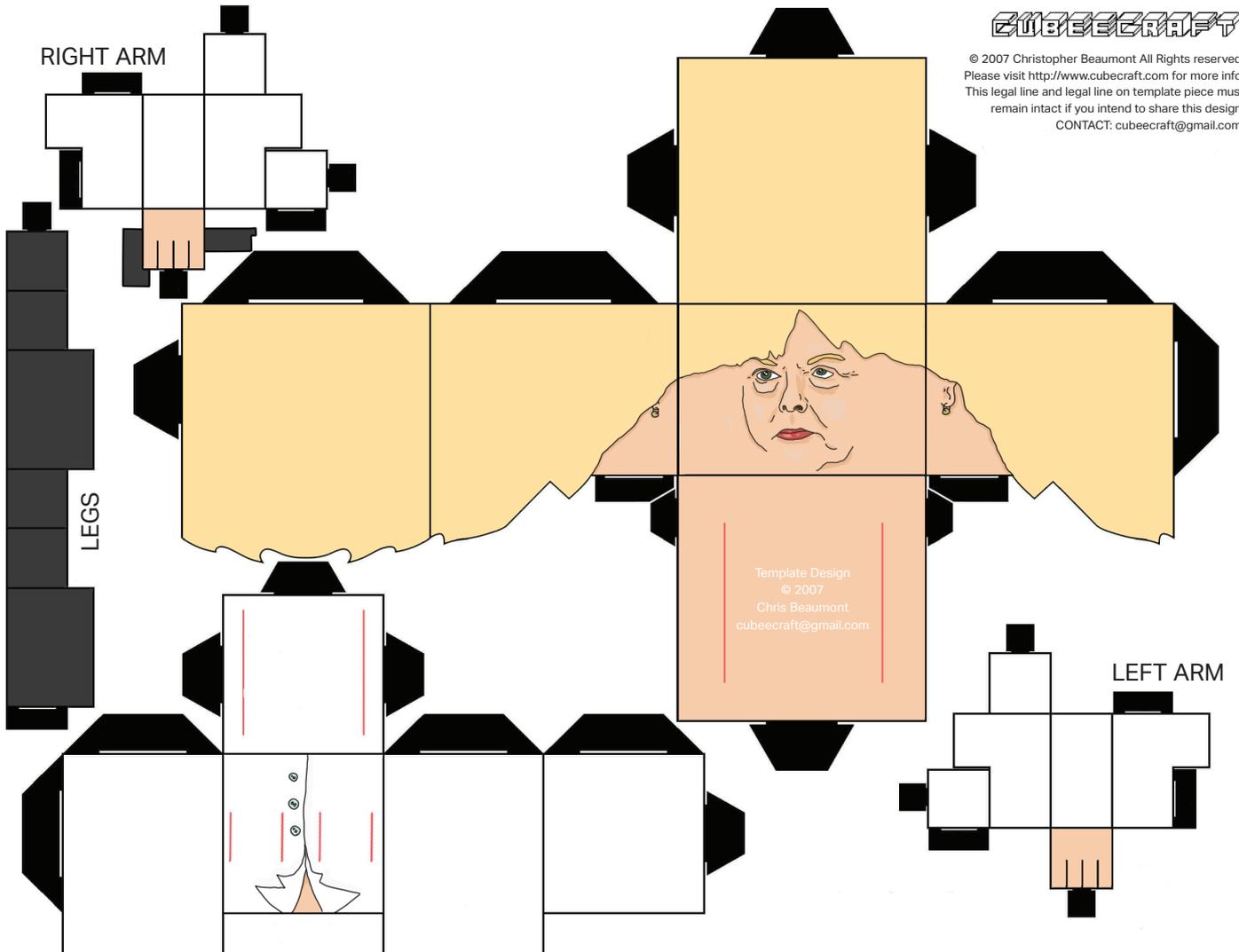
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Judith Collins New Leader of the National Party

STRENGTH:	HUGE big dick energy
WEAKNESS:	Karen tendencies
POWER MOVE:	Being Pākehā
NEMESIS:	MPs who just won't stop doing dodgy shit



LAST MAN STANDING

ONLY SOUTHBOUND TRAMPER
ON THE TE ARAROA SHOWS
TRUE GRIT AND COMPASSION

BY FOX MEYER

8 months, 2,800 kilometers and \$25,000 in donations later, Otago alum Jono Hartland (of Scarfie Weather fame) is almost done with the Te Araroa trail.

This man is walking the length of the entire country. Why? “At this point it’s about exposure - getting as many people to donate what they can before I close the fundraiser.” Jono’s walk (#NZhikeforlife on Insta) is an effort to raise awareness for mental health - specifically that of young, male Kiwis - and this cause has motivated him to continue when many others have quit.

“Yeah, I reckon I’m the only one still on the trail. Only one to re-embark from so far north this deep into Winter, anyway.” Jono is just weeks away from completing the 3,000 kilometre walk from Cape Reinga to Bluff. He will finish on Monday 27 July – the same day you might have picked up this article.

Before we go any further: you should consider donating while you

still can. Donating is a hell of a lot easier than walking the length of the country, so, in the words of Jono himself: “Be a good cunt and chuck in a few bucks.”

Critic joined Jono in the Mavora back-country to hear his thoughts. Like all good wilderpeople, he’s a fountain of well-articulated and practical bits of philosophy despite looking (and smelling) like he hasn’t showered for the last eight months. It’s hard to write about Jono without making him seem like some mythic, heroic guy, but he’s really just another Dunedin lad like the rest of us, and he wouldn’t want you to lose sight of that; it’s his actions that are special.

Over the four days I spent walking with him, a few themes stuck out: “You’ve got a lot of time to yourself on the trail,” he said, “plenty of time to think”. Here’s what’s going on inside the mind of the last southbound man on the Te Araroa.

ON BRO CULTURE AND KIWI SOCIETY FEATURES12

Jono's a little sheepish at first, but it doesn't take much to get his thoughts flowing - especially on the topic of mental health. Mental health is obviously a problem in this country, seeing as we taut one of the highest standards of living in the world hand-in-hand with an alarmingly high rate of young male suicides.

"In my experience, in this country, when someone's like 'oh, I don't feel good,' people respond with 'shut the fuck up bro, toughen up bro,' and those guys, people that say shit like that, I'd say they can go fuck themselves."

Jono stopped and leaned against a mossy boulder, squelching the water around the insides of his mud-caked boots. It's freezing, but he's grinning and scanning for the trail ahead. "Everyone has a passion, I truly believe that. And it's achieving goals within that passion that makes a person happy."

"I'M NOT TRYING TO SAY: 'I'M DOING THIS, SO YOU - YOU DEPRESSED CUNT - YOU NEED TO DO THIS TOO...' THAT'S NOT THE PURPOSE AT ALL. I'M JUST TRYING TO RAISE AS MUCH AWARENESS AS POSSIBLE, AND TO ADVOCATE FOR GETTING OUTDOORS, FOR HOW FREEING THAT IS ON THE MIND."

Jono's passionate about the outdoors, the wilderness of a country that he doesn't think enough of its citizens truly explore and admire, and the benefits that exploring it can have on your mental health. The decision to complete the TA was one that would "create an improbable physical challenge" (and thus inspire donations) while advocating for exploring our NZ bush.

"I'm not trying to say: 'I'm doing this, so you - you depressed cunt - you need to do this too...' that's not the purpose at all. I'm just trying to raise as much awareness as possible, and to advocate for



getting outdoors, for how freeing that is on the mind."

My guide turned to resume the bush-bash and I did my best to keep up. Even the sapling beech trees rose above our heads and whatever excuse for a trail we had been following had been replaced by a deep channel of mud and flowing water. At one point, Jono probed the depth of a mud puddle with his pole and found it to be about 50 centimetres, despite it looking like solid ground. We tried to walk on knotted, slippery roots and rocks when possible.

ON LOOKING AFTER YOURSELF AND YOUR MATES

"IF SOMEONE RIDICULES YOU FOR EXPRESSING YOURSELF, YOU'VE GOTTA TELL THAT PERSON TO GO SUCK EGGS AND GET FUCKED."

To all the lads out there who'd hesitate to be "soft" around their mates, Jono wants to make something crystal clear: "If someone ridicules you for expressing yourself, you've gotta tell that person to go suck eggs and get fucked. That's not a friend. Friends will always have time for other friends, and if they're not listening, they're not a friend."

Humans are social creatures, and we process whatever's going on inside our big-brain meat-computers through socialization. If you're made to suffer silently and spend your life as just another cog in the machine, you're neglecting your passion and living an unfulfilling life. Feeling like a nameless cog, feeling like you don't matter or that there's no point to anything: Jono says that those feelings aren't real, they're a "symptom of depression and of a dark mind". Exploring whatever you're passionate about helps to quell these feelings, but other people can help, too.

"To educate people on what to do if not only yourself, but someone close to you is feeling depressed or anxious - that's a very core

part of why I'm doing what I'm doing." So next time you catch a mate saying something concerning, something that doesn't sit right, you need to dedicate time to that person and give them a chance to ask for help. It's what you'd want if you were in their shoes, right?

So many young Kiwis are suffering in isolation. "I think one thing that I missed with my late friend, one thing I should've been more conscious of, was dedicating that time. I was a bit too caught up in my own agenda." Talking to a mate you're worried about or bringing your concern to the attention of their loved ones will probably be awkward, but "even if it fucks up your friendship, at least they'll have more support".

At this point, the temperature hovered around 1 degree and we hadn't seen a trail marker in 45 minutes but Jono didn't seem to mind. He reminded me that there are far worse places to be than lost in the bush.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BABY STEPS

Jono began the trail in November, and eight months later is somehow still motivated to be hiking towards Martin's Hut (the last one on the trail) where trampers report "rats the size of dogs". Most thru-hikers started earlier than Jono and were able to make it to Bluff before lockdown, but plenty of others had their hikes interrupted.

According to the logbooks, Jono is the only southbound trampster that came back from lockdown to finish what he'd started from as far north as he did. If there's one thing that sets him apart from the rest of us, it's this obsessive devotion to the task at hand: once Jono says he's going to do something, he means it, and he's laser-focussed on seeing it through to completion.

I realized quickly that Jono shows the same mad determination in every facet of his life. When we finally got to Te Anau, he looked me dead in the eyes and said "I'm gonna eat as many pies as I possibly can," and then proceeded to eat four pies in 13 minutes before announcing that he was "literally full". It was disgusting and impressive; an achievement of ambition.

"Ultimately, being in control, feeling like you've done everything you've hoped and planned at the beginning of the day, it gives you a huge sense of self-fulfillment." Jono explained this philosophy to me as he waded through a tussocky bog under a cloudless sky. He believes that setting goals - big or small - and then achieving them is the key to warding off depression, and that tramping is a natural way to practice this mentality.

"You wake up in the morning and you set yourself a goal: ok, I need to get from A to B, and then you just fucking do it, and then you feel accomplished. That's all human psychology is. That's where happiness stems from, that's where the serotonin comes from, y'know?" At this point, Jono turned around to make sure I'm listening. He was knee-deep in mud but barely seemed to notice; his focus was on the conversation, and his body was on autopilot.



Day 1



Day 167

"IF YOU'RE OUT THERE IN NATURE, YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME THE WHOLE TIME OR YOU'RE GONNA FUCK UP. YOU HAVE TO WATCH YOUR EVERY STEP, YOU'RE FORCED INTO THE ZONE, EVERY SINGLE STEP, EVERY SINGLE KILOMETER OF EVERY SINGLE DAY, YOUR MIND IS FORCED TO BE PRESENT."



ON THE HEALING EFFECT OF NATURE

Jono's only concerns whilst hiking are to not get injured, not get lost, eat well, and stay warm. He doesn't have time for anxieties about superficial things and isn't looking forward to returning to a modern lifestyle where "trivial pursuits" are at the forefront of his mind once again.

"In everyday life, it's so easy to get caught up in the things that don't really matter." The experience of being outdoors, of living literally one step at a time, is incredibly helpful for pulling yourself out of a stupor. It's inherently a process of achieving tiny goals and releasing the requisite bits of serotonin along the way.

"If you're out there in nature, you have to keep your head in the game the whole time or you're gonna fuck up. You have to watch your every step, you're forced into the zone, every single step, every single kilometer of every single day, your mind is forced to

Outside the unheated hut, frosted tussock fields shone in under a pale purple sky. We were about to set off on a 46 kilometer slog, during which we would encounter only two other human beings. "There's always an element of loneliness on the trail, and it's hard to pin down what the effect that feeling will have on someone who's depressed."

One unavoidable effect of isolation in nature is that "people become more comfortable with themselves". There's a reason so many people from so many cultures have heralded the importance of time in the wild: the meditative experience of wandering is something we all can relate to, and an effective cure for the stresses of modern life. There's something very human about it.

If you feel like donating to the fundraiser, you'll be providing free counselling services to struggling Kiwis, and giving them a chance to ask for help. If you're stressed, depressed, or anxious, and you're looking for a cure yourself, "get out there. You'll learn how to be self-sufficient, you'll free your minds, and you'll learn to accomplish goals. You'll build brighter days."

Two years ago, depression took the life of Jono's best mate - an occurrence all too common in Dunedin. The young Kiwi's ashes were scattered on Butter's Peak and, in his memory, Jono has walked the length of New Zealand.

be present."

Depression is an especially insidious illness, one that often prevents the person afflicted by it from seeking treatment. A physical injury is visible, tangible, and knowledgeable by others, but mental illness is invisible, slippery. It's all well and good for Jono to say "well, hike for this long and you'll feel better," but how do you get a depressed person to actually get up out of the house and into the wilds?

Jono pitched me this hypothetical over a cup of coffee one morning. Especially if someone is depressed, finding the motivation to get themselves outside can be impossible, but necessary. "I appreciate and understand that people sometimes just don't have the desire, but for fucks sake, just get outside." Break it down into baby steps if you have to.



A Seat at Our Table:

Why the fight for equity and representation is not yet over for Māori students at University

By Annabelle Vaughan



Throughout my years at university, I have been relentlessly interrogated, ridiculed and challenged on one thing: my Māori heritage. Something which, despite it being no one else's business, has been a consistent topic of conversation. A conversation which always leads to invasive questions, hurtful stereotypes and back handed, contradictory comments. I don't question my Māori heritage, because I know it's true and I know my story. That doesn't seem to be enough for some people. It seems illegitimate, and a reason for my place to become invalidated.

When I applied for a professional course through the Māori entry pathway, I was told by a classmate that I was adhering to "positive racism"; that I was admitting that I was less intelligent than others.

Because "no one wants to hire a dumb Māori lawyer", right? I was made to feel that no matter how hard I worked or how good my grades were, my achievements were belittled because I could simply 'play the brown card,' as if my heritage was some kind of cop out.

On the other hand, when I received a grant to pay for my tuition, I was told by a girl in my hall I was not "Māori enough" to receive such "benefits" and that it was "unfair to others," despite the dire colonial consequences my ancestors faced for years.

Then, because I don't adhere to the stereotypes of what a Māori person should apparently 'look like,' I've been asked what "percentage" I am. It has made people think that, because I'm relatively white passing, they can make as many backhanded and subtly racist comments as they like. Then, when I call out colonial thought, try and explain equity, or shut down racism, I become "too angry" and simply need to "get over the past".

My story isn't one of a kind. It is the story of many Māori students here at Otago and represents what we face on a daily basis. It is a story which demonstrates the importance of equity: that our fight for representation is not over. Whether people like to admit it or not, issues surrounding equity, racism and equality are still alive and well within New Zealand and our colonial institutions.

One of the biggest misconceptions surrounding the Māori student experience and education is that of equity through the likes of entry pathways, scholarships and grants. These are issued to Māori students in order to sustain equity and representation in professional pathways such as Medicine or Law - pathways which have historically, due to exclusionary colonial mentalities, disbarred or disenfranchised Māori communities. However, despite these pathways being put in place as a form of compensation and encouragement, over time, Pākehā misunderstanding of these pathways has festered negativity, and is taken out on Māori students.

“I wouldn’t even bring [my heritage] up in conversation, other people would. They would say things like ‘you’re lucky because you’ve got the pathway’ or ‘it would be easy’. There seems to be a lot of aggressiveness about it. It’s already such a toxic environment.”

Nerys Udy, who is Tumuaki of Te Roopū Whai Pūtake (Māori Law Students Association) said that this kind of thinking is “really disheartening”.

Positive racism is “not true, and it shows a lack of understanding and education around the issues Māori face. The reality is that through destructive forces of colonisation, Māori have been marginalised and oppressed for generations. This has created endless cycles of poverty and excluded us from spaces such as Law, which is exactly why we need mechanisms like scholarships or entry pathways.”

Michaela Waite-Harvey, the OUSA Welfare and Equity rep (also a Law student), echoed a similar story. Despite going through regular entry pathways, she was still subject to accusations that she got into the competitive program through her Māori heritage. “I wouldn’t even bring [my heritage] up in conversation, other people would. They would say things like ‘you’re lucky because you’ve got the pathway’ or ‘it would be easy’. There seems to be a lot of aggressiveness about it. It’s already such a toxic environment,” she said. Olive, another Māori student, said that another false, yet popular stereotype of Māori students is that “we are uneducated and lazy. I get good grades and I work really hard. It just frustrates me that we have to work so much harder to prove to people that we are capable.”

Karamea Pewhairangi, Tumuaki of Te Roopū Māori, said that entry pathways and equity mechanisms for Māori students are crucial in order for Māori to give back to their communities. She said that you can’t just send Pākehā people into Māori communities, when most Pākehā don’t understand their background or what situation they are in: “We need more Māori to help our own people and our own communities.”

“For so many years, we’ve been at a disadvantage. We have finally been given opportunities to push ourselves forward and be on the same page as Pākehā students. We live within a Pākehā system. We didn’t choose to live this way, it was forced upon us. You need to understand the hurt before you understand why we get what we get.”

“It’s like one week I’m visibly Māori, the next I’m too white. Make up your mind?”

The experience of being a Māori student is much more than just how we are treated within professional courses or educational institutions. Another part of the experience is grappling with the constant stereotypes which are thrown our way. Subtle racism and constant casual back handed comments are made on the daily, and can make campus feel like an unsafe, unsettling place: it’s like that scene from Mean Girls when Karen asked Cady “if you’re from Africa, why are you white?” Seemingly innocent and uneducated questions are more harmful than you think, and when they are legitimized by Pākehā-centric media and institutions, it makes way for a never ending cycle of racist and questionable comments which chip away at our identities.

Michaela described casual racism on campus as being constantly contradictory. For her, it changes depending on the box that people wish to fit her into. She recalled a time she was walking home from the library and drunk men approached her and performed a fake mihi. “It’s like one week I’m visibly Māori, the next I’m too white. Make up your mind?” For Michaela and other Māori students, these experiences can be ostracizing: a reminder that these institutions are colonial and weren’t created with tikanga in mind. “There’s never any direct discrimination, but you’re treated like an other,” she said. “There’s always the assumption that I study Māori, or Māori speeches are shoved towards me, it’s lots of little things. It’s either a microaggression or overt racism.”

Olive agrees. To Olive, being “white passing” means people treat them as a “safe person to tell their racist things to”. Meanwhile, not looking “Māori enough” means their perspectives on Māori issues “don’t get respected”.

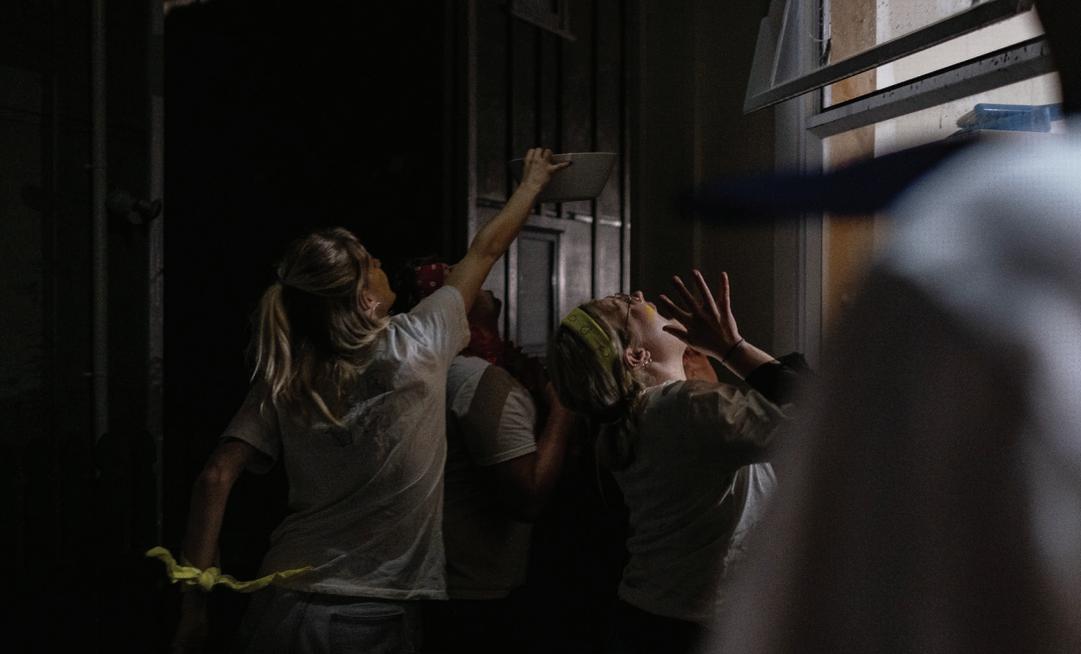
So what kind of impact does this leave on Māori students, and why is the fight for equity and awareness still ongoing? “It makes Māori students feel like we are less,” said Karamea. “The experience has always been difficult, every day is a constant fight to put our hand up and get a seat at the table.”

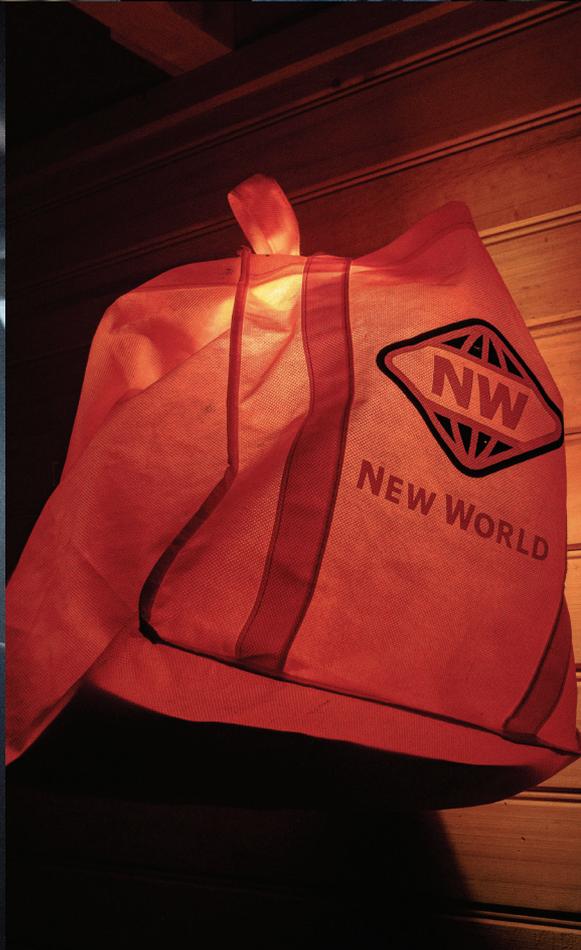
Olive believes in the importance of equity, representation and sharing Māori experiences.

“For an equal society, we need to help certain groups. Māori are still being affected by ongoing issues like racism, colonialism, neoliberalism, Ihumātao and much more,” and that despite the claims and stereotypes “we don’t benefit from society, and the notion of forgetting about the past is ridiculous”.

Going forward, it is crucial that Māori students continue to be encouraged, uplifted and equally represented within society. We must work towards a nation which no longer leaves room for the likes of racism, discrimination or hurt towards our tanagata whenua. A place where our identities, culture and way of life is no longer dismissed and swept under the rug. That our alleged benefits are seen as equity and compensation for which they really are. For those who feel let down, oppressed or that their place is invalid, remember that it is not.

“You aren’t doing your mahi to validate your position in this world,” said Karamea “you’re doing this to uphold the mana of your tipu.”







READY, SET, GO

RED CARDS IN DUNEDIN

BY CAROLINE MORATTI

A red card is a sacred institution, a legacy bestowed to us from our ancestors. Much like oral sex, it's a delight, but only if you know what you're doing. There are rules you must follow - both as giver and receiver - to ensure that everyone has a good time. No one likes too much teeth, and no one likes the guy that bails. **Once you've been invited to the red card, there is no escape.** Once you have arrived at the destination, you have to complete the red card's mission before you can even think about leaving. These are hallowed grounds you're walking on.

Red cards entered the psyche of Scarfies in about 2004, and became a staple of Otago party culture by 2006. An anonymous OUSA employee said that as an Otago student in 2007, he and his mates had a red card that sent them to Australia. No matter how wild or basic the theme, there is no denying that red cards are incredibly formative to the flatting and party experience of young Otago Uni students.

According to Critic's survey of 100-something students, most students learn about red cards in first year (44.3%), but won't attend one until they have left their hall or parents' house and headed to Studentville. Meanwhile, 4.3% of respondents have no idea what the fuck a red card is. The following is a breakdown of the rules, behaviours, and best red card ideas of Otago Uni students.

GENERAL RED CARD RULES:

- Don't pull one during exam times. Unless you and everyone you know is a BA student.
- Don't be a dick.
- If you've already pulled a red card and you want to pull another one, you must drink a whole box (12 for girls, 24 for boys) in a shared or public space without anyone seeing you. Must take a picture after each drink for proof. This rule only works once.

THE THEME:

Firstly, the theme. The theme must be interesting and ideally something personal to the host. A red card is NOT just a costume party. You can't put on a Halloween theme and call it a day. The theme requires depth, it requires actual structure to the event. You, the red cardee, hold the power to command your friends and flatmates to do whatever the fuck you want. Think long and hard about how this power ties into

IF YOU CAN'T MAKE A RED-CARD:

- A red card is compulsory, so if you miss one then your red card is not compulsory.
- "\$50 fine to Trump's re-election campaign if you can't come (great incentive)"

your theme. If you have a Mamma Mia 2 theme, consider karaoke with penalties for messing up the words, and sculling everytime Pierce Brosnan opens that beautiful mouth of his. If you have a #FreeBritney party, how are you going to enact meaningful change for Britney?? THINK. Repeat after me: A red card is not just a costume party.

IF YOU'RE IN WANT OF SOME IDEAS, HERE ARE THE BEST SUBMISSIONS CRITIC RECEIVED:

AVATAR STATE: You have to master the four elements: Water = A box, Air = Cones, Fire = Darts, Earth = Gear. Over the course of the red card the flat has to master the four elements before achieving the Avatar state through taking Ketamine.

THERMAL LOCK-IN: Put every heater you can find in the smallest room, and insulate any gaps in the door or windows with towels. No one leaves until everyone has finished their beverages.

SHOWER: Get all of your flatmates into the bathroom of your flat. Have a beer under the running shower. Once the flat has all finished one beer in the shower, towel off and

walk to another flat and have a beer in their shower. Repeat x12.

BONDAGE VS BLACKOUT: "I asked each of my flatmates to choose between bondage and blackout, without them knowing what their choice would correspond to. If you chose blackout you were blindfolded and if you chose bondage you were tied to the keg with a short bit of rope. No one could remove their blindfold or untie themselves until the keg was finished."

CENTURION: One shot of Billy Mavs every minute, for 100 minutes.

OVERUSED/BORING THEMES THAT YOU SHOULD AVOID:

- Love Island theme.
- Lock ins (No one leaves the flat until they finish their alcohol anyway. At least add something extra to it).
- David Bain theme (okay so what, you have an ugly jumper. That's called just going to a party).
- Wine and Cheese night (not a red-card and you know it).

A RED CARD IS NOT JUST A COSTUME PARTY. YOU CAN'T PUT ON A HALLOWEEN THEME AND CALL IT A DAY. THE THEME REQUIRES DEPTH, IT REQUIRES ACTUAL STRUCTURE TO THE EVENT. YOU, THE RED CARDEE, HOLD THE POWER TO COMMAND YOUR FRIENDS AND FLATMATES TO DO WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT.

RED CARD SUBMISSIONS WE RECEIVED THAT YOU SHOULD NOT DO. DON'T BE FUCKING DUMB:

- “Stuffing as many grapes as possible in the foreskin and recording it.” (But if you do happen to ignore all common sense, commit such an act and record it, send the video to culture@critic.co.nz).
- “Acquire something inflatable from Kmart. Acquire box. Find a river/lake/large body of water. Float into the middle. Not allowed on land until the box is finished. Littering incurs severe penalty.” (Just like, anything that involves swimming and drinking is a bad idea, don't do that shit).
- “We all seduced each other's boyfriends to see who was loyal... NONE.” (Are you okay??)

Now you have an idea of the theme, **when should you pull that precious red card of yours?** 46.4% of students think you should pull one on early-mid Semester 2. It makes sense, you've got a good grasp of uni and your flating dynamic, but none of the serious assignments have started to roll in yet. Early-mid Semester 1 was the second favourite, with end of Semester 1 coming in third. Generally everyone thought having one end of Semester 2 or in the mid-year break was fucking stupid. As to when exactly you pull one, 52.2% of students think anytime is good, whilst 23.5% prefer weekends and 17.4% love a weekday pull.

GENERAL THINGS TO THINK ABOUT WHEN THROWING A RED CARD:

- Tell one person the wrong theme just for laughs. Hilarity ensues.
- A red card should be smaller than your average flat party, so you can control your participants. Forcing people to attend your party and follow your rules requires the kind of loyalty that you won't get from that random girl you met in the Maccas bathroom last Saturday.
- Obviously, consent. If someone really doesn't want to drink, or has had enough, then don't force them to keep going; a trip to A&E would break all the rules. Also you could really fuck them up.
- Are you supplying food? Drinks?

IF YOU'RE INVITED TO A RED CARD:

- Get off your phone, be a good guest.
- Commit 100% to the theme. If it's a costume-theme, turn up in costume. The gods demand it.
- Rethink what alcohol you'd normally bring to a party. The host might provide the alcohol or ask you to bring a certain box, but if they don't, then it's up to you to be practical. Don't bring wine or a spirit, you'll either drink it too quickly or you'll fucking die. You cannot, never, go wrong with a box of beer or RTDs. You're gonna be drinking a lot of liquid: think smarter, not harder.

OTHER THEMES STUDENTS RECOMMENDED:

- All American (masks optional)
- Tradie's Night (hi-vis mandatory)
- Olympics (form a team, pick a country. You drink based on how many and which medals your country has won).
- Scrupy Hands (oldie but a goldie - tape a Scrupy to each hand and you have to finish them before you can free your hand).
- Fear Pong (the number of your flat denotes how many standards need to be split between the attendees. The attendees then do a huge group game of beer pong, like we're talking eight-way beer pong or higher. Bonus: putting a truth or dare challenge at the bottom of the cup so you not only have to drink, but then do some random shit. Shout out to the gals on Union Street who did this).



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CURING the COMMON COLD



BY NAOMII SEAH

I'm sitting in my room with a friend, having a perfectly pleasant and innocuous conversation when I feel it. The little tickle in my throat. The wind in my windpipe. There's a little moment where I think it won't happen, and then it does: a sneeze, a cough, another sneeze and a sniffle. The trifecta. It's the beginning of a cold.

...except it wasn't. Turns out I had tonsillitis. But it got me thinking—cold and flu season is upon us, and you don't need me to tell you how awful it is to juggle assignments, lectures and tutorials while being sick. Even worse, being sick means that you can't even get on the rark after a long week to make up for it. Student Health appointments are always booked out, and most of the time you end up paying \$10 of booze money just to be told to "drink plenty of fluids and rest". Cool.

But what if there was another way? What if there was a way to cure the common cold? Impossible, I hear you scoff. Decades of modern medicine has proven there is no cure, and there never will be. However, this view does a great disservice to the centuries of traditional medicine that have developed in every culture all over the world. If you're desperate enough to try any of these, Critic has compiled and tested five cold cures, and we found that some of these might even work.

WHISKY, TEA AND HONEY

This cold cure was dubious from the start. We used the cheapest whiskey money can buy, and standard Bell tea. To make this drink palatable we also added copious amounts of honey, which improved the flavour but didn't mask the overwhelming taste of alcohol. The consensus was that the honey and hot water was "soothing" but that the whiskey was an unnecessary addition. One test subject described the taste as "an old tea bag that has begun to mould to the cup". Another said that their throat felt soothed as the drink was going down, but the aftertaste immediately negated that effect. However, if you're sick but still want to make an appearance at Pint Night, this drink might be the way to go. You probably won't cure your cold, but getting drunk will make you forget about it for long enough to have a good time. Will probably prolong your suffering the morning after though.

HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE SICK BUT STILL WANT TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE AT PINT NIGHT, THIS DRINK MIGHT BE THE WAY TO GO. YOU PROBABLY WON'T CURE YOUR COLD, BUT GETTING DRUNK WILL MAKE YOU FORGET ABOUT IT FOR LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

GARGLING VODKA

If you can stomach some straight vodka, the idea behind this one might be to sterilise your throat a bit. This cure elicited lots of retching, gagging sounds from one of our test subjects, but "despite all the sounds I just made, I really rated it". This cure is apparently akin to a religious experience, as it "felt like almost drowning," but it did make our test subjects' throats feel better, though that might just be from the numbing effect of the vodka. Again, if you want to get drunk this might do it for you, and the burning sensation it provokes is like deep heat for your throat. It's also a good excuse to stockpile alcohol for future nights on the piss—ah—I mean, future cold cures.

RAW GARLIC SANDWICH

IF YOU'RE NOT A WUSS, THIS COLD CURE DEFINITELY IMPROVES THROAT-FEEL.

Although disgusting, this cold cure might actually be the most effective. Our test subjects felt their sinuses clearing almost immediately, but be warned, the burning sensation of raw garlic did hurt their tongues and activate some gag reflexes. However, if you're not a wuss, this cold cure definitely improves throat-feel. It's a culinary sensation for sure, but garlic does have lots of antibacterial properties, and the proof is in the pudding: our test subjects felt their colds improving within seconds. Additionally, the burning sensation of the sandwich continues the whole way down your upper gestational system, effectively becoming Vicks VapoRub for the inside. Whatever space you prepare and consume this delightful snack in will definitely smell like garlic for the next three years, and the taste and smell of it will take hours to go away. However, this is potentially a positive as it will drive any vampires in your vicinity away. It will also drive all of your friends and family away, but sometimes some alone time is all you really need to recover.

GARLIC IN SOCKS

This cold cure involves rubbing some garlic on the soles of your feet and then putting socks on and going to bed. The effectiveness of this is debatable, with one test subject stating that they felt cured, and another one saying they felt no difference. One positive effect of this cure is that it will remind you to wear socks to bed, and will also induce you to do laundry.

GOGOL MOGOL

PUSSIES MIGHT OPT TO JUST SUFFER THROUGH THE COLD, BUT THOSE OF US WITH STRONGER WILLPOWER KNOW—FIVE HOURS OF VAMPIRE REPELLENT POWER LATER, AND YOU'LL BE READY TO TAKE ON THE WORLD AGAIN.

This cold cure comes from Russia and Ukraine, and involves beating a raw egg yolk and honey or sugar into half a cup of warm milk with a teaspoon of unsalted butter. Full disclosure, this drink slaps. It tastes like custard and it will take every inch of your willpower not to down within seconds. However, our test subjects did note that it had a weird consistency, with one noting that the texture was "kind of mucus-y". It didn't do much in the way of curing the cold, with the soothing effect lasting milliseconds. Our version was too thin to coat our subject's throats, which is really the whole point of a cold cure. However, we did use plant milk instead of dairy, and brown sugar instead of honey. The addition of these thicker agents might make the drink more effective. If you're lactose intolerant, this one might not be for you. Or maybe it could be, we all know lactose intolerance hasn't stopped anyone from consuming dairy in the past.

Overall, our experiments showed that the raw garlic sandwich was by far the most effective cure. Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do. Pussies might opt to just suffer through the cold, but those of us with stronger willpower know—five hours of vampire repellent power later, and you'll be ready to take on the world again.

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EXECUTIVE



Kia ora e te iwi!

As your Welfare and Equity Representative, it would be remiss of me to ignore the events of the past two weeks which Critic has covered very comprehensively so you can have a read of those for context. What I want to talk to you about is how we as an executive are working to make our clubs environment safer for students going forward.

The first thing to note is the importance of the Clubs and Societies Representative by-election that is currently underway. So, if you are deeply concerned with what has happened recently, make sure you vote in the by-elections. We'll need a passionate and competent Clubs and Societies Representative to work with clubs and the OUSA executive going forward. Voting opens though voting.ousa.org.nz at 9am on 27 July and closes 4pm on 29 July.

The second thing that has been in the works since the end of last year and is nearing completion is the Clubs Complaints and Sexual Misconduct Policy. This will be a policy to establish the way in which clubs approach sexual misconduct that is survivor led in the process of support for the parties involved in resolving the matter. This has been a long time coming, and OUSA have made plans to review club culture in the coming weeks. Until then, OUSA Clubs and SoCs continues to help clubs. Please contact them, OUSA Student Support or Te Whare Tāwharau for support.

Aroha nui,
Michaela x

POLITICS ★ WEEK ★

11-14TH AUGUST

Political Clubs Day
Tuesday 11th August 12-2pm

Youth Wing Debate
Tuesday 11th August 7-9pm

Euthanasia Panel
Wednesday 12th August 4-6pm

Cannabis Panel
Thursday 13th August 4-6pm

MP Tertiary Issues Debate
Friday 14th August 5pm

MORE INFO AT
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IT'S TIME TO DUEL!

MEET DUNEDIN'S TA

Gregory Mansfield probably came out of the womb wearing a DuelDisk on his arm and Exodia in hand. At an older age, Gregory and his mates got back into YuGiOh! and all of its nostalgic glory. They were hooked on watching card unboxing videos, making their own decks and competing in and judging local events. Now, YuGiOh! (among other table-top games) has become a part of Gregory's full-time job.

Under the name "Dice Jar Games" Gregory hosts a shop that caters to the communities of card games such as 'YuGiOh!', 'Magic: The Gathering', 'Pokémon' and 'Flesh and Blood', as well as for Dungeons and Dragons enthusiasts.

Walking into Dice Jar Games is pretty fucking cool. There are shelves stacked full of bizarre wonders, card-sleeves, board games, Dungeons and Dragons collections, floor-to-ceiling arrangements of 'Pop!' Figures, tables set up for one-on-one duels, and hundreds of packs of cards, from all over the world. Owner and Director Gregory Mansfield was just getting ready for a busy week ahead when I, overwhelmed by nostalgia, forked out and bought a pack of Legendary Duellists: Immortal Destiny. It was only \$4 - cheaper than a bit of Sushi from Great Taste and filled with half as much cardboard.

I unpack an 'Evil HERO Malicious Bane' priced at \$100NZD, and I am fucking stoked. The ruggers might be losing me money some weekends on the TAB, but unpacking a powerful card will net me a crisp hunnid, once I sell it to one of the many fine gentlemen or ladies of the YuGiOh! community, of course.

What came next was a duel with Gregory himself, for both the card and my life. He was a proper gentleman, and not only did he spare me from the Shadow Realm, he flexed his fluency in the card games that he hosts and sells. I was blown away by the commitment that Greg has to this business - to be honest, I can barely remember what a 5 is in 'Kings Cup' as it is.

What came next was a duel with Gregory himself, for both the card and my life. He was a proper gentleman, and not only did he spare me from the Shadow Realm, he flexed his fluency in the card games that he hosts and sells.



TABLETOP TYCOON

BY OSCAR PAUL



YuGiOh! is older than most students at Otago Uni. Founded in 1996, the card game, manga, and TV show remains one of the most successful brands in history. Even if you've never played it, you'd recognise it. The community that gets amongst this card game are next level punters, and through this shop, Gregory is providing a communal space for table-top gamers. To meet their demand, he has linked up with top card distributors for 'Magic: The Gathering' and 'Flesh and Blood', among others. Initially keen to set up a website for the sale of cards, Greg was surprised to find out he would need a store/base/headquarters to facilitate his budding empire.

"Honestly, I wouldn't call myself a risk taker," he said. That obviously hasn't stopped him, though. He said that if he wanted to get in the business of card dealing, it was to get a shop or bust. "I knew [setting up a shop] would be a massive undertaking but I knew it would be for the best." Humble to the core, it's rad that this dude can handle a store, all of its administration, whilst maintaining so many communities.

One dueller described Greg as "pretty legendary - that he holds it all down, he's pretty cool dude". Another told Critic that "with [stores] closing down, plus Covid happening, there was a chance some players would be put off playing [physical cardboard cards]. The timing of Greg opening [Dice Jar Games] was perfect, to save the community, and bring everyone back to the game."

Although lockdown postponed his opening, the suspense paid off. The eventual open day event was a massive success. Gregory admitted that he had people come up to him, recognising him from his stall at the Edge of the World expo earlier this year. Clout.



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Vape Review: PachaMama Salts Fuji

There's nothing worse than a vape flavour that is morally ambiguous. In the name of the juice, you gotta tell us what the flavour is. How else are we meant to know what's going into our lungs? While the PachaMama salts says that it's made from "the most desirable fruits on Earth", what the fuck does that mean? Like just tell me so I'm not wasting time vaping a flavour that I'm not into. It feels like I'm being ghosted by a vape flavour that would rather go out and skate rather than talk about their feelings while listening to Beach House. On first smelling of this juice, it smelt fucking weird. Was it pineapple? Was it apple? I have no fucking clue.

This was 25mg nic salts, meaning that the nicotine content provided a nice head rush. My coil did have some remnants of previous vape juice in it, meaning that the flavour was a bit tainted. What a shame, having to vape more to get the actual flavour? Unheard of. Because of the lack of understanding on what the actual flavour is, I spent more time trying to figure it out rather than actually enjoying the flavour. The only things I could pick up on was that it tastes weirdly fruity, and leaves a kinda weird aftertaste. However, it wasn't awful. It just tasted like a fruit cocktail. OUSA Welfare and Equity officer Michaela described it as grape nerds, while Critic Designer Molly

talked about how it tasted like "a nice fruit surprise". The overall theme was of a slight mandarin and apple flavour, with many comparing it to a Fruju. Critic Culture Editor Caroline made the great comparison that there is a water bottle brand of the same name, and I'm glad there's not a whole lot of fluoride in it.

Overall, it's not a bad juice. Like, I would happily recommend this, and would happily vape this again. But it's just confusing. It doesn't taste like anything, but also so much at the same time. I feel like I'm healthy smoking this, drinking a smoothie on the regular because I'm that fitpo bitch. But again, stop trying to be something you're not. You're a vape juice, not a fucking essential oil. Tell me what you are, give me my nicotine hit, and then let's call it a day.

Tasting Notes: A decorative fruit bowl that isn't actually real.

Makes You Feel: Confused, but not enough to be angry about it.

Pairs Well With: A need to feel healthy while destroying your lungs.



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The CRITIC BACHELOR

By Caroline Moratti

It's 5:30pm on a Wednesday and the first Bachelor group date is about to begin. Jack describes himself as "nervous, but excited", laughing as he brushes his hand through his hair. He's dressed in a form-fitting navy blazer and a crisp, oatmeal shirt. The girls' profiles and first impressions are clearly on his mind: "They're much better writers than me, so they'll be bringing that into the relationship."

The Critic foyer has been transformed for the first group mingle and elimination, complete with sushi and a horse blanket spread wide on the floor as a makeshift rug. The soft tones of Amy Winehouse serenade in the background. A single, unlit candle is centered on the table. The first girl, Simran, arrives on time, beautifully dressed. "What should we talk about? How do I do small talk?" Jack asks me, Simran right next to him. I leave the two to figure that out, the awkwardness of young love still palpable in the air. The rest of the girls appear soon after. After initial introductions, the group forms a circle around the food table, hesitantly taking pieces of sushi in between the small-talk.

Jasmine is the first to swipe the Bachelor for a one-on-one, the pair nestling on plastic chairs in the corner. Jasmine is sassy, brilliant, and quite simply, made for reality TV. Her and Jack already have a drunken history of kissing and she takes this advantage in her stride, laughing every time Jack talks. Five minutes in, Gemma interrupts the pair, craftily armed with a platter of sushi to entice Jack. Her play works; Jasmine walks away and Jack's attention is turned.

When asked about her one-on-one time, Jasmine reveals that this was the pair's first sober conversation together, saying "I told him that his haircut looks really good, 'cause he looked haggard as hell in lockdown." The 25-year-old feels confident that she won't be the first elimination. "I'm secure in my connection." She suggests some future date ideas.

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When asked about her one-on-one time, Jasmine reveals that this was the pair's first sober conversation together, saying "I told him that his haircut looks really good, 'cause he looked haggard as hell in lockdown." The 25-year-old feels confident that she won't be the first elimination. "I'm secure in my connection." She suggests some future date ideas.

Meanwhile, Jack is now locked in a private session with Simran. He's since undone his top button, showing a sliver of skin. They're apparently talking about a mutual love of baking.

Simran divulges that she later told Jack about the first time she locked eyes with him - at this year's Convocation Ceremony. "He just started laughing and I was like, damn, that's such a cute laugh!" Critic will neither confirm nor deny the cuteness of Jack's laugh. Despite their initial bond, Simran is nervous going into elimination tonight, because, as a first year, she is one of the youngest of the group. Can the 18-year-old and the 22-year-old make things work?

Watching the pair interact are Sophie and Amanda. Amanda is feeling "juicy" tonight, whilst Sophie is fretting about rice she's spilt on the rug. "I hope he doesn't notice that it's me." The girls have become good friends already through the process, and talk of brunch clubs and rejection groups is on the agenda.

Realising that Jack is not going to attempt to mingle with the group anytime soon, Critic is forced to intervene. We split the girls in two and allot each group five minutes with the stallion.

The first group consists of Amelia, Amanda, Georgia and Sophie. The conversation apparently included their years at university, where they were from, and what halls they went to. The girls burst out laughing at this point in the debrief, and Amelia squeals, "I know he went to Selwyn and he didn't even tell us that!" Despite this sticking point, everyone is feeling good about their chances, apart from one. Georgia murmurs "I don't know, I'm quite quiet," looking down at the floor. The group rushes to reassure her: "Oh no! You bounced right off us. The team carried you, but like, you carried yourself!" Comforted by the power of female friendship, the girls continue to hype each other up.

Next up, the second group was Jasmine, Simran, Gemma and Annabelle. Annabelle is left feeling unsettled by a rather intense debate about peanut butter (she likes crunchy, Jack likes smooth). "It's just not politically correct," she laments. "I think I can look past it though, I've looked past worse things." The other girls are fascinated by Jack's tendency to take off his glasses during conversation. "Can he wear his glasses all the time?" asks one. "I don't think he can see", another says, "what, does he just not want to see me?".

The time for elimination is fast approaching. Tonight, two girls will leave the competition. Critic pulls Jack aside for a quick chat to find out where his handsome head is at. After a bit of nervousness at the beginning, he says, the night has gotten more comfortable. "I got to know them and they're all really nice... God, this is so diplomatic," he frets. "They're all hilarious." However, he has some concerns surrounding age gaps and emotional connections. He's ready to make his choice.

Jack enters the foyer, solemn. The music is turned off, the girls lined up. He starts his speech: "Hello. It's good to...oh fuck. Firstly, I apologise in advance for forgetting your names if I do. If you see me on campus, please come say hi, or come to my office. I guess, the only thing I can say is, I feel fucking terrible about the idea of having to eliminate anyone from this." With these words of poetry articulated, the selection gets underway.

Jack hands her an electoral commission enrolment form, with the name "Miss Manning" written in the text boxes.

The first girl called is Amanda. Instead of a rose, Jack hands her an electoral commission enrolment form, with the name "Miss Manning" written in the text boxes. "Amanda, will you enrol to vote?" She accepts, cheekily adding, "I thought you'd never ask!" The next names are Sophie, then Jasmine ("Yes, Mr President"). Each girl receives an enrolment form, a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek. The mood is split between celebratory and tense. Next, Amelia then Georgia.

Finally, there are only three left standing: Annabelle, Gemma and Simran. All beautiful, accomplished young women. Jack pauses, his voice hoarse with the difficulty of his decision. Finally, a single word: "Gemma."

The room is shaken to its core. Jack turns to the Critic staff, his eyes searching. "What am I supposed to say now? What's the script?" Silence follows. He turns back to two girls, and manages to muster a few words: "I'm terribly sorry, you're both awesome, but I'm afraid this is goodbye. And make sure you're enrolled to vote."

Simran makes the first motions to leave, clearly saddened by the news. She tells Critic: "I feel okay, like I don't really know? It's fine, it's all good, I already called it when I came in and I was like, yeah he's not going to like me." She walks off into the night, with plans to go dye her friend's hair. Annabelle lingers, mostly because she's waiting for Pint Night to start. She's more upbeat about the elimination, saying, "in all honesty, I think in terms of keeping my professional life not awkward, it was a good idea. I also can't be with someone who prefers crunchy peanut butter to smooth." She pauses, a slow smile playing across her lips as she relives her memories of the night. "Honestly it was a really nice experience, I really enjoyed the food."

Jack says his goodnights to the remaining girls. Small group dates are on the agenda next week and the room tingles with anticipation.

Later, Gemma will be eliminated via email after Jack discovers that she is also a first year, and sadly not age-appropriate to compete for his love. The 6 turn to 5. Who will win Jack Manning's heart? **Tune in next week to follow the girls on their journey of love.**



PRESENTS...

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

So I had been talking to this guy for a couple of weeks and we had been really hitting it off and had already hooked up a few times. One Saturday night I was at a party and I invited him to come over, we spent the rest of the night together drinking and chatting. Eventually, I suggested going back to my place because he seemed very keen, and so was I.

We get back to mine and he suggests having a shower, so we get in and almost immediately he tries to grind up against me and starts playing with my dick, I was kind of into it but I really didn't want to do it in the shower so I stop him and we finish up and get into my bed.

Again, he immediately starts up with me and we're having a good time making out and just enjoying each other.

er. He breaks away and starts going down and so I sit back and start enjoying the good time. A little while into it, he pulls off my dick and I look up at him and then all of a sudden he vomits. All over my dick and on the bed. Obviously we're both horrified and I sit up more, but then he scoops up most of the vomit and then tries to eat it so he can go back to sucking my dick. I'm disgusted and concerned so I stop him from actually eating it. Then I tell him we're not doing anything else and we're just going to bed. Nothing like a good vomit to ruin the mood.

But, it doesn't end there. A few days later I get a message from him saying that he had hooked up with another guy (before we met) and that he had given him and STD and told me to get checked as well. And that, is how I met my current boyfriend <3

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HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Apparently Venus is trying to tell you to get back with your old fling and rekindle the spark. I'm telling you do not listen to that bitch! She's messing with your head. Move on.

Your mid-year realisation: Love isn't real.



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

The new moon is suggesting that you're going to get pregnant. To those without a uterus, this might just mean you're gonna have the meanest feed of your life this week resulting in a food baby. It's all about interpretation.

Your mid-year realisation: Time is fleeting.



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Mars told me they are making your life better, so whatever you're pursuing will be successful. They also told me you need some routine because you're too unstable right now, soz.

Your mid-year realisation: Being the life of the party comes at a cost.



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

The planets said you're gonna get money! File a lawsuit or something. Sell all your furniture. Start an OnlyFans.

Your mid-year realisation: Financial stability is fake.



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

The 30th of July will be extra special for you. Perhaps you'll get out of bed that day, discover 50 cents in your pocket, or find a will to live. Either way, you gotta celebrate the little things.

Your mid-year realisation: What am I doing with my life?



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Saturn is mad at you for some reason, so if 2020 wasn't bad enough, the planet wants to make it even more tough. She's gonna teach you a lesson; could be slipping on ice, probably will be stealing all your money.

Your mid-year realisation: 'You can retake a paper but you can't relive a night out'.



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

Your need for alone time and sad kid hours will be strong this week, but don't let that get to you. It's your birthday. The stars will make sure you have a bomb night out and so will I. Love u.

Your mid-year realisation: You're growing older by the second.



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

You will have a desire to socialise this week, but be burdened with the thought of even leaving your house.

Your mid-year realisation: Having friends is rewarding but exhausting.



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

The stars want you to work hard this week and go to class, otherwise they'll be sad. They also want you to change your sheets and wash your hair for once.

Your mid-year realisation: Self care is important!



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

It feels so good to be so young and have this fun and be successful. Keep up the good work, and enjoy the fame you will experience at some point throughout the week.

Your mid-year realisation: Water signs really feel everything huh.



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Mars is making you extra romantic and trying to get you to commit. Don't let it happen! It's hot girl summer, relationships who? The sun wants you to be free instead. Go travel to Oamaru or something.

Your mid-year realisation: Being single is a good thing.



Capricorn

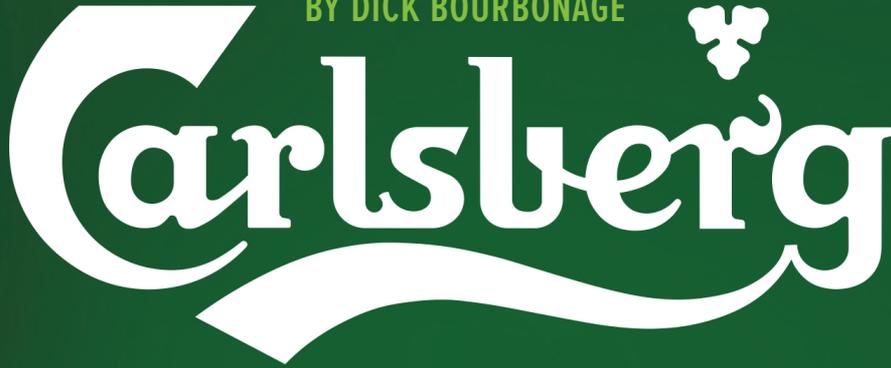
Dec 22 – Jan 19

The tough times of this year will fall behind you this week, because Jupiter is your biggest fan. Jupiter's gonna perform miracles in your life, so buy a lotto ticket and try to be optimistic about your future, you sad sack.

Your mid-year realisation: There can be miracles, when you believe - Mariah and Whitney.

BOOZE REVIEW

BY DICK BOURBONAGE



They say the Devil's greatest trick was to brew shit beer and put it in green bottles, then charge waaaaay too much for it. This trick has led to the rise of awful beers like Stella and Heineken. This simply cannot do, so I went searching for the impossible. I went looking for a good tasting green bottle beer.

Carlsberg. You absolute fucking ripper. \$19 for 12. I could barely believe my fucking eyes when I saw the price. For a green bottle beer to finally look itself in the mirror and realise it's not Anna Kendrick's bath water, that takes guts. Kudos.

I couldn't help but think, however, at this price I was still overpaying because well, green bottle beer is garbage. But I was wrong. It was drinkable. If I was feeling generous, I would actually describe the taste as 'decent'.

But I do have a problem with its advertising. 'Probably' doesn't really cut it with me. If you're going to make a big fuckoff call, do it properly at least. Probably is just a cop out.

Kaitaia is 'probably' a rubbish town. Timothy Dalton is 'probably' the best James Bond. Roofers are 'probably' the biggest twats. I'm 'probably' in love with Haylee Clarke, and she should 'probably' go on a date with me.

All of these statements are 'probably' true, but who's going to listen. Either have the balls to say you're the best beer in the world, or just say something like 'this beer is ok'.

Ok is fine. But for a beer in a green bottle. Ok is excellent.

Tasting notes: Like plain popcorn.

Pairs well with: A sandwich with the following ingredients; salami, ham, lettuce, pickles, mayo, sriracha and Edam cheese.

Froth level: Wet grass.

Taste rating: 50/100

bone apple teeth

with **Caroline Moratti
& Alice Jones**
with guest chef **Pippa**

VEGAN PUMPKIN RAVIOLI: SELF-CARE MEETS PASTA

There's something about homemade pasta that reminds you of why life is worth living. In the words of the classic '90s movie *You've Got Mail*, "It makes me want to buy school supplies. I would send you a bouquet of newly sharpened pencils if I knew your name and address." Each bite of pasta is like an email from a young, corporate Tom Hanks. Unlike most homemade pasta that requires an \$80 machine, ravioli is the socialist dinner that requires only you and your tender hands. Lean in. Feel the folds under your fingertips. Everything is going to be okay.

**Ravioli is the socialist
dinner that requires
only you and your
tender hands.**

Ingredients

PASTA DOUGH

1 cup plain or high grade flour

1 cup semolina flour (it's next to the jelly and canned fruit at Gardens New World, or just use more normal flour I think it'll be fine)

Liquid (aquafaba) from one can of chickpeas

FILLING

¼ pumpkin

½ kumara

1 onion

1 can chickpeas

ALSO

Olive oil

Salt and pep

Garlic

Sage leaves (you can pinch these from the herb garden at the Botans)

DOUGH

Use any vegetables that are about to cark it in your fridge (carrots on the verge of slimy work) but make sure you have at least an onion for flavour.

1. Mix together your flours in a bowl along with a hefty pinch of salt.
2. Make a well in the middle and pour in the aquafaba and a slosh of olive oil.
3. Mix together with your hands until a craggy dough forms. Then, turn out onto a clean, floured surface and knead until smooth.
4. Leave to rest while you prepare the filling.

FILLING

Use any vegetables that are about to cark it in your fridge (carrots on the verge of slimy work) but make sure you have at least an onion for flavour.

1. Chop up your veges into thumb sized pieces and toss with salt, pep, olive oil and some herbs if you feel like it.
2. Roast for about 30mins or until soft and golden.
3. Add your chickpeas to your roasties and blitz up into a puree. A stick blender, actual blender or food processor come in handy but you can also just mash em and have a chunkier texture.
4. Season the bitch if he needs it.

ASSEMBLY

1. Cut dough into quarters and roll out on a floured surface about 1-2mm thick.
2. Punch out rounds of the dough using a cookie cutter, small cup or wide-mouthed shot glass. We used an old yeast jar because of personal branding reasons.
3. Dollop a small spoonful of filling on half of the rounds, trace around the border with a little water and then sandwich another dough round on top, sealing the edges. Crimp the edges with a fork if you like.

These steps are good to do in an assembly line, one person rolling and one person filling. Go on, it's week four. Time to mend that relationship with your flatmate after you fucked their crush in first sem. Make some ravioli together and call it even.

COOK

1. Boil the ravioli in salted water in small batches until they float to the surface (about 2 mins).
2. Transfer to a large saucepan with garlic, sage leaves and olive oil (or vegan margarine) and cook until the ravioli have some crispy edges.
3. Serve with freshly cracked black pep and cheese.

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The clock tower is soooo cute and small 🥰🥰



This is horrific



480 - found your recycling bin



Too right



Guessing Greg's is a white owned company



Damn that do be spying on us



Walk your fckin wheels mate



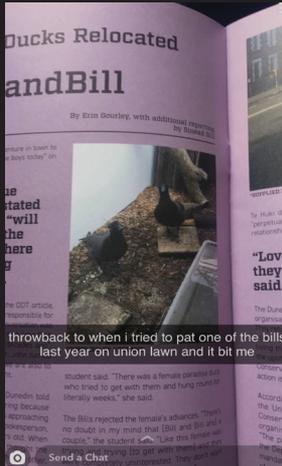
These new National party cock rings are so small wtf @criticmag



Lonely Bill



I would caption it but that would be more effort than he put into his mouldy cheese, cold bean on uncooked homemade bread "dinner"



throwback to when I tried to pat one of the bills last year on union lawn and it bit me



Unsolicited dick pics ruining my Monday morning breaky at the union grill 🥰

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