

TE AROHI

A simple line drawing of a house. It has a chimney on the left side, a central door, and several windows. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with dark outlines.

SCARFIES: THE FILM THAT GAVE TAIKA WAITITI HIS BIG BREAK

Intro to Orange

JOSHUA
VS
PARKER
WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT

31ST MARCH
PRINCIPALITY STADIUM, CARDIFF

FOUND

FLAT NAMES

BOOZE

MR. SANDLER
BRING ME A DEATH

ODT MATCH

POPULAR
BOIZ

Crime pr
and safe
on and a
campus

[illegible]

BIG DADDY

**LONG
WHITE**


Free Samples

PIZZER
RASCAL

1^{re} PARTIE GRIME SUR
WARM UP : DJ ABSURD (BASE SOCIETY)
LUNDI 24 JUIN 19H30
CABARET SAUVAGE
Parti de la volonté
pour la nuit
1987 Paris

HELP, I'M

STEPHEN HAWKING



*"Einstein" can explain
the complexities of
quantum physics
in an easy-to-understand
combination of clarity
and wit. . . . He is a truly
extraordinary person!"*
—the *New York Times*
reviewer of *Black*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME

STEPHEN HAWKING

When you took off your glasses, you look like a million dollars.
♥ Call Me



Should you be punished for not picking up your rubbish?

As per the Litter Act (1979), any person can be fined up to \$5,000 for littering in a public. So why the hell does North D look like the slums?? Don't get me wrong I am all for a good night out at a flat party, but that doesn't mean I have the right to treat it like shit.

It is your responsibility to pick up after yourself. Unless you're a spoilt little prick where mum does it for you when you're at home. But you're not at home anymore.

DCC need to make it far easier for students to get rid of their rubbish and recycling. If only they picked up both recycling every week and it didn't cost \$3 a bag.... Maybe the solution is having more public bins or skips every fortnight. Throw me a bone and do a bit of the work so I can prove to DCC the value of changing their well below average rubbish and recycling system.

Kudos to all the students who got their hungover asses out of bed the day after Paddies to help with the OUSA Castle Street Clean Up. You were actually fantastic. But you shouldn't need a bribe to be a good citizen.

I want to know what a good solution would be to keeping our streets clean while still being able to hold the sickest (and probably only) flat parties in New Zealand. Please email me, call me, snap me. The university is feeling the pressure of the public eye on scummy dunnaz so imagine if they decided they could fine you for living like a pig.

Caitlin Barlow-Groome
OUSA President
president@ousa.org.nz

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

Ed Sheeran

We've teamed up with Frontier touring who are bringing Ed Sheeran to Dunedin to offer standing student tickets from \$29.00 plus fees using the code 'OUSA'. With local legends Six50 opening, this is going to be epic!

POETRY COMP

POETRY

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

POEMS TO BE SUBMITTED DURING APRIL

MORE DETAILS AND TO SUBMIT POEMS HEAD TO: ousa.org.nz/competition

The Infamous OUSA
PHOTO COMP

Photos to be submitted during
MARCH

For more info and to submit pics, head to ousa.org.nz

MONDAY 9th APRIL, 12-2PM

QUEEREST TEA PARTY

MAIN COMMON ROOM
(NEXT TO THE UNION FOODCOURT)

12:00 - 13:00: CUPCAKE DECORATING COMPETITION
13:15 - 14:00: FILM SCREENING OF "MORE THAN FOUR" by InsideOUT

Raising the profile of Queer identities and culture on campus.

PRIDE

ousa queer support

ousa

MARKET DAY!

10am - 2pm, Wednesday 11 April
Union Lawn Courtyard

Range of Stalls, Live Music & Tasty Food Trucks

Registration information can be found online at www.ousa.org.nz/market-day or pop into the ousa Hall Office Reception, 800 Cumberland St

Don't miss it!

BATTLE OF THE BANDS

FIRST PRIZE \$1000 (RECORDING TIME & MORE)

HEATS: Every Friday in May
FINAL: Weds 12th May

CALL ENTRIES

ENTER TEAM: BOTB.ousa.org.nz

peer supporter

Do you enjoy helping others? Become a Peer Supporter

Apply to become a OUSA Peer Supporter or Queer Support volunteer

Keen? For more information email: help@ousa.org.nz
Applications close 5pm Thursday 26th April

ousa student support

Drop in, phone or email us!
Head Office: 800 Cumberland St Dunedin



OUSA



SNAPUSA



OUSANZ

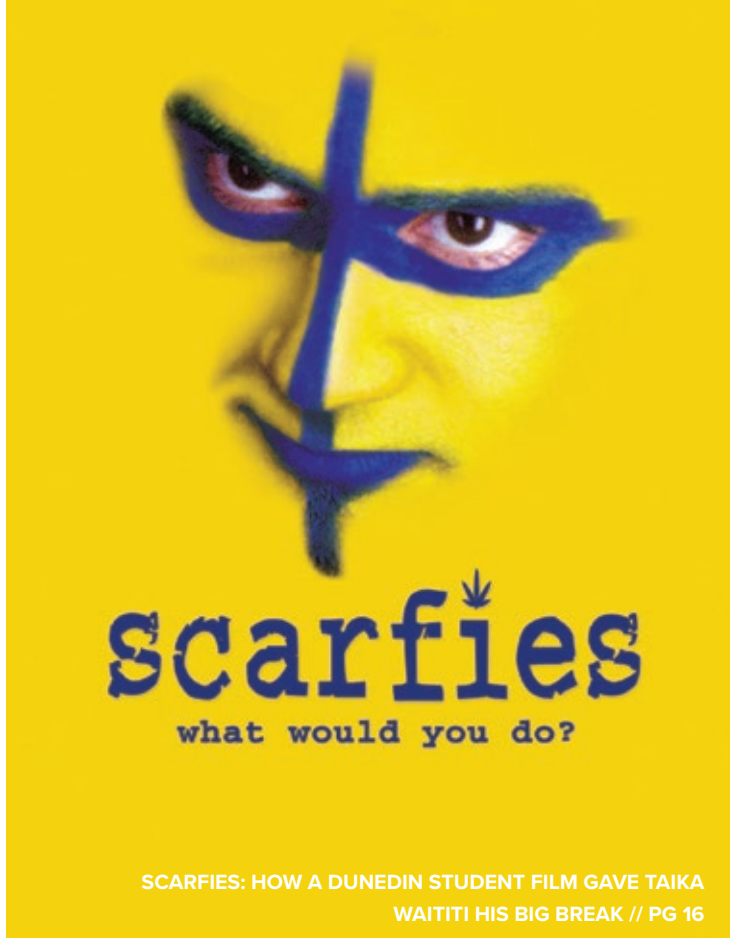


OUSAEXEC



bit.ly/ousasignup

Contents



<u>04</u>	Letters	<u>24</u>	I Wore a Fedora for a Week and It Changed Me
<u>05</u>	Editorial		
<u>06</u>	News	<u>31</u>	Eat a Locust, Save a Cow
<u>12</u>	Critical Tribune	<u>34</u>	Puzzle & Games
<u>13</u>	Sports	<u>36</u>	Culture
<u>14</u>	Facts & Figures	<u>42</u>	Columns
<u>16</u>	Scarflies: How a Dunedin Student Film Gave Taika Waititi His Big Break	<u>45</u>	Blind Date
<u>21</u>	Exploring the Dunedin Wildlife Hospital	<u>46</u>	Snap, Crack & Popple Us

Letters to the editor

Pissed Off About Public Pissers

DEAR CRITIC,

I was sad to find not one public toilet in the university campus from Albany Street, the Stadium to North End. If we cannot provide students with proper public facilities they have only one alternative. And, that does not leave a pleasant odour in the student quarter.

Some call them "Temples of Convenience" – because godliness is next to cleanliness.

Yours truly,

Anthony Skegg

Looking for love

Dear Critic,

I think I may be in love with a popular boi and I need help. Who is Sam and how may I meet him?

Yours truly,

Samantha

Why am I paying for printing?

Dearest Editor,

I'm definitely just using this as a platform to gripe. You love it.

So I just wondered why it is that I have to pay \$12,000 for a Masters, and somehow that \$12,000 doesn't cover printing off class readings. Readings, by the way, total around 100 pages per class per week.

That's \$10.00 per class a week that I am paying on top of the initial \$12,000. If you were wondering why I don't just use a computer, have you ever tried reading double columned text books off your laptop? It's a pain in the ass. Yeah I'm a stingy mother-fucker. But me, a hugely indebted student, vs. the university . . . who's more financially capable here? And don't tell me the humanities department can't afford to give us course readers, when law students get their goddamn ring bound tomes for \$4 a pop.

The University isn't trying to make the Humanities save the amazon on their own by preventing any readings hand-outs.

Also I'd like to add that for humanities students, our readings are our resources- similar to how in neuro labs, the EEG electrodes are the resources. I don't see all those med students handing over a fiver for each new histology slide.

Great felicitations,

Ranty Angie

Liberate the Pies

Hey Critic,

Really concerned to hear someone who wrote a letter last week feels ashamed about eating scarfie pies. What kind of place do we live in where students judge each other for the number of two dollar pies they eat? Sit in the middle of the library and eat your pie with pride.

Love,

Scarfie Pie Liberation Movement

We Don't Know Either

Dear Sir,

A woman cant open her legs for air or walk along the street or even sit these days without some idiot tasering or airbombing her fanny or bum. It's a bloody annoyance, sexual predators with projectile weapons and medical instruments designed to go through windows and walls? I don't go to bed to be poked around my head or have a hot iron spread across my body. Fuck off, all of you, and if it's medical students, do your fucking research assignments on each other. I'm a woman, not a test crash dummy, fuck off.

Yours faithfully,

Lucille Taneatuatua

Letter of the Week

Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.

RIP Re:Fuel

Having witnessed changes to UBar (fka Re:Fuel for the freshers out there) over the years, I see some fairly clear reasons as to why the situation has gotten out of hand. First years nowadays have very few options when they go out partying. Sure, Starters Bar is close by but then what? Town?

Back in my day, Boogie and Capone satiated the need for some good music and whole-some dancing without a freezing half-hour walk to kill the buzz.

Re:Fuel was once an underground scene where music lovers collected and soaked up the best (and worst) of the current Dunedin Sound. What is UBar now? An overflow bar for those who have limited options.

U(sed to be a great)Bar



Editorial: Boy, the ODT Sure Is Good at Journalism

In the Critic office there is a whiteboard which months ago was permanently marked by a reporter on some journalism-related rage. “Fuck the ODT,” they scrawled. Below it someone else came along and wrote, “If you do that your crotch will get dusty”.

My favourite thing about the ODT is when they report on student-related news stories, because you can always rely on the good people at the Independent Voice of the South to treat students with the fairness and balance that they extend to the rest of the population.

Like when the ODT reported on some people attending a St Patrick’s Day party in a park (apparently some of them were doing alcohol! Shock and horror!). The header on Facebook read “Hundreds of students have caused chaos around Dunedin today”. The truth, surprisingly, was that hundreds of students had not in fact caused chaos. The chaos-causers actually numbered in the single digits, throwing the ODT’s estimates off by at least 3000%.

What actually happened was that 300 or so people were drinking at the park at the top of Butts Rd, enjoying the surprisingly sunny conditions we were treated to on St Paddy’s day. Late in the afternoon, some idiots started a fight and “a couple” of people were injured. The police showed up and everyone dispersed without an issue. In a separate incident, five people stood on a car and broke the windscreen. For those keeping count, that is far less than “hundreds” of people.

Former Critic Editor Sam McChesney commented on the story, getting over 100 reactions. “Hi ODT, that headline is blatantly misleading and doesn’t reflect the contents of the article. If hundreds of people have a party and a few of those get into fights, that is not ‘hundreds causing chaos’. Sort it out.”

The ODT then changed the Facebook header to “About three hundred young people gathered in a grassy area off Lovelock Ave, Dunedin, this afternoon”. Kudos to them. It turned out they had no evidence whatsoever to suggest all 300 of the attendees were students.

The main headline “St Paddy’s Day chaos in Dunedin” remained. Aside from the two incidents already mentioned, the ODT’s other examples of chaos included “a sizeable group of people standing on a house roof,” and that apparently “a young man was seen with blood on his face”. But then again, in the ODT’s mind, having more than one Gingernut in your tea probably still counts as ‘chaos’.

It’s almost as if the ODT wrote the headline the night before and then spent all St Paddy’s Day listening to a police scanner trying to put together enough tidbits to justify their pre-determined story. It’s almost as if they know their audience of self-righteous baby boomers will eat up any story disparaging the awful students of today. It’s almost as if they’re intentionally pushing for anything to make us look bad.

Issue 5, 2018

Editorial

Editor – Joel MacManus
News Editor – Charlie O’Mannin
Features Editor – Chelle Fitzgerald
Culture Editor – Jess Thompson
Chief Reporter – Esme Hall
Sub Editor – Nat Moore
Sports Editor – Charlie Hantler

Design

Lead Designer – Jack Adank
Designer – Erin Broughton

Contributors

Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes, Kelly Davenport, Mat Clarkson, Lachie Robertson, Josephine Devereaux, Hennessey Griffiths, Erin Broughton, Sarah Gallagher, Mike Peebles, Jamie Green, Jack Trevella, Laura Cairns, Saskia Rushton-Green.

Production

Online Content Manager – Alex McKirdy
Distribution – Nick Allison

Advertising Sales

Tim Couch
Tim@planetmedia.co.nz
Peter Ramsay
Peter@planetmedia.co.nz
Jared Anglesey
Jared@planetmedia.co.nz

Read Online

Critic.co.nz
Issusu.com/critic_Te_Arohi

Get In Touch

critic@critic.co.nz

Facebook/CriticTeArohi

Tweet/CriticTeArohi
03 479 5335
P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin

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

Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, PMDL, or OUSA.



Misleading Maths from the Uni on CCTV Support

Critic not angry, just disappointed

The Uni have used some creative statistics to boost the appearance of student support for CCTV cameras which are about to be installed around North Dunedin.

A brochure set to be delivered to student mailboxes says that “65% of students who provided feedback to the University said that they don’t oppose the use of cameras if they were for safety and crime prevention reasons.” Critic calls bullshit on those numbers.

At the 2017 OUSA Referendum, which 3702 students responded to, 51.22% opposed the CCTV proposal. Rather than use the much larger statistical sample gathered by the OUSA referendum, the Uni used figures from a University-run student consultation process, which had a grand total of 98 responses. They then got even fuckier with the numbers.

Of the 98 submissions, 58% were in favour of, 7% had no opinion and 35% were against CCTV installation. The Uni’s claim was ‘65%

of students did not oppose the cameras’, but let’s just leave that poor 7% of people with no opinion out of it and say 58% of surveyed students were in favour of CCTV. Done.

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome thinks the University did “an average job for the largest consultation [they] have ever done.” There was “an incredibly short time frame ... there needed to be a forum which facilitated discussion rather than having the feeling the university had already made its mind up.”

Barlow-Groome says student feedback did result in a decrease in the number of cameras from 37 cameras in 29 locations to 26 cameras in 18 locations. Privacy measures also increased, including introducing software which blacks out private areas like windows and doors.

Otago Campus Greens Co-convenor William Dreyer is concerned the “University could treat CCTV as a fix-all solution ...

Physical and sexual assault happens far too often” in North Dunedin and CCTV should only be “one aspect of a push to change this”. The University brochure also says CCTV camera footage cannot be used “for addressing non-criminal behaviour under Code of Student Conduct”.

Thus far, the Uni has not provided dates for installation other than “late March to early April,” which Critic would like to point out is pretty much now.

Barlow-Groome says it is “incredibly frustrating” that there are no confirmed dates. “I have emphasised the need to make the dates public as soon as possible and am relentlessly on their case about it.”

By Esme Hall



Comp Sci Students Make Their Own Timetable App Because eVision Sucks

No word on app to replace Comp Sci course

By Esme Hall

A group of Computer Science students have developed an app called WingIt to allow students to view their eVision timetable on mobile phones.

One of the developers, William “your friendly neighbourhood computer nerd” Warren said, “it’s 2018 already. What self-respecting education facility doesn’t have a way for students to view their timetables without an RSI’s worth of taps and clicks, an internet connection, or having to scroll back through your nudes to find a screenshot?”

“They say they’re working on an app, but who even knows if it’ll have a timetable, or when it’ll be out.” William and his friends got “fed up” and decided to make one themselves (for a measly 30% of their grade).

The app allows you to “check your timetable and be reminded of class automatically” and is available on the App Store under “WingIt Otago”. Currently WingIt is iPhone only, but Warren says “let’s be honest android users, you’re sick of other people

being better than you. Just upgrade already”.

The creators saw a gap because while accessing the eVision timetable on a full computer is “fine,” it’s a pain to get on mobile. Students have to navigate to the “login page, enter their username and password, scroll, pan and click See More to load calendar”. There is also “no facility for notifications”.

WingIt’s developers say their app is superior to the other ways students read their timetables. Methods like taking a screenshot of your timetable, manually entering it into a calendar application or diary are “static” and do not “capture changes to class times or locations or fortnightly tutorials”. A screenshot “is eventually submerged on a user’s camera roll”. Manual entry into calendar is “very time consuming,” and “carrying a diary means another item to lose, forget or weigh you down”.

WingIt has over 200 users so far. User Josh Meikle says “the WingIt app is the only app I’ve found so far that removes the

20 minutes of admin” involved in retrieving your timetable. “It’s great to have something that can connect to eVision and just do the job for you.”

Warren says the name comes from “how we were treating developing the app – winging it”.



OUSA Spent \$250 on a Portrait of Sexy Garfield

“My God, My God, why have you forsaken me” - Jesus

By Joel MacManus

\$250 of student money was spent by OUSA last year on a 103cm x 78cm, framed portrait of the cartoon cat Garfield wearing pink lingerie, stockings and high heels.

The artwork “Lasagnerie” by student Emily Davidson, was featured as a pull out poster in Critic issue 11, 2017, and was entered in the OUSA Student Art Exhibition.

2017 OUSA President Hugh Baird bought the artwork at the exhibition on behalf of OUSA for \$250, and had it installed right in the OUSA secretary’s office, directly in front of her desk, as a practical joke.

The painting has since been moved and now hangs just inside the doorway of the OUSA Exec office bullpen, because no other OUSA department wanted it. It has been hung portrait, despite being in a landscape frame.

Current OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome called it “a fucking waste of money”.

Welfare Officer Abigail Clarke said it was “beautiful”, but she was “lucky, because my desk faces away from it... but any student that comes up here has to look at the cat porn on our wall”.

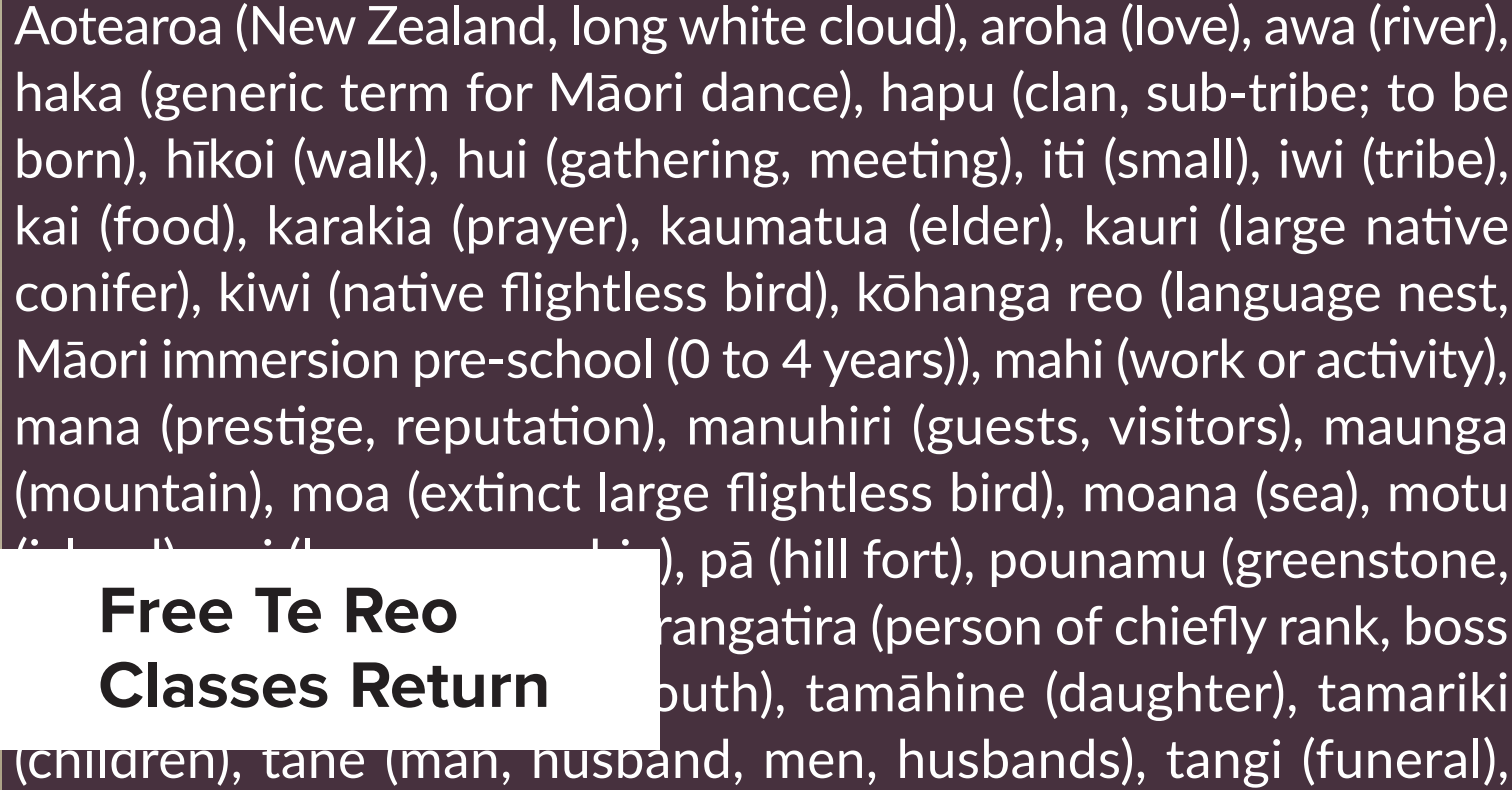
When asked if the artwork haunted him while he tried to work, Campaigns Officer Roger Yan admitted “It definitely gets me sometimes.”

It is traditional for OUSA to purchase one piece of artwork from the Student Art Exhibition, normally chosen by the President, as a show of support for promising young artists. OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said that “Lasagnerie” “wasn’t one of the most expensive paintings available at the Art display”. Several of the pieces bought in past years

have appreciated in value considerably as the student artists have gone on to become more prominent. It is unclear yet how much appreciation value “Lasagnerie” will have.

Critic likes to believe sexy Garfield will usher in a new renaissance of post-modern post-ironic drawings of sexualised cartoon animals, which will be remembered as western society’s defining cultural output.





Free Te Reo Classes Return

A shiver runs down Don Brash's spine

In 2016 Te Roopū Māori, the Otago University Māori Students' Association, started offering free Te Reo Māori classes. The response was impressive, with the beginners' class in 2017 peaking at 120 people, most of whom were not Māori.

"We were overwhelmed but excited to see a high interest in people wanting to learn Te Reo. Our classes were more popular than anticipated with extra venues needing to be booked to accommodate all the students," said Tiana Mihaere, Te Roopū President.

The classes are returning for 2018, with OUSA stepping in to fund them for the first semester, while Te Roopū sorts out further funding. "OUSA believes it's important to educate the student body on New Zealand's native language," said OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome.

Te Reo has seen a surge of interest recently. Tiana argues that "The promotion and use of Te Reo Māori across different mainstream mediums and throughout the Otago campus has begun to normalise our language within the student population and wider community. This widespread revitalisation of Te Reo Māori has caused a domino effect."

"Whether or not it is pronounced correctly, Te Reo Māori is everywhere within Aotearoa. We do not have to look far to find a place name that is Māori and I think many Pākehā genuinely want to learn how to correctly pronounce our kupu."

The debate around Te Reo was stirred up late last year by an opinion column in the ODT which argued that Te Reo shouldn't be spoken on National Radio. Refreshingly, the general consensus among media outlets who

weren't the ODT was that the article was a piece of toxic shit.

Tiana thinks that "we are witnessing a generational change/shift towards the acknowledgement of Te Reo Māori as an official language by the population of Aotearoa. The misconception and propaganda that Te Reo Māori is a dying language is being ignored by many within my generation and our language is fostering a newfound sense of national identity for this country."

By Charlie O'Mannin



Opinion: Why Is the OUSA President Making Excuses for the University?

By Alex McKirdy

In OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome's recent opinion piece, she discussed how our university has been trying their best at student consultation. Trying something, for sure. Caitlin, you're doing alright, but the last thing you need to do is make excuses for our university.

Take the CCTV consultation. When the COO and the Proctor spoke at the forum, it felt as if they were justifying their plans, rather than seeking genuine feedback or a compromise solution. Whether North Dunedin needs cameras or not, there's a vast difference between an educational institute surveilling a wide residential area, and targeted cameras from a neutral stakeholder like the city council.

The proposal itself was marred by dishonesty. It showed thefts and assaults reported to the Proctor's Office, rather than wider police data. The vast drop in arson rates was omitted entirely. There was a promise to black out footage of private areas – impossible to verify, and software could always be circumvented.

They cited a pilot camera facing down Hyde St, which was installed the year prior without notifying residents, nor was their feedback sought before continuing the proposal. And yet, the CCTV proposal has been their best effort at consulting students.

When Student Health announced their intention to restructure mental health services, the period for consultation was held during the busy semester two exam period, and so poorly advertised that students had to arrange a forum on their own. The changes went ahead as planned, despite concerns around the continuity of staff, retained limits on counselling sessions, and the narrower focus on drugs and alcohol and cognitive behavioural therapy.

Mental Health is too important an issue to half-arse, and I genuinely cannot understand the haste behind these changes. Even more so when the new government committed to its own inquiries and boosts after being elected.

Staff cuts? Perhaps our university actually does need cuts to support services, physical education, human nutrition, music, languages, materials science, and arts. At the very least, we need convincing that it's not the end of the world, and that student feedback is a part of the process. We're not getting that with Harlene. When hundreds of people are protesting, it's her responsibility to face the crowd, instead of evading it from her Ivory Clocktower. Here's where the OUSA executive comes in. During last year's campaign, there was an idea to host public forums with senior staff

members of the university. Harlene Hayne pre-emptively agreed to it, and while it could be the boost in transparency we're asking for, I'm holding out for the roast of the decade.

Caitlin's reply: There is no way I am making an excuse for the university. The intention of my opinion piece was to say that there are around five people who are actually trying to get student consultation underway, and that I have worked with a vast majority of the managers of the university and they clearly aren't doing their job if I didn't comment on them. Like you said Alex, Student Health was executed terribly as was changes to departments, but those are very different people involved who need to learn from their mistakes.

A CONSPIRACY UNMASKED

Shock and horror as the true nature of the Evison lounge is startlingly revealed

You woke up this morning ignorant and innocent. The sunshine sunk into your skin like a spoon into a puddle of thick custard, and the world oozed contentment. **BUT NOW IT WILL ALL CHANGE.**

A letter was sent to the OUSA Exec on the 12th of March by brave whistleblower Fiona A. Bowker informing the exec of **THE HORROR THAT LIES BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF NORMALITY**. "It was recently drawn to my attention that the Evison lounge is misspelt on the ground floor sign next to the lift in the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre, and the misspelling has been allowed to remain so for some time."

BUT THE LIES RUN DEEPER. Apparently the lounge is not named after everyone's favourite electronic student portal, as so many unsuspecting souls have assumed.

Instead it is named after Harry Evison, a notable historian. This conspiracy runs right to the top. "I always thought it was the eVision lounge," said Kirio Birks, OUSA Postgraduate Officer, **IMPLICATING HIM IN THE HYPOCRISY.**

As courageous citizen Bowker states from atop her holy platform of moral authority, "it is not a simple misspelling, it is a matter of disrespect for Harry Evison". **TOO FUCKING TRUE, FIONA.**

Fearless and dynamic member of the public Bowker laid out two sizzling requests. The first is that the misspelling is corrected "as a matter of urgency". The second goes even further to ask that the Evison lounge be **RENAMED** the "Harry Evison" lounge, and that "a decent sized placard/poster containing a photo and bio be placed in a prominent

part of the room or building". With two simple, elegant sentences, she cuts through the claggy blanket of institutional deceit with fiery-white **TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said on fixing the sign, "It's a no brainer, we should have done it already". The exec also passed a motion to rename the lounge the "Harry Evison lounge" to help prevent confusion, and are considering putting up some kind of biographical plaque to inform the masses about this great man.

**THE SYSTEM IS A LIE.
TRUST NO ONE.**

**By Chief Investigative Journalist
Charlie "Scoop" O'Mannin**

OUSA Executive Endorse Medical Marijuana

OUSA allowed to hang out with the cool kids now

The OUSA Executive have backed a submission from the Otago Campus Greens on the Government's new medical marijuana bill.

Marijuana, also known as dank weed, the devil's lettuce, reefer, Chronicles of Narnia, combustible herbargy, buckle truckle, wacky-backy, munt moss, canobinisinis, scooby-doo, silly salad, swampy dragon, Isobel Jenkins, and giggling gorse, can be used for medical stuff, primarily as pain relief.

The bill going before parliament at the moment would allow medical marijuana to terminally ill patients and is currently supported by every party in parliament, and

David Seymour.

However, Campus Greens, with the support of Southern Young Labour and Young ACT, have drafted a submission on the new bill calling for medical silly salad to be extended to those with serious but non-terminal conditions that research has shown medical scooby-doo helps with, like epilepsy and Parkinson's.

William Dreyer, co-convenor of Campus Greens, said the current bill was "not adequate," emphasising that extending medical devil's lettuce beyond people who are close to death is "not anything extreme".

The OUSA Executive unanimously voted to

endorse the submission. "It's a great idea," said Recreation Officer and fire-dancing yoga instructor Josh Smythe. "We should absolutely support it," said Education Officer James Heath.

Postgraduate Officer Kirio Birks was initially reticent, saying that he felt "uneasy" about voting without a mandate from the students, but eventually succumbed to peer pressure and said yes to the drug.

By Charlie O'Mannin



Why I Hope Joseph Parker Loses

By Charlie Hantler

On April 1 this year, plenty of people will be made to look like fools all over the world, but none more so than the big kiwi, Joseph Parker. He's almost certainly going to lose to a far better opponent, and I am thrilled about that. Not because of Joseph himself, but because of his piece of shit promoters.

In the build-up to his titanic clash with British heavyweight Anthony Joshua, Duco Events, Parker's management company, has talked copious amounts of shit, very little of which has actually been backed up by Parker's career so far. Truth be told, I don't have much against Joey Parker himself, but when it comes to Duco, I am untethered and my rage knows no bounds. So strap yourselves in and get prepared to come out of this with a similar hatred.

The hatred all started when they absolutely shafted the man who really put New Zealand heavyweight boxing on the map – David Tua, who they managed for 11 years. But in 2003, Tua ended his business relationship with trainer Kevin Barry and financial manager Martin Pugh.

Barry tried to play it cool and accept his dismissal as Tua's trainer, but he then kicked up a fuss about Tua's decision to end their

contract, which still had two years to run. The following year in 2004, Tua learned through his accountant that his finances with his boxing company, Tuaman Inc. Ltd., were tangled with company expenses.

This is where the stich up began, as he no longer had most of his NZ\$20 million in purses from his professional bouts, and plenty of other assets that he thought were all his, such as a piece of coastal land at Pakiri, were also tangled. Tuaman Inc. Ltd had business expenses flowing in various directions, involving companies and clients Tua had no knowledge of. Tua's own home was purchased with borrowed money, and the boxer's purses were linked to renovation costs for Martin Pugh's property.

In 2005 Tua took Kevin Barry and Martin Pugh to court over their business arrangements. Barry and Pugh accused Tua of manipulating them to collect revenue, yet Tua maintained that he knew little of the men's affairs and did what they told him to do out of trust. The dispute gave both sides legal victories; over the issue of the coastal land property, the court ruled in favor of Barry and Pugh, since Tua failed to properly clarify his ownership over the land; on

the issue of the terminated 2003 contract, the court ruled in Tua's favour, concluding he clearly owed no expenses to his former management from that contract.

Duco are just cunts, they fucked up their handling of the NRL Nines and now the NRL has taken it off them. David Higgins showing up fried on cocaine (probably) to the Fury vs. Parker presser.

They refused to pay kiwi boxer Robert Berridge, who was slated to fight in the undercard for Parker's match. Duco used to represent him and then put him in far too early for a belt shot on short notice, and when he lost they dropped him and continued to fuck him over when he tried to fight on NZ cards

Joseph Parker seems like an alright dude, and he's got a promising career ahead of him. I wish I could root for him in this fight. But Duco Events and David Higgins are just too fucking awful, and a Parker win is just going to make them bigger and cuntier.

The Critical Tribune

Dunedin's Most Accurate News Source Since 1653



REPORT: MOST SNAPCHAT GROUP SNAPS ARE JUST HUNGOVER DUDES TALKING ABOUT HOW HUNGOVER THEY ARE

According to figures released by Snap Inc, upwards of 80% of male Snapchat group conversations are just dudes lying in bed dying of alcohol poisoning the night after they all got drunk together. Among the most common captions were "one massive pile of dust," "fuck that was a big one lads," and "I hate myself". No information was provided on female group snaps because women are a mystery such men will never solve.



STUDENT PRETENDS TO CONSIDER BUYING FREE RANGE EGGS

On a recent trip to Gardens New World, second year surveying student and first time flatter Rachel Williams was seen peering very intently at a selection of free range eggs, perhaps weighing up in her mind which of the highly priced brands she would prefer. Onlooking shoppers reported that they were "impressed with" and "in awe of" her apparent dedication to ethical consumption. Williams was later seen at the self-checkout with two 12-packs of mixed-grade Value caged eggs.



WOMAN CHECKS WORD COUNT AFTER GOING TO TOILET JUST IN CASE HER ESSAY IS WRITING ITSELF

After a heavy procrastination binge that involved reading an article about the Syrian Civil War and going to the toilet even though she didn't need to, a second year History major has returned to her computer only to find that her essay has not, in fact, been writing itself. "I can't deny, I was hopeful," she said, gazing at her disappointing 86 words, before returning to a personality quiz. "Maybe finding out which Game of Thrones character I am will write my essay for me."



"I LISTEN TO KENDRICK LAMAR, I CAN'T BE RACIST," REASSURES WHITE MAN WHO JUST USED THE N-WORD

Second year accounting student Kenneth Wilster has cited his musical preferences as justification for using a racial slur. "I know plenty of n_____", Wilster asserted, despite a Tribune investigation concluding that he unequivocally does not. "My boys go way back, blood brothers," he said, going on to add "if you know what I mean," despite no one present having any idea what he meant. Wilster went on to cite his upbringing on the tough streets of Timaru as evidence of his affinity with "the struggle".

Popular Boiz.

Critic brings you three more popular boiz to write about in your diary.

Blake:

Wears sunglasses inside, even at night. He has hair down to his shoulders, and tucks it behind his ears when he's nervous.

Would never lie to you ever. Sells MDMA. Gives you a discount because he loves you (he doesn't love you).

George:

Not hot. Has hot friends though.

Ahmed:

Is kind and funny and smart. Sends you sweet texts in the morning. Got into Med but never brags about it. He once held your hair when you spewed and told you that everything was going to be ok (it was).

ARE YOU...

- AGED BETWEEN 18-55 YEARS?
- A NON-SMOKER?
- NOT ON ANY MEDICATION?
- FREE OF MEDICAL CONDITIONS?

**IF THIS IS YOU,
CONTACT US!!**

We are seeking volunteers for clinical drug trials to compare market brand-leading drugs with generic formulations of these drugs.

All participants are remunerated for their time and inconvenience.

**CONTACT US NOW TO
REGISTER YOUR INTEREST
AND JOIN OUR DATABASE:**

CALL 0800 89 82 82
E-MAIL trials@zenithtechnology.co.nz
VISIT www.zenithtechnology.co.nz

Zenith Technology Corporation LTD
156 Frederick St, PO Box 1771
Dunedin, New Zealand

All studies are approved
by a Health and Disability
Ethics Committee
administered by
the Ministry of Health.



FRIENDLY STAFF
GREAT FOOD
FREE INTERNET



ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

The Week the ODT Were Full of Themselves

This week, the ODT has a vey high opinion of themselves indeed.

Mostly I'm
noticing the new view, the
interplay of light and shadow
dancing across the workstations
of our eminent reporters, and
enjoying the witty banter.

There's nothing more "eminent" and "witty" than talking about how eminent and witty you are.

Desperate to live up to their self-awarded wittiness, the ODT then engaged in some quality humour.

Underhand tactics just not
cricket, or so your wife told me

Clearly the ODT has decided that the only people who read their newspaper are heterosexual men and lesbians.

They then proceeded to spread their progressive agenda on the opinion page.

With the #Me Too campaign
now spreading far past the evil
of Fatso Weinstein, much of the
male populace lives looking
backwards. We're waiting to be
#Me Too-ed for the Group
Down-Trou at the Freshers'
Prom, or for attempting to kiss
a partner after the 1977
Geography Ball. (It now seems
written permission, witnessed
by the Town Clerk and two
Justices of the Peace, was
required.)

I, for one, am all for anyone who works at the ODT getting written and notarised permission before they're allowed to kiss anyone. If anything they should have to apply for planning permission.

And finally, the ODT has a classic mystifier

Stench low but interest high

Fiction is stranger than Truth



Paper is made out of trees, therefore books must be made out of very big trees

Sunglasses are actually made to shield the sun from our harsh, judgy eyes

'Vagina', 'vulture' and 'vuvuzela' all come from the same Greek word meaning 'scary'

Salad is bad for you, but for emotional reasons

If a dictionary loses its penis it becomes an ictionary, which is gross

Why is a bow and arrow called a bow and arrow but a crossbow is not called a crossbow and arrow? [Editor's note: because crossbows don't have arrows, they have bolts. This one doesn't make any sense.]

When they were first invented, tape measures were only allowed to measure tape

Microwaves don't actually cook your food, they just lower the temperature of everything else so that it seems warm. If you hopped in a microwave you'd get out and say "oowh it's cold out here"

Boxing gloves don't have any fingers. They should be called boxing mittens

The city of Hamilton was named after the musical, so was the city of Guys and Dolls in Central Otago. Renting didn't exist until the musical Rent, neither did cats.

The 30 centimetre ruler was named after Queen Elizabeth I, the metre ruler was named after Lorde

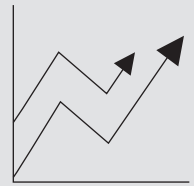
The Liquor King is a real person, he rules Liquorland

The Otago Daily Times doesn't even tell the time

There's a rival Dora the Explorer by MRAs called Fedora the Explorer, a rival by a music streaming company called Pandora the Explorer, a rival about an internet search engine called Explorer the Explorer, and a rival about a Spanish gynecologist called Dora the Señora Explorer

Facts & Figures

Truth is stranger than fiction



In his lecture notes, Stephen Hawking wrote "Galeelaeo" and "Ahristottal" so that his speech synthesizer would pronounce the scientists' names correctly

The term "slapstick" comes from a device used in 16th-century Italian stage comedy — a stick used in beating scenes to make a loud slapping noise without actually hurting another actor

Abraham Lincoln used to hide important documents in his stovepipe hat

Wearing a Superman t-shirt significantly boosts your self-confidence

Shakira was refused a place in her school choir because she sounded "like a goat"

Pippi Longstocking's full name is Pippilotta Delicatessa Windowshade Mackrelmint Ephraim's Daughter Longstocking

Russian bears get high by sniffing discarded aviation fuel

Every year in Llanwrtyd Wells, Wales, there is a Man vs. Horse marathon where runners compete against riders on horseback. Horses have won 36 out of the 38 events held

Dynamite was originally going to be called "Nobel's Safety Powder"

A barnacle's penis can be up to 20 times the length of its body



SOARFIES

How a Dunedin Student Film Gave Taika
Waititi His Big Break

By Joel MacManus



An empty flat. A quarter of a million dollars worth of weed. A drug dealer that wants to kill you. And you've taken him hostage in your basement. What would you do?

That was the question asked by Robert Sarkie's 1999 film "Scarfies," the movie that put Dunedin and its notorious student culture on the big screen for the first time. It also kickstarted the careers of dozens of kiwi filmmakers, including the current toast of Hollywood, Taika Waititi.

For years, "Scarfies" was the defining cultural export of North Dunedin. It was shown every year at O-Week and Capping Week, and every prospective fresher would watch it at home in wonder at the ruckus shit that awaited them in Dunedin.

For Robert Sarkies, who wrote and directed it alongside his brother and long-time collaborator Duncan, it was the realisation of an idea that had been kicking around his brain for three years, and a dream he'd had since he was ten years old.

Five first year students find an empty flat. It's a fucking shithole and cold as balls, but there are two selling points: free rent, and free power. Then they discover something amazing: a basement chock-full of weed. They flick the whole lot off to a local dealer, and suddenly they have more money than any of them know what to do with. But soon it all comes crashing down. The owner of the house comes back, and he wants to know what they've done with his stash.

"It was basically a 'what if,'" Robert said. "You take a group of extremely naive characters and put them in an extremely stressful situation which would ultimately drive them to be prepared to commit murder."

"It was my first film, so I just wanted something with an interesting enough story that even if I fucked it up, it had potential to succeed."

\$1.6 Million to Make Dunedin Look Shitty

Wikipedia lists the budget as \$78,000, a number repeated on a few other websites. I asked Robert what it was like shooting on such a low budget, and he was dumbfounded. "No, that's not right at all. Weird."



"I remember seeing [Taika's Audition] and thinking 'Well he's just fucking cool'. It was obvious"

today, in the pre-digital age and shooting on film, it wasn't even in the ballpark. If he couldn't get funding from the Film Commission, Sarkies reckoned he could raise some money and get it done for a minimum of \$250,000. As it turned out, the Commission snapped the script up at the first opportunity and gave them \$1.6 million to get it done.

The fact that it was falsely attributed as a micro-budget project doesn't upset Sarkies, in fact it's exactly what he was going for. Given the chance to shoot on a higher quality 35mm film, he turned the offer down. "I didn't want the film to be slick, I didn't want it to look great, I wanted it to have a bit of Dunedin grunge to it. But yes, we spent \$1.6 million to make the film look kind of shitty. And it worked, it looks shittier every year!"

The lower quality film achieved that grungy look, and allowed him to treat his film stock with what he calls "healthy disrespect . . . I didn't have to worry about pressing the button, I could pretend I was shooting on a digital".

Although he "could never admit it to the ODT" at the time, his entire plan was to ensure that the Dunedin portrayed in the film looked grey and miserable. "I wanted to capture that gloomy feeling of mid-winter Dunedin," he said. "We had a six week shoot and we only had five days of exterior shooting – any time the weather was shitty we went outside and shot, any time it was beautiful and sunny we filmed inside."

"I just had to hoodwink Dunedin."

Discovering Taika

Ask Robert Sarkies about Taika Waititi and he'll repeat the word "cool" five times in the space of thirty seconds.

"I remember seeing his [audition] tape and thinking 'Well he's just fucking cool'. It was obvious back then. It was not obvious that he'd go on to direct "Thor," but his screen presence was just undeniable coolness. He's just cool. I was like the opposite of cool, I'm just some little film geek, but he was just effortlessly like 'Here I am, I'm cool and I'm funny'. There was no competition. I just went 'well, there's our Alex.'"

Waititi, who was credited on the film as Taika Cohen, had been living in Berlin and working as a painter, but getting cast in his first feature film was enough to draw him back home.

His character Alex starts out as a lovable rogue, but soon leads the flatties down a dark path.

"Alex is a bit of a control freak, but in a really subtle way," Waititi said, describing his character. "He really tries to avoid any emotional situation. Towards the end of the movie you'll realise just how spiteful and nasty he can be, but there are some really likeable traits about Alex."

Despite stunning the casting team with his audition tape, Robert said Taika hit a few bumps along the way, "I remember the first day on set it was slightly tricky, he just wasn't clicking into it. He was trying, but there was something slightly flat about it. But by the second day on set – just by observing the more experienced actors on set, he just totally clicked into it and he was an incredible presence every time we rolled the camera."

Robert won't take any credit for inspiring Taika to become what he is today, at least not directly. "I guess 'Scarflies' gave him that chance to see what average directing looked like and think 'Oh, I could do better than that.'" Robert and Taika did work together again on a couple of commercials and a "terrible" TV drama called

"The Strip". "I think that was the show that made him decide he didn't just want to be an actor," Robert said, "because it was a pretty horrible show."

Looking back, he never could have guessed that his nerdy filmmaking and comedy friends would be the global superstars they are today.

"Taika, Bret McKenzie, Jermaine Clement – I knew all those guys when they were just doing shows at a little theatre in Wellington. I remember thinking to myself 'Gosh, there's so much talent here, it's a shame that only Wellingtonians are going to get to see them'. Little did I know."

In the final interview of the DVD special features, Taika is asked what he hopes to do in the future. "I wanna be in 'Lord of the Rings,'" he replies, "I reckon I could play Gollum quite well, eh."

That Famous Flat

49 Brown Street, which is both the real and fictional address, was for a time the most iconic of all the student flats. It was the 660 Castle Street of the early 2000s. Robert was wandering the streets of Dunedin one evening, when he looked up from

the Speight's brewery and saw 49 Brown sitting in its iconic place on the skyline. "That's gotta be the scarflies' house," he thought. It was dingy, and dark, and its hilltop view meant that the whole city could be captured in one shot.

Unfortunately, like most student flats, it was way too small to get a film crew inside. The party scenes, any of the scenes in the hallway, and a couple of the bedroom scenes were all shot in the actual house, but the kitchen, lounge and basement don't exist.

What they needed was a set that was even worse than the house, which was pretty shit. "I basically wanted to create an environment that an audience could smell and feel the cold of," Robert said.

There was an old abandoned building in Roslyn, which was slated for demolition. It was covered in mould and hadn't seen a bar of soap in a decade. It was perfect. All the set dressing and texture was there already, which worked out because they couldn't afford it anyway. The producers offered the contractors some money to halt the demolition and let them film there for a few weeks. They wouldn't allow that, but they did allow the crew to help take it

"we spent \$1.6 million to make the film look kind of shitty. And it worked, it looks shittier every year!"

apart. The crew took out entire rooms and replanted them in their makeshift studio – an abandoned car park building on Princes Street. Their unconventional filming space

" I wanted to capture that gloomy feeling of mid-winter Dunedin "

meant the basement had to be built on the second story.

Creating a Cultural Icon

Of the 50 people that made up the cast and crew, only one member of the crew had ever had a role in a feature film before. It was a crew of first-timers, from the directors to the actors to the producer.

For Robert, it was important that it wasn't a cynically made film; it was young people making a film about young people. This meant that the culture depicted had some truth to it, which is why it resonated.

"It reflected something of a spirit of a place, a time and an age, that I was able to do because I lived all that. I didn't lock anyone in a basement or contemplate murder or even smoke a lot of dope, but I'd been immersed in that world for years".

"Every time you put something out into the world, and it resonates with the culture, it becomes part of the culture," he said. "It was my dream that it would help give that culture, for a period, a specific identity, in the same way the capping shows of old and the Dunedin Sound did."





Exploring the Dunedin Wildlife Hospital

By Josephine Devereux

Walking through the doors, a fishy, salty smell filled my nostrils. No, I wasn't in the Unicol bathrooms; I'd just entered the new Dunedin Wildlife Hospital facilities. I was here to chat with the hospital's volunteer coordinator Lauren about the hospital, last year's controversial Bird of the Year results and – as it transpired – the possible extinction of seagulls.

The location of the Wildlife Hospital came as a surprise. While I had been anticipating a hospital in the rural outer grasslands of Dunedin, an investigation of their Facebook page revealed that it was actually inside the Polytech Veterinary School, a stone's throw away from The Flying Squid and Unipol.

Having officially opened its doors in January 2018, Dunedin's Wildlife Hospital is the only facility of its kind in the South Island. Its presence aims to dramatically improve the treatment of South Island native wildlife species. The hospital tested the water with pop-up hospitals in the summers of 2016 and 2017, which saw over 70 admissions and a success rate of 80 percent.

The hospital will provide a wealth of information for future students, and as they

move forward they are keen to explore all the unique education and collaboration opportunities such a central hospital can facilitate.

It didn't take me long to figure out that this isn't a hospital that will accept the dirty stray cats that eat my garbage. It mostly caters to endangered or native animals, ranging from sea lions to seagulls.

A month after opening, they were looking after a seagull, a kea, a kakapo, some black-back gulls and plenty of penguins. All these animals earned admission through referral from the Department of Conservation (DOC), who the hospital works very closely with (so if you see an injured penguin, DOC are still the people to contact).

Having said that, the hospital recently made an admission exception for a very good girl, Meg, a six year old labrador-huntaway cross. She went missing in late January up near Purakaunui, where she was involved in a car crash, and was found weeks later in critical condition. Her owner is the co-chairman of the wildlife hospital, and the nurses there were able to help her begin her recovery in the best way possible.



There's no prescribed length of stay at the hospital. The animals stay as long as they need to, and as long as the animal is getting better, the hospital will continue to facilitate their recovery.

At the moment the hospital primarily houses penguins. Some have had barracuda encounters, with damages to the chest or back legs, and there has been at least one instance of a penguin being attacked by a shark.

Before the Wildlife Hospital opened, there were limited treatment options for local wildlife. St. Kilda Veterinary Centre would try to provide short-term accommodation in their facilities, but couldn't handle long-term stays. If the animal needed more extensive surgery, they would either be flown up to North Island facilities if deemed stable enough or, sadly, euthanised.

The hospital can also provide treatment for animals when they are hit with unusual conditions. While the summer's 30 degree days may have been the best thing to ever

of people that the animals are exposed to, talking quietly and handling them as little as possible. These precautions aim to retain a sense of distance between the animals and humans, so they can leave the clinic and go back to living their best, most savagely un-domesticated lives.

The hospital tries to make the animals feel at home in the hospital environment by constructing little homely habitats. We said hello to the current resident takahē, Widget, who has been in the hospital since January the 15th. They have created a little habitat of tussocks and sheltered hiding places for her so she can feel safe. Some of the other birds on site are sicker, and they may need to stay in an incubator for the best chance of recovery. Lauren says the penguins don't necessarily like their temporary lodgings, but they allow the nurses to treat them, and the hospital staff do everything they can to make it as pleasant for the penguins as possible.

Walking through the hospital, I noticed a little seagull in an incubator, which surprised me, as I didn't think they were endangered. I made some inquiries.

Red-billed gulls are the most aggressive scavengers in Dunedin (students excluded). They're sexually promiscuous, gratingly squawky, and deemed "nationally vulnerable" by DOC, as their numbers are decreasing at an alarming rate.

I had no idea, as they're everywhere. We may not notice the shortage, as the one exception is Dunedin, where red-billed gulls have actually increased in numbers. All those abandoned takeaways on Fatty Lane must be going to good use.

It was time to spill the tea. What bird did Lauren think deserved to win NZ's Bird of the Year 2017? Choosing a diplomatically neutral stance, Lauren revealed that she did not vote, but her personal favourite is the takahē. I suspect that she'd coded her response, and that if I knew more about codes I could have deciphered the phrase "Kererū, NZ's top-heavy fabulous supreme bird" but that will remain unsolved.

Oddly enough, the current champion of the competition was on-site - a kea, who preened for our camera like there was no tomorrow.

Lauren was happy to provide some insight into the personalities of the penguins, who "look really cute but they won't think twice about taking a nip or giving you a whip with their flippers. They have real spunk and distinct personalities".

Red-billed gulls are the most aggressive scavengers in Dunedin (students excluded)

The Wildlife Hospital is here because of campaigning for donations and funding, and they still need donations to ensure the hospital can continue to run. But if you don't have the means to donate, you can always inquire about donating your time. They need volunteers who don't mind starting off with the dirty work- cleaning down cages, tidying and restocking, and there are opportunities to upskill as you gain more experience. Volunteers allow the nurses to dedicate more time to the patients, and it'll make you feel like a better person.

If you're interested, email volunteer@wildlifehospitaldunedin.org.nz and let them know you're keen.

This hospital is a great, wholesome addition to the campus and everyone that works there cares a lot about helping out some of NZ's most adorable assets.

There has been at
least one instance
of a penguin being
attacked by a shark

happen to our tanlines, the heat has been taking its toll on local penguins. They simply aren't designed to withstand such high temperatures. The heat can affect how wounds heal, and how hospitable their living environments are. They much prefer Dunedin's typical subantarctic conditions.

A hospital environment is unfamiliar to native wildlife, but it's a necessary temporary reality to ensure these animals have the best chance possible in the future.

Treating the animals has to be done with consideration. The hospital wants them to be able to assimilate back into the wild, and aiding this process means limiting the amount







CRITIC
TE AROHI

Photography by FlashMedia



I WORE A FEDORA FOR A WEEK AND IT CHANGED ME

Nick Baird and Mat Clarkson

There comes a time in every young man's life when he must choose who he wants to become. Will he be a shining beacon of success? A piece of shit? A wizened monk devoid of all worldly thirsts? A huge piece of shit? All options are on the table, but it's hard to know which pool you should dive into until you've at least dipped your toes in a little. Otago is a place of acceptance, where people from all over the world come to learn who they are, and try out new versions of themselves (at least for a while). And so, this week, I decided to walk the path of a Gentleman ... and donned a Fedora.



Day 1: “Do not misunderstand me”

From the 2010 through 2015, the Fedora was an online joke; the emblem of strange and misguided young men . . . but no longer. Enough of this meme, I say, for it is foolish. It is an unfair indictment against an honourable piece of headwear. It is 2018, and make no mistake – the Fedora is indeed back. I intend to brighten people's days from my very presence (because of the hat). I intend to give a Gentlemanly tip of the old brim, always tastefully, toward those who are deserving of my charms – and only them. Dunedin deserves it. I acquired the hat in question from a reliable source, who I shall not name because I am a good and honest journalist and man. I sat and thought about the week ahead, anticipating the glory about to unfurl itself from the very brim of my dashing new head ornament.

Day 2: “Men also have rights”

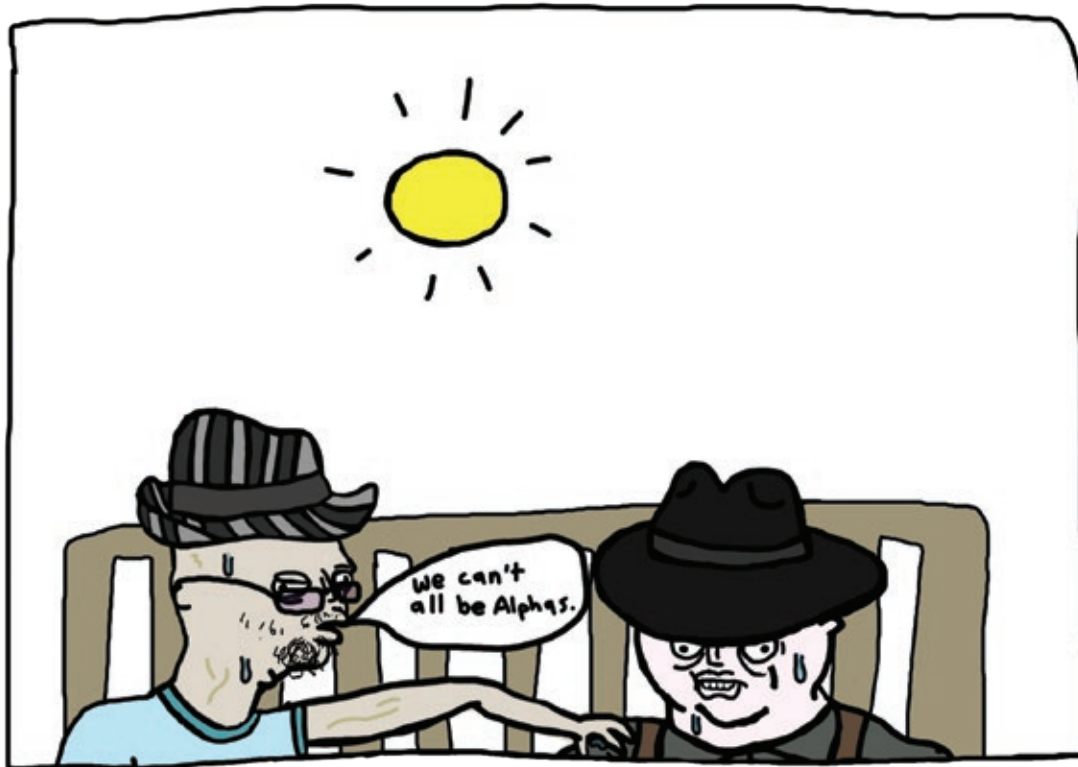
I donned my felty friend and set out towards the centre of town. It felt a little strange knowing I may have been the only one in town to be wearing such a mark of excellence on his or her dome. Who was I to be wearing this crown? Yet did I not feel like a king? I began to think . . . the dress code of a man today is much more limited than that of a female. Yes, women might be judged more on what they wear, but they clearly have more options than I did. As I entered Starbucks, and felt the eyes of the patrons swivel to gaze upon my halo, I could sense the judgement, but remained calm. The Fedora atop my head was a clear diversion from the usual male dress code, I realised. But don't men also have the right to wear what they want, free from judgement? Yes they did, I realised. Men also have these rights. And I would make it my mission this week to give voice to this issue. Like an activist. For Men's Rights . . . that had a nice ring to it.



Day 3: “It is logical”

I was beginning to relish the hat and the accompanying rituals of putting it on, taking it off, and so on and so forth. Looking around the small St David lecture room, all I could see was a cesspool of scraggly, naked heads. It was becoming clear to me that hats in general are a greatly underappreciated piece of clothing. I began shaking my own in response. The class was PHIL312, Advanced Logic, and the hatless fools all turned to look when they heard me crack open my can of Rockstar™. I could sense their distaste at my tasting the good taste of Rockstar™ during class. But need I remind them of which class they were sitting in? This is Logic. Logic dictates that I must receive nourishment in order to sustain my concentration. Logic also provides the solution to this problem: that I crack open this tall Boy and sup upon him until my mental faculties are restored to their superior levels. I duly announced this to the class when the room fell silent after cracking my tall Boy, and I sensed they were duly impressed with my logic. For my logic is flawless.





Day 4: “The burden of the Alpha”

I eventually spotted another member of my new Clan, sitting in that little park by the quad. But I must make it clear that this man was sporting a Trilby, the slightly less honourable cousin of the famous Fedora. We began by complimenting each other on our headwear, and soon became acquaintances. He seemed very knowledgeable indeed. It was from him that I learned about the different types of men: Alphas, Betas, Omegas, and so on (and so forth). I listened eagerly as the good knowledge poured forth from his manly mouth. “We can’t all be Alphas,” he said after a while. “Only a select group of men in any given population can be Alpha males. I might not appear to be an Alpha male from my appearance – as you can see, I am of a weak stature. And my bones hurt sometimes. But make no mistake: I was born with the brain of an Alpha. I have a powerful and strategic mind . . . but with great power comes great responsibility. I must only use my gifts to benefit mankind, for now at least. It’s up to us to make the world a better place. That’s why I am building an app that ranks “Naruto” episodes based on how much nudity is in them. This is just one of the many burdens of being an Alpha.”

Day 5: “The Art of War”

Armed with this good knowledge, I decided to strike out into the world, and help create positive change for all mankind. I returned to the safety of my rented bedroom, or as I would soon call it, my memequarters. I then opened up several Facebook meme pages and began scanning with expert precision; too much frivolity, I thought, not enough action. I quickly began crafting memes the likes of which the New Zealand enclave of the internet had never seen. For memes are an indeed a craft – an art, if you will. I had at least 12 hours’ worth of instant noodles ready to go – I was in it for the long haul. My goal? Political revolution. New Zealand, as I learned the day before, is what is known as a ‘Libtardtopia’. The old ways and traditions are finished. Literal babies are allowed in the Chamber of Parliament now. Pretty much the only adult in the room is ACT’s David Seymour. He knows about the good kind of economics and et cetera. He’s a shining example of an Alpha, but he’ll need all the help he can get.





Day 6: “I’m actually not mad”

I was banned from most of the New Zealand Facebook meme pages for posting “offensive material,” (my good memes), but I’m not mad. My account was reported by an unknown number of cowards who could not handle the Truth (memes). In the end, I only managed to build three memes of publishable quality before my operation was shut down. The one that did it was probably the one about the boss baby from the movie “Boss Baby,” controlling our Prime Minister from within her own womb, to mischievous and disastrous ends, or maybe the one about the #metoo movement being a witch hunt. I’m not mad. I only spent a few hours on them. Facebook is a bad website anyway, I barely even use it. I’m actually not mad.

Day 7: “My Reflection; beneath the Hat”

I began the final day of my Fedora week with a quick hat inspection; no lint, no stray fibres, everything looking sharp – razor; katana blade sharp. I took a stroll around the desolate Central Library. It was a Sunday again, so I had ample time to ponder the week’s events . . . and what a week it had been. Setting out, I’d hoped to become a more chivalrous, gentlemanly influence, and surmised my ticket to realising this goal was the good hat. But I’d been wrong all along . . . not about the gentlemanliness of the hat – that much is undeniable – but about the suitability of the wearer. Not everyone is meant to wield such a hat. Like a certain Alpha once told me, there can only be so many in a population at a given time. Only so many Alphas, so many gentlemen, so many heroes walking amongst us – seeking to better mankind. And I wasn’t one of them. I cast the hat into the path of one of those big ride-on lawn mowers near the student union, but the driver swerved to avoid it, and started yelling at me so I speed-walked the other way, out of fear. My week was finished. If you see the hat please hand it in.





***EAT A LOCUST
SAVE A COW***

By Charlie O'Mannin
Photography by Alexander Woolrych

Malcolm Diack loves animals. As we enter his suburban house in Caversham we're greeted by a beautiful deaf Samoyed, two cats, and a tank of frogs. At his house Malcolm Diack also farms locusts for human consumption.

The frogs are what got him into insect farming in the first place; he used to feed them huhu grubs, but decided to farm locusts when foraging for grubs every week became unsustainable. Finding he was skilled at rearing locusts, he tried one and liked it, then he fed some to his friends, and they liked them too. Nine years on, his company, Otago Locusts, is the first insect farm in New Zealand to be registered for human consumption.

Diack is currently in the process of moving his locusts from a couple of garden sheds to two shipping containers squatting in his driveway, to reduce his heating cost. He showed us his insects, although he kept his breeders and other secrets in his shed while we were there as safeguards against industrial espionage. The locusts are kept in styrofoam crates, each of which contains a light bulb. The tops of the crates are open, but the locusts are so attracted to the light that they don't feel any inclination to leave.

Locusts are crickets that have the ability to swarm at extremely hot temperatures. The locusts Diack farms are native to New Zealand, but as it is generally too cold for them to swarm, they are effectively just large crickets, although Diack notes that "maybe we'll see some [more swarms] with global warming".

Locusts only eat grass, which Diack hand harvests from 50-80 "wasteland" sites – semi-wild areas not being used for anything – around the greater Dunedin area. He deliberately avoids grass that might have been sprayed, as part of an effort to keep his farming as organic as possible. Diack also has to be careful to feed his locusts enough food, as they'll start eating each other if they get hungry enough.

Diack also dabbled with farming crickets, but "never really got the knack," and doesn't think they taste as nice. Ever open to the possibility of farming other insects, he regularly samples the live insects he encounters on his grass collecting missions, just in case he stumbles on something that tastes amazing.

These tasting experiments don't always turn out well. Once he popped a large white caterpillar into his mouth, only to discover it had "the texture of a used condom".

Diack fried up some of his locusts for us to try. Looking at them was difficult; they were big insects, complete with mandibles, wings, and long, ridged legs. Eating them was a different story; they tasted like a crunchy, delicious fried chip. "Locusts don't really have much of a taste of their own," Diack explained, "they tend to take on the flavour of whatever they're cooked in". So if you fry them in oil and salt, they taste like oil and salt, "if you cook them in salmon oil, they taste like salmon". My locust eating experience was overwhelmingly positive, although ten minutes later I did find a leg in the side of my mouth.

To Diack his locusts aren't just bugs; he gets fond of them. "It's the same as any other farmer; they're your animals and you take care of them." He gives his locusts a day-night cycle, not out of breeding necessity, but because "they like having a sleep". He also keeps all the "special" locusts from every batch; if they have an interesting colour or do backflips, he removes them and puts them in the breeding box. We asked Diack whether he was worried about selectively breeding a race of super locusts, but disappointingly he hasn't noticed any significant alterations yet.



❧

**AS WESTERN-
 ERS, EATING
 INSECTS IS
 STILL A BIT
 WEIRD FOR US.
 FOR THE GOOD
 OF THE PLANET,
 WE SERIOUSLY
 NEED TO JUST
 GET THE FUCK
 OVER IT.**

❧

Insect farming produces a fraction of the environmental damage of cattle and other traditional meats. No farmed insect species (except termites, but fuck them) produce methane gas, and compared to cattle, farming crickets produces 5 times more meat per kg of feed consumed, and 100 times less greenhouse gases. On top of that, insect farming uses way less water and produces way less agricultural waste than beef farming.

Diack's aim is for his operation to be entirely self-contained: using zero resources and producing zero waste. He plans to grow his feed grass with the carbon dioxide given off by the locusts, simulating a simple ecosystem. Using solar panels to power the lights and a dehumidifier, which currently provides water for both the insects and the plants, could make his zero resource vision a reality. However, he has to be careful about growing food in the same space that he farms the locusts. If a single locust gets into his feed grass, as once happened, it

can eat through most of his store.

Beyond earthly environmental applications, Diack is hopeful that insects could help us get off-world. Black soldier flies, "the next big thing" in the insect farming world, eat feces, converting waste into food. On long space missions, like the one to Mars, having a food source that survives by eating waste could be advantageous. In the end, says Diack, even if the prospect of basically eating your own shit with an extra step in between doesn't sound enormously appealing, "What would you rather eat? Some protein from Earth or some red dust?"

One of the striking things about Diack's setup is that it takes up a fraction of the room that conventional farming does, and is in the middle of human habitation. Instead of eating something that was farmed on the other side of the country – or world – and transported to you with a weighty environmental price tag, you could potentially eat a locust that was farmed ten minutes from where you live.

But while the potential for every suburb to be sustainably farming meats sounds appealing, the level of dedication is a hurdle. "You've got to be prepared to go feed them drunk on New Year's and get up to feed them again hungover the next morning." Missing even a single feed can result in mass cannibalism. However, Diack is considering producing a locust farming 'box kit' for people who do want to give it a try.


Diack also spoke passionately about the importance of ethically killing insects. His preferred method of freezing locusts is comparable to putting them to sleep. If you're going to eat them alive, he says, be sure to "crush the head between your molars straightaway".

The only insect he would have qualms eating would be one that hadn't been ethically killed, like tarantulas in Thailand. "You ride to the forest where the tarantulas are, on the whipped elephants, and then the tarantulas are defanged, which is like pulling their faces off." For Diack, it's about respecting the creatures you kill to eat. Just because we're talking about creatures far down the ladder of consciousness,



**BE SURE TO
CRUSH THE
HEAD BETWEEN
YOUR MOLARS
STRAIGHTAWAY**





WW
**MY LOCUST EATING
EXPERIENCE WAS OVER-
WHELMINGLY POSITIVE,
ALTHOUGH TEN MINUTES
LATER I DID FIND A
LEG IN THE SIDE OF
MY MOUTH.**
WW

doesn't give us the right to be cruel.

The insect revolution probably won't come in the form of whole locusts. A UN report on insect farming said it is important that insects move past being merely "novelty snacks". Part of this move to incorporate insects into our everyday food is turning the insects into 'flour' – grinding them down to a fine powder that is then used as a protein-rich staple.

Adding locust flour to a recipe doesn't noticeably alter the taste; Diack made brownies with locust flour and fed them to his unsuspecting 5-year-old daughter, who enjoyed them (she normally refuses to eat locusts). He's also had increased interest in the flour from bodybuilders; insect protein shakes are apparently particularly good for muscle gain.

Another step forward would be the adoption of insects into the menus of low-mid range restaurants. Eating insects is currently confined to high-end restaurants who, as Diack notes, "are always more likely to experiment with new foods". But until places like McDonald's are incorporating insects into their food, insects aren't going to reach the majority of the population.

Of course, getting insects into that strata of food depends on public opinion. In 2017 Hell Pizza introduced a pizza topped with whole insects, which was then pulled from the menu due to negative response.

Diack still thinks real progress is being made, however. "We are seeing a slow change; nine years ago, when I started, no places in Dunedin served [insects], no one even mentioned them".

Diack's insects are almost all eaten locally. He sells his locusts to five restaurants in Dunedin, including Vault 21, and one restaurant in Timaru. The locusts at Vault 21 have proved wildly popular, selling out within their first week on the menu. Executive chef Greg Pine said that "we can't keep up" with demand.

Insects are eaten in the majority of non-Western cultures, and on every continent apart from Europe. In the end, as Westerners, eating insects is still a bit weird for us. For the good of the planet, we seriously need to just get the fuck over it.



Aquarius:
Jan 20 – Feb 18

You're about to get stuck in a spiral of shitty YouTube videos that almost make you laugh. And then one day, about six weeks later, it'll click and you'll wet your pants on the pavement. UAV: What the fuck, Richard



Pisces:
Feb 19 – Mar 20

A barrage of electromagnetic pulses extending out from Tittleman's Crest will hit you mid-sesh on Wednesday night. Don't get wrapped up in the physics of it, just enjoy that speed of light ride. Upsettingly Average Video: The Universe I, II & II Tim and Eric



Aries:
Mar 21 – Apr 19

Certain spiritual vibes surrounding your thoughts on Saturday night will clear at 9 pm, just in time to leave Arana and get a Beer Tower from Starters with the Boyos. UAV: Worst Thing in Australia



Taurus:
Apr 20 – May 20

Have you ever considered climbing a tree? It's your week to get up in those branches. At your own leisure of course. UAV: JESUS CHRIST IN RICHMOND PARK: ORIGINAL UPLOAD



Gemini:
May 21 – Jun 20

One of two things are very likely to happen this week. 1) your mum's going to give you an extra \$100 for soft furnishings, that's how much she loves you. 2) . . . something else is gonna happen. UAV: Key & Peele – East/West College Bowl



Cancer:
Jun 21 – July 22

It's the week of the Two Faced B****. Prepare accordingly, maybe even make out with that new guy you met at the back of Bed, Bath and Beyond. Sneaky Cancers, the stars see everything. UAV: Tim's Kitchen Tips – Episode 1



Leo:
July 23 – Aug 22

It's time to get on the prow! Feisty kids with leonine tendencies are in for an invigorating week, go out, have some fun and mindless sex. Although be safe, while being teen mom/dad sounds appealing to your Leo ego, it's probably not the best idea. UAV: Man vs. Chainsaw



Virgo:
Aug 23 – Sept 22

There is a pencil in UBS with your name on it. The stars recommend that you start writing in pencil, your writing is so bad that you had your pen licence retracted. UAV: Jeff Goldblum Cooks With Jonathan Gold



Libra:
Sept 23 – Oct 22

An aurora coming in hot and heavy over Mt Cargill indicates that the weekly coffee with Mr X is about to foul. Maybe the Supreme Beans they're using at Fluid are rancid, the chakras don't clarify further. UAV: "how far I'll go" but it's sung by an idiot



Scorpio:
Oct 23 – Nov 21

The stars are foreshadowing the perils of that soy heavy vegan diet you're on, the shits are coming your way Thursday morning. The stars also want you to know that pint night booze poos have nothing to do with it. UAV: A Vodka Movie



Sagittarius:
Nov 22 – Dec 21

Stop trying to get on the post-ironic buzz. You don't get ironic spirituality. That's ok, you don't understand Rick and Morty either. Essentially we're all out here giggling our way to the inevitable heat death of the universe. UAV: The Californians: Stuart Has Cancer



Capricorn:
Dec 22 – Jan 19

There's ice melting between you and a 'colleague', better cool that asap. You, more than any of the other star signs, know feelings are not to be caught under any circumstances. UAV: Convo With My 2 Year Old Ep 1.

SUDOKU

Easy

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

Medium

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

Hard

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

FILBERT COMICS



By: L. A. Bonté



For more comics visit FilbertCartoons.com

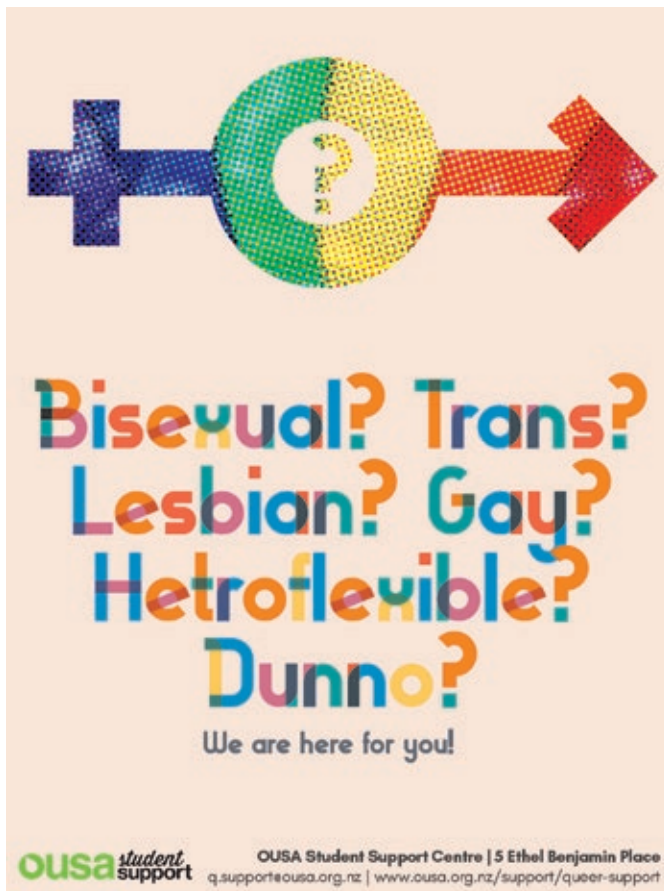
CRITIC

TE AROHI

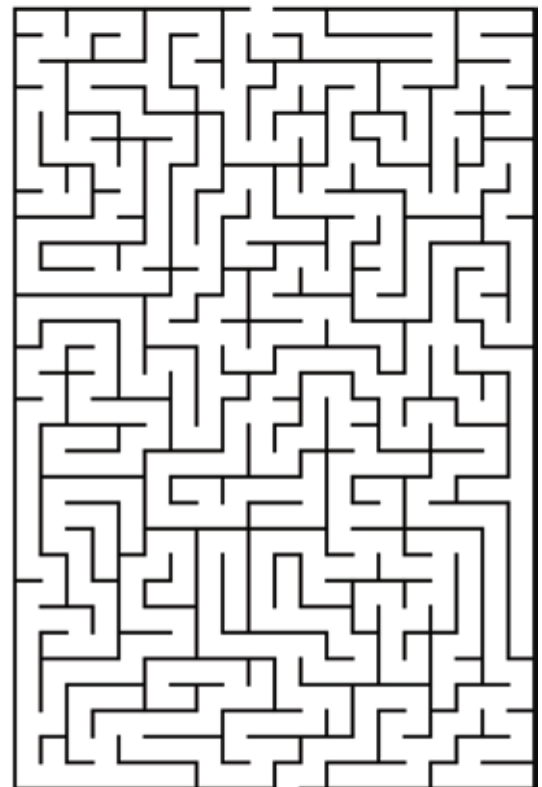
Writers/Artists

If you want to see your work in Critic

email Critic@critic.co.nz



THE MAZE





"I could cry from 7 eyes."
Acrylic on canvas
by Jess Thompson
@maori_mermaid



"Smoke on the Daughter"
Acrylic on canvas
by Jess Thompson
@maori_mermaid

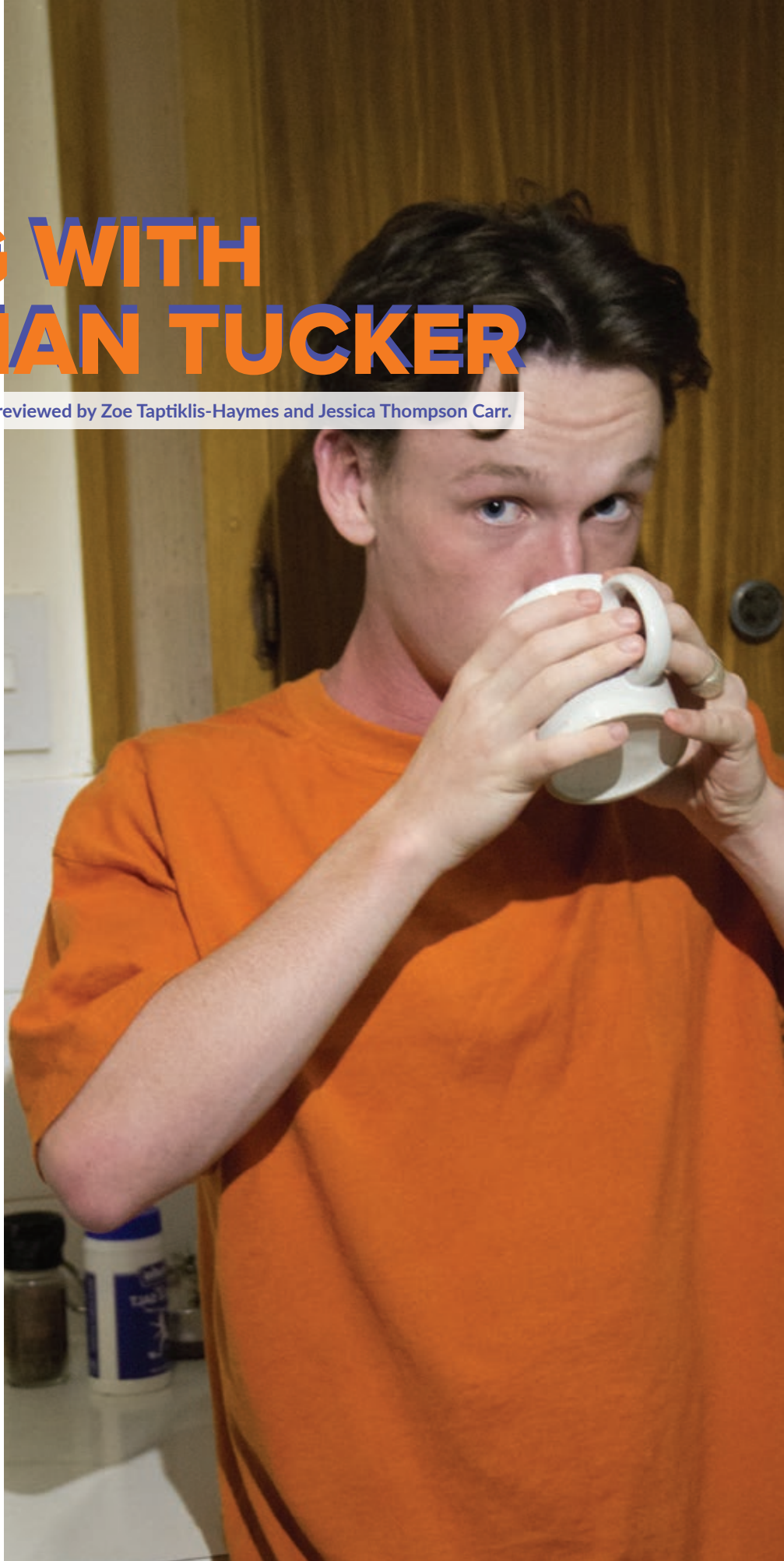
SITTING WITH CHRISTIAN TUCKER

Interviewed and reviewed by Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes and Jessica Thompson Carr.

Christian Tucker is Dunedin's answer to Chance the Rapper. That may seem like a radical claim, but the production quality, the lyrics and the performance on Tucker's new album "Intro to Orange" leaves little to be asked for. The local poet performs weekly at the Dog With Two Tails, Inch Bar, and Zanzibar to keep his edge. Not that he's got a lot of competition; the kid is miles ahead of his con-temporaries. Hell, how many 2nd years do you know that would sit "virtually naked" in their wardrobe in 40 degree heat to record and write an album? Not many. But that's Tucker to a T. He's a resilient and determined writer who knows that you've got to work and work a lot. He's willing to get out there and make a fool of himself. After a stint in Wellington, Tucker is back in Otago, restarting Uni, taking Theatre, English and Law. The guy's found something he's good at, and he's just going to get better. Tucker's got a lot to be proud of. I mean, Jesus, we only just met the guy and we're fucking proud of him.

Jess and Zoe: When did you begin combining poetry, with music, maybe rap? But mainly poetry with music? How would you define what you do?

Christian: I was kind of hopping grounds a little bit, you know. I was one of those cringe 11 year olds who write something like Eminem lyrics. Like mum would tell me off and I'd go upstairs. So yeah, that's really how I began. At school in English we were doing Shakespearean sonnets and I wrote one to submit for a poetry competition. I was so bad at it. I just sucked at that high school 'by-the-line' stuff.



J & Z So more free verse?

C: Yeah exactly. But um, the teacher was like, "you should submit to this competition". Not to me specifically, but to the whole class. I went to go submit and realised that you had to submit two poems to be eligible for the competition. So, I wrote up a second one. Literally in 15 seconds, taking the piss. And I get an email two weeks later, and what's the poem that's won the competition, but that 15 second one. It was an Otago competition so I ended up going to this high-dinner/ball thing, with suits and dresses, and I was like whoa, this is too much. But I also found out that doing this stuff is fun and rewarding.

J & Z: Just following a whim?

C: Yeah exactly. There was a slam poetry competition that started up that year, and I won that with "The Little Drummer Boy".

J & Z: Which is amazing btw – I cried (during a live performance that Tucker gave because the Wi-Fi in the Critic office is shit, and this kid has balls). And that got you to nationals?

C: Yeah for spoken poetry. I got flights paid to Auckland and it was cool that poetry turned out to be something rewarding, and something that is kind of niche.

J & Z: Yeah that's so cool! Not many people that we talk to have been rewarded through poetry!

C: Well everyone makes generalisations, that I'm pretty much just a rapper, and honestly, I just wanted to stray so far from that. I just didn't want to be a white guy that raps.

J & Z: It's a little cringey.

C: Well yeah, but after high school in 2016 I moved to Wellington to pursue that. Did a few competitions and started getting offered jobs in bars. It just kind of felt that study would be better here, so I moved back down [to Dunedin]. I'm loving it.

J & Z: Would you say that rap does influence you though? Any artist or styles of rap that you are in-terested in?

C: Not really any more. There's this poet, Harry Baker, he was the international slam champion. His stuff is more positive, and not to bash the art form, but people often use poetry as an excuse to get out there and sop. To be honest I don't get that, I just want to write happy poems you know. So yeah, that's why the album is about love and stuff. And people love that.

J & Z: And it's kind of a cultural thing in NZ to complain about shit, it's way easier to talk about something that is negative.

C: Yeah, we were given a quote in theatre yesterday: "it takes talent to make art, but artistry to spread happiness". It sounds really pretentious, but you know...

J & Z: Tell me a bit about your album, anything about that, and your process?

C: It was pretty sudden. I do open mic almost every night. I was at Dog With Two Tales last night, and Inch Bar before that. Every Wednesday at Dog With Two Tails.

J & Z: So, back to the album?

C: Well, I went to Wellington to do poetry and everything, but I ended up repeating poems I'd already done from high school. It's cringe going back to that old stuff, some poems get really outdated, like "The Little Drummer Boy". I was doing these old albums, and I had a girlfriend who I moved to Wellington with. But we broke up, and I was in the pits bro, it got me bad. I couldn't write anything. Some months later, I was talking to a mate, Ben Rainey, we went into his room and he has all this equipment. It turns out that he professionally makes beats. He was like, bro I've got this beat and I know you write some poetry, surely we can just merge the two. And I was like, all right, I'll give it a shot and it actually went well. He played me a beat and I died, I dropped to the floor. And that's now the first track on the album. How easy is that?

J & Z: Did you work with him on the rest of the album?

C: Ben's got a few more beats on there. In summer I went back home, and that's where you see the ODT article, of me in my wardrobe, in my defense you get a real dry sound in there.

J & Z: Do you still do that?

C: No! Thankfully! That was the most embarrassing thing of my life. Those were the 40 degree days. I was in my room, pretty much naked, recording for the album. My mate James Phizacklea, he does the guitar and sings the chorus. The album slowly came together. I think I did over 50 songs, only the best eight made it on the album.

J & Z: When did the album go up?

C: Like two weeks ago!

J & Z: Oh yo, finger on the pulse, that's us. So what do you want to do with this album?

C: I wanna gig off it, I've started a FB page (check it out).

J & Z: Is there a genre "Intro to Orange" belongs to?

C: YOU CAN'T DEFINE ME. Haha nah, spoken poetry rap.

You can find his album "Intro to Orange" on Spotify and buy it on iTunes (just fucking buy it). Honestly, check it out. Insider's tip, the album is in reverse, so listen to it right way around and then back to front. Our favourite songs are "Writers Block" and "Live For," and we'll be cranking it when we have our staff booze review later tonight.

Special shout out to rhyming "I need this" with "Jesus". Too true mate. Too true.

TASTE RATING:

**Better than a
Export Gold after
a hard days work.
Not as good as a
Speights.**

**DIFFICULTY
RATING:**

**Less difficult than
a Tourism Degree,
but only just.**

COST:

Totally worth it.



SIMPLE RECIPES FOR SIMPLE PEOPLE: **B** L T S

By Lachie Robertson

BLTs are the Conrad Smith of feeds. Not underrated, because everyone froths them, but also not everyone's first thought when it comes to the all-time greats. They're fucking good though, the whole package really. Whether we're talking flat dinners, hungover feeds or a 3 am snack when you're balls deep into a Netflix binge, BLTs are always a great option. They're nothing flashy, not at all difficult and they always go down a treat. While the recipe is literally in the name, we've heard reports of Tourism students still managing to fuck it up, so here's a quick guide to help you get the basics down.

Step one:

Cook some bacon. If you've got a bit of cash sitting in the bank, streaky bacon gets my vote. Hot tip: try cooking it in the oven to get that extra crispy goodness. But if you're battling away on the allowance

Jacinda gave you, a packet of bacon scraps for \$7 a kilo go hard, as they're nice and fatty, which helps get that juicy salty goodness that you don't get with leaner cuts of bacon. Plus, you can fry them up with some diced onion and the onion cooks in the bacon fat, which is amazing. Personally, I'm a big fan of my bacon crispy but if you're into it soggy that's entirely your choice (who the fuck doesn't like their bacon crispy?).

Step 2:

Prep your L and your T. Pretty self-explanatory, slice your fresh tomatoes, tear up your lettuce and you're good to go.

Step 3:

Bread. Couplands \$1 bread (obviously). I like my bread like Iggy Azalea – white and super thick. I run it untoasted with some aioli on one piece of bread and a bit of BBQ sauce on the other. And if you've

got a weird jar of relish that your grandma made you sitting around the back of the cupboard, here's a chance to pop it open.

Step 4:

Assembly. Don't feel like you have to place them in the order of B, L, T. If you feel inclined you can go TLB or LBT, or for those feeling particularly adventurous BTL.

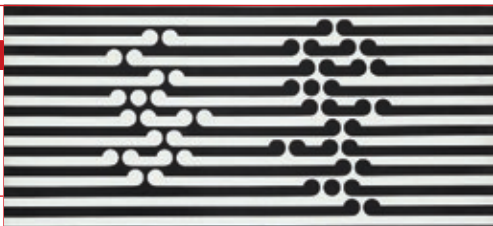
Like Conrad Smith, the BLT is very versatile and can be adapted to anyone's preferences. For example, I like to put some sliced red onion in my BLTs. They're mean if you feel like adding things like a fried egg, some cheese, or avocado, if you're rich. Other options are to swap the sauces out; some that I rate in place of BBQ are Dijon or wholegrain mustard, cranberry sauce or even a bit of honey. Treat the flatties: make them a BLT.

FREE ADMISSION + WWW.DUNEDIN.ART.MUSEUM

ART

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

Gordon Walters **Painting No.1** 1965 (detail). PVA on hardboard.
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki. Courtesy of the Gordon Walters Estate ▶



GORDON
WALTERS
NEW VISION

A partnership project between Dunedin Public
Art Gallery and Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki

AUCKLAND
ART GALLERY
TOI O TAMAKI



DIZZEE RASCAL

-“I RAP OVER HARD BEATS AND I SAY WHAT I WANT”

By Jamie Green

UK Hip Hop superstar Dizzee Rascal hit New Zealand's shores in February for Splore festival in Tapapakane Park, Orere Point. Jamie Green caught up with him before the show.

What are your greatest memories of NZ?

Just really positive people that really know the music and get in depth. And obviously a beautiful looking place with serious hip hop DJs.

Grime has become huge. Now it's truly worldwide, did you ever think it would get to this point?

I don't know. I think grime has just become the new word for urban or black music in this country. What we would have considered grime in like 2003, right now they're just lumping everything in, anyone who's rapping or even singing on the urban or R&B type tunes, they just call it 'grime' now.

What do you think about that? How do you think about everyone lumping in to the same box?

I don't know. For me I just keep making music; this happens in music in general. It happened with trap music, it happened with rock and roll – how many styles are there of that, like rock and heavy metal; every week there's a different style of music, so yeah you can't get caught up on that. As an artist I don't set out to say "I'm going to make this style of music" – I can't really say that; that's not honest to say. But in general, I just want to make a good song; that's my main objective

Which you achieve; you've been making good songs for a long time. On your last record there were big sounds, back to your roots. Intentional?

It was just a move back to my comfort zone. When I was making those big attempts at dancy pop records, that's not my comfort zone, but that's what makes me want to do it. It's hard to make big pop songs. People think that just because those song come across as simple that they're easy to make, but you're playing with the big boys, because those big pop acts have teams of people working on their songs. When I'm just making albums

like "Boy in da Corner" or "Raskit," that's just what I do; I rap over hard beats and I say what I want.

So yeah, it was just wanting to kind of go back to the start, and be taken seriously as a serious artist, because I do care about that.

I'm surprised that you wouldn't have been taken seriously anyway, even with those big pop hits. No matter what the background beat was, your lyricism was still tight and hot

Exactly, and some people overlook that, but then other people like yourself understand that because you kiwis are quite in depth with music in general, especially hip hop.

What can we expect from Dizzee Rascal's 2018 concert setlist?

Bangers, man. Bangers. I know for a fact that the new stuff works because I've toured in the UK around October, so I just know that stuff bangs. Just putting it together should make a hype set, man.



Dr Nick



Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream

Who the Fuck Even Was Stephen Hawking?

By Dr Nick

Stephen Hawking died last week on the 14th of March 2018. He was arguably one of the most well-known scientists of the last half century. He was even something of a pop culture icon, with appearances in "The Simpsons," "Futurama," and more. Most white, male scientists are interchangeable and dull, but with his hi-tech wheelchair, and iconic digital voice, Hawking was instantly recognisable. But amongst all the eulogies on your Facebook feed, you may still have been left wondering; why exactly was this man so iconic?

The best place to start is his contribution to science. Hawking made a lot of important contributions to the field of cosmology. If, like me, you have no idea what cosmology is, the simplest description is that it is the study of the origin, progression, and end of the universe. The most well-known cosmological theory is the Big Bang theory, which postulates that the universe began with an explosion from a single point, and continues to expand from that point. A complex part of cosmology is black holes; points of great mass within the universe that exert a huge gravitational pull on surrounding matter, including light. Black holes are not easily described using the laws of physics. Hawking was a key contributor to the study of black holes, showing that black holes could actually emit radiation and particles, and could dissolve and explode in their own right. This research, among other things, made him something of a star (pun not intended) in the cosmological science community.

By all accounts, Hawking also had a tremendous intellect, and a quick wit. This allowed him not only to be a brilliant scientist, but also a great science communicator. In his later life he gave a great many lectures on topics such as artificial intelligence, religion and science, and even healthcare. He was politically active, and was a proud supporter of the UK Labour Party, and of the NHS.

Perhaps Hawking's most impressive achievement was accomplishing all that he did while suffering the debilitating effects of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or ALS (you know, that thing the ice bucket challenge made us all aware of). Diagnosed with ALS in his early 20s, Hawking gradually lost the use of the muscles in his body. Initially just clumsy, and with a slight slur to his speech, he gradually lost the ability to walk and talk, and became reliant on nursing care. In spite of this, he continued to be active in science, and in public life. He was clearly a brilliant man, a voice of reason in society, and proof that disability need not limit life. He contributed a lot, and will be certainly missed. RIP Stephen Hawking.

Review: Big Daddy

By Henessey Griffiths

In all honesty, I've been waiting to review this film merely because I love the thought of having "Adam Sandler" and "Daddy" in the same sentence.

"Big Daddy" is shit. God, it's such a terrible film. This film makes absolutely no fucking sense. Maybe it was the shitty WatchSeries link I was watching it on, but there are so many continuity errors and plot holes in the film.

Sonny (Sandler) gets left with this abandoned kid at his house. He then finds out that the kid's dad is a very close friend of his who is currently away and cannot take care of young Julian, so Sonny steps up and becomes the "big daddy". He teaches the kid all the wrong ways to go about life and then comes to love this tiny fucker with all his heart.

The whole film is a cesspit of gross humour and cheesy 'tug on the ol' heartstrings' moments. It's almost like he was trying to produce a film that's a hybrid of the humour of "Mr. Deeds" and of the emotions of "Click" and absolutely carked it. You can tell that this film was one of his earlier works, because the humour and script are not as refined as they usually are. Sandler looked bored most of the time, half the plot jumps around and makes no sense, and there are so many random 'bits' that are added for no apparent reason (unless it's a McDonald's breakfast advertisement). It's just all a fucking mess.

I mean sure, 1999 was a very different time for all of us. Sandler has changed and developed so much as an artist that we can't judge his past. But I honestly believe that he was riding the "Happy Gilmore" and "Wedding Singer" wave so hard that he forgot to put any real effort into this film. It's almost like he knew he would become a father in 2006, and used this film as a warning video for why he shouldn't be a dad. But isn't it also a bit fucked up that his character in the film "Big Daddy" is called Sonny, and in 2008 he named his second daughter Sunny? Like surely that's a bit fucking messed up? Is Adam Sandler's almost 10-year-old daughter the only living testament to his awful film?

It's late, I am sick, I can't feel my brain anymore. Every week my feelings on the Sandman fluctuate, and right now I want to deck him straight in his face. But in saying that, he will always be my big daddy.



Dunedin Flat Names Project

Sarah Gallagher | CC BY NC | Dunedin Flat Names Project | www.dunedinflatnames.co.nz

Signs of Sex

By Sarah Gallagher

Not far from the 24 hour dairy on George Street stands a large two storey weatherboard house that has been converted to a 7 bedroom flat. For many years it has had a name, possibly as long as a decade, but last year's residents made what may be its very first sign. Of the more than 500 verified named flats in North Dunedin, it's hard to know how many have been named but have never had a sign. Usually I'm able to verify names through email or Facebook, sometimes through Google Street View or through videos and photos that have been shared online. In this instance the name was revealed to the residents in fairly unusual circumstances, by a garden gnome. When the flatties moved into the flat in 2017 and discovered the gnome in the garden with "Pussy Planet" inscribed on it, they saw it as a sign from the universe.

Alumni of Selwyn College, where every student has a gnome in their room, the flatties' curiosity was aroused. They thoroughly inspected the gnome and discovered a student's name was written inside it. A quick search on Facebook revealed this (male) student had also been a resident at Selwyn, and was a tenant of the flat in 2015.

For those not inducted into the mysteries of Selwyn College, gnomes allegedly embody the spirit of the College and have been known to be 'liberated' from gardens by Selwyn students. Selwyn and Knox have had a bit of friendly rivalry over the years and historically Knox students have been known for the practice of gnoming – that is, capturing Selwyn's gnomes. The origin, extent and deeper workings of this mysterious tradition is unknown.

The origins of the name Pussy Planet aren't entirely clear either, but the sign created by the 2017 residents indicates it's about cats in space. Or space cats. Or maybe spaced-out cats. Hard to know. The flatties said, "We thought it was pretty cool we'd signed a named flat, but we thought it was sad it didn't have a sign, so we made a one before class started. It's pretty girly, but we are quite fond of it. We also thought a named flat had to have a bit more tradition to it, so we decided to host a flat ball – "The Pussy Planet Prom" – and we hope next year's tenants also keep that going too."

The sign remained with the flat, and they repainted the gnome in Selwyn colours and left it on the property for the 2018 tenants to find.



Auntie Kell and Mumma Zo

Advice on Sending It

By Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes and Kelly Davenport

If you are reading this thinking we're about to deliver some absolute pearls on how to be the most productive you you've ever been, you're about to be more disappointed than hearing certain presidential election results. To be utterly frank, we operate purely off mantras. Somehow by chanting one of the following phrases, we've collected six degrees between the two of us in approx. five years. In that short space of time, we've smashed a lot of ceilings, glass and otherwise. We're talking: the Hospital roof, the glass roofing in the Meridian, several uni flat ceilings.

We're talking: pulled out of med mainly because it's ironic and also it confuses the shit out of the med students who think they've fucking sussed it. We're talking: climbing a fuck off mountain on three hours of sleep, hungover and a smashing a goon at the top, being the undefeated pong champions of the last 65 years (remember you can't lose if you quit early) and starting Dunedin's most iconic lifestyle Instagram: @Scarfie_Fitspo.

Anyway, enough beating the bush, here's how to send it:

Conventional Method Unconventional Method

Put a stamp on it
Send it

Do it before you regret it
Send it

Keep it simple get it done

Play hard, work hard (if you play hard enough you leave yourself no other option but to work especially hard)

Kelly's actual words to the Med School Dean as she quit: "you know what, YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE"

The most important thing about getting stuff done, is to drink coffee. Of course, it is important that you look after yourself, you don't want to be on the never-ending train of productivity forever. The best brake for productivity is the charming combination of sunflower seeds in your vodka shots™. Sunflower seeds reduce the risk of high blood pressure and heart disease – and we all know that if you haven't have enough coffee to be suffering from acute arrhythmia, you're not being productive enough.

Mainly the point we're trying to make, is that there is no point to make. Life is a lot of dicking around, and then you die.

Remember to send any queries to @Scarfie_Fitspo or auntieskz@gmail.com

Aroha Nui,

Auntie Kell and Mumma Zo



Booze Review

Long Whites

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

Righto lads time to sit your masculinity complex on the shelf for a minute and enjoy a truly delicious drink. Honestly, I've got no time for anyone who uses the term "bitch drinks," because if you think drinking beers instead of vodka soda somehow makes you a man, you're a goddamn child.

But these heavenly drops will make even the most backwards-thinking redneck who still believes in archaic gender roles for alcohol consumption rethink why they are drinking lukewarm 4% beer on a 30 degree day.

They're like a Vodka Cruiser's classy cousin and just like the classic Cruiser, they're helping lightweight teenagers across the country take that first step in joining our glorious binge drinking culture. Who doesn't love a delicious cold bottle of fizz with the added bonus of it being 4.8% alcohol?

Despite being 4.8%, after downing a box I was surprised to find myself coherent and behaving disappointingly appropriately. My theory is that their strength is offset by the fact that they are literally water. Water hydrates you and keeps you healthy, but it does not get you drunk, so overall water is a 3/10 for me.

For all of the talk about how good these are I would actually never buy them for myself, because the dollars per standard is so bad that I would have to drink expired goon for the next six months to let my bank account recover. But for all you high rollers out there that aren't afraid to stray away from your Heinekens or whatever it is rich people drink, these may be for you.

For the rest of you battlers, who knows, maybe the 20 dollars you got from grandma for Christmas could be put towards something useful for once.

Despite how good a Long White is, us kiwis are a stubborn bunch and it can be hard to convince people to try new things. Like a bit of cheeky ass-play, new things can be scary but they can bring you immense pleasure.

Taste rating: Yeah not bad, yourself? Oh yeah bloody good mate.

Froth Level: Having a refreshing drink while you watch peasants work your fields on a hot day.

Tasting notes: Puppies, rainbows, really good sex

Pairs well with: Light summer salads, chicken parmesan, prawn cocktails.



Bonus Booze Review

Canterbury Draught

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

We all have that one Cantabrian dickhead in the group who swears Canterbury Draught (CD) is the one thing in life they live for. But fuck them. There is no way a self-respecting person would admit anything from Canterbury was good. What's there to like? The Crusaders? Richard Hadlee? Phar Lap? They all sound about as good as Wyatt Crockett looks.

CD was originally named Ward's Beer in 1854, after the brewer James Hamilton Ward, but was rebranded Canterbury Draught in 1990. It was a pale lager that stood as one of the true Canterbury icons, up there with the colours red and black, the Christchurch Cathedral and the disabled toilet on the second floor of the Christchurch airport right next to the Burger King.

Since the February earthquake, CD has dried up around the country. It can still be found on tap in some rural pubs, but it only reveals itself to the most honourable seekers of the golden drop.

CD is an interesting beer. On the nose you can pick up about as much scent as the Tactix pick up away game wins (yeah that's a netball reference – equality!). But the flavour is something different. It's actually pretty good. It's light, but with a hard enough aftertaste to let you know who's who. It's a bitter hard man's beer that will put balls on your hairs and make the Speight's Southern Man weak at the knees. However, it is only 4% beer and therefore scientifically cannot get you drunk, but drinking it goes down faster than a team challenging the Crusaders (especially the Hurricanes).

Taste Rating: As satisfying as Mitch Hunt's drop kick against the Highlanders in 2017

Froth Level: Liquefaction

Tasting Notes: Shaken not stirred and the bitterness/envy of the rest of the country

Pairs Well With: Eight Super Rugby Championships and the motivation to rebuild



Two Tails of Love



Josh

I prayed to God all day that my blind date would not be one of my exes. He listened to me and instead gave me a guy looking for a +1 to have a threesome with his boyfriend. Still confused on which one is the worst one tbh.

I arrived early (like a real gentleman), and he arrived fashionably late. We introduced each other, at least he did because whenever I would try talking about myself, he would not understand my accent and would tell me to repeat myself. But +1 point for pretending to understand me, especially when I repeated "volunteering" three times, and he said "Oh, I don't know what that is" in a very serious way.

He then nicely asked me what I emailed Critic before the date, to which I answered "I don't remember" (which was a polite way of saying "I don't want to tell you"). He proceeded to ask to read my email and gave me his phone so that I could read his. Twist of the night, the guy was already in a relationship and was looking for a +1. And it took him the whole night to understand, even after being straightforward, that I ain't no side dish, I ain't no mashed potato!

We continued our chat, talked about a few stuff and decided to get the strongest alcohol on the menu. I just wanted a cider at the beginning, but the guy really wanted his absinthe so we ordered two of them. I started drinking it quite quickly while he realised that strong alcohol was not his thing. So nicely enough, the guy let me finish his drink so I "could be a little bit more flirty". Side note: guys, if someone does not want to flirt with you, giving them alcohol will not make them change their opinion.

I decided to end the date after we were not allowed any more free food or alcohol for the night. I proceeded to walk home after refusing his offer to have a threesome for the fifth time, and he walked back to his boyfriend's place.

Thanks to Critic for putting me with a guy with whom I had only one common interest: boys. And, more honestly, thanks for the free food and alcohol, it gave me the motivation to stay on the date.

Drake

I turned up to my blind date with some liquid courage hoping to find a third person for my boyfriend's first threesome (sorry mum, you raised me better). Spoiler alert, spit roast was not on the menu that night.

I arrived fashionably late and my date was already waiting for me. Boy, was he cute! He introduced himself in a sexy French accent and I immediately thought a baguette would be nice for later in the night but unfortunately, it too was not on the menu. I told him what I was looking for and he was definitely not keen.

I decided to drown my sorrows by ordering some absinthe, which was a mistake as I could barely read the menu already. The chat was decent, the atmosphere good, but very much like Law Camp, it was not going to happen.

We decided to call it quits when our tab was finished and we went our separate ways. Oh, and I ended up ordering a sirloin because apparently that is the only meat I can get. Cheers to the Dog With Two Tails for being the one to fill me up. Even though the blind date was over, the night was still young.

While my date excused himself to the toilet before hitting the road, I decided to talk to the lesbian couple at the table next to us. I blabbed to them about my adventures so far and they asked me to join them for the night. Of course, I never say no to strangers. We end up at a bar, dancing and grinding to very exotic music.

Now, I would not exactly call myself a fan of the vagina, let alone two, so I snuck out before things got any more physical. In the wise words of Nicki Minaj: "My anaconda don't want none unless you got dick, hun" (she totally said that, fight me).

I stumbled my way to my boyfriend's flat. Thanks to the power of the internet and some well-angled pictures of Richard, we managed to find a new friend for a late-night game of Twister. Thanks to the Critic for a great night. Can't wait to share this story with the grandchildren.

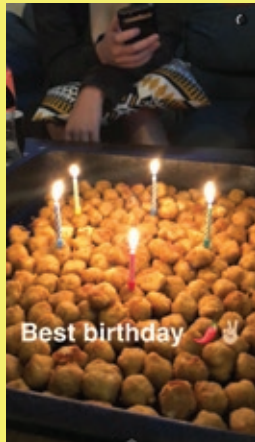
SNAP, CRACK & POPPLE US

Send us a snap,
crack open a CRITIC
& popple up a prize*

*The best snap
each week wins
a 12
pack of



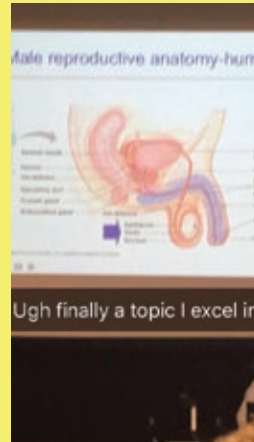
Old lady reading the critic in disgust



Best birthday



Up your
game. I
vomited in
the urinals
once



Male reproductive anatomy-hum

Ugh finally a topic I excel in



Female toilet only yesh right Manila grill



When you need to drink in lectures



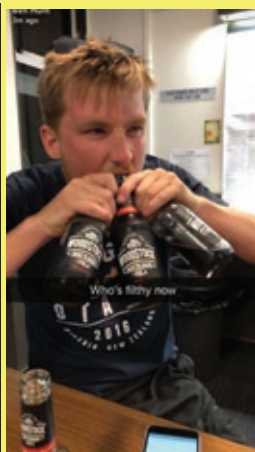
HAPPY
ST. PATRICK'S
DAY!



Guy in front of me doing the only thing more boring than listening to STAT110, watching golf



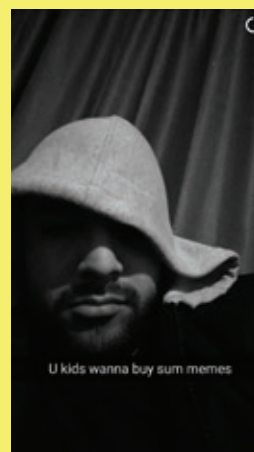
We made a critic collage



Who's fatty now



Seems legit



U kids wanna buy sum memes

THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Amazon Surf, Skate & Denim

10% off full-priced items

Not in conjunction with any other offer, only available in-store

Burger King

Two Bacon Cheeseburgers for \$4.90

Cornerstone Ink Tattoo Studio

\$80 per hour

Cosmic Dunedin

10% Student Discount

Lumino The Dentists

\$69 new patient exams and x-ray

10% off further treatments

(excluding implants and orthodontics)

Megazone Entertainment Centre

Buy two games of Mini Golf or Laser Tag and get the third free

Only Ur's Beauty Parlour

Eye Trio (eyebrow wax/thread, eyebrow tint & eyelash tint) for \$20

The Poolhouse Cafe and Bar

Half price pool every Monday night
Every Wednesday Poolhouse pool competition \$5.00 buy-in, winner takes all. 7.30pm start

Rapunzel's Hair Design

Women's cuts from \$49.

Half head of foils w/ toner from \$109.

Balayage/Ombre from \$199

Stirling Sports

10% off all non-sale items

The Bog

\$15 Steak, egg and chips Sunday - Thursday all day

Bowl Line

2 games for \$15

Brunch 'N' Lunch

50% off all perishable food items
4.30-5pm weekdays.

Limit 2 food items per RAD1 Card/
App holder

Capers Cafe

2 for 1 Gourmet pancakes, Monday to Friday only

Campus Shop

Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

- 440ml Pepsi can range

- Bluebird chips 35-80g including Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

Del Sol

Free churros with every main purchased

Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased

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

La Porchetta

10% discount on all meals for lunch and dinner
(only available in-store)

Nando's

10% off your meal

Op-Shop on St Andrew

Mad Monday: Visit Op-Shop on St Andrew and negotiate your best offer with us every Monday

One Supps Dunedin

10% discount store wide
(only available in-store)

Painted Rock Tattoos

10% student discount

Pizzeria Da Francesca

Upgrade from small pizza to large
Dine in Only

Poppa's Pizza

Free Garlic Bread with any large or regular pizza

Rob Roy Dairy

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday & Tuesday

Subway

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a foot long meal deal for free

T M Automotive

\$50 warrant of fitness fee

This 'N' That Giftware

10% off storewide

Vapourium Ltd

\$3 Coffee happy hour Saturday & Sunday, 1 - 3pm

Free 30ml once you've made any 5 vaping purchases in-store

Velvet Burger

Signup for our GCC Club and get a free burger (any) and scoop of fries

YHA

\$10 off YHA membership - purchase online at YHA.co.nz and use the code OUSA18

Zaibatsu Hair Art

Half head of foils, treatment, cut and blow-dry for \$99

with your 2018 RAD1 Card or App!

**DOWNLOAD THE APP
AT RAD1.CO.NZ
FOR ALL THESE RADICAL DEALS**



Women's Lifestyle expo


**\$5
ENTRY**

Show this coupon along with
your student ID at the door to
get \$5 entry (usually \$10)

Get the girls together for a day of beauty & pampering!

7TH & 8TH APRIL | EDGAR SPORTS CENTRE

Enjoy a girls' day out next weekend, with everything from beauty & fashion, to food & wine and much more! Check out the Ali McD Makeup School and Crave Hair Studio lounges, and pick up a goodie bag with samples galore! **Plus, be in to WIN a holiday for two to the Gold Coast, thanks to Helloworld, Virgin Australia and Go Holidays.**

Find out more at www.expos.co.nz  WomensLifestyleExpo

NZME EVENTS

GrabOne

ZM

HITS

Resene

helloworld

GO
HOLIDAYS!

virgin
australia