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EDITORIAL:

It's Red Card Season, Comrades!

By Joel Macmanus

Welcome to another loosely themed issue of Critic. This week we're telling you what to think by reviewing a bunch of stuff like carpet, Chinese food, and Vodka Cruisers so that you know what the best stuff is and you don't have to have any original thoughts or opinions.

While we're on the topic of Critic telling you what to do, you should really pull your Red Card soon. We're fast approaching the wonderful time of year known as Red Card Season, where everyone who hasn't got around to pulling their Red Card suddenly remembers and tries to hastily plan something before second semester exams.

Don't be the guy who throws a last minute dress up party with no real theme or plan. Your Red Card is a once-a-year opportunity to do something cool; make it worth it.

If you're a fresher or an idiot (or probably both), and you don't know what a Red Card is, here's the low down:

Red Cards are like Jaden Smith: they were brought into the world sometime in the late '90s and they often don't make a lot of sense. The basic rules

are that every person in the flat gets to pull one red card at any point throughout the year, and everyone else has to do whatever they say. Normally that means getting fucked up on something disgusting.

Obviously there has to be some limits – ideally don't make your flatmates commit any crimes, for example. Also, it's a good call to run it past the flat a few days in advance to make sure they're available. Don't let them get away with shitty excuses though. An assignment due the next day is an acceptable excuse. Needing to catch up on a few lectures and do some shopping is bullshit and you need to put your foot down.

If you can't come up with a theme, here are a few classic ideas:

1. The Drinking Olympics – taking inspiration from the movie Beerfest, split everyone into teams, and play Beer Pong, Quarters, Flip Cup, Boat Races, Sculling Races, or Slap Cup.
2. The Green Card – smoke a bunch of weed, go to a museum, and give everyone a scavenger hunt list.

3. The Sauna – turn on all the heaters, shut all the doors, cover the stove with pots full of water, put that oven on 360 degrees C with the door wide open, and have the kettle on a continuous boil. Then make everyone finish a box of purple goans before they can leave.

4. Possum – climb a tree, everyone find a branch. You can't come down until you finish your drinks. It's a real nostalgia trip.

5. Pirate Treasure Hunt – dress up like pirates, hide a bunch of clues around the city (you can even use QR code sites to make your own hidden clues). Make the final destination something sick, like a massive stack of Southern Gold or a nipple piercing.

Have fun, stay safe, and tell your mum you love her.

Xo, Joel.



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Letter of the Week

Fuck Fluoride-Free Campaigners

Hi Critic,

I was so disappointed to see the advertisement in last week's issue promoting the Fluoride Free talk. The claims made in the ad have been disproven by science time and time again. As a magazine written for intelligent university students, I would assume that Critic would be above anti-science scaremongering. Not only has Fluoride been shown to be safe in regulated doses, but it is a successful public health measure to increase the dental health of all New Zealanders, especially those most at risk of tooth decay (including the elderly, children, disadvantaged, and especially snackoholic, RTD drinking students!)

Nobody wants holes in their teeth. Let the tinfoil hat wearers find another place to spread their anecdotes.

Wishing you all the brightest smiles,

Your resident tooth fairy

Editor's Note: Yeah, that's fair. Fuck those guys.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letter From A Groupie

Kia ora Critic!!

I don't go to Otago, I instead go to Vic Uni, but after the Menstruation issue debacle I liked your facebook page to stay up to date on the fiasco and also read your future articles. When I saw that you were doing a Doggo issue I knew I had to have it and asked my high school pal who goes to your uni to grab one for me. Two weeks later, he got his mitts on one and snail mailed it to me. I am forever grateful for that boi. I plan to frame the centrefold and the cover for it is the greatest piece of art I have ever seen.

Truly in awe,

Selvi

PS: to the writer who read all Animorphs books in 5 days, you are doing god's work keep it up honey xxx

Support Men In Med

Hello there!

We were gutted to hear that Men in Med had been disbanded/discontinued last semester, and actually weren't aware that this had taken place. Only a few weeks ago OUSA affiliated our club with our cis-men membership exclusion, on the basis that membership was for access to a support system/network, and that meetings with sensitive topics could exclude cis-men. In our discussions with OUSA we reaffirmed that just because membership was only for women and gender minorities, that did not mean it was man-hating. It just recognizes that there are conversions and scenarios where the presence of cis-men would lead to self-censorship.

Our impression of Men in Med is that it was a group for positive masculinity, anti-drinking culture, and most importantly, a mental health in well-being support group for a demographic disproportionately affected by suicide.

We can certainly appreciate the concern that Men in Med has the potential to be a boys club within an already male-dominated profession. But the group has given no impression that this is a route they are taking.

The Women's+ Club would like to extend ally-ship to anyone remaining from the Men in Med crew that may want to try re-launch their group. We are happy to meet in person to discuss this, if the only obstacle to this group's existence is the concerns of a few members.

Because quite frankly, if Men in Med aren't allowed to exist as a support group while the Women's+ Club can, it absolutely is a double standard.

Best wishes,

Sinead Gill (2018 club chair) on behalf of the Women's+ Club

Fix Your Shit, Unipol

Dear Critic,

A problem regarding the Unipol gym and the blinds in the cardio room has been going on for sometime now and there may have been numerous complaints but am not certain about that. Unipol refuses to stop pulling down the blinds during the day. Often times I am on the treadmill which I really struggle with and for no reason a staff member comes along and pulls all the blinds down which blocks out all the natural sunlight and almost puts me to sleep. The blinds stay down as well. I recently sent an email to the gym to ask them to stop doing it but was completely ignored. And of course they continue to do it. This action is affecting hundreds of gym users everyday. Its a disgraceful thing to do. Cardio users are capable of dealing with the blinds themselves which is what I thought they were put in for. If glare from the sunlight is a problem for us those that want to can pull the blind down. I much prefer to leave them up. I sometimes workout during the evening and it can be very nice to look outside while on the treadmill, that is until a staff member pulls all the blinds down. What a stupid thing to do.

Cheers,
Rob beam

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Daddy See-more (of me)

Hey Critic,

I could not get enough of your interview with Daddy David Seymour. Every night I go to bed and strip down to my warm woollen rugby socks and look at his cute boyish but also ruggedly intelligent face and wish that he were there with me.

David if you're reading this, I want you in and around my mouth, my heart, my life.

Go on, ACT on impulse. Free yourself of regulations. Let the invisible hand of the market run between our tight, supple bodies.

Whisper sweet nothings in my ear. I long for your touch.

Love,

Simone Bridgess

Help Me Daddy Seymour

Help,

I am obsessed with stage three David Seymour.

Last night I had a dream that is cold cream-covered-scaled body lay next to me and it was the best sleep of my life. I awoke in a cold sweat knowing I would have to brave the day alone.

I long to feel his elongated body, and tapering tail slither up beside or inside me.

Please, set me up on a blind date with stage three-sey.

Love,

Ms. Frizzo

Dear Mr O'Mannin

I read your article in the issue of Critic released on the week of the 13th of August, where you purport to read all of the "Animorph" books by K. A. Apple-gate in five days. While most of the article was adequate, if a bit clickbaity, one part in particular ground my gears.

You state that you will not be reading the Animorph companion books because they are "stupid and not canon and we should all forget they ever existed". Um... excuse me. The companion books were totally canon.

The Oxford English Dictionary defines 'canon' as "The works of a particular author or artist that are recognized as genuine". If we go off this definition, the Animorph companion books, while some (and note that I say some and not all) of which are not set in the same timeline as the mainline series, are absolutely "genuine" as the were written by Apple-gate in the same universe.

Arguably some of the mainline books are less "genuine" than the companion books, as the later half of the series was heavily ghostwritten.

I am angry and disappointed.

Yours in good faith,

Louis R. Stewart

News Editor's Response: The Oxford English Dictionary defines "cunt" as "someone who cites the Oxford English Dictionary".

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Is Agnew the New Hyde? Not Yet, but It Was Still Pretty Sweet

Students cockblock ODT whinging by actually cleaning up after themselves

By Sophia Carter Peters

The Agnew Street party has left its mark on North Dunedin. The self-proclaimed “Hyde’s ugly stepsister,” Angew is the younger generation’s un-ticketed paradise of day-drinking, bass thumping, and regrettable hookups.

First and second years travelled across campus, and up a hill to meet an absolutely packed street, already plastered with abandoned cans and puke. It was described as “an absolute ripper, aye” by one particularly hungover student. It was a stunner of a day, with toasty 12 degree weather, and the

sun on full blast. People flooded in from around 9:30, with numbers peaking around 2.

There were eight arrests at the party, all males between 18 and 23, six of them for disorderly behaviour, one for assault and one for cannabis possession. The red frogs were on-site, providing water and sausages for the intoxicated masses; fed drunk people are happy drunk people.

Agnew provides a street party opportunity outside O-Week for freshers and all the people that didn’t manage to get a ticket for Hyde. The costumes,

ranging from “David Bain sweaters” to “Stoners and Post Maloners,” were definitely a highlight of the day, and scarfies love an opportunity to dress up.

While the party made a mess, the residents did a pretty good job of cleaning up afterwards. Yeah nah, good shit team.

OUSA Postgrad Officer Resigns Due to “Workload”

Cheerio to Kirio. Lots of love, Critic.

By Charlie O’Mannin

Kirio Birks, OUSA Postgraduate Officer, has resigned from his position, citing his other commitments.

In his resignation letter, Kirio said, “After reflection on the academic workload in front of me as a student, and the new opportunities I have been presented with, I must make a decision”.

At the exec meeting where Kirio announced his resignation, Abigail Clark, Welfare Officer, asked Kirio if he was OK, and asked why he resigned. He said he was fine and just “had so much work to do with my Masters”.

Kirio has offered 14 days notice, during which he will finish up his current paperwork and prepare a handover document for his replacement. Until

a new officer is elected, the other members of the exec are going to split Kirio’s responsibilities between them, including sitting on various committees and setting up the postgrad committee.

Kirio had a controversial term as Postgrad Officer, facing a vote of no confidence in May where 64.6% of people voted to remove him from office, only being saved by the fact that the motion needed a super-majority of two thirds to pass. Following the vote of no confidence a formal complaint was also brought against Kirio for not doing his job and against the exec for passing his report. The complaint was discussed and it was agreed that Kirio should have weekly meetings with Caitlin Barlow-Groome, OUSA President, to discuss

what he’s been doing and increase transparency about his work.

Kirio recently started a separate Postgraduate Association. It is unclear whether he will continue running this.

This marks the first mid-year resignation since 2015. This three-year drought is unusual in OUSA history – every year from 1996-2015 had at least one mid-year resignation.

As the OUSA exec does not have the power to appoint someone to fill his role, there will be a by-election for the remainder of Kirio’s 2018 role which be held in conjunction with the OUSA elections for 2019.



Fire Engines Called to Steamy Scenes at Geology Camp

“The dirty buggers [Canterbury students] were stealing our hot water!”

By Esme Hall

Two fire engines were called to an Otago Uni Geology camp in Omaui after shower steam set off the fire alarm.

A group of students studying Igneous Petrology and Volcanology were staying at the Omaui YMCA lodge for an exciting weekend of looking at rocks around Bluff.

The “deafening” fire alarm went off around 10:30pm on Saturday night said student Chelle Fitzgerald. She said the alarm was one of those “fucking crazy ones” that can only be turned off by the fire department.

“Because we were in the middle of nowhere, the two fire engines had to come from the nearest town, and it took over half an hour for them to get there.”

One of the fire respondents was out for dinner when the call came and the Geology students felt sorry for him. Another Invercargill fire respondent said, “What else are we going to do on a Saturday night?”

After offering him some cans of V, a packet of Mi Goreng, a Speight’s hat, and a bunch of ODTs that had had the ODT Watch cut out of them, Critic got an exclusive interview with Alex, who was in the shower when the alarm went off.

“After about 15 to 20 guys already had showers... it was so steamy, like a hot box pretty much.” Alex said he may or may not have accidentally left the door open, allowing steam to escape toward the fire alarm in the hallway.

When the fire alarm went off, “we were like ‘for

fuck’s sake I’m so not getting out for that,’ it will just be something in the kitchen and we’ll just get out if someone comes and gets us. Anyway next thing you know someone tells us that it was steam from the showers,” said Alex.

According to Chelle, a second alarm could only be turned off by lodge management, so lecturer Dr. Michael Palin “duct-taped over it to try and muffle the sound so we could get some sleep.”

Dr. Palin blamed Canterbury students for setting off the alarm. “The dirty buggers were stealing our hot water!”

There was no damage to the facility and no word on whether the Geology Department will need to pay for the call out.

Students Concerned About Enrolment Numbers Increase

Fuck, it’s gonna be even harder to get into Med now

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

Some students are worried about space in courses and libraries as the University of Otago announced that its enrolment figures for 2018 show an increase of about 380 equivalent full-time students (EFTS) on 2017.

Most of these extra students are enrolled in first-year undergraduate programmes and are presumed to be a result of the Labour Party’s new fees-free enrolment policy. Undergraduate programmes experienced the greatest increase in enrolment, with Health Sci, Science, and the Humanities all increasing. International and post-graduate enrolments also rose. Commerce enrolments dropped, but truthfully, it’s Commerce, so nobody really cares.

University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne said these figures are “heartening for everyone” at the University.

A group of first year students that Critic spoke to expressed concern with the number of spaces available in residential halls. In 2018, over one hundred new beds were available due to the University’s acquisition of ShittyCol (now Caroline Freeman College), but these were quickly filled due to the surplus of new students. Other concerns included the increase in level of competitiveness in first year Health Sci and Law and the chronic inability to find a seat in Central.

Also, higher enrolment rates mean more competitors for the ever-elusive tickets to Hyde Street.

However, Emily Wood, a third year Medical student, pointed out that the increase in student enrolments benefits students by providing more money that could be used for the development of University services.

“With the number of students using mental health services at an all time high, an overhaul of the services offered by Student Health is well overdue.”

Another 115 EFTS are predicted to be enrolled before the end of the year, primarily in post-graduate programmes, ahead of the University’s 150th Anniversary in 2019.



OPINION: The OUSA Exec Needs a Massive Overhaul

By Sam McChesney

Back in the day, the OUSA executive had almost 20 members. They fought a lot and spent lots of money. They were a bit like a pretentious, high-rolling kindergarten. They had positions for everything. They even had two “general reps,” who did...well, nobody really knew what they did. When the exec was eventually trimmed down to its current, svelte form, the general reps were the first to go, and nobody cared too much. With the new executive containing just eleven people, every position needed to have a clear function or it wasn't worth having.

Now that the student political class is gearing up for its annual electoral wankathon, it's worth asking if, maybe, we're doing it all wrong. Maybe the general reps were really the only positions worth keeping.

Next month, during the executive elections, OUSA will expect students to pay attention to anywhere between eight and eleven different contests and to make informed choices in each of them. What will actually happen is that at least three-quarters of students won't care enough to vote. Of those who do, most will only pay attention to the presidential candidates and almost nobody will give a shit who gets elected to any of the junior positions.

A relatively small number of good candidates will be spread unevenly across a relatively large number of contests. Of the eleven positions up for

grabs, around half will have only one or two candidates, a number of whom will be painfully dumb. A lot of the best candidates will end up running for the same positions. Students will be forced to pick between them while accepting whatever dross runs elsewhere.

There will also be tickets, because this year's executive (nine of whom were elected as members of a ticket) ignored a referendum result and the recommendations of their own Elections Review Committee and have refused to regulate tickets.

Under the Faustian logic of tickets, candidates running in higher-profile positions like President and Vice-President get a free boost to their visibility and campaigning muscle. In exchange, their lackeys down-ticket get an easy ride to a lower-profile position like Colleges Officer or Environment Officer. Tickets, and the undemocratic ways they have been used in recent years, are a result of the fact that eleven contests is way too many for students to follow or care about.

Also, whoever is elected Welfare Officer will end up doing twice as much work as they're (under-) paid to. Here's what to do about it: get rid of all of the existing positions besides President and Te Roopu Māori Tumuaki. Instead of nine predefined positions, have nine general reps who can divvy up the work based on ability and fairness.

Elections would be so much simpler. Candidates can't cynically speculate their way to the easiest seat available. They get two choices: run for President or run for general rep. Instead of almost a dozen different contests to pay attention to, there are only two. Students cast one vote for President and, say, four for the general rep candidates who impressed them the most. The top nine candidates get elected. The top four of those get first dibs on the higher-paid, higher-workload roles.

Students would no longer be stuck with a muppet on the exec just because that muppet ran unopposed. Radical or outsider candidates who only attract around 20 per cent of the vote would finally stand a chance, making the executive more diverse and less bland. Tickets would naturally be limited to around five members, because otherwise they'd be splitting their own vote. Hell, we might even get tickets based on principles not convenience—imagine that!

This model isn't perfect—none is—but it's a better, more realistic reflection of where OUSA politics is at.

P.S. There is no such thing as Environment Officer. Bet most of you didn't even notice.



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Student Start-Up “Ento” Wants to Make Eating Bugs Mainstream

“The concept has legs. 6 of them.”

By Sinead Gill

While your flatmates are arguing about dishes and being too loud past 10pm, there is a flat full of students who are working to make the world a more sustainable place. They have started a company called Ento (the Latin word for insect), and they want to make insect consumption mainstream in New Zealand.

Ento began with a conversation between flatmates George Mander and Liam Good about the Global Enterprise Experience competition and has since turned into a family affair, with the other flatmates and a neighbour getting involved in the start-up. Together they are competing in the Audacious competition for funding.

George, CEO and law and science student, explained that he'd once eaten fried lotuses at a TEDx talk and they were “quite delicious,” which prompted him to suggest it to Liam.

Initially Ento toyed with creating their own insect farm out of their flat, and even couriered a box full of crickets and kept it in a wardrobe. Even landlords weren't a setback for the team, as the pair reminisced about a flat inspection where the property manager made no comment about the 30 screaming bois.

George explained that farming insects was “not difficult,” and had “serious advantages” in space, compared to cows, for example.

However, at roughly 1000 insects per 100 grams of powder, it was decided that it made more sense to take advantage of farms that already exist. They let their crickets die of old age (RIP) and have since made connections with local locust farm, Otago Locusts, run by Malcolm Diak.

The team's first step is to perfect the formula for creating insect powder, which will take some experimentation. Trials so far have included running a box of roasted locusts through a coffee grinder.

They are experimenting so no one else has to. Ento launched a survey that received 150 responses just in the first day, and indicated that 85% of people are keen to try insects, but don't actually want to see the bugs.

Creating insect powder is the natural solution to that, but at a minimum of \$20 per 100 grams, George noted that, currently, “there's no way that people will experiment with that cost”.

Which is a shame, since the data to back insect consumption is solidly in their favour. According to

Ento's research, insects turn 90% of what they eat into their own weight, and the entire thing is edible. Compared to cows, where only 40% of what they eat turns into weight, and then the end product is only around 60% edible.

In a world with growing meat consumption rates, this is unsustainable.

Insect farming is recognised by the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) as a way to mitigate unsustainable elements of conventional farming. According to the FAO, insects can be fed on compostable waste, and need six times less feed than cattle.

George said that the high cost was due to there being zero insect powder manufacturers in New Zealand, making access to it dependant on shipping from Thailand. Ento, if successful, would be the only player in an untapped market. They echo the U.N. in saying that insects need to move beyond merely “novelty snacks”.

“It's almost too good to be true, but it's not; the catch is just that they are bugs, and they are expensive.”

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Varsity Comes Out Top of Rugby Premiership

Is Critic trying to do sports reporting? This is weird

By Joel MacManus

The Otago University Rugby Football Club (OURFC) has continued its run as the winningest rugby club in New Zealand, picking up three senior grade championships.

The Women's Senior A team had the strongest season of any senior team in any grade, going undefeated in 10 games, with an average winning margin of 55 points.

Team manager, Terry Kerr, credited the coaching staff's game plan, which took advantage of the team's speed and ability to spread the ball, as a key part of their success.

"As soon as we start, they're out there shifting the ball all over the field and [the opponents] are toast."

"They've got some serious wheels out there, real mobility and speed. Georgia Mason has a massive

engine – you take it outside, she's there; you take it up the guts, she's there," he said.

Mason, an open side flanker who debuted for the side when she was just 14, and made the wider 50 training for the Black Ferns this year, was "technically the best flanker in the city, irrespective of gender," according to Kerr.

First five Rosie Kelly topped the point scoring for the season with 118, which came entirely off tries and conversions, as the team did not get any points through penalties the entire season.

Their 20-10 finals victory against Pirates proved uncharacteristically close, which Kerr put down to "uncharacteristic, unforced handling errors, which left quite a few points untaken," but despite a game they felt wasn't their strongest, the team said they were still "stoked" with the win.

The Otago University Senior Men also had major success. They topped the regular season table and were joint winners of the Premier Competition, picking up the Speight's Shield alongside Harbour in a brutal 30-30 extra time draw. The Otago University Men's Colts also came out on top of their division.

The OURFC, founded in 1884, has won more major competition banners than any other club in New Zealand, and has produced more All Blacks than any other club in the country (69, lol).

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Critic and Radio One to Host OUSA Election Debate at UBar

Hopefully we'll manage to make them not shit

By Charlie O'Mannin

In a move to shock the ages the OUSA Exec have allowed Critic and Radio One to moderate the OUSA elections forums, after last year's forums, described by Critic Editor Joel MacManus as a "shitshow," were moderated by then-OUSA President Hugh Baird.

Last year's forums featured Hugh arguing personal grievances with the candidates on stage, everyone saying the same boring shit, and an audience of twelve people, all of whom were OUSA nerds. The three forums together ran well over six hours. "They were very, very long and boring," said Joel.

Critic and Radio One want to revamp the forums and hopefully get more than the people running and their friends to turn up.

"The goal is to put candidates to the test and ask the hard questions rather than just let them ramble on boringly and give pre-written speeches.

We hope this will make it a generally entertaining spectacle so that people might actually turn up and maybe even vote," said Joel.

Some members of the Exec were hesitant about Critic moderating the forums, citing perceived bias in Critic's election coverage last year. "Critic already has too much power over the elections as it is," said Abigail Clark, Welfare Officer. Joel reiterated Critic's right to publish whatever we want.

Critic used to moderate the forums, mostly because no one else wanted to. Sam McChesney, 2013 Critic Editor, said, "It was Critic's job and nobody questioned that, even though my views on the candidates were well known".

In the end the Exec agreed to allow Critic and Radio One to moderate the forums on the condition that they submitted the moderators for prior approval, presumably to ensure that Joel didn't do

it. The submitted moderators were Critic's Chief Reporter Esme Hall and Radio One Breakfast Host Jamie Green. The exec unanimously passed these moderators.

This year's President's Debate will also be held in the evening at UBar instead of the Main Common Room, to try encourage attendance.

The forums will be held on the 12th and 13th of September, with the 10 hour positions at 12pm in the Main Common Room on the 12th, the 20 hour positions at 12pm in the Main Common Room on the 13th, and the President's Debate at 7pm at UBar on the 13th.

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U-BAR

VOTING

OPEN AT 9AM SEPTEMBER 11

CLOSE AT 4PM SEPTEMBER 14

For nomination forms and more info, check out elections.ousa.org.nz

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Why would anyone ever want to be OUSA President?

The claim of 40 hours a week is a joke, you'll be in your early 20's employing a CEO roughly twice your age and everyone wants to talk about the role with you, regardless if it's Tuesday at lunch or Saturday night in town.

You're put on this pedestal as though you already have the skills it takes to manage a multimillion dollar association. It is a role that needs thick skin and to be able to say no to important issues. If you let things upset you, that's time wasted. People are there to help and some people are there to take you down.

You can't have a decent sleep because there's always something playing on your mind. Then, just as you think you're about to have a productive day, you're blindsided at 10am with something like an executive member resigning.

Considering building relationships is one of the biggest components of the role, you need to be charismatic, charming, easily approachable and most importantly hard working. Although I lack most of those qualities, it hasn't stopped me trying. There is so much to be learnt about how the university runs, what OUSA actually does, the law, how to manage an employee and a shit load about yourself.

If you are serious about making change and want to have no free time for 365 days, then OUSA President is for you. If you think you could only hack 182 days of that, then maybe AVP, Finance, Welfare or Education could be for you.

Caitlin Barlow-Groome
OUSA President
presidentousa.org.nz

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

RAINBOW RECOGNITION

COMPLETE THE OUSA QUEEN SUPPORT SURVEY AND BE IN TO WIN A PAIR OF WIRELESS HEADPHONES & SPOTIFY SUBSCRIPTION

POETRY COMP

1ST PLACE: \$100
2ND PLACE: \$50
3RD PLACE: \$25

POEMS TO BE SUBMITTED DURING AUGUST

POETRY

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TELL US WHAT YOU THINK & GO IN THE DRAW TO FEED THE FLAT!

Complete our Survey online by Friday 14 Sept to be in to win New World vouchers!

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OUSAs, Jolly Drones Nights & DJ Agency presents

DRINK MIMS

ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES

FRIDAY 24TH AUGUST
MAIN COMMON ROOM

POKER TOURNAMENT TEXAS HOLD'EM

5:30PM - SEPT 14TH
OUSAs CLUBS & SOCS CENTRE
\$5 REQ. FEE TO COVER SNACKS

1 \$200
2 \$75 3 \$50

For more info and to enter, head to bit.ly/ousa-tournament

STUDENT MEETINGS 2018

COME ALONG TO ONE OF THE OUSA STUDENT MEETINGS TO DEBATE & DISCUSS ALL THE HOT TOPICS

9TH AUG | 1PM @ MCR
EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND

6TH SEPT | 1PM @ MCR
MENTAL HEALTH AT OTAGO

4TH OCT | 1PM @ MCR
VICE CHANCELLOR Q&A

ousa

OUSAs ELECTIONS

JOIN THE BEST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ON THE PLANET - MAKE CHANGE, HELP PEOPLE AND HAVE YOUR SAY!

IMPORTANT DATES

NOMINATIONS
OPEN AT 9AM SEPTEMBER 3
CLOSE AT 4PM SEPTEMBER 6

CANDIDATE FORUMS
12 SEPT @ 11AM (FIRST PRESIDENTIAL)
13 SEPT @ 12PM (GENERAL)
MAIN COMMON ROOM

15 SEPT @ 7PM (SECOND PRESIDENTIAL)
U-BAR

VOTING
OPEN AT 9AM SEPTEMBER 17
CLOSE AT 4PM SEPTEMBER 20

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SNAPOUSAs



OUSAsNZ

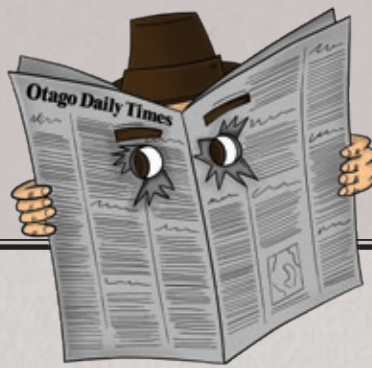


OUSAsEXEC



bit.ly/ousasignup

ODT



WATCH

By Charlie O'Mannin

THE WEEK THE ODT WERE JUST GOSH DARN ADORABLE

This has been a difficult week for the ODT.

So many imposters and blowhards

They shook their fists and told the blowhards to sock it off.

Speaking of socks, this week the ODT experimented with wearing odd socks.

A leap into the unknown
results in a big thrill

It was genuinely the most exciting thing that has happened to them since their granddaughter took her first step.

In further ODT adorableness; they used 'gay' to mean playful and happy.

Gay music, obscure tones of
baroque instruments charm

To be fair, I'm not sure whether the ODT knew that the word has ever been used in a different context.

Then the ODT sunk to reporting on their own advertisements.

A WAR of words over Oamaru Harbour development is playing out in *Otago Daily Times'* advertisements.

And then a story which is funny because of the dual use of the words "Cumming" and "breeders," both of which are also funny words on their own.

He paid tribute to the late Mary Cumming, sometimes called the matriarch of the Southern Provinces Romney Breeders Club, because of the interest she had in fellow breeders.

In the ODT pandering to old people news, here's some relatable content about eyesight deterioration.

I know that face . . .
or maybe I don't

And then some slap-your-knee haven't-we-all-been-there quips about retirement.

RETIREMENT, I was told, opens up a world of freedom. Not only the freedom to see the world but also a chance to enjoy the infirmities of old age and find that travel medical insurance becomes more expensive than the journey itself.

Some riveting content from the Business and Money section.

Mid micron wool prices buoyant
but coarse wool a different story

Good advice ODT, coarse wool is not buoyant; it will drag you to the bottom of the deep part of the river you were warned never to go near as a child and drown you.

And finally, some classic, cliché puns to round out the palette.

No fishy business,
whitebaiters warned

The Critical Tribune

Dunedin's Most Accurate News Source Since 1653



The University of Otago Looking to Add "Victoria" to Its Name

Should Victoria University of Wellington ditch the name "Victoria," Otago University would "snap it up in a second," according to Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne.

Research done by the University of Otago indicates that adding the name of a monarch to the title of an institution leads to an instant 100% increase in prestige. The current administration have held back due to Harlene's secret preference for Victoria over any other former monarch, due to their many similarities (white and powerful). However, a source from within the clocktower has confirmed that as soon as Wellington get rid of it, Otago will pounce. The domain name Victoria University of Otago has already been registered in preparation to stop Critic doing it first.



OUSA Caught Spending up Large on Limos

OUSA's 2019 budget has been leaked, revealing that Sam Smith, OUSA Finance Officer, has preemptively claimed \$100,000 worth of limousine hire for next year. When approached for comment by the Critical Tribune, Smith claims that it was "necessary expenditure" to fund OUSA's 2019 roadshow campaign for students across all Otago University campuses to "get to know OUSA". This is expected to be OUSA's only campaign for 2019; one more than 2018.



Weird Man Intends to Vote in OUSA Election

A weird man told the Critical Tribune that he is not only intending, but is also very excited, to vote in the 2018 OUSA Election. Harry Hinton, a 3rd year BioMed student, said that he "was always fascinated by the exchange of ideas and passion with which candidates debate inane beauraucracy and minute policy changes of subcommittes and working groups".

He said he hoped that this year there might be some candidates who would campaign on actual issues and try to be engaged from an activist standpoint, but he admitted, "that might be a long shot".

"I'm not weird, I'm just really into student politics," he said, weirdly.



Local Boy's Dad Could Beat up Your Dad

Tyler Matthews, 9, of George Street Normal School, has a father who used to be in the army and could totally fuck your dad up in hand-to-hand combat, any time, anywhere, according to new reports out of Tyler's mouth.

According to Tyler, an undersized scrawny boy who plays as a scrappy half-back for his touch rugby team, he comes from a family of muscle-bound beefy boys and he's definitely going to grow up to be that size.

"When I'm older, you better watch out, because I'll mess you up!" he screamed from behind a chicken wire fence in his school playground.



THE GREAT CRITIC PUB CRAWL

BY SWILLIAM SHAKESBEER

Three of our intrepid reporters went on a walk from Central Library to the Octagon. They came back five hours later, about \$80 poorer, and much drunker.

OMBRELLOS

This place is delightful and wholesome, like my kindergarten playground or my grandparents' sex life. The main bar was closed for some corporate function, but we were seated in the restaurant, which had a lovely French cottage vibe. The waitress gave us a good wee spiel about each of the beers on tap, and she even went off to the other bar so we could get the specialty options.

DRINKS:

(New New) New Ombre: Belgian Lime Ale, \$11.50/Pint – Ombrellos grow their own hops out the back, and they got just enough to make one keg of this. Unfortunately it's not amazing, but still pleasant enough to kick off the night. Quite sour but also fruity, like Andy Dick.

VELVET BURGER

"Wait, that's not a pub!" I hear you say. Well fuck you, because Velvet Burger sells Double Brown, so it's good enough for me. Actually, it's more than good, it's amazing. At \$4.50 for a 440ml it's probably the cheapest on-license pint in the city, and the wait staff gave them to us unopened, so we could shotgun them in the back booth. We got caught stabbing keys into the cans by one of the staff, who said "Hey, don't do that here". But then when we offered to go outside she just said "Well, do it now, but be quick".

Absolute champion, give that girl a raise.

DRINKS:

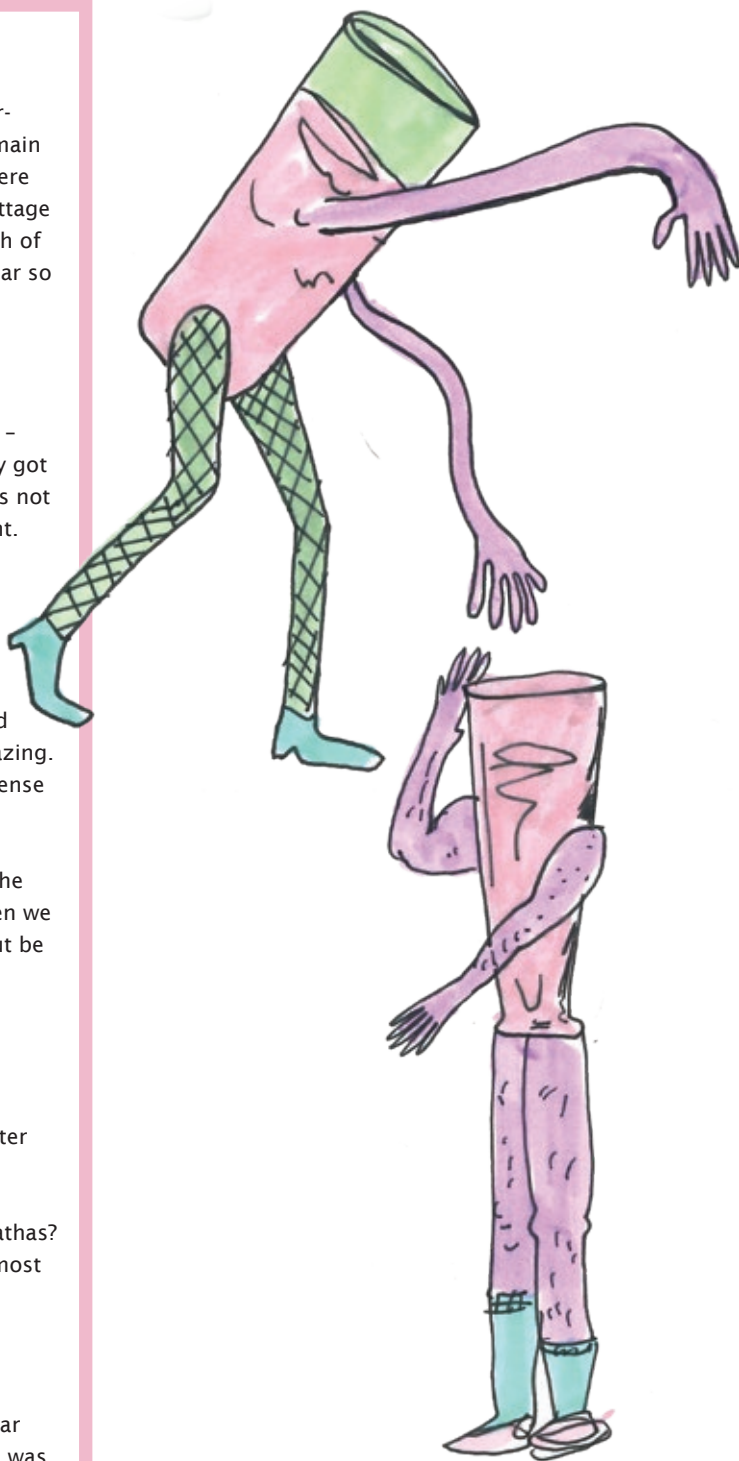
Double Brown, a full-flavoured naturally fermented bitter beer, with a distinctive malty character.

Who could possibly complain about this true gem of a drop, gifted to us by the gods and blessed by the breathas? Notes of caramel and manuka balance out a bitter, almost sour finish.

ZANZIBAR

Well this place is fucking wild. It's a long narrow gin bar filled with 50-something men in leather jackets. There was a guy on the stage doing soundcheck with an electric ukulele, which sounded awesome. Unfortunately he spent like 30 minutes doing the soundcheck and never got around to actually starting.

We asked if the bartender if they had a drinks menu, and he said they has 186 different gins. That was scary and we obviously looked overwhelmed, so he told us he would give us the house special.



DRINKS:

Bushnall's Gin and Tonic, \$8 – G'n'T is a drink sent from hell. My mother adores it but I just don't understand it. Like Shortland Street, or thinking Sam Neill is a sex symbol. This wasn't too bad, because they went hard on the lemon, but still gross.

BRANSON'S

In a 1952 issue of Critic, we found an ad for Bransons which promoted it as 'The Closest Hotel to the Medical School'. They're clearly not going for the med student market anymore. This place is good classy bogan joint. They don't mess around with anything crafty or anything that would attract female clientele.

There were two other people. One was an old man looking solemnly at the pokies, apparently trying to work out if he had enough left for another spin. The other was a young guy punishing a crate bottle of Export, watching a rugby league game by himself.

On the plus side, we did see that music video where Kelly Rowland tries to text Nelly via Excel.

DRINKS:

Speight's Jug, \$12 - We missed the \$10 happy hour but it was still a decent price. There's something just right about Speight's. It's good for you, it puts your mind at ease. Fuck I could go for a Speight's.

ALLEY CANTINA

The complete antithesis to Bransons' depressing 'divorced Dad who just lost custody' vibe, this place was packed out and partying. Everyone in town had apparently showed up for some overpriced tortillas and beans, and it was actually kinda hard to order a drink. One piece of advice for Alley Cantina - they will try to sell you Estrella. Don't buy it. It's awful.

DRINKS:

Margarita Jug, \$26 - The jug looked undersized and overpriced, but it turned out to be great value. It was just big enough to exactly fill 3 glasses, which would have cost \$11 each on their own. So that's a win. Opinion was mixed on whether it was delicious or way oversour, but I guess that depends how into lemons you are.



CRAFT BAR

Despite its ridiculously generic name, this place is hell a nice. Literally every beer on tap is delicious, and they rotate them all the time so there's always something new. It weirdly feels like two bars though - the whole part that is visible from the street is sleek and modern and high-end, but at the back there's a thing called 'Sports Garage,' which is literally separated by a garage roof and is just a giant projector screen and a big bunch of terraced seating. Also, they sell crate bottles there. It's a whole different bar, it's wild, but would be an amazing vibe for an All Blacks game.

DRINKS:

Good George IPA (5.8%) and Good George East Coast IPA (6.4%), both \$10/Pint. That's a great price and both are genuinely gorgeous beers that you absolutely must go out and try right now. The regular IPA was a clear orangey-brown, with a massive peach flavour that made you forget how fucked up it was getting you. The East Coast IPA was a hazy yellow, super hoppy and maybe even better than the regular. It was also 6.4% so we were really feeling it by the time we left.



ALBAR

This place is cute. It's like if Zooey Deschanel was a bar – full of quirky wee things like books and a fire and I think I saw a bicycle standing up against a wall. Also, there was a copy of Critic from February 2017. There were a lot of young professionals doing classy young professional things and talking about having money and jobs.

DRINKS:

They had a sign outside advertising a tasting tray of five Emerson's beers for \$12, which was a hard option to pass up. When they cracked out the tray it looked pathetically small, kinda just like bigger shot glasses. But there was some weird TARDIS shit going on, because they were bigger than they looked. The Pilsner is good, the Bookbinder is boring, and the London Porter is amazing.

THE JURY ROOM

This is apparently a legal themed bar because it's right next to the court house. There are pictures of old judges and shit on the walls, including ma boi Cooke J (absolute banteraurus rex). It's a weird theme, because it's clearly not the place where any prestigious individuals from the legal industry hang out – though it is probably the number one spot to celebrate getting off your drink driving conviction. It's got a real small town pub vibe, where the good old blokes come to drown their sorrows, chuck some money on the pokies and yell at a horse, and where the only women are the bartenders.

DRINKS:

After a bunch of weird crafty shit, we opted to settle our stomachs with a nice jug of Export Gold. I think it cost \$13. The beer went down delightfully easy, but to be fair, it was basically water.

I chucked some money on the dogs and after 30 minutes, turned \$20 into \$22.50. Unfortunately, by the time I cashed out and went back to our seats, one of my fellow pub crawlers had passed out on the couch. We told the staff a very unconvincing lie about how he had done an all nighter finishing an assignment and carried him home.



WINNER:

Velvet Burger is Dunedin's best pub.

What other place lets you do Shotguns and charges \$4.50 a pint? Unreal.

RUNNER UP:

Craft Bar. For real, this place always looks kinda empty but it's fairly cheap and the beers are delicious. Top notch shit.



CRITIC REVIEWS: THE BEST CHINESE FOOD IN NORTH DUNEDIN

BY DAVID EMANUEL

Chinese food is amazing. Simply relegating the entire genre to two words is a grave injustice. Anthony Bourdain said you can spend a lifetime studying Chinese culture and you won't even scrape the surface. In Dunedin we are lucky to have a few good Chinese restaurants whilst having the ethnic diversity of a Christchurch pub when the Crusaders play. But which Chinese restaurant is best?



CHOPSTICKS 101

Despite the woeful attempt to make their restaurant vaguely university-related, which is plainly ridiculous, Chopsticks 101 is a fine establishment. The food prepared by the vast armada of cooks visible from the dining room can be excellent, depending on what you order. But what really sets Chopsticks 101 apart from the standard run-of-the-mill Western/Chinese restaurant is the fantastic service. Annoyingly however, there are no classes on the use of chopsticks, which for the beginner can be likened to trying to swim with your fingers spread apart. Really, like drinking, it's something you will get better at the more you do it, eventually becoming a full-blown Dunnaz breather, or an elderly Chinese woman.

Chopsticks 101 looks rather dodgy from the outside. Again, the suspiciously good-looking pictures of succulent Chinese meals are not encouraging. However, if you look closely on most days at peak times you will see the place packed with Chinese people, including tour groups of Chinese travellers led by the chap in the Highlanders jersey who is undoubtedly an absolute legend on the lash. Whenever you venture to eat foreign food

and there are people of that same ethnicity in the restaurant of choice, it is invariably a good sign.

Upon entry, it still seems pretty dodgy. But the lovely staff will quickly seat you and give you menus. If you go to Chinese restaurants and order fried rice or stir-fried noodles then stop reading this article now, return to Mosgiel and only leave once you are ready to push the waka out. When it comes to food at Chopsticks 101, the more adventurous you get the better it tastes. On a dusty Sunday nothing goes down like a beef hotpot - a delicious soup bought to the table over an open flame packed with slices of beef, vegetables and noodles. Add some of the chilli found in the jar on the table and turn your meal into a real Assyrian Arse-Blaster to rid yourself of any remnants of a hangover.

If you're planning on taking your waka out over open ocean, to navigate by the stars in the hope of finding new lands to settle, go for some tripe (the stomach lining of a cow which, like a lot of Chinese meals, looks like the last thing you would want to eat) or chicken feet. Also good is Chairman Mao's Pork

Belly. For a few days it seemed that they were going to have to rename it to Chairman Peters' Pork Belly. If you're unsure about what to order, ask the staff, they are very attentive and always happy to help.

You do not venture to Chopsticks 101 for a quiet date on a Thursday night. At peak times the place is lit up by Chinese news shows and the room gets quite humid. Also, do not be alarmed when people who turn up after you get their food first. Life isn't fair. The earth could destroy you right now and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Really, your life doesn't matter at all in the scheme of things.

All in all, Chopsticks 101 is a great benchmark for eating Chinese food in Dunedin, great location, a bit on the pricey side but still reasonable, made up for with very good food.

BLUE SKY RESTAURANT

It always seems to look shut, even though it occupies such a grand spot on George Street. We tried to get in one Saturday night to be greeted by a rather hostile Chinese man and a young Chinese woman holding a very cute puppy. They told us to leave immediately and that we could not stand on the street outside or pet the dog. Blue Sky Restaurant is more of a fortress than a restaurant, leading Critic to believe that it is a brothel, or some sort of front for the Triads. Best stay away from there if you know what's good for you.

PAPA CHOU'S

Papa Chou's can be found on Stuart Street near the Octagon. However, as I shall explain, you do not need to venture so far away from North Dunedin to enjoy its excellent food.

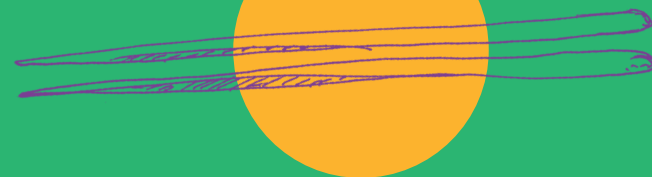
Entering Papa Chou's can be compared to being on an acid-fuelled journey, morphing in and out of a world full of hobbits and Chinese dragons. Passing through the foyer into the dining room takes you through a big round doorway that instantly conjures Hobbiton. You also walk past a projector screen. On this occasion, it was showing an old movie about golf with Chinese subtitles. Very weird. Being in the dining room was also like being in a Hobbit hole, dark and a bit of a dungeon. This feeling was not assisted by the radios and earpieces worn by all the staff, making them all look like secret agents. Am I here for a meal or am I going to be interrogated?

Suspensions were first aroused when I recognised two of the waitresses from Chopsticks 101. After glancing at the menu, which did not contain pictures and mercifully was very brief, they were confirmed. Seeing Chairman Mao's Pork Belly was the giveaway. Papa Chou's is Chopsticks 101's slightly more elegant and restauranty cousin.

Thus, I was not surprised when the food was exquisite. The deep-fried squid was the dog's bollocks. Crispy, fresh tentacles smothered in batter and oily goodness. Also, Papa

HONG KONG RESTAURANT

Although very out of the way, it makes up part of Dunedin's "karaoke precinct" due to being near Vivace. I won't dwell on the food because that is not why I ended up at Hong Kong restaurant. It has its own private karaoke rooms! We stumbled in at about 1AM and sung our hearts out until they eventually got pissed off with us for some reason and told us to leave. Definitely worth a visit as an alternative to Vivace, where you not only have to sing in front of a multitude of people but also have to sit through the painful eight-minute rendition of Stairway to Heaven by a stupid middle-aged man.



Chou's does yum cha, small portions of dumplings among other things, allowing you to order a variety of food for a reasonable price. The shrimp dumplings I had were simply a delight. If you really want to push the waka out, on the menu there was a meal that consisted of a soup containing duck's blood and sliced spam.

All of a sudden, a bunch of Chinese women in puffer jackets came in and started walking upstairs. What is upstairs? The interrogation rooms? The staff started going a bit nuts and became a bit frantic. No idea why. One woman broke off from the group and started taking pictures of the psychedelic dragon statues in the foyer (which look like they were painted by a four-year-old). She proceeded to circle the dining room we were in, taking photos of numerous other elements of the décor. This was very strange seeing as she was in a restaurant proclaiming to serve the food and represent the culture of her homeland.

Papa Chou's point of difference is that it does do BYOs, but seems to be a bit more expensive than Chopsticks 101. It is very close to the Octagon and could make up for Chopsticks 101's lack of grog deletion capability.

THE ASIAN

The Asian is the quintessential Chinese (I think) BYO restaurant in Dunedin, since Chopsticks 101 obviously can't be bothered putting up with gaggles of drunken lunatics. Again, not the most appealing looking place from the outside (or inside for that matter) but the food was good. The best part: it is really cheap.

Do not go to the Asian if you have Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. Indeed, it seems the owners are still confused about what sort of restaurant they want to run. As were we, when we were given the menus. Looking around at the décor there seemed to be a Japanese flag type painting on the wall, which rather pissed me off. Dunedin seems to have a lot of "Asian restaurants" serving an amalgam of different meals from various countries all under one roof. That's annoying. The Asian is more or less Chinese with a few other bits and pieces thrown in.

It's already really hard to make choices in Chinese restaurants since most have very long detailed menus. The Asian is no exception. It has 264 fucking options on their menu! Don't go there if you have some sort of terminal illness, because you'll simply run out of time!

When we finally got around to making decisions, The Asian really did shine. We were able to order a good variety of food (five dishes, due to the excellent pricing). And the food did not disappoint. When the nice lady delivered the food, she offered us chilli and seemed surprised when we replied in the affirmative. She bought it over smirking, which I actually appreciated. We went for some sort of beef and eggplant thing in a nice sauce seeing as eggplant is more expensive than gold at the moment. A good indicator of a Chinese restaurant's quality is the deep-fried squid. The Asian's was not fresh, nor did they serve the tentacles that other places serve, a real down mark. My date got something very white and average, which I shall not dwell on, he is from Christchurch after all, whose rugby team celebrates a group of religious extremists who raped and pillaged a large portion of the Middle East.

The food at the Asian is quite hit-and-miss, you get what you pay for unless you strike it lucky with your one in 264 chance. It would be a fantastic BYO spot, being very close to the Octagon and it does serve good food when you consider the prices.

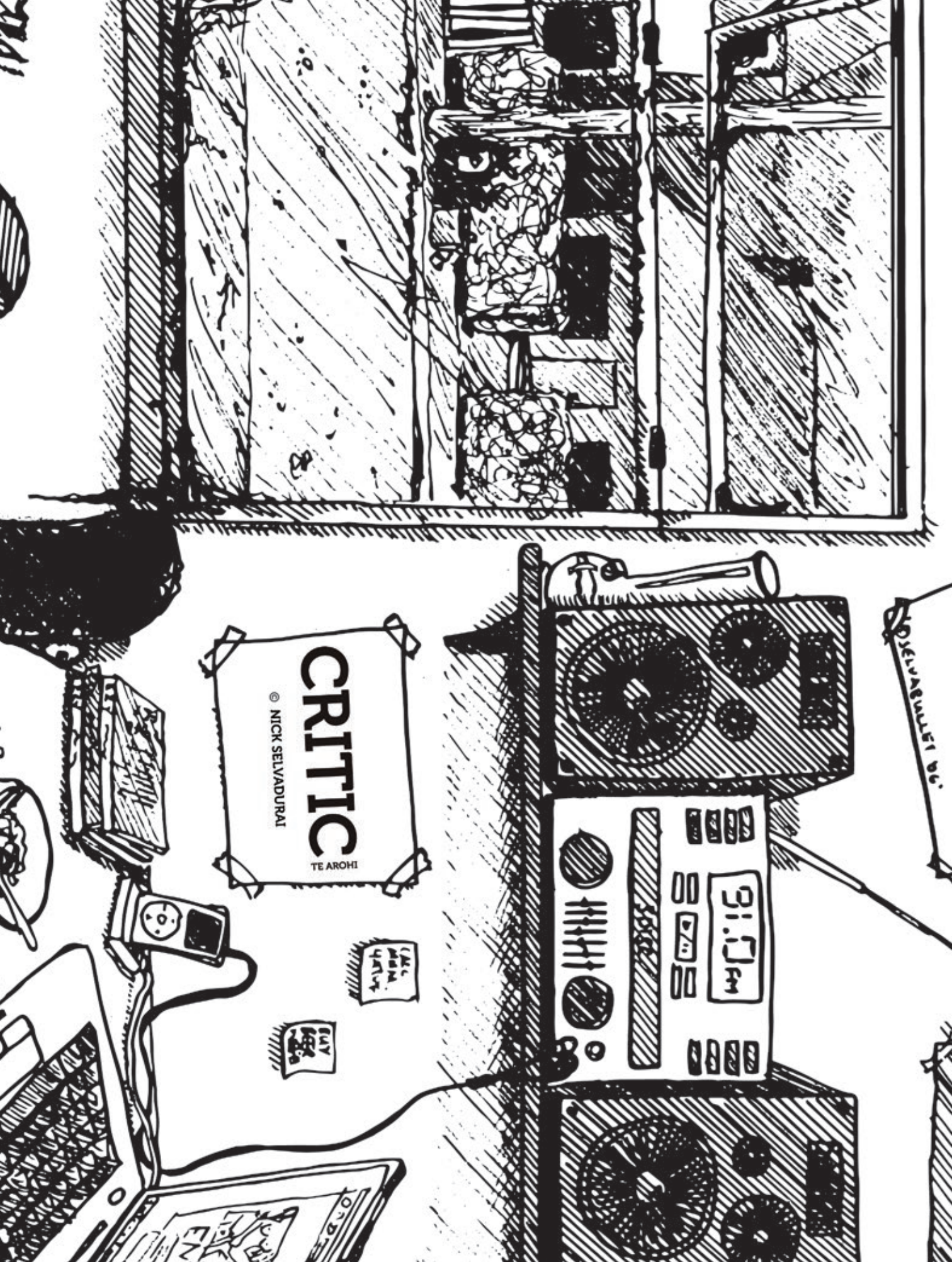


THE VERDICT

The winner is Chopsticks 101. Friendly service is rare in Chinese restaurants, making Chopsticks 101 an excellent exception. Though evidently there are numerous variables when it comes to choosing a Chinese restaurant, your preferences will also depend on your intrepidity and whether you're a farmer from Milton. When it comes to Chinese in Dunedin, there really is something for everyone.







CRITIC

© NICK SELVADURAI

TE AROHI



SILVERMOUNTS 193

THE CARPET CRITIC

- AN EXPOSÉ ON THE CARPETS OF OTAGO

By Sophia Carter Peters

(Rugs and mats will not be included, and tile, linoleum and concrete are dead)

Central Library

Not the most appealing, but clean and does the job. Fantastic water absorption, your tears will just sink right in. Ruined somewhat by the obnoxious presence of AskOtago.

Design: 2.5/5

Texture: 1/5

Aroma: 5/5

Cleanliness: 4.5/5

Water absorption: 5/5



Burns

Old, like the building and most of the people inside it. A little dingy, but not the worst. Neglected, just like the Arts students. When the university runs out of Humanities staff to cut, the Burns carpet will indubitably be next on the chopping block, to be sold to the highest bidder.

Design: 3.5/5

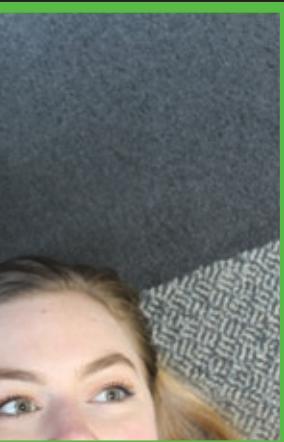
Texture: 2.5/5

Aroma: 3.5/5

Cleanliness: 2/5

Water absorption: 0/5





Quad

(THE WORST) Old, gross, full of rock dust, stained and coming apart. In a state of disrepair, tarnishing the impeccable(?) name of the Geology department.

Precious gem and mineral dust can be found in the weaves of this old carpet.

Design: 1.5/5

Texture: 2/5

Aroma: 1/5

Cleanliness: -2/5

Water absorption: 2.5/5

Saint Dave's

It's okay. Not memorable, just kind of there, adds nothing to the ambience of the building, certifiably "meh". Rumour has it, if you lick the carpet in St. Dave's, you will get a 98% in CELS191. Run don't walk.

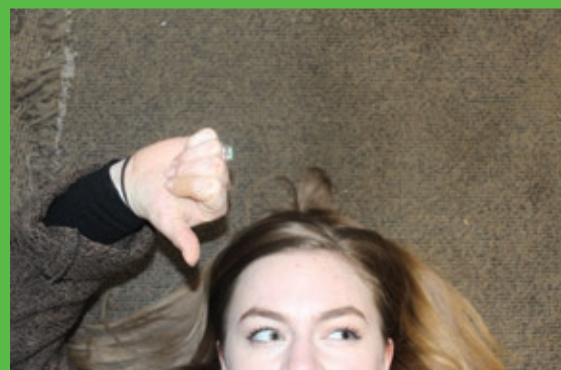
Design: 2.5/5

Texture: 2.5/5

Aroma: 4/5

Cleanliness: 1.5/5

Water absorption: 2/5



Business School

(THE WINNER): Stunning, a feat of interior design, love it, a welcoming sight, makes me wish I did business (not really). Rather pretentious, needs to be taken down a peg or two.

Design: 5/5

Texture: 4/5

Aroma: 5/5

Cleanliness: 4.5/5

Water absorption: 0/5

Richardson

Traditional and unforgiving, similar to its inhabitants. No absorption at all, tears will bounce right off. Geographers and lawyers. 'Nuff said.

Design: 4/5

Texture: 4/5

Aroma: 4/5

Cleanliness: 4.5/5

Water absorption: 0/5



OUSA, Juicy Donna Nights & 123 Agency presents

DRUNK MIMMS



FRIDAY 24TH AUGUST
MAIN COMMON ROOM



Photography Gravity Events

We know both photos are from Med revue we couldn't get any photos from Law revue because they suck

THE REVUE REVIEW

Every year a bunch of law students and a bunch of med students get together and try to be funny. Critic reviews how successful they were.

By Charlie O'Mannin and Bridget Collins

Med Revue

Med Revue, despite being punishingly long at well over three hours and punishingly full of puns, wasn't as shit as I was expecting.

Some of the jokes were legitimately funny, particularly the ones that weren't just repeating a generic med in-joke, like how people who take Dentistry, Pharmacy and Physio are inferior to Med students (height of comedy right there guys). Of particular note were the video skit about the epic journey Aquinas students have to undertake to reach uni and the skit where a group of students flaunting that they're in Med have to actually deal with a medical emergency; self-aware humour always goes down well.

The decision to base the show around Mamma Mia! was also a good one. It meant that when the show's pace was faltering (which, because the show was longer than the Lord of the Rings Extended Cut, was often) they could get the audience easily back on board with a recognisable ABBA banger. Also, the choreography was exceptional, which was cool and surprising.

However, with some exceptions it did feel like someone had told the writers that puns are the only form of humour. There's a reason that you don't see comedians or comedy shows base large chunks of content on puns; while the first three consecutive science-word puns might be funny, by the tenth it starts to grate.

There was a lot of male nudity, with two penises seen, one quite extensively. A Critic mole backstage said that before the scene the two guys in question were rubbing their penises to make them seem bigger before going on stage, which was awkward for everyone.

It was kind of racist in parts. The Māori lecturer, whose whole joke was that he spoke in a stereotypical Māori accent, was really cringe. Although, to be fair, from talking to people who also attended last year's revue, this year's racism level is way down. Which is cool I guess?

The Presenter Man at the start threw some shade at Critic, saying "In the past some people, and I'm looking at you The Critic, have reported that this show is made by people who lack empathy and are in a lofty position purely by being in Medical School. Now look, to avoid such events, you need to know: this show is a joke, we do care and you're more than welcome to your wrong opinion, just don't go around sharing." Fuck you, Mr Presenter Man. We're not called "The Critic" and we'll continue to share our wrong opinion until this University crumbles into dust.

Grade: A- (Not enough to get into Med)

Law Revue

Law Revue was forgettable, not just for the audience but also the cast who were mostly drunk during the shows. The funniest moment was when OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome entered the second half late with an armful of snacks while everyone was quiet. My other highlight was starting a round of applause.

The overarching plot of Law Revue was its redeeming feature. Inspired by Back to the Future, it centred on Marty McFly and Associate Professor Colin Gavaghan travelling back to 1998. The goal was to stop then exchange student Harlene Hayne from being humiliated at Law Ball which would make her hate the Law Department as Vice Chancellor. Marty also met his mum and managed to father himself.

The '90s setting meant an ungodly number of jokes about David Bain and Princess Diana. One joke about David Bain is funny, but five? Not so much. Most of the jokes garnered mediocre laugh levels and there were a decent number of awkward silences. The best joke was when Orange Man did a roly poly across the stage, an 'Electoral Roll'. Another good laugh was about Pitbull dying after being mauled by pitbulls in 2019. The fact that these were highlights kind of demonstrate the quality of humour.

The ode to Mark Henaghan was a bit cringe. Nudity was less than Med Revue apart from when all the male students stripped at the end. The videography was probably good? But the Wednesday night show didn't get to see the videos due to technical difficulties. Sad. Do you know what was really great about Law Revue that could put it ahead of Med Revue? It wasn't racist.

Every time the curtain went up you could see Law students partying at the back of Castle. In the part where everyone bows and gets clapped so many cast members appeared that I don't remember being in the show. But, like I said, it was forgettable so who knows. Anyway, it seems like the cast were having more fun than the audience. Potentially so much fun that they didn't practice that much before the shows. At least they had fun.

Grade: B+

HOROSCOPES

Aquarius



Jan 20 – Feb 18

Love is in the air tonight. More specifically, you cannot use bathroom air freshener as lube, quit while you're ahead.

Bullshit to cut: bitching about the way food smells in food inappropriate areas wtf.

Pisces



Feb 19 – Mar 20

It's that time of semester, everyone thinks they're doing well at everything, especially you Pisces. Not that you're not doing well. Just know when to cut the bullshit eh.

Bullshit to cut: the whole I'm healthier than thou shit.

Aries



Mar 21 – Apr 19

The planets are falling out of alignment revealing that you still haven't pooped this week.

Bullshit to cut: no one is an island, especially not you hunny. Need help? Just ask.

Taurus



Apr 20 – May 20

Don't do nail polish night.

Bullshit to cut: tacky chipped nail polish, yuck.

Gemini



May 21 – Jun 20

Solar flares out east in Venus mean that you need to eat more vegetables.

Bullshit to cut: being a douchebag to the planet.

Cancer



Jun 21 – July 22

August will continue to be an emotionally charged month. This stress can be lifted in part by taking your bra off.

Bullshit to cut: thinking emotions will just go away.

Leo



July 23 – Aug 22

Traditionally, August is your month to shine. In this year's trend of going against the trend, you'll have to fight hard to make August ya bitch.

Bullshit to cut: complaining about your hair.

Virgo



Aug 23 – Sept 22

Low-pressure systems bring with them a distinct lack of humidity that will result in more eczema than usual.

Bullshit to cut: bro-ing it up when the dudes turn up. So weird.

Libra



Sept 23 – Oct 22

The new moon means that the line for the micro-wave near Campus Shop will be extra long on Tuesday.

Bullshit to cut: having opinions on insignificant stuff like queues, but no opinions on significant stuff like border family separation.

Scorpio



Oct 23 – Nov 21

You're hungry for love with no way to feed it. Jeff Buckley says so. The stars suggest caffeine.

Bullshit to cut: making thoughts spoken words, doesn't make those words true.

Sagittarius



Nov 22 – Dec 21

Celestial dust recognises that skinny jeans seem to be on the out. Keep yours just in case. Jeans are jeans.

Bullshit to cut: conflating need and want, e.g. needing food vs. wanting a new ball dress.

Capricorn



Dec 22 – Jan 19

You will finally come to love your frugal student existence this week. That, and Jupiter blocks Mars from your rectal quarter.

Bullshit to cut: saying you've checked for STIs (but you haven't).

PHAKE PHACTS

1. Turtlenecks are actually unable to be worn by turtles
2. Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson was originally known as Dwayne "Baroque" Johnson
3. Dwayne "Baroque" Johnson had a twin sister wrestling partner called Renee Sance
4. There are no snakes in Ireland because St Patrick smelled really bad and they didn't like it
5. There's only one snake in America, and it's Taylor Swift
6. If you put a slow cooker in a fast cooker, it cooks at a medium speed
7. The Koran and the 1990s metal band Korn are actually different things entirely.
8. A group of hams is called a 'book'
9. If you work more than 40 hours a week at a blood clinic they let you drink a little bit on Fridays
10. Nobody knows who discovered cars or how their inner workings truly function

POPULAR BOIZ.

- **Stefan** – Is a traveller. Knows the hottest clubs in New York, temperature wise. Blond hair, tall, slight tan, wears white tees that are loose fitting and have slight rips in them. Wears very tight jeans though, for contrast. You're a little bit worried about his sperm count.
- **Bill** – Has a soul patch. May or may not have an actual soul, but does have a patch... gang affiliated. You don't know what gang. You're afraid to ask. You hope he's just really into cross-stitching. He slicks his hair back with coconut oil... all his hair.
- **Louis** – Has a long, skillful tongue. That's probably his best feature. He's been training to make up for other shortcumings.
- **Audrey** - Gentle sloping features. Ceramicist. He learnt the craft from his mother during a long hot summer in Nelson. He wears white shirts with the sleeves rolled up and you can see his nipples through them. He eats crabs fresh from the ocean and likes to suck the flesh out of oysters. Sometimes he reads naked on an isolated beach. On his first date he took you to the library and showed you his favourite books, afterwards you talked about your favourite books for hours.

TOP TEN WAYS TO:

**PROVE
YOU'RE
TOUGH**

1. Stand up to go to the bathroom in an exam without putting your hand up first
2. Walk straight underneath ladders without making the sign of the cross
3. Fight a cop
4. Arrest a cop
5. Wear tank tops and do air kicks
6. Eat nails for breakfast without any milk
7. Listen to Radio One for the whole drive
8. Get down and dirty on the D floor and boogie the night away... oh wait, that's how to groove your stuff.
9. Order your butter chicken medium instead of mild
10. Cry in public



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF FUCK BUDDIES

By Robin Scherbatzky

Friends with benefits can be the ultimate situation, if you do it right. The idea is tempting to most – you get to hang out with a mate and also have regular sex. What's not to love? But the fear that one of you will catch feelings and it will all end in an awkward sort of breakup and the end of a friendship is a valid concern. The reality is that most people just aren't cut out for the savagery that is required to keep it purely friends. But if you think you and your mate have what it takes to get the balance right, keep reading for the ultimate guide to keeping it casual. Happy fucking!

I.

The first and hopefully obvious one – you both have to be on the same page. Not in a, “I think they get that this is only casual” way, you have to have an open, honest, adult conversation about what this is and isn’t. It’s a no brainer – you both have to be 100% on board.

II.

They are your mate, not your bestie. You are in it for sex and banter, not for a confidant. Feeling horny at the end of a long day? Go hang and bang. Had a bad day and want cheering up? Go to your bestie’s house, not his.

III.

Find someone you would never actually want to date. Someone you are sexually attracted to but maybe kinda don’t actually like as a person.

IV.

Never be affectionate in public. Better yet, act like you don’t know them in public. The minute they put an arm around you or give you a playful touch of the arm in front of other people, it is ALL OVER.

V.

You can hang out without having sex, but only in the privacy of your house. Takeaways in bed, fine. Going out to eat somewhere, not fine. That is dating. The point of this is that you are not dating.

VI.

Don’t go for someone you knew well before you started banging. There is too much friendship, you already have all the history and foundation needed for a real relationship. Risky territory.

VII.

Don’t stay the night. And don’t cuddle too much, anything more than a quick post-sex snug and your body will start doing the hormone thing where it tricks you into loving them. That’s a real thing, look it up.

VIII.

Tell as few people as possible. People are nosy and they will pry and make it awkward.

IX.

You don’t owe them your time. If you are busy or you just can’t bothered with going over then tell them no. You don’t need to clear time in your schedule, they aren’t a priority in your life.

X.

Never be exclusive. Exclusivity means feelings, feelings spell danger. If you are feeling guilty about getting with other people, then I hate to break this to you – you have fallen off the deep end. Abandon mission right now.

Aussie Musician Harry Marshall Is Your New Sad Boi Crush



When I first met Indie-Rock artist Harry Marshall, he was a scruffy little blond Australian busking the streets of Paris outside the Shakespeare and Company bookshop.

I kicked the Australian flag tag he had hooked to his guitar case, and we've been friends ever since. What drew me to him first and foremost was his voice. Powerful, warm, and tireless, he can belt a note to make you melt on the spot.

Since then, Harry has released three singles: Epilogue, which has 240,000 streams on Spotify, Nowadays, which is #38 internationally on the iTunes alternative chart, and the recently released M'kenzy Rayne, which is currently climbing.

He's light-hearted, kind of a lad, but with a poet's heart deep down. That personality clash comes out when he's asked to describe his sound. In fact, the answer he gave was "I don't fucking know".

"In a way, alternative rock? But also lyric focused song-writing. I won't listen to the song; I'll listen to the lyrics ... but then again some seem kinda country/indie rock, folksy; it's a whole mix."

Harry said his newest single, Nowadays, is a hard one for him to talk about. It was written in about 30 minutes, a burst of inspiration, while he was working a construction job.

"It's kind of like a memoir to myself to keep me going forward. I wrote it to inspire people as well; it's deeply personal, but also relatable. People will find their own meanings. Nowadays was me kicking myself in the arse and telling me to go out and do something. The melody itself took me a few days of bashing my head against a wall."

"I took a break for two and a half years and I went to France, doing a lot of writing. I felt good releasing Nowadays because it's the least single formulated song. It's pure; it's my artistic statement. I'm releasing it to show people what I wanna say while being completely free."

He describes his songwriting process as "spewing a song on to paper" in a rushed flow of inspiration.

"Usually I have the guitar first then unload a heap of bricks and just get it all out there ... sometimes I'll write a song and then record it in one take. It's organic. But then again, it's taken me years for other tracks."

His go-to inspiration for songwriting is heartbreak and breaking down social gender norms. "In Australia the rough tough manly men are not allowed to express emotions and cry, and no one's talking about it. Most men are blocking it up and unless they're shit-faced no one wants to confront the problem. It's incredibly unhealthy, and there aren't many music artists talking

about it. Suicide rates among men are rising ... there's no escape from these ideas and ideologies because many of us can't deal with our emotions."

"The London music industry is busier, so I've slowed down a bit, but my best songs come from my organic way of doing it; I won't stray too far from that."

Speaking of the London music industry, the move from Australia was something Harry said he needed to do because he never felt like he really fit in in Australia.

"There are so many amazing artists, but I felt like I didn't really belong anywhere," he said. London was always a dream, so with the support of friends and fans he made the move.

"The London music scene is completely enormous and crazy and beautiful. There's so much room for anyone and anything and I feel so happy here."

Marshall's biggest inspirations are poetic writers – Dave Le'aupepe from Gang of Youths, Bruce Springsteen, Ernest Hemingway and Kerouac. But when it comes to his goals for the future, he doesn't aspire to the greatness of those names. For the time being, his number one goal is "to pay rent."

Right now, Harry is working with some "great" producers on his debut EP. "After that I really wanna release a record that I'm proud of. I wanna make a piece of art that is worth something."

It's true, he is every girl's sad boi dream.

But there also runs something deeper in this old soul. Harry Marshall's music calls into the belly of the void many people pushed away long ago, and draws from it a universal nostalgia, a taste for a home we see and long for in the people we love. It encourages the buzzing radiator within our souls to croak to life and warm us from the inside out, so that we may battle the harsh weather of the world.

Expecting great things from this one.



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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

POUSA ART WEEK

STUDENT EXHIBITION WINNERS



Art Zone Painting Winner:

Kowhai/Yellow

by Tom Normeier

Judges' Comments:

This particular painting has thoughtful use of colour and extreme detail, from the soft focus in the background to the pollen on the bird's beak. The eye of the bird draws the viewer in and through the painting. We loved that the name was Kowhai, for the native tree the Tui sits in, not the bird itself, moving the attention from the bird to its surroundings.



Photography Winner:

The Rohingyans

by Aiman Amerul Munur

Judges' Comments:

A powerful framing of anguish. The image comes directly from the photographer's eye, a hard technique to master effectively. The image has a thoughtful use of black and white, which amplifies the torment seen in the subject.



Dog With Two Tails
Illustration/Drawing Winner:

Incel
by Asia King

Judges' Comments:
Gruesome yet humorous. The image presents the deliberate use 2D and 3D techniques, which amplify the uniqueness of the image. An inherent sense of story left untold is drawn from the piece, which keeps the spectator involved.



Sculpture Winner:
Dissected
by Natasha Manuson

Judges' Comments:
This sculpture presented thoughtful glazing that aided in the revealing of skin to flesh and bone, as well as revealing the clay itself as a vital element in the exposure of the subject.

Dunedin Public Art Gallery Other
Medium Winner:

Uninhibited

by Emma Gamson

Judges' Comments:

This piece is innovative in its use of varnish to bring colour into the leaves of a design that quite literally jumps out of the frame. There has been careful consideration put into the soothing twists and turns, which form the body of the tree, as well as the use of individual wires to create the roots that attach the piece to the frame.



Cultural Award:

Copper Eyes of Hanuman

by Natasha Manuson

Judges' Comments:

The technique and patience put into the creation of this piece is amazing. The artist has created depth with each cut of paper, and by placing the copper card on black background has drawn the story that inspired the piece directly into the artwork itself.





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- Bluebird chips 35-80g including Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

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Good Good

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\$6.50 for Regular Hot Drink + Scone/Slice/Muffin on Mondays and Tuesdays

Groom Room

Full cut and style with consultation, complimentary drink, wash, hot towel, cut throat finish valid with ID for \$30

Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

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Pizzeria Da Francesca

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T M Automotive

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ENTROPY

By Randall Parsons

*Seagulls circle side the Lake
How high how low how high
They go
Red beaks Red feet White Wings
Cast shadows
Cross open water
Our slit eyes
Shell pebbled shore line
& squat beat back
Sentinel
Set back, the scrappy bush
Adrift us
Shimmering through warm air
Rising
Seagulls circling
See
This is today tomorrow as
If only yesterday
The Light, the Sky, Water,
Burnt Macrocarpa
Raw Cicada singing over
The sound of
Seed pods
Fitfully popping
In the Eucalyptus heat
Swoop & flash
Circling gulls signalling*



ACROSS

- 5. SHMYEIRCT (Subject)
- 6. SIEDLE (Drink)
- 7. ETAMREK (Animal)
- 9. IFNORT (Currency)
- 10. NOADMBINT (Sport)
- 12. AAKRAJT (City)
- 15. NTETNESELCHII (Country)
- 17. MUCRUNOD (Mineral)
- 18. NASIMERU (Country)
- 20. LNBEOMUER (City)

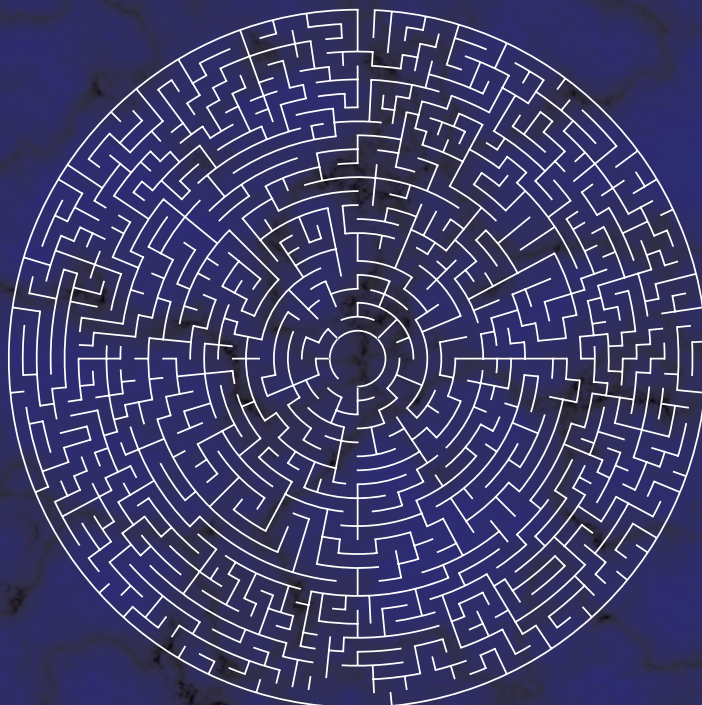
DOWN

- 1. MANBDEOR (Dog breed)
- 2. IHPCRTATRS (Actor) (5,5)
- 3. MCOESARY (Tree)
- 4. GMENAESNA (Element)
- 8. FATHSCI (Fish)
- 11. HATSOUKEND (Actress) (4,6)
- 13. LUBE (Colour)
- 14. RLAEICNT (Instrument)
- 16. BELHOSLI (Bird)
- 19. NGOCO (River)

Answers:
Across: 5. Chemistry 6. Diesel 7. Mleerkat
9. Fort 10. Badminton 12. Jakarta 15. Liech-
tenstein 17. Corundum 18. Suriname
20. Melbourne
Down: 1. Doberman 2. Chris Pratt 3. Syc-
amore 4. Manganese 8. Catfish 11. Kate
Hudson 13. Blue 14. Claret 16. Shoebill
19. Congo

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CRITIC BOOZE REVIEWS

Vodka Cruiser Ice

By Swilliam Shakesbeer



Vodka Cruiser Ice is the tipping point of mediocrity. Bringing a four-pack of these bad boys to a party screams small dick energy, but you know what? Really owning your small dick energy, is kind of big dick energy. Or rounds it up to 5 inches at least.

It's like the lemonade you buy from a stand on your street corner: you know it's kind of shitty, but you've heard the kid has a learning disability and he's fundraising to go on a school snowboarding trip. It's relatively cheap, and why not let someone else have some fun? You will say this phrase later in your head as you're getting fucked on a fold-out couch. Cruisers don't get you so fucked that you forget to use a condom, but you will forget the lube.

One thing I will say: it's drinkable. Because it tastes like nothing, much like the empty void inside of you. You can drink as many as you want and never get super wasted, but the people who drink vodka ice will probably only drink four cans. It's because that's all they can fit in their high-school bag as they go party in the basement of some bitch called Rebecca. She will give your boyfriend a hand job later on and blame it on the cruisers. Don't trust her, she's had her eye on him for months.

I've had my suspicions for years that Cruisers are secretly just adding water to bulk up their cans. Like c'mon, it's called Vodka Ice. You know what ice is made from? Fucking water. Don't @ me on this. If you want to make a drink lemonade flavoured, just

call it lemonade flavoured. Ice is a poor man's game. Hell is empty and all the late stage capitalists are here.

On a final note, I imagine Elon Musk drinks Vodka Cruiser Ice. Do what you want with that information.

Taste Rating: 5 inches/10

Froth Level: Is there anything ever much to froth about? Life is meaningless and fleeting

Pairs well with: Antidepressants. Thai boys trapped in caves.

Tasting notes: Water. It's literally fucking water.

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HOW TO BE A LESS SHIT COOK

Creamy Chicken, Bacon & Mushroom Pasta

By The Scarfie Chef

This dish is an unreal winter warmer which is sure to satisfy the flatties. Pair with white Longridge goon or Kristov vodka.

1. Grab a frying pan or stone pot, chuck it on med-high heat, and leave it to heat up. Slap some oil in there and then add diced, salted chicken. Be careful not to overload the pan – you want to fry the chicken, not boil it in its own juice. Get it to a good golden-brown, then remove and set aside.
2. Dice your onions and roughly chop your mushrooms and fry them off in the excess oil from the chicken along with some extra butter if you are

keen. Cook these until the onions soften or for around ten minutes on a medium heat while stirring so nothing burns or sticks to the bottom of the pan then add your garlic and cook for another couple of minutes.

3. At this stage add the chicken if you have taken it out, then add 250ml of sour cream and a cup of chicken stock. Cook for five to ten minutes adding plenty of salt and pepper.
4. Boil your pasta in a separate pot while this is happening. Use penne or spirals or spaghetti or whatever, they all work mean with this. And

when it's cooked stir through the sauce. Grill your streaky bacon or bacon bits in the oven until crispy then cut up and stir through the pasta and it will be ready to serve.

Bonus Tip: Chuck some chilli in for some spice!

RAINBOW RECOGNITION

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MR SANDLER, BRING ME A DREAM

A weekly review of every bloody Adam Sandler film

Going Overboard

As I assume most of you are aware by now, I have shit time management skills. Hence the lack of review in last week's issue. I'm only one person, and the last thing I want to do at the end of the week is watch and write about Adam Sandler. But we're here, reporting live from the New World staffroom, ready to review some Sandler. Before diving into this review, I'd like to give a shout-out to Alex for making me aware of this film, Elliot who puts up with my shit and sits through these films with me, and the New World staff reading this Critic in the far end self-scan every evening.

I'm slowly running out of ideas for what Sandman film to watch, so I decided we should go a bit grassroots on this one and take a journey back to Adam Sandler's first ever film. *Going Overboard* is a 1989 film from the Happy Maddison film company that debuted its shining star: a sexy, 23-year-old Adam Sandler. Sandler plays a waiter on a cruise ship who wants to be a standup comedian, so tries to steal the spotlight off 'Dickie Diamond' for his chance at the big time. Sounds promising, right?

Wrong.

This film is fucking terrible.

And I have a lot to say.

So get this, it starts off with a dictator from Panama deciding what film to choose, before settling on Shecky Moskowitz. After putting in the tape, 'Shecky' (Sandler) then greets the audience by breaking the fourth wall, talking about how the film was only produced due to access to a large cruise ship and 'beautiful beauty pageant models'. The film makes no coherent sense after this. It involves Sandler constantly breaking the fourth wall to address the audience in a self-reflexive manner which is fucking weird to watch. While the main plot seems to be how Schecky wants to be the ship's stand-up comedian, the film hits you with another sub plot! Remember that Panama dictator I mentioned earlier? As he watches the tape, one of the beauty pageant models starts bagging on him and saying how "he smells like three-day old pizza".

Now this is where shit gets whack. The dictator then calls in these two 'terrorists' (the film's words, not mine), and gets them to go find the woman from the tape and kill her. So as the dictator dude is WATCHING the tape, the two 'assassins' are in the tape trying to kill the beauty pageant model!!!!!! They made a fifth wall and shattered it alongside my dreams! Then basically Schecky does a comedy routine, the beauty pageant model doesn't get killed, the

assassins end up doing some comedy – and the film ends with Sandler explaining how he promised to put assassins in a film.

This film is the most bizarre, avant-garde yet crude piece of shit I've ever watched. Some of the scenes look straight out a third-year art school project, while the others look like they come from a '90s soft-core porn video. The film has such a slow progression of the plot, and generally just doesn't make any sense. Like why does Sandler constantly break the fourth wall? Why is there a random scene of a heavy metal singer doing a performance for no real reason? Why was this film ever released let alone made? There is a reason why it only has a rating of 1.9/10 on IMDB. This film is complete garbage; words can't even explain how confusing and dumb it is. But hey, without this film we would never have been gifted Adam Sandler films at all. If there is anything we can take from *Going Overboard*, it is that from humble beginnings comes great prospects for the future – so long as no one brings up how shit you are.

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MIRI

After spending the afternoon scrolling through Critic archives and reading every blind date section from the past two years I had sufficiently freaked myself out, so some serious pre-drinking was in order. I downed a bottle of wine and showed up at Ombrellos ten minutes late. My date wasn't there yet so I chatted with the waitresses who seemed just as nervous for me as I was.

When my date arrived I was relieved that he was nice and chatty. He wasn't exactly my type, but a bottle of wine later I wasn't feeling too picky. We didn't have trouble keeping up a conversation, especially with the help of the questions he'd been sent (I was offended that I only got safety tips). I caught him getting advice from an old couple nearby while I was in the bathroom (weird!) but apparently they weren't too helpful because the night went downhill from there.

My memory gets blurry here but I vaguely remember walking to his place with a few mediocre make out stops along the way. I probably should've headed home at this point but he'd given me his jacket which was pretty comfy and I wasn't about to take it off so we ended up at his flat. After meeting his flatmates (a couple of which were very cute), we shared a beer and some bong hits in front of the virtual fireplace on his TV. With the cute flatmates off to a bar, all signs pointed to things getting steamier but he seemed much more enthusiastic (probably because he hadn't had sex in two years) and I wasn't feeling it. I made my exit and while that was the end of the date, I am happy to report that my night went on to include all the dirty stuff you guys read this for.

Thanks to Critic and Ombrellos for a good time.

ZACK

Every girl I have ever slept with, I have cummed on their face. So tonight was no exception. Having no expectations, I arrived at the destination for the staff had told me my date was pretty. Turns out they were wrong. Because when I saw my date, I swear my heartbeat stopped for a second. Totally mind blanked, I thought to myself what the next best step was. So, I made a quick phone call to heaven to tell them not to send her back.

From the presence of my date, I felt like the luckiest guy in the world. No matter how I describe her, being there at that moment was something else. Every time she smiled, a rush of euphoria bought a one-way ticket and came to my direction. We decided to share both our orders, so as the meals arrived, I later found out that she was a pescaterian (Non-meat eater, only seafood). This was a total game changer, as not only did I get the confit duck for myself, but the fact that she might not be too keen to help me achieve my 100% success rate :). Although I had been saved by the bell, as she was keen to come back to mine.

I didn't think too much of the outcome, because just being with her was amazing. When we got to my room, I did not want to rush anything, as I wanted to get to know her more. As the talking and kissing went on, the clothes started coming off....

During that moment I decided to open up and tell her about my past performance highlights. There was not a strong response on her end. After what had been said, the bell could not save me this time. She was off on her way.

Surprisingly she was not keen to see me again. Thank you Critic and Ombrellos for everything. But I must move on from this amazing girl that I will never see again and carry on my legacy.

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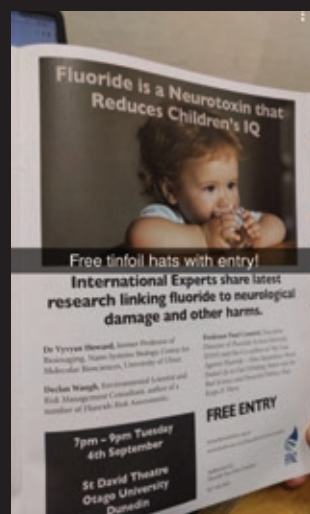
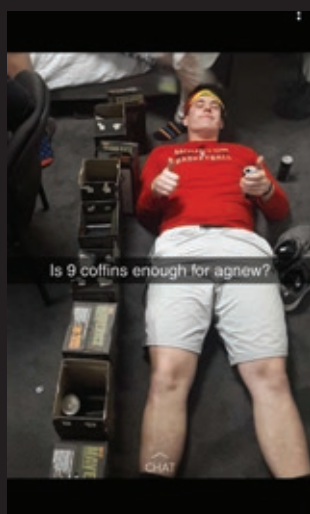
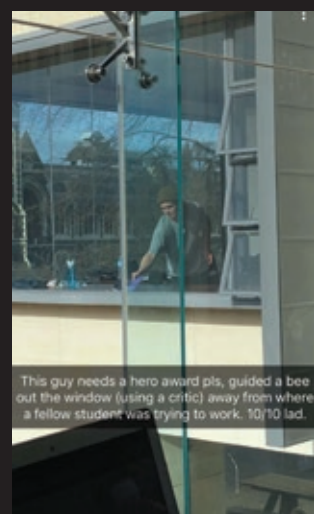
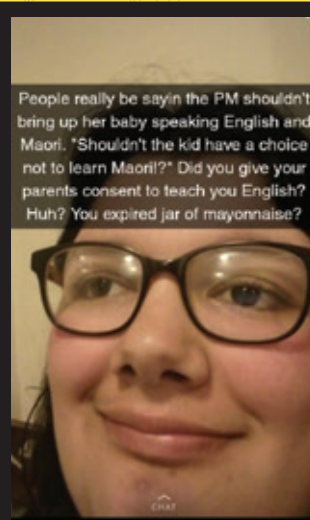
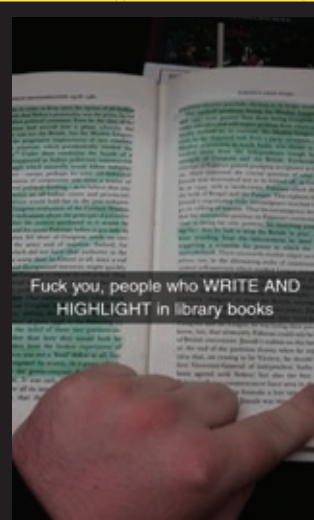
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