

CRITIC

TE AROHI

ISSUE 06



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

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 a magazine should first complain in writing to
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 response, complain to the Press Council. Com-
 plaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO
 Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

Letters to the editor

Bring Back Scarfie Pies

DEAR CRITIC,

There I was, sitting in the link with my friends, and a pang of hunger struck. Being a savvy and frugal student, I headed to the campus shop to grab a cheap, calorie rich, scarfie pie. However I was shocked to find that the brand of pies has changed! No longer is it the time honoured Marlow's, but a presumptively branded "Sunny Days" from "The Goodtime Pie Co". I'm an optimist, so I bought one, hoping that the assertion on the packet of "insanely good pies" was not just gross hyperbole, but testimony. However I now feel the only testimony this pie deserves is in a lawsuit against it. The pie was awful. I can't quite pinpoint whether it was the damp but also flaky pastry the ended up everywhere, the strange crunchy lump in the filling or the general lack of flavour that made it so bad, but the pie was definitely worse than the sum of its dreadful parts.

Critic, help me, help us all.

Love,

SadPieGuy.

Give Josh a Second Chance at Love

Critic,

I was seriously disappointed in your blind date last issue. Poor Josh sounded like he had the worst time ever and he needs another chance to find love! Please give him another date, this time not one a dicky as Drake.

Much love,

Someone who just wants Josh to have a good night

Yo M'dude you mag is so full of crap my auntie would faint with anger. Man it's so sexist and rude and just perpeturtes this sexual masoginist attitude that infiltrates our society. Please please start publishing

real actual funny stuff and stop publishing sexual stuff, its real offensive.

Peace out bro

I Have A Scoop For You

Joel McManus, editor of Critic, orders vegetarian pizzas and puts meat on them.

Still Angry About Scarfie Pies

Dear Critic

Where the fuck are my scarfie pies?? I want my scarfie pies back not the yellow pastry sunny days bullshit they've replaced them with. When they took away the chairs in the link we used to hide our pie eating shame I thought they'd gone too far but now they take away our pies??? What's Harlene going to cut next!!!!

Yours truly,

A severely pied off citizen

WingIt is back online

Dear Critic,

It was too perfect to be coincidence, for eVision to make an app-breaking timetable change the day your article came out. I like to think it took eVision's top hackers, working like enslaved gerbils on meth, to finally break WingIt's solid student programming. Truly cruel for the youth to be given a new hope for their timetabling needs, only for it to be snatched away so fast.

Thankfully, the WingIt team can slip punches with the best of them, and thanks to some hard after-hours work, WingIt is fully operational once more.

In all seriousness, apologies to the students that tried the app last week and had it crash on them. Freakishly bad timing, but we've made sure it won't happen again (at least,

not like that, and it'll be discovered and fixed faster). We'd love a second chance, if you think you can learn to love again.

Regards,

William

Letter of the Week

Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.

Shitting with Christian Tucker

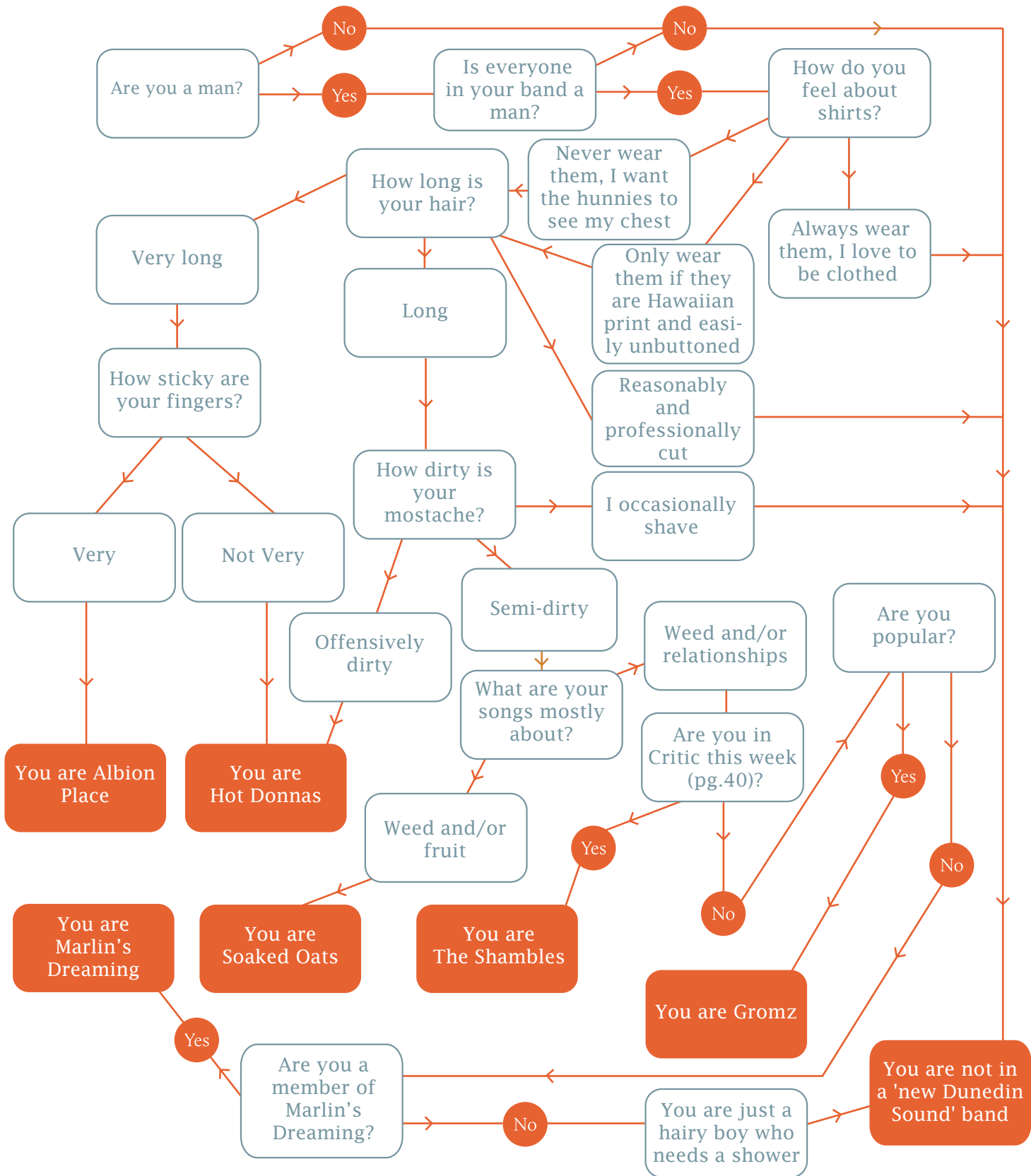
Dear Critic,

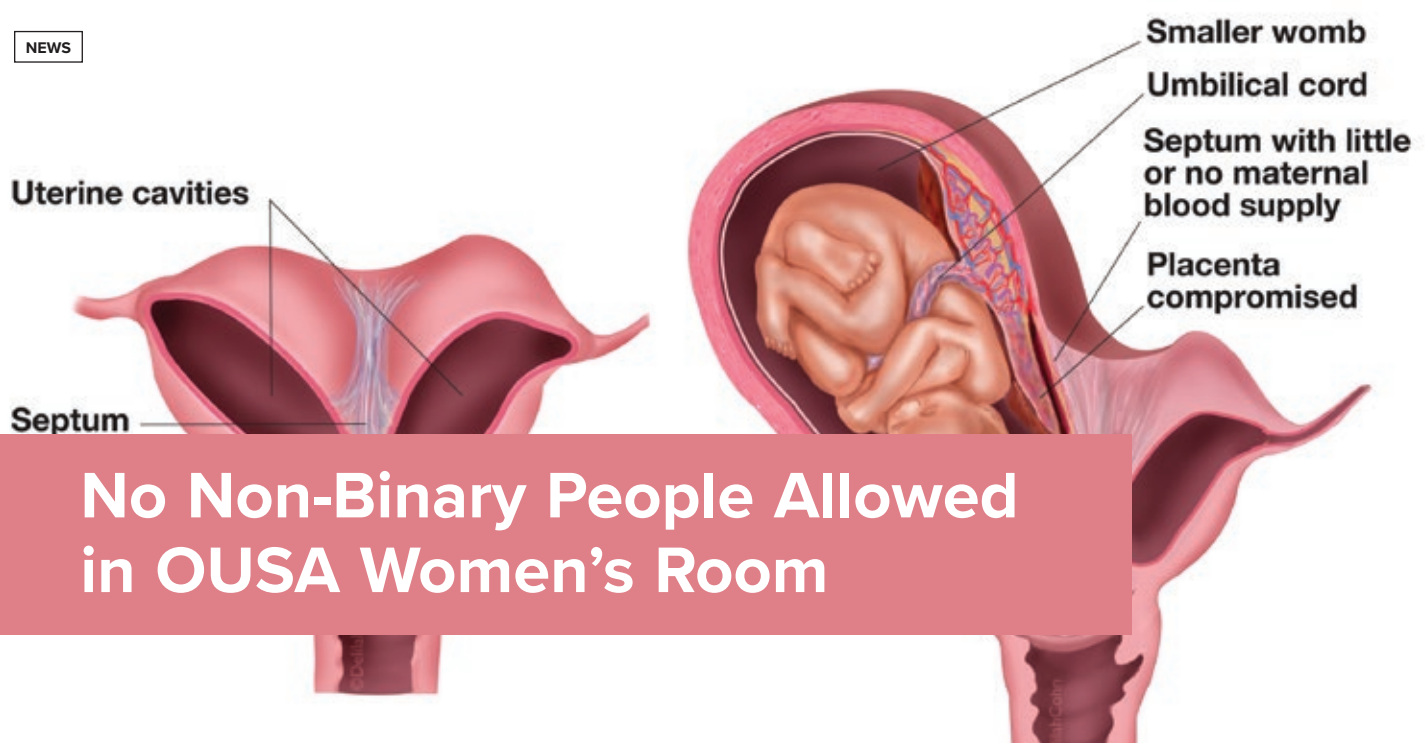
The impression of Christian Tucker you painted leaves much to be asked for. The ego-stroking piece in question paints an idyllic picture of the young 'rapper'. However the fact remains that this spoken word poet bagged on rap, a genre that aids the disenfranchised. His lack of cultural understanding is exacerbated by a more than middle class upbringing. Even worse, his music isn't really that amazing. I rely on Critic for criticism, I wanted a dissection of this artist's method and content. Instead I got a sycophantic talent fellatio. On Radio 1 Christian described aspirations to break into the 'drunk white girl' demo, spoken like a true frat boy. Can we please not put new artists on a pedestal and instead hold them to a higher standard. I hope that apologies will be sent to Chance the Rapper.

Emilie Unwin

Which 'New Dunedin Sound' Band Are You?

A Flowchart Editorial by Joel MacManus





No Non-Binary People Allowed in OUSA Women's Room

-Apparently wombs define the womb-men

'Can't use the room if you don't got a womb' - OUSA

By Esme Hall

OUSA has rejected a request to allow non-biological women to use the OUSA Women's Room.

OUSA's policy says the Women's Room in the Union Building is a safe space for women to feel "welcome and free from harassment of any kind".

After a suggestion from Otago Women's+ Club, OUSA looked into opening the doors of the Women's Room to non-binary people. However, after consultation with religious groups they decided against changing any policies.

The Women's Room is well-used by Islamic students as some Muslim women can only take off their headscarves in women-only spaces.

In an OUSA exec meeting, OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said the room was "not necessarily the right space" for non-binary people. Welfare Officer Abigail Clark said the Women's Room is for "specifically women," but defended the decision because "we do a lot for the queer community".

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome told Critic that "the idea has been put on pause". She says, "just because the Women's Room may not be the best solution for non-binary students, doesn't mean OUSA

isn't investigating other options," including pushing for gender-neutral bathrooms.

The University of Otago Muslim University Students' Association, who opposed a policy change, did not respond to a request for comment before the deadline.

Sinead Gill, Co-President of Otago Women's+ Club, is disappointed. She says the Women's Room Policy "makes it clear that it is a safe space for all identifying women. Non-binary persons ... suffer the inequalities and injustices that women do (and more so)," which should be recognised in OUSA policy.

Gill has recently joined the OUSA Welfare Committee that takes care of the Women's Room. She says she wants to ensure "it doesn't look so damn depressing. We've already hooked it up with artwork, an extra big table and chairs, and have a budget drawn up for the additions we want to make, like a 'woman of the month' feature and blackboard paint on the walls to write cute stuff on." The Women's+ Club also wants to make sure there are free sanitary products and tea and coffee.

She said that they're hoping to bring "new life" to the room so that students "want to use the space" and it won't "become a trash heap".

"I think it's been super neglected since the Women's Rep position was abolished and absorbed into the Welfare Officer's duties," said Gill.

The opening of the Women's Room, banned to men, in 1983 was a major campaign initiative of Phyllis Comerford, the first female OUSA president. The room generated huge controversy, which resulted in bricks thrown through the windows and an attempt by campus conservatives to have Comerford removed from office.



Critic Offers to Buy Vic Uni Mag Salient for \$1500 and a Playstation 2

-“Salient is a lot more burnable than Critic” – Joel MacManus, Critic Editor

More like Failient, am I right?

A recent fire sale at Victoria’s Salient Magazine isn’t solving the real problem, according to Waikato and Otago student magazine editors.

Salient Magazine is facing a funding crisis recently after receiving \$10,000 less than originally anticipated from Victoria University of Wellington’s Students’ Association this year. The shortfall is forcing the 80-year-old magazine to hock off formerly prized possessions like a 2010 naan bread allegedly discarded by Brad Pitt, which, according to Lyam Buchanan (Waikato University’s Nexus) and Joel MacManus (Otago’s Critic), “Treats the symptom but not the disease”.

“We have seen Salient struggle over the last few years,” said Buchanan. “We are here to be your saviours.” “Nexus is lodging a joint formal offer with Critic to purchase Salient outright. We will pay \$750 cold, hard cash and a further 1500 Hell Pizza discount vouchers redeemable at the Hillcrest store only.”

“Critic will go in as an equal partner, contributing \$750, a slightly used Fifa 06 for PlayStation 2 and a pack of breath mints,” MacManus added.

When asked what the two student magazines would do with the new property, though, they seem to have a slightly muddled vision.

“Shutting it down entirely is certainly an option. The students of Victoria University have suffered enough,” said MacManus.

“The problem is Salient may have paid up the printing contract till the end of the year so we are torn between 48 pages of visit Nexsmag.co.nz and Critic.co.nz, a new weekly magazine called Critically Nexus, or just 48 blank pages,” said Buchanan.

“I think the thing we can all agree on is that Salient must have somehow significantly imploded. Because otherwise defunding a nationally renowned cornerstone of student

media that has been operating since just after World War II would be a sad and arbitrary decision,” added Buchanan.

“We thought about doing a Givealittle page, but in all honesty, we’d want to keep all the profits for ourselves. Being good at student media has extra costs.”

“I mean VUWSA would literally have to be idiots with no sense of the vital role student media plays and surely they aren’t that stupid at Victoria,” said MacManus.

Neither organisation is opposed to outside investors, and both are also open to a certain amount of bribery: “Former Salient alums like (Education Minister Chris) Hipkins and (John) Campbell should get out their cheque books. If they donate enough we will give them a weekly column, provided it is up to standard.”

Donations at Union Hall

🔴 Tuesday 17th April 12pm - 4.30pm

🔴 Tuesday 22nd May 12pm - 4.30pm

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OUSA Battle of the Bands Poster “Culturally Insensitive”

“What about freedom of speech?” says local racist

By Joel MacManus

A promotional billboard for the OUSA Battle of the Bands event has been pulled after it sparked controversy for its use of a hodgepodge of cultural symbolism for a seemingly unrelated event.

The image shows a person in some sort of traditional headdress from an unspecified South American culture, depicted with red skin, holding an electric guitar.

OUSA received complaints from some of their own staff and one external person who took particular offense to cultural appropriation of the use of feathers in the headdress.

“Using the image of a nondescript native South American, in what is obviously traditional ritual attire, is just another case of a minority (who has nothing to do with NZ!?) being presented in a careless way for the

benefit of something trivial,” said student Tess Jhompson.

“This is another case of white people taking something ‘pretty’ from a culture and robbing it of its meaning by calling it fashion and wearing it to simply ‘look good’. I think the Battle of the Bands poster is aesthetically pleasing. Kudos to the designer, you have amazing skills. It is eye catching and undoubtedly beautiful. But the content is problematic. How did this concept pass?”

Radio One, who is a naming sponsor of the event, said they are strongly considering pulling their support from this year’s Battle of the Bands unless changes are made to the promotional imagery.

“As a naming sponsor we can’t use this design,” said station manager Sean Norling.

“It’s asking for trouble. Music + cultural appropriation = social media shitstorm.”

In an email to staff, OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said she had made the decision to have the posters replaced, but will wait until after Easter for the sake of convenience. It’s undecided whether the posters will be adapted to remove the culturally insensitive imagery, or if they will simply re-use old imagery.

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OUSA No Longer Offering Free Flu Jabs



Most residential college still offering free flu

OUSA has decided not to give out free flu shots to students this year. As if the fresher flu wasn't bad enough, now we don't even have the chance to escape it.

Back in 2016, OUSA ran a pilot scheme of 150 free flu vaccinations in order to gauge interest prior to launching a bigger programme. This garnered criticism for providing only one vaccine for every 133.33 students, which meant that only 0.7% of the 20,000 strong student body could get the vaccine for free.

Following this, in early 2017, OUSA funded 2,500 flu vaccinations for students at a cost of \$50,000 to the Association. This saved students \$20 from paying for the vaccine through Student Health; a huge incentive when that twenty bucks could be spent on the cheapest, shittiest alcohol at Leith Liquor.

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome said that "OUSA was under the impression if we funded the campaign again in 2017 at a much larger scale, the university would take the lead and fund the project

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

from 2018. This unfortunately did not happen."

"As OUSA took a large cut last year, we were not in a position to fund another \$30,000 worth of free flu jabs. The executive had the conversation but we soon realised if we funded flu jabs, there would be not a dollar left to hold any other campaigns."

The students' association of those windy wankers at Victoria has been offering free vaccines to all students and staff for a number of years.

No Third Gender Option for Otago University Enrolment

Even Canterbury is better than us. For shame.

There is no gender option other than male or female on University of Otago enrolment forms, something critics say is alienating potential transgender or intersex students.

One student, who was interested in enrolling but found there were no options which accurately reflected their gender identity, enquired with OUSA Student Support, and consulted with some University staff. Several staff said they were keen on a change.

According to Hahna Briggs, OUSA Queer Support Coordinator, the Ministry of Education requires universities to report their students' legal sex as it appears on their birth certificate. Otago Uni does allow students to change their registration after enrolment

from M or F to X, the same options offered to people when getting a passport.

However, Briggs says "Many students are not aware they have the option to change, so they go through years with an incorrect marker. Being able to be registered correctly from enrolment would be really helpful."

The University of Canterbury recently updated their system so that the enrolment forms explain the legal requirement to take statistics based off birth certificates, but then provide an option for students to indicate the gender they identify as.

Hahna says that Otago University "should follow suit," and that OUSA is currently "in the beginning stages" of working with

students, staff and UniQ to approach the University about making a change.

"Being able to enrol and see that the University is inclusive and acknowledges diversity would be great," said Briggs, "It's about knowing that the campus is a welcoming and friendly environment versus going into the unknown".

"Stats are tricky," but Hahna estimates the issue may affect between 1-1.5% of the student population, based on government surveys from 2012 which showed that 1.3% of youth considered themselves trans or unsure of their gender.

By Joel MacManus

Pride Week is back, bitches!

Every other week to now be known as Shame Week

A cause for celebration! Pride Week is back after its three-year hiatus. And it looks to be a cracker week, boasting an impressive line-up of 17 events over nine days.

If you're worried about missing out on cool stuff because of classes, don't fear! Some of their events are running throughout the whole week – like the Pride Art Exhibition on Princes Street (well worth the wander), "Fagogo" (a thread of conversations around Pacific Queer Identity), and the #wordshavepower anti-homophobia, biphobia, and transphobia poster campaign.

The volunteers running Pride Week are a mix of university students and members of

the community, so it'll be a real melting pot of Dunedin's queer community.

Why is Pride Week even a thing? Shouldn't queer people feel proud about their identity every week? Queer Support Coordinator Hahna Brigg's has an obvious answer. "Pride has a history of activism and protest." New Zealand might have the image of being a socially progressive country, but there are still plenty conversations to be had, and minds and hearts to open and change. Not everyone is so lucky as to be out and feel accepted.

According to Hana, many "students come from small rural communities or just communities where they haven't felt able to be

By Sinead Gill

themselves in terms of their sexuality and gender identities. Many queer students come to university to begin to explore their identity and to seek a like-minded community."

A Pride Week offers the opportunity for 'closeted' and questioning people to explore. And at the very least, considering how damn far the queer community has come, why not celebrate?



Dunedin PRIDE
7TH - 15TH APRIL 2018
HUI TAURIMA KAHUKURA - ŌTEPOTI

S	7th April	Wild Women Walk
S	8th April	Art Exhibition Opening
M	9th April	Q Tea Party, Coming Out Stories, Stories of Faith, Hope + Love
T	10th April	Do It Yourself Baby-making, Dykes Lync
W	11th April	Pride Poetry Night
T	12th April	Special Pre-School Storytime, Thin Edge of the Wedge (Film)
F	13th April	Dykes as...LGBTIQ writers tell it how it is
S	14th April	Pride Picnic, Pride Closing Party
S	15th April	Drag Sleep Time
*	All Week	Pride Art Exhibition, Fagogo, #wordshavepower

For full details pick up a programme or visit our facebook page:
WWW.FB.COM/DUNEDINPRIDE

OTAGO UNIVERSITY, UNIVERSITY OF Otago, Dunedin City Council, RULE FOUNDATION, PHANTOM, Dunedin Pride 2018, GET IT ON!, TRUST



MONDAY 9TH APRIL, 12-2PM

QUEEREST TEA PARTY

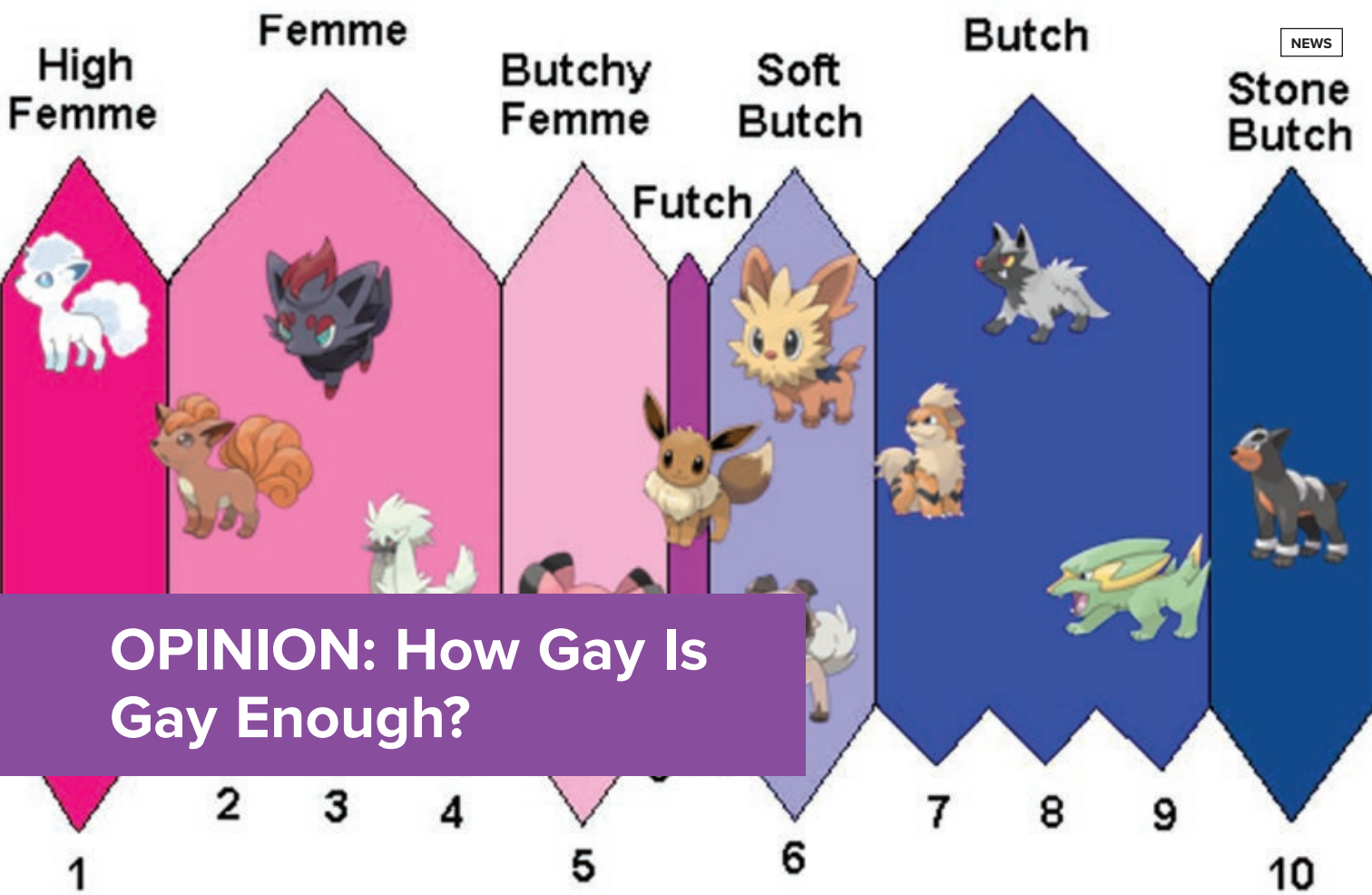
MAIN COMMON ROOM
(NEXT TO THE UNION FOODCOURT)

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.

Dunedin PRIDE 2018

ousa | queer* support



By Sinead Gill

I'm not sure how proud I feel during Pride Week. Let me cover my ass real quick. I'm not saying I'm not proud of the events on offer, or of the people who work tirelessly to put them on. Pride Week 2018 looks cool. I'm just saying that there are still internal conflicts in the queer & questioning community. Like how do we make people feel welcome in spaces they aren't sure they belong to? And how can we stop that leap from 'coming out' to joining queer spaces from feeling so much like, well, a leap?

I have some real internalised-biphobia shit going on, and I am definitely not the only queer on the spectrum that feels it.

I came out to close friends and family in late 2014 as pansexual, after turmoil over whether or not my romantic feelings for one woman in 19 years meant that I was even queer at all. It felt like this one experience didn't really count, and therefore I didn't make any moves towards queer support or the queer community. Why take up space

someone else might need more? Fast forward to 2018 and the situation has completely flipped. I fucking leap at the opportunity to say that I am a lesbian and that my cis boyfriend is my "exception". My sexuality is no longer a quiet epiphany, but a loud and sometimes desperate expression of my identity. Which makes it really damn hard when you still don't feel "gay enough" to have a queer identity at all.

The critiques of this problem are obvious. Why do I and the rest of the queer community even care about labels? It's the same reason that LGBTQIA+ is such a long acronym. Because visibility is damn important. You need visibility to change policy, to change attitudes, and to change society. Only a few decades ago being gay was a straight-up mental illness, and "acting on it" was a criminal offense. Which makes my conundrum in 2018 comparatively selfish, but no less valid. No one should have to unironically demand themselves to "pick a

fucking gender, already" for their ticket into a community that they have every right to belong to.

It is easy to turn the blame outward, and wonder if it's a problem that our queer community (or maybe the Dunedin community in general) has as a whole. How do we unlearn this bi/queer-phobic shit – internalized or not? How do we reach out to and engage with the queer and questioning people that groups like Queer Support have existed for years to support?

It's something worth thinking about this Pride Week. Every queer journey looks different, and moves at different paces. The important thing to remember is that changing societal norms and so on is a group effort, and every last confused gay-but-not-gay counts.

THE ODT'S MOST PUNISHING ED SHEERAN PUNS

Readers of the ODT this week were bombarded with a barrage of the highest form of humour known to the ODT's reporters – painfully forced puns.

Fans call for DunEDin date

The first ever Ed Sheeran pun in the ODT, from way back when the tour was first announced. No one could've known of the horrors that were still to come.

Sheeran the love

And we're Sheeran the discomfort of reading that.

Dunedin 'painting the town Ed'

That's not a colour.

Dunedin ready to paint the town ginger

Well done, that is a colour, but it's still weird.

Dunedin is Ed over heels for Ed Sheeran as ginger mania sweeps the city.

1. Ew. 2. What is ginger mania? 3. Is that a double space? Get your shit together ODT.

Take the Easter Ed express and don't drive

Seriously, what is an Easter Ed? That's not a thing. He's the same dude at all times of the year.

The wisdom of Easter Ed

Stop it.

Major Ed-it proposed for Dunedin avenue

This was the ODT's April Fools' joke about renaming ANZAC Ave to Ed Sheeran Ave. Anyone who thinks that's funny is fuckED in the Ed.

Full steam a Ed for concert

Hey, that was my line.

Ed-citement builds for superfans

Gross.

Slideshow: Sheer Ed-joyment in DunEdin

Yuck

School pupils jam to Sheeran for Ed-uke-ate

Double Pun alert! Double Pun alert! Woo Woo Woo. This isn't only about Ed Sheeran; it's also about ukuleles. The ODT creamed their pants.

All good things come to an Ed

What goes up must come down. After a week of soaring in the ecstasy of punning, the ODT became the Icarus of wordplay and fell to the ground with a painful, hopefully fatal crash landing.

The Critical Tribune

Dunedin's Most Accurate News Source Since 1653



ED SHEERAN SAYS DUNEDIN 'KINDA CLINGY'

Ed Sheeran is reportedly "disturbed" by Dunedin misinterpreting his desire for a one-weekend no holds barred, no strings attached song-fest. He said he'd come to Dunedin making it clear he was only here for "a good time, not a long time". It was unusual for Sheeran to perform three nights in the same place, the crooner saying he normally liked to "share the love".

Sheeran said that he began to "feel a bit weird about the whole thing" when he saw Dunedin had painted a large mural of his naked upper half. He later noticed Dunedin had been combining their names, and posting this "all over" social media. "Look," Sheeran said to a starry-eyed Dunedin reporter, "I know you guys don't get many big performers coming, but just because I belt out a few good tunes in you for a couple of nights, you won't stop talking about me. It's coming across pretty desperate."

When asked for comment, Dunedin went practically gooey saying: "He sings me love songs. I just want spend hours cooking him meals inspired by his hair colour. I'm sure I'm the only one he's ever been like this with."



DCC PLANNING CONTROVERSIAL MERGER WITH COMICS GIANT DC

In a move that is angering fans of the local government authority, the Dunedin City Council has announced a merger with Detective Comics. "Nothing in the DC Universe persuades me that they have any respect for city councils," said one die-hard fan of the DCC. "Their 'heroes' are always damaging infrastructure and showing little respect for the judiciary. Do you know who the real heroes are? The local government officials who work tirelessly ensuring your cities run smoothly."

According to Timothy Wickford, who requested anonymity when he spoke to the Tribune, DC also approached AC, the electric current, and BC, the epoch used in dating years prior to the estimated birth of Jesus in the Julian and Gregorian calendars.



EXPERTS CONFIRM GRANT ROBERTSON WOULD BE FUCKING GREAT TO GET ON THE PISS WITH

The Minister of Finance has been assessed by experts who have confirmed that he would be able to sink a lot of piss and entertain people with his belly laughs. Robertson confirmed this, saying "Yeah, fucking oath. I'm an old school rooster." The former OUSA President said he only really took his job as Minister for Sport because he fucking loves getting on the lash, watching rugby fights, and smashing beersies with the boys.

TALKING SHIT ABOUT

By Charlie O'Mannin and Joel MacManus

Every quarter the OUSA Executive submit reports about what they've been doing, which the exec then votes to approve. In order to get paid, they have to have their reports approved in full.

This quarter's reports were super boring so we had our subeditors pore through them and mark every single spelling and grammatical mistake, no matter how minor, so we could make fun of them. The rest of us looked for things that were just weird.



CAITLIN BARLOW-GROOME

(PRESIDENT)

Mistakes: 128

Caitlin's report was grammatically shocking. At one point she included a 237-word sentence; Critic's subeditor fainted at the sight and had to be revived with smelling salts. She also has a horrific habit of using multiple exclamation marks and thinks an apostrophe is a fancy kind of trophy. Pull yourself together Caitlin; you're not an infant.

Examples of mistakes:

"I keep the executive up to date on almost every step of things I do."

"There have been a couple I have not reported back."

"Some other meetings I have attended include, but not limited to: learnt to be a good radio host."

Caitlin was also confused about her goals. "I am not 100% on what my goals look like and if they are at all feasible." One of her goals was getting more for students "to do". She

said the main thing holding her back from this goal was getting "out to students to see if there's things they would like to do". She also said that "a concern of mine is the line at UBar".

She "can also imagine next term setting aside time where I can actually talk to the student body about issues". Critic can also imagine setting aside time where we can actually make a magazine.



CAM MEADS

(ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT)

Mistakes: 38

Cam wrote the longest report, at 2958 words, because he is a massive nerd.

However, the exec were not impressed with his report. "His is formatted poorly," said Caitlin, noting that "he didn't follow the format he sent out". Abigail also lambasted him over his egregious "missing subclauses".

Cam wants to ruin the picturesque Otago campus during OUSA election time by having it "covered in OUSA green". He also uses the term "Student Body" a lot (kinky?). And he says that, "Caitlin gives me advice on how to manage myself" (also kinky?).

He wrote about how the exec meetings are getting more punctual: "Now that we are into semester, each meeting is shorter and more to the point." Maybe speaking a bit too soon there, as his report was presented in a two-hour meeting that seemed like it would never end.

He gave Critic a shout-out on the last page, so he gets bonus points for that.

The best thing about Cam Meads is the amazing joke Re-Creation Officer Josh

Smythe told about him in an exec meeting. "What do you call a bunch of Cams standing in a field? A Mead-ow!" Hahahalmfaorofl-coptershahahahlolololkillmenow.

Cam has a calendar of pugs and a ceramic pug penholder on his desk.



SAM SMITH

(FINANCE OFFICER)

Mistakes: 24

Winner of the Inaugural Good Boi Award for Doing Words Proper

Like all good commerce students, Sam put this off until the very last minute, and was the last member to submit their report (wait, he's not actually a commerce student? How did he get this job?).

He wrote that he checks the Association's invoices fortnightly "to keep an eye on where the money is being spent". He has apparently not noticed that the "staff training" line in the Critic budget has been exclusively spent at Leith Liquor.

Sam says it is "my aim to investigate possible investment opportunities. The goal is not to acquire new investments this year but to look for possibilities." While he does that, Critic will be looking for dragon gold. The goal is not to acquire any dragon gold but just to look for possible locations of dragon gold.

THE EXEC FOR A BIT



JAMES HEATH

(EDUCATION OFFICER)

Mistakes: Probably very few

James is a very serious boi who does very serious things in his very serious job.

He starts his 2722-word report with a Māori proverb, a classic serious boi move – although he did half-arse it a bit and go for the cliché “it is the people, it is the people, it is the people” quote that was on your classroom wall in Year 10. His goals include “engagement,” although it is not clear if that is a personal or professional goal.

Despite his stated aim of “making these reports actually consumable by students,” the Critic reporters whose job it was to read these reports couldn’t force their way to the end. We assume it was top-notch though.



NORHAN EL SANJAK

(COLLEGES OFFICER)

Mistakes: 57

Norhan has got this politics shit down. Her report came in at a petite 1431 words, cutting out all the annoying bullshit waffle that some

(cough *James* cough) insisted on making the poor Critic reporters read.

Norhan wants to visit every Residential College and says that goal is “almost complete,” but she is “yet to meet with Selwyn, Te Rangi Hiroa and Toroa”. Honestly, she is probably just avoiding those three on purpose, which we can all agree is fair enough.

Norhan’s also organising a colouring in competition for all the colleges, just in case any freshers out there don’t feel infantilised enough.

She ended her report by using five exclamation marks in the space of five sentences.



ABIGAIL CLARK

(WELFARE OFFICER)

Mistakes: 30

As Welfare Officer, Abigail is fourth in line to sit upon the OUSA throne should her superiors all meet an untimely demise; “I would be happy to do so if asked,” she said. Really, Abigail, happy?! Critic would like to officially state that if Caitlin, Sam, Cam, and James were all to die, we would be at least moderately sad. Apparently Abigail would be dancing gleefully on their graves. For shame.

Abigail also reported that, in a startling change of direction, “the Welfare Committee was primarily focused around conversing about student welfare”. Fascinating.

Abigail said that making statements to the media “has not been required of me yet,” which is blatantly untrue, as she has been quoted in Critic describing a painting of Sexy Garfield as “beautiful”.



ROGER YAN

(CAMPAIGNS OFFICER)

Mistakes: 46

Roger is the Campaigns Officer, a position made redundant by the three full time staff of OUSA’s Marketing and Communications department.

Roger is very enthusiastic. At one meeting Roger seconded and voted for a motion, only to ask later what the motion was for.

As far as we can tell Roger’s main job is making videos talking about what happened at exec meetings. He does assure us that he’s also “come up with and partially planned some campaigns”. “Campaigns” plural seems a bit of a stretch, seeing as he only mentions his plan to clean up Castle Street (an idea Critic’s very impressed he ‘came up with’) and his “Sex Week,” which at the moment consists of only those two words.

It’s appropriate Roger wants to hold a “Sex Week” considering his habit of wearing turtle-necks and bringing women back to the exec offices late at night. That’s right Roger, we see you. We never leave.

However, Roger’s was the shortest report, so we’ve got to give him that.

JOSH SMYTHE

(THE BEST RE-CREATION OFFICER OUSA HAS EVER HAD)

Mistakes: 35

This was an amazing report. Josh Smith, who renamed himself Smythe because it is cooler, is a fire-dancing, yoga instructing, drug-doing, fantasy man who should be declared Emperor of OUSA forever.

His erudite prose flamed with passion and eloquence. He dedicated his report to “the breathas” and “the homies”. He included several emojis, escaping the shackles of words and breaking into a new, undefined and unrestricted form of communication.

In another dynamic move, Josh insists on calling his position “Re-Creation Officer” instead of “Recreation Officer”.

Josh has been “Hussing into things” at OUSA, like “having a visible and relatable presence on the heritage streets,” and “running numerous grassroots student cultural events on the heritage streets,” brilliantly passing off attending flat parties on Hyde and Castle as actual work.

He has been “existing in and around Dunedin for the last 7 years,” feeling “the very positive rhythms and relationships,” and “making wonderful and authentic connections [. . .] the communal enthusiasm empowers and invigorates me”.

“Re-Creation is a huge part of our shared and individual existences,” he says, sending a shiver down Critic’s collective chakras.

He concluded his report with a 300+ word meditation on why psychedelic drugs should be legal. Here’re large portions of it verbatim:

“I wish to bring Kava nights onto campus, to start regular alcohol free ecstatic dance parties, and to introduce an alternative to the prevailing hegemony of the abuse of an addictive depressant and neurotoxin [alcohol] that is currently tacitly facilitated on an societal, organisational, and institutional level; causing so much unnecessary pain.”

“There are so many alternatives to this

vicious substance that are not currently legal, but the science is rapidly indicating are MUCH less damaging (eg newly emerging clinical peer reviewed literature on MDMA, Psilocybin, LSD, etc) – and potentially even healing/empowering in the right circumstances.”

“The current unregulated status of the market has meant that cheap and dirty research chemicals have started to permeate the black market in this country – seeing waves of hospitalisations from fake MDMA in Canterbury, deaths from synthetic Cannabis in Auckland, and the presence of the super potent and deadly opioid Fentanyl at festivals on or fair shores. How many more deaths will it take before we can have a responsible conversation about this as a society? Our current legal framework is erroneous, and based on an outdated and archaic paradigm.”

“I believe OUSA has a responsibility to our students and to the youth to champion a change to the Misuse of Drugs Act and current legal statuses of the aforementioned

substances.

As the Re-Creation officer I feel it is my official duty to initiate these discourses, to challenge the prevailing hegemony, and provide alternative recreational options.”

“For the breathas, for the homies, for the sake of students that I know and love so deeply, I recommend that we take a scientifically based critical look at our current

perspectives – before something truly tragic occurs under our jurisdiction.”

However, the big old grumpies on the exec refused to accept Josh’s report, demanding he resubmit it. It was a travesty.

“I think a couple of clauses were missing,” said party-poopier Abigail. “Your last three paragraphs for goals don’t contain any goals.”

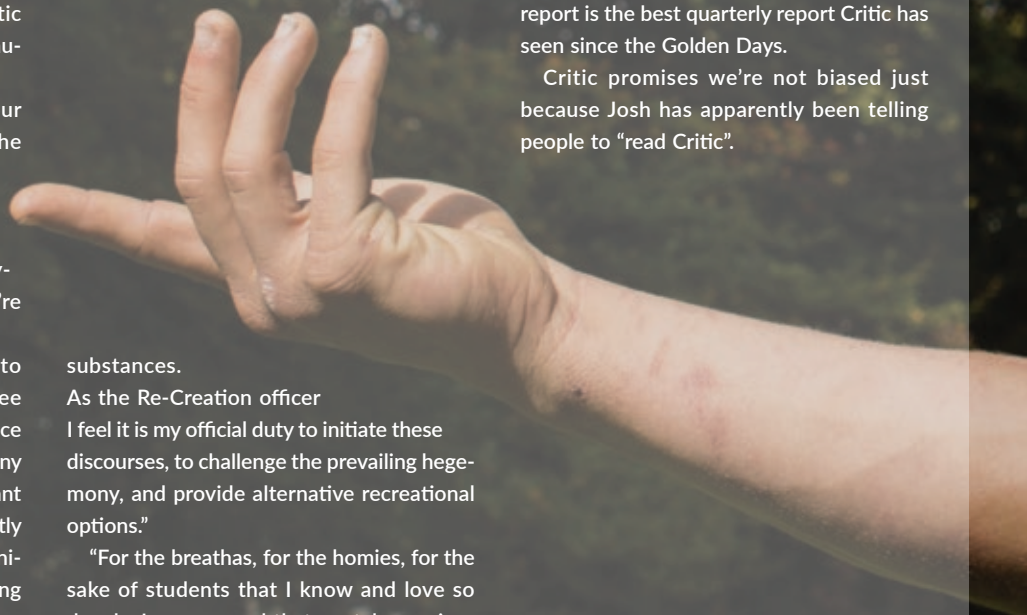
“It needs to be put as ‘Recreation Officer’; it’s a formal document,” said fun-police Caitlin.

“I was under the impression that goals had to be measurable,” said Abigail, tediously. “The last three paragraphs are completely redundant,” she said, which is exactly what a square would say.

Despite Josh sitting on four committees (as his job requires), Abigail complained that he hadn’t voluntarily signed up for more. Abigail, no one cares that you sit on 17 committees (we assume; we couldn’t be bothered to count, because, you know, it’s boring).

The exec decided to make Josh resubmit the report. Which is bullshit. Josh is the best Re-Creation OUSA has ever had, and this report is the best quarterly report Critic has seen since the Golden Days.

Critic promises we’re not biased just because Josh has apparently been telling people to “read Critic”.





KIRIO BIRKS

(POSTGRADUATE OFFICER)

Mistakes: 39

Kirio uses words like “therein” and refers to talking to other students as “liaison”.

He is a member of something very important called “The [CONFIDENTIAL] Working Group,” and says he cannot “talk publicly about the content of the meetings or what the working group exists for”.

Here’s a fun quote: “I have independently met with Rachel Currie to discuss student engagement issues on two separate occasions during January. During both meetings I discussed student engagement.” But, what about student engagement, Kirio? Did you discuss student engagement? He has a number of goals but wants to make it very clear that “I am more interested in the spirit of my goals than I am committed to seeing a single specific vision come to fruition”.



UMI ASAKA

(INTERNATIONAL OFFICER)

Mistakes: Some

English is Umi’s second language so we can’t really make fun of her mistakes and her report was actually very thorough and pretty onto it, so that’s not very fun either. We’re just gonna ignore this one.

Popular Boiz.

David – Prefers to be called Dave, but no one calls him that. Rows. Won't shut up about that time he finished a whole crate.

Michael – Hair always has the perfect amount of oil so it does that windswept curl thing and looks amazing. Jawline as square as a 90 degree angle. Does poems and art and he's funny and kind. He's also super gay.

Cam – Has a pug calendar and a ceramic pug pen-holder on his desk.

Leroy – Opens beers with his teeth. Has two girlfriends. Hopes to introduce them someday. Hits on lesbians at parties.

Scott – Goes to Cumby. Is super cool because he has a beer funnel hidden in his room and knows all the rules to Kings Cup.

ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

The Week the ODT Did Exactly What They Always Do

The ODT's actions this week are shrouded in secrecy

THE trial we cannot talk about, at a court we cannot name, goes into its fifth day today.

Then some classic ODT whinging

Toll bad, but has been worse

'It's bad, but has been worse' is both the ODT's catchphrase and a good description of them.

In classic bad pun news,

Curiosity fills the cat show

No it didn't. It was filled with a lot of cats that didn't want to be there.

Then the ODT decided they were going to ask surreal questions for a bit, starting with

What have jackets and Oamaru got in common?

Critic had a good think about it and decided that jackets and Oamaru have nothing in common. One is a piece of clothing designed to keep you snug and the other is a long road with some houses on it in North Otago (the second worst Otago).

Not content, the ODT followed up with this head-scratcher

HOW many 12-tonne diggers does it take to peel a watermelon?

None. Diggers aren't involved at all in the watermelon peeling process.

RADIO ONE 91FM presents the 2013 OUSA
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
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\$1000 + Recording time & more
REGISTER ONLINE AT BOTB.OUSA.ORG.NZ
HEATS: EVERY FRIDAY IN MAY AT U-BAR FINAL: WEDNESDAY 30 MAY
ousa
U-BAR
91 FM
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
NZ On Air

Fiction is stranger than Truth



Anteaters don't actually eat ants, they just give them a little ride on their tongues

It's illegal to eat party mix if you're not having a party

One square of toilet paper is exactly enough paper for a dolphin to choke to death on

Wombs are reverse tombs

The Dunedin Sound is actually just someone screaming into the void

Ed Sheeran is a scam that the DCC is running to empower people with red hair and/or bad tattoos

It's impossible to count to zero

America is further away than Milton, and that's a long way away

Even when you're outside people still don't like you using your outside voice

I don't know if Jeff Bezos is a goodie or a baddie

Faded af is faded af backwards and forwards and sideways and upside down and inside out

Cats do not actually prefer Chef; chefs prefer cats.
Meow

The names of the toes are, in order, the Big Toe, Jeff, Christie, Ingrid, the Little Toe

The phrase "Towing the line" comes from the 12th century practise of harbouring ships by towing their lines

"Hold the line" was first coined by Toto in their 1978 release "Hold the Line"

The only difference between a ship anchor and a news anchor is the brand of hair product

The Mask was actually Jim Carrey's real face. His normal face is a mask

Jack – "Only I get screens, because I am Screen Man."

Facts & Figures

Truth is stranger than fiction



The Queen does the washing-up once a year. There's a special hut at Balmoral for her to do it in

Fighter pilots in stressful situations release such large amounts of hormones that they may ejaculate

German city Trier has replaced some of its crosswalk lights with tiny images of Karl Marx

In space you can cry but your tears won't fall, they just puddle up under your eye

Britain's two oldest men were both born on the same day in 1908. They have never met but they send each other birthday cards

Norway's national broadcaster now requires prospective commenters to pass a quiz on the news story they just read before being allowed to comment.


Cashpoint, Bubble Wrap, Jet Ski, Ping Pong, Memory Stick and Tupperware are all brand names

To vomit, some frog species cough up their whole stomach and then carefully rinse it out with their right hand before pushing it back inside their mouth

Until the 1990s, Britain's nuclear weapons were secured with bike locks

Nobody has yet been able to make artificial salt





THE DEMNISE OF THE STUDENT PUB

BY CHELLE FITZGERALD

I was 16 years old the first time I ever illegally set foot in a nightclub, and that night in 2001 would pinpoint the start of a love affair with Dunedin's vibrant student pub and club scene.

Drunk on Bernadino and KGBs, my best friend and I concocted an incredible backstory of being "2nd year law students" going in for the dummy pass with the bouncer, which was hardly necessary. We had done it. We were standing inside the hallowed halls of The Mission. Which would later become The Vatican. Which would later become Monkey Bar. Which would then become a rehearsal space for the Dunedin Symphony Orchestra.

My friends and I spent our final year of high school partying up a storm underage, drunk with freedom in a city which had loose liquor licensing laws, and bouncers who just couldn't say no to young ladies. Dunedin was our oyster, and the sordid requisite of "having ID" was flippantly ignored. All you had to do was diligently copy the previous night's stamp onto your wrist and claim you lost your ID last night, or simply walk in as if you owned the place.

"Going to town" in Dunedin was fucking awesome back in the day. There was no need to preload, because all the clubs sold "house doubles" (read: cheap bottom-shelf alcohol) for \$2, or,

on some nights, \$1. Nobody bothered straying toward the Octagon, because that was where older people drank. Besides, why bother going all that way when you had seven student pubs within a 1km radius? Here were the main suspects in Dunedin's student pub scene of yesteryear:

THE COOK

Home of the Cook-A-Thon (est. 1999), which was an all-day drinking event whereby \$20 got you entry, a 12oz beer, two meals, a t-shirt, and an STD. On a Wednesday night, the upstairs dance bar served \$1 doubles, and the ground floor had a huge garden bar, a TAB bar,

a bistro, and pokies for that one mate who was positive he could beat Queen of the Nile.

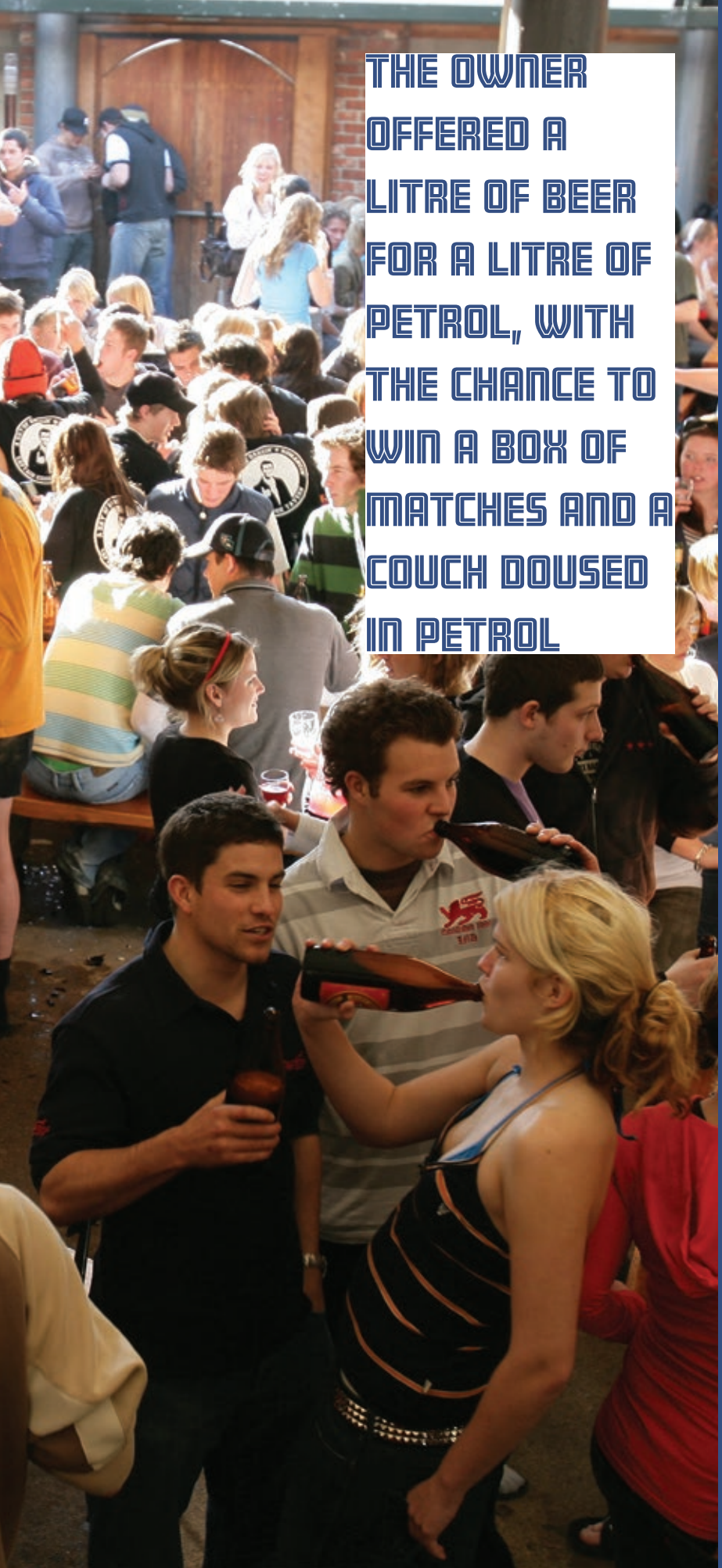
THE OUTBACK

The Outback (later known as Urban Factory, now an empty building) was for those who loved shots and dancing – the real Jersey Shore of the scene, if you will. A designated Shot Shack was set up away from the bar, so that you could just line up for your shots, which were given to you in a plastic shot glass on a necklace. By the end of the night you'd be staggering around the d-floor with a bunch of these shot glasses around your neck, and everyone would know what a mad cunt you were. The Outback served the Backdraft shot, which involved toking up alcohol fumes and sucking black sambuca and chartreuse up through a straw. Another crowd fave was the scorpion shot, which had an actual scorpion in it – on a lucky night, you'd see scorpion parts in your vomit. The Outback strongly facilitated getting wet and naked, throwing a massive foam party every O-Week (the origin of the first fresher flu epidemic), and selling 50c shots to people participating in International Nude Day.

THE BOWLER

Possibly one of the most epic student pubs, enjoying many controversial promotions including (but not limited to):

- 5 cent beer night.
- Bring in a live horse for a free crate.
- Crate days, where you brought in your own crate to watch the cricket.
- "Wife beater Wednesdays," encouraging people to wear sin glets for cheap beer.
- That time the owner offered a litre of beer for a litre of petrol, with the chance

A large, crowded student pub with people drinking and socializing. The scene is filled with young adults, many wearing casual attire like t-shirts and caps. In the foreground, a man in a dark polo shirt is talking to a woman in a black and blue striped dress who is holding a beer bottle. Other people are seen drinking, talking, and moving around the bar area. The atmosphere appears lively and social.

THE OWNER
OFFERED A
LITRE OF BEER
FOR A LITRE OF
PETROL, WITH
THE CHANCE TO
WIN A BOX OF
MATCHES AND A
COUCH DOUSED
IN PETROL

to win a box of matches and a couch doused in petrol. The Liquor Licensing Authority made him close the bar for a whopping three days.

The University bought the Bowler and turned it into some really fucking exciting offices. Thanks for nothing. Former owner of the Bowler, Mark Deason, stated "good luck to them. It will be interesting in five to 10 years when this whole country is sober."

TWO BEARS

This bar offered an all-drinks \$2 special until midnight, and would randomly yell over the loudspeaker, "everyone to the back bar for free shots!" which would result in most of the bar stampeding down and having shots poured into their mouths from a sordid little hole in the wall (in hindsight, this pub was a huge fire hazard). There was no ventilation in Two Bears, so perhaps the free booze was to distract people from the condensation on the walls.

THE UNIVERSITY PURCHASED GARDIES SIMPLY TO STOP MARC ELLIS FROM GETTING HIS HANDS ON IT.

KCS

Owned by a creepy dude who would invite young ladies to have a spa out the back, this was where everyone would end up when everything else had shut. Offering the laziest DJ in the world who had a playlist that he played in the same fucking order every week, KCS was mainly good for going to get the \$2 doubles and a free fishbowl on your birthday before heading to more respectable joints.

THE MISSION/THE VATICAN/MONKEY BAR (ALL THE SAME PLACE)

Monkey Bar was said to have given away around 1000 free drinks every night of O-Week, with \$3 drinks available until midnight. A huge place where the dance floor featured a central pit, it became seedier and seedier over the years, and developed a dancefloor called 'the sex pit' until you'd go in and realize you were probably one of the few unarmed patrons. The guy who owned Monkey Bar fled the country in debt, probably from all the free drinks he gave away to students.

THE GARDIES

The Gardies was the crown jewel of Castle Street, hosting International Nude Day, beloved holiday of All Black, Highlander, and Sports Café presenter Marc Ellis. Ellis also judged the regular Beerable Arts competition there, usually streaking during the competition. Students would flock there specifically to see him nude. Sadly turned into a study centre (Marsh), the closure of the Gardies heralded a turning point in Otago scarfie culture.

I caught up with Marc Ellis to chat about how things have changed in Dunedin. He was at the Satay Noodle House, "a happy place" for him, tucking into a seafood deluxe. He once tried to purchase his former happy place, the Gardies,

"THEY'VE
JUST RIPPED
THE HEART
AND SOUL
OUT OF THE
UNIVERSITY."

however when the University got wind of this, they swooped in and snatched it from him.

"The pub had an evaluation at \$1.1 million, and when the University heard we were trying to buy it, [with] the breweries' backing, they paid \$1.6 million for it – and that's in the middle of a global financial crisis." Interestingly, the University found this stack of money at a



time when they apparently could not even muster the funds to keep various departments fully staffed. Critic uncovered emails using the Official Information Act which showed the University purchased Gardies with no proposed plan of how they were going to use the property, simply to stop Marc from getting his hands on it.

Ellis had hoped to keep the Gardies as a pub owned by students, for students. "We were going to sell shares for \$1000 to students. So if it cost \$1.2 million, you'd get 1200 shareholders – we don't own it anymore by that stage, it's owned by the students.

So you've got 1200 people who have a vested interest in ensuring it goes well, so they come down and have a beer, it's actually a really simple strategy. But the University runs Dunedin, so the council would be on your back, and then you've got the legislators making it difficult, they can red tape you and make your life an absolute misery. It's sad, isn't it, university now is so different because you've got a board of grey-headed old white men making decisions which are just totally off pace with the evolving world. And they get it wrong – they've just ripped the heart and soul out of the university."

Ellis has a point. With the elimination or reimagining of student pubs like the Gardies, the Bowler and the Cook, our neighbourhood has really changed. North Dunedin used to be a special place to blow off steam during uni. "It was a really beautiful melting pot and focal point for people from different courses, and different lifestyles and backgrounds, to meet, and to bond," Marc stated. "And to remove that, and force them to try and hope to meet like-minded souls in

the octagon, with everyone else, and the general punters wanting a beer after work, it just doesn't work."

He also looked at buying the Cook and making it a Speight's pub, but he decided that liquor licensing laws, coupled with supermarket prices, makes it really hard. "When we were at university, you'd pay \$20 at the supermarket for a dozen beers, and you'd buy a jug for \$4 at the pub. Beer cost you the same no matter where you went. But now, you buy a jug of beer, it's bloody \$35! It's just absurd!"

I told him that pints at pint night at UBar (formerly ReFuel) are \$5 now.

"Wow. Pint nights are \$5? So you're paying \$60 for a dozen beers? That's well over double. And you're all having a beer underneath the watchful gaze of their security cameras. It's actually a bloody embarrassment". He laughs in disbelief. "What's the logic of the university, seriously? Trying to get rid of the pubs so there are 1000 people at 10 different flat parties, which is harder to control than 1000 people at one pub."

"There are a lot of things conspiring against the survival of the student pub. You could bring it back, but you'd be fighting battles with all these bloody puritans and board members. Congratulations to the grey-headed old fuckwits who've sanitised university. Well done!" But the student pub dream remains. "You bring it back, and you sell a jug for \$5."



CRITIC

TE AROHI





"Waste of Money" By Emily Davidson, Dedicated to Caitlin Barlow-Groome

Executive's Column



Kia Ora students and high schoolers (apparently there are a few around campus causing ruckus atm!)

Hope you all had a good break indulging in hollow chocolates and catching up on Uni work (Netflix).

I'm your Administrative Vice President for 2018. I know what you're thinking, 'administrative', sounds lit af. Well you'd be right...When you think about, our lives are consumed by admin. There's a lot of admin involved in getting from St Dav's to 10th floor Richardson in under 10 mins. There's also a bit of admin in producing an out-the-packet stir-fry (Hilary Barry come round for a feed if you're free - 5 Battler St).

Despite my inherently boring job title, this year is already a bit more exciting than just responding to emails and setting referenda dates. I'm coordinating

an Executive restructure to ensure that our jobs are working in the best interests of students and OUSA. Our elections are also getting a major revamp under my watch including a shift to AV system and a major push for increased candidacy and voter turnout.

With the massive help from the Executive and some students (not high schoolers), we are overhauling our policies and their structures. This is actually extremely important as it will ensure that your Association is bound to do everything we can to serve you.

Feel free to contact me via email or pigeon if you have any ideas or just want to ask some questions.

Cheers,
Cam

Sam Smith
Finance Officer
financeousa.org.nz



* Photo courtesy of Gravity Events



* Photo courtesy of Gravity Events



WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

MARKET DAY!
10am - 3pm, Wednesday 11 April
Union Lawn Courtyard*
Range of Stalls, Live Music & Tasty Food Trucks
Now with Tasty Food Trucks & Live Music

POETRY COMP
1ST PLACE: \$100
2ND PLACE: \$50
3RD PLACE: \$25
POEMS TO BE SUBMITTED DURING APRIL
MORE DETAILS AND TO SUBMIT POEMS READ TC: 0274 086 042 / RECREATION@OUSA.ORG.NZ

MACHINE GUN KELLY PRESENTS THE 27 TOUR
30 APRIL UNION HALL DUNEDIN
TICKETS: THETICKETFAIRY.COM

Dunedin PRIDE
7TH - 15TH APRIL 2018
HUI TAURIMA KAHUKURA - ŌTEPOTI

- 7th April: S&P Welcome Events
- 8th April: Art Exhibition Opening
- 9th April: C&S Party - Crossing the Street
- 10th April: The 20 (Singing) Submarine
- 11th April: Public Party - Night
- 12th April: Special Pre-Event Reception - "The City of the Winds" (21st)
- 13th April: Open air DJ/2000+ attendees at home in Dunedin
- 14th April: Public Dinner - Public Meeting Party
- 15th April: Drag Show Show
- 16th April: Public Art Exhibition - Paper - Installation

For full details pick up a programme or visit our Facebook page:
WWW.FB.COM/DUNEDINPRIDE

JAW!
SUPPORT ACTS TBC
THURSDAY 26TH APRIL
Cream. OUSA

HONOURING THOSE WHO FOUGHT, VALUING PEACE
OUSA ANZAC SERVICE
1:40pm, Wednesday 25th April
Outside the University Staff Club
*Open Campus Access if used

peer supporter
Do you enjoy helping others? Become a Peer Supporter
Apply to become a OUSA Peer Supporter or Queer Support volunteer
Need? For more information email: help@ousa.org.nz
Applications close 5pm Thursday 26th April



COULD CHILD SEX DOLLS REDUCE SEXUAL ASSAULT? WE SPOKE TO A PEDOPHILE WHO THINKS SO

By Caroline Moratti

Todd E. Nickerson could have the Tinder bio of your dreams. He's a one-armed freelance artist and graphic designer who loves "art, movies, books, science, philosophy, cooking and daydreaming". Todd is also a self-confessed "celibate/non-offending pedophile," who says he never has, and never will, sexually abuse a child. .

Pedophiles are the most shat-upon deviants of our society. Considered worse than rapists, arsonists and arguably murderers, they are the metaphorical Ross Geller of "Friends". To even admit that you have those thoughts is to welcome a tsunami of shame, isolation and hatred. Think you're already hated enough at the family barbecue? Think again. At least your racist grandma still gets included in the annual Christmas card. Todd spoke to Critic about his experiences of living as an 'out' pedophile, and about how he believes child sex robots could be an answer to helping pedophiles within New Zealand.

"I first began to realize my attraction to prepubescent girls in 6th grade [year seven/form one]. I was attracted to the

most undeveloped girl in my class, but because she was my age I didn't think too much about it. The next year, when I was 13, I was living with my grandparents, and a neighbour had come to see my grandpa with his daughter, who was six or seven. She came into the next room to watch me draw, and I was smitten. Even so, I thought I would grow out of it and didn't worry too much, but as I got older, the girls I was attracted to stayed the same age, and it gradually began to sink in that I was a pedophile and it wasn't going to go away. My family has gone through various stages of acceptance over the years since I first outed myself, from denial to anger and so on, but I think most of them have now arrived at a level of acceptance because they know me, and know that harming a child is the last thing I would ever do. I would end my life before I let that happen, but I'm no threat to children so I have come to a level of peace and acceptance of that fact. I have no reason to be ashamed of who I am. I didn't choose this and I don't inflict it on anyone else."

**"I DIDN'T CHOOSE
THIS AND I DON'T
INFLECT IT ON
ANYONE ELSE"**

**“AS I GOT OLDER,
THE GIRLS I WAS
ATTRACTED TO
STAYED THE
SAME AGE”**

It’s time to rethink what we assume about pedophilia, because whatever we’re doing, it’s not working. According to HELP, Auckland’s specialist provider of sexual abuse support services, one in three girls may be sexually abused before the age of 16. Considering that roughly only 10 out of 100 sexual abuse crimes are reported, this is pretty fucking terrible.

Children are being hurt. Something needs to change, and perhaps if we care about pedophiles, then realistically, we can help stop crimes. It’s all very well to take a moral high ground and continue to shit on pedophiles, but that’s clearly not doing anything. This is a problem that needs a solution.

It’s important to note here that pedophiles are people with very specific mental illnesses, some having been abused as children themselves. In no way should this excuse their actions, but it should grant them access to a certain level of care in regard to therapy and treatment. The problem here is that often this treatment isn’t widely available, and in instances when it is, it’s not accessed because of the immense social stigma around ‘outing’ yourself.

Many simply attempt to repress their pedophilic urges rather than face social alienation by talking to their family and friends about it. As Todd says, “This huge stigma results in pedophiles becoming stressed and feeling hopeless, factors which also increase their chances of offending.

Worse, young people who are struggling with this sexuality – let’s not forget that they’re kids too – are being set up for a lifetime of emotional problems, substance abuse and the like, even suicide. Bottom line: society’s vindictive mindset towards pedophiles doesn’t help kids.”

Meet sex robot Samantha. With a tall slim physique and long auburn hair, she looks like she could be a runway model if she wasn’t so lifeless and plastic.

For millions of men and women she represents an escape from the usual routine of a box of tissues and muffled crying. The sex robot industry is one set to redefine our idea of pleasure as technology progresses into the 21st century. Several companies already manufacture sex robots but more

will join because, well, capitalism. Money talks and all that ECON112 bullshit. The more manufacturers who get on board, the cheaper that product will be. Rest assured, the middle class will be rushing to stick their dicks in some reasonably priced silicone.

Mia Lisani is the sales manager of adultshop.com, one of the largest online retailers in Australia and New Zealand. “We’ve often received requests from customers about real-life sex dolls over the years.” She said, “The issue has always been for us the pricing, as, when advising the customer of the price, they lose interest. I’m sure that once the sex robot industry expands, then the pricing will be a lot more competitive.”

Despite a murmur from the conservative soccer mom caucus, there’s been very little chat about the morality of this. Presumably, thanks to the swell of fleshlights, dildos and blow-up dolls that have been paraded through our shared millennial consciousness, the concept has become somewhat normalised. If it has a hole, someone will probably fuck it.

Now, picture sex robot Samantha made in the image of an 8-year-old girl. It’s unnerving, isn’t it? But perhaps Samantha could be used to help act out sexual urges – thus saving real children from the same fate. There’s no statistic to prove this, because, much like talking about drugs with your parents, this is all a hypothetical conversation. Think about it though, there’s no harm being accrued to actual children.

Todd admits he would consider using one if they were fully legal and affordable, adding “These dolls would be very helpful, as they are a way to channel sexual fantasies and urges towards an inanimate object, assuring no real children are ever harmed.” After all, robots are, well, just robots. If we can accept a horny teenage boy humping some couch cushions, surely we can open our hearts to the possibility of a grown man fucking a child sex robot.

The flipside of this argument asserts that normalising pedophilia is bad – and perhaps by granting access to these sorts of technology, as a society we’re sending the message that we support this form of

PUTTING SOME PREPUBESCENT BREASTS ON R2-D2 MAY BE A MEANS TO AN END.

behaviour, which could lead to a spike in sexual abuse. More to the point, people just hate pedophiles – so most people will hate anything associated with them, regardless of the outcomes of that action.

Todd disputes that argument, “Pedophilia is not a behavior; it’s a condition, a sexuality. Like all sexualities, it likely exists from birth or at least from early childhood. It’s not like a communicable disease – you’re either a pedophile or you’re not. So, the idea that sex dolls would ‘encourage’ pedophilia is ridiculous. It’s the wrong way to frame the issue.

Again, the real issue is whether it would decrease sexual abuse by pedophiles. In my experience, most pedophiles are not interested in harming children. They’re stuck with an unfortunate sexual preference that they have to find some means of dealing with. Sex robots would be a good solution here, since they aren’t living beings and cannot be harmed.”

That being said, it’s hard to say that robots will have much luck in fulfilling sexual desires. Pedophiles are pedophiles because they want to have sex with children, and a robot, while an alternative, will always be a second-best one at that.

The fact remains that child sex robots are pretty unpopular, with both the general public and suppliers. When asked about whether adultshop.com would ever consider stocking such an item, Mia said “We would never sell anything that encourages pedophilia.

We recently had a doll whose face looked very young – think Cindy Brady from “The Brady Bunch” – and we returned it to the supplier as we do not feel comfortable in selling this.” For this same reason, a lot of

mainstream retailers and sex stores probably wouldn’t sell child sex robots even if it were legalized, purely for the bad publicity it would generate. Much like “Club Penguin” fanfic and m-preg “Rick and Morty” anime, child sex robots are most likely to succeed in the dark underbelly of society and the most secretive depths of the internet.

Child sex robots may not be the answer, but they are an answer to the sexual abuse crisis unfolding in New Zealand. It’s a realistic solution that offers private release to a lot of people currently hiding from society. There’s no picture-perfect solution here. Masturbation is an issue where you need to get your hands dirty. Child sex robots could help save actual children from a terrible fate. They might also normalize pedophilia and make the situation worse.

It’s anyone’s guess, but it’s a situation that New Zealand will have to deal with in the years to come. In an ideal world, pedophiles wouldn’t exist. But they do, so putting some prepubescent breasts on R2-D2 may be a means to an end.

If you are in need to someone to talk to about sexual assault, helplines include:

Rape Crisis - 03 474 1592

OUSA Student Support - 03 479 5449



THE GREAT ANNUAL

CRITIC

FISH & CHIP REVIEW





Fish and chips are the ultimate feed for students. They're cheap, they're unhealthy, they don't ask questions or judge your lifestyle choices. Critics have left no salty stone unturned in the noble quest to deduce the best fish and chips available to the good residents of North Dunedin, and the results are in . . .

GOLDEN SUN

'Solid but Soggy'

The not-very-aptly-named Golden Sun is a bit hit-and-miss which it comes down to the crunch (or lack thereof). The meal was given to us in a plastic bag, which is not only environmentally unfriendly, but also causes the dreaded "bag-sog," a cruel condition that occurs when hot food is placed into a plastic bag, and the condensation causes the food within to lose its crispness.

Bag-sog notwithstanding, the chips were the right price. Offering a respectable 256.7 grams of chip for a basement price of \$2, they weren't that great. Tom from Radio1 kept going back for more. "I'm hungry," he explained earnestly. "I don't know how fresh they are. Were they cold and soggy when you bought them?" Maybe, Tom. Maybe.

Also at the meagre price of \$2, a piece of hoki was sampled. "It's hard to imagine it being in the sea," declared News Editor Charlie. Few of us particularly like fish, so the fact that it didn't much taste like fish was a positive. "Not a lot of fish in here," complained Critic Editor Joel. "It's a real bullshit fish."

Golden Sun's hot dog situation, on the other hand, really saved the day. Comparable to the average kiwi bloke, at 6.5 inches, the hot dog featured a traditional pink sav in a batter that left the lips feeling nice and oily. "I'm feeling satisfied by this dog," remarked Joel, shifting suspiciously in his seat.

The chips really let the team down, so maybe avoid those and double up on an extra hot dog instead.

FISH HOOK

'Overpriced bullshit'

At Fish Hook, they take their fish seriously – and there are simply too many options of fish breeds to choose from. When we asked for the cheapest bit of fish, we were given elephant fish, for the outrageous sum of \$5.50. It tasted more like fish than elephant, and Charlie believes that this particular fish "definitely came from the sea." If you're in

it for the batter, the fish is sub-par and there's too much actual fish meat. There's not much of a taste, but your conservative mum would really enjoy it accompanied by a salad comprised of iceberg lettuce, tomato, grated carrot and a lemon wedge, right before giving your dad a sad handy for his birthday.

Speaking of red raw savs, the 6.5 inch hot dog did not contain a real sav – it was a run-of-the-mill sausage. And if any old battered sausage can impale itself on a wooden stick and pose as a hot dog then we are in a bit of trouble here.

At \$3.50 for 276.2g of chips, the overall vibe in the room was one of resignation and defeat. The salt was a bit too liberally applied, and the potato was stodgy and bland.

SQUIDDIES

'A real return to form'

Once the perennial kings of the Critic Fish 'n Chips Review, Squiddies has seen an unfortunate drop in its reputation.

Maybe it was just because we've all had a few too many experiences being incredibly hungover scrounging on the flatmate's cold leftover chips from the night before, but we didn't have high expectations going in.

We take it all back. The 340g bag of crinkle cuts was just crunchy enough, but not too much. Salt levels were on point. Props for the little paper bag too - perfect for the muncher on the move.

But while their chips were probably the second best we sampled, they were let down by the rest of the menu. The fish was decent, but nothing special, and clearly just a frozen fish from the supermarket. Tasted OK, definitely not disappointing for what we paid, but not impressive either.

The hotdog was a letdown. Joel wouldn't shut up about how much he enjoyed the sauce (unsure if it's a secret recipe or he was just really feeling it that day), but there was way too much batter on the outside, meaning it was more of a sausage coated in puffy bread coating than a crispy outer layer.

Overall, it exceeded expectations and signified a real return to form.

UNION GRILL

'Dunedin's #1 Wedding Venue'

The most attractive option for the exercise-intolerant among us, Union Grill holds a certain "you don't have to walk anywhere" appeal for those wishing to ride the FnC train during study hours. But be warned; a casual deep-fry of fries and onion rings is all you can score after 2.30pm, so we reviewed these items. At an eyebrow-raising \$4 (up an entire 33% from last year's \$3 - sort your shit out Union Grill), the chips were

271.3g of disappointment, kind of like an unwanted pregnancy. Unimaginative and seriously lacking in seasoning, these unsalty thicc bois basically seemed like the kind of bad cafe chips that only generous helping of aioli can salvage. But fuck that, we were not going to purchase a meagre tub of aioli for \$1.

The onion rings, though weighing less at 192.4g and costing more at \$4.50, cheered us up no end. "A cohesive unit of soft onion and batter with a real burst of sweetness balanced with salt," Joel happily offered. Designer Erin Broughton would like all her potential suitors to know that "if you propose to someone with an onion ring, the Union Grill onion ring is the way to go."

MEI WAH, AKA THE \$2 SHOP

'Absolute fucking superstars'

Unwrapping Mei Wah was like a wedding night fantasy. One large piece of newsprint enveloping the food, lovingly sealed with a piece of tape. No cardboard boxes like the other joints, this here was an homage to the poky Caversham fish and chip shops of the '90s. The chips were the OG, real-deal "fish and chip" chips - none of those annoying pseudo-fancy thick-cut cafe chips they serve in Auckland. The crunch of the chips even holds up as they cool down. "And that's something very special," Joel remarked lovingly.

At a modest 5.7 inches, the hotdog lacked pitch and the batter was understated, but the sav was true. "It's okay for the sav to be the star," Joel reminded us. "It's not a fight."

The fish was perfectly battered, and wasn't offensively fishy.

Each item only cost \$2, which means you could have a feast fit for a king with loose change or roughly 20 minutes of unlicensed busking. Mei Wah is a star. All the girls want to be her, and all the guys want to be with her.



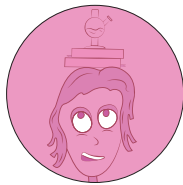
MEI WAH
& CHIPS
HAMBURGERS
&
CHINESE
MEALS
PHONE
477-9138



THE VERDICT

Mei Wah was the clear winner. Not even close. Best chips, 2nd best dog (Golden Sun gets that one), best fish, best value for money. Run, don't walk.

Horoscopes



Aquarius:

Jan 20 – Feb 18

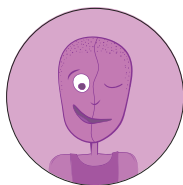
You can't figure out why everything is so banal. It's called SAD. Solar pulses are warping the heat currents around the equator. What this means is, try and spend 10 mins outside at midday daily. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Something something something, or F*** OFF.



Aries:

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Communicating is not your forte. It's time to cut out all that passive aggressive bullsh**. Everyone can see right through it. For once in your life, drop the f***** ego, and try treating people as you clearly expect to be treated, you precious piece of poo. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Oh Damn.



Gemini:

May 21 – Jun 20

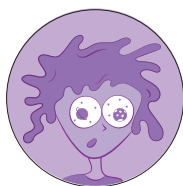
You continue to be the weirdest of all your horoscopic counterparts. If Aries is your rising sun sign – your method of aggressively making & then ignoring friends is about to hit you in the gonads. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Dirty Sheep Shagger.



Leo:

July 23 – Aug 22

Leo – The rising wind brings with it a high-pressure front. Be wary, there's a bee in your bonnet, don't let it sting you. In other news, generally the astrological patterns point to some good new music at 10am. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** I'll Call You Back Later.



Libra:

Sept 23 – Oct 22

This is literally the only week in your life that will be balanced. It has nothing to do with you being a libra. Jupiter and Mercury are both retrograde, but in opposite directions. In space, you can travel in any direction but it's all the same direction. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** I'm naked. I'm the boss.



Sagittarius:

Nov 22 – Dec 21

A new moon, midweek, causes some strong urges to be clarified in a way they've never been clarified before. Yes, you should buy that new office chair. No, Peter doesn't care. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Flaming Cuck Wizards.



Pisces:

Feb 19 – Mar 20

It's barely been a month of lectures. But you're done with it. You're done with all those people. You're done with all those things. And quite frankly, fuck it all. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Fishy C*** Sucker.



Taurus:

Apr 20 – May 20

The clouds are too thick, which essentially means all astrological readings have been postponed until next week. Until then, buy crushed garlic in a jar, rather than the bulb. It won't get mouldy in the humidity. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Keep Your Shirt On.



Cancer:

Jun 21 – July 22

Cancer – This week, things are looking bad for pretty much everyone else. Ironically, for you this week is going to be utterly pleasant. Which you deserve. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Good For You.



Virgo:

Aug 23 – Sept 22

Venus has two things to say. Firstly, make sure you batten down the hatches for the pre-break rush in assignments etc. Secondly, all that is stopping you from finishing is stopping before you've finished. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Disappointing Camel Tits.



Scorpio:

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Fire signs are dimming, which translates to you having a weird week, just like everyone else. Try not to bring this into the bedroom, because we all know rancid hot sauce and white sheets don't mix. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** Heavenly Jizzstains.



Capricorn:

Dec 22 – Jan 19

This week is full of Type 2 experiences. Dreadful as you experience them, one or two good yarns to come out of them a month later. In terms of astrological advice, astral dust formations in the Webdings sector of Rectus Nine are taking the form of small fluffy dogs. Take that as you will. **Angry Catch-Phrase:** I don't care, which mainly means you can shut up and go now.

SUDOKU

Easy

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

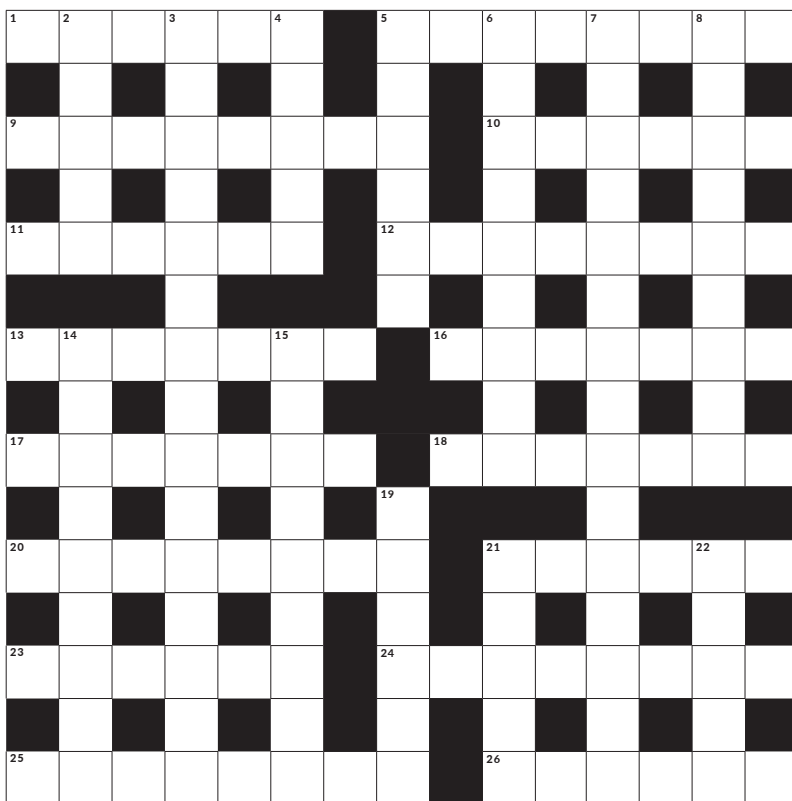
Medium

8			3		6			
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1		3			7		8	
			7	6				9
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	5		6			3		7
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			5	3				8

Hard

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

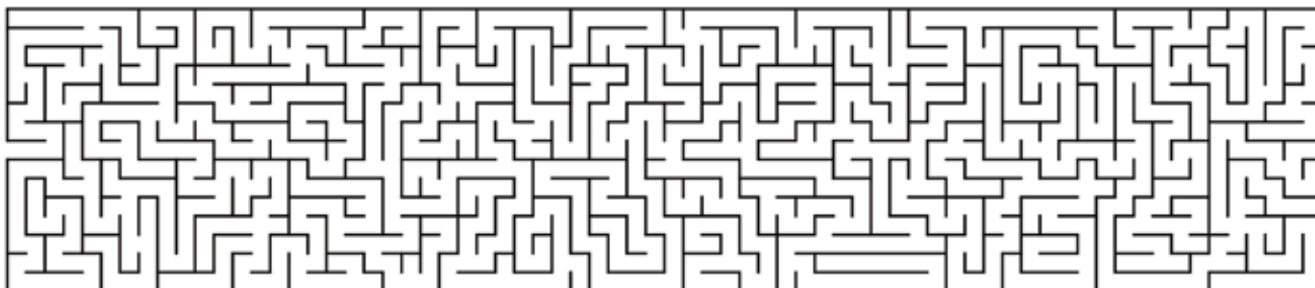


Across

- 1 Winged beast (6)
- 5 Geometric shapes (8)
- 9 City (3,5)
- 10 Passion (6)
- 11 Rages (6)
- 12 Mysterious (8)
- 13 Brave acts (7)
- 16 Half-witted (7)
- 17 Japanese art (7)
- 18 Rapture (7)
- 20 Collection of songs (8)
- 21 Breakfast food (6)
- 23 Mountain range (6)
- 24 Silent (8)
- 25 Extramarital acts (8)
- 26 Neatened (6)

Down

- 2 Cook (5)
- 3 Monarch's representative (8,7)
- 4 Hot drink (5)
- 5 Marsupial (6)
- 6 Emotional (9)
- 7 Not extreme (6-2-3-4)
- 8 Drugs (9)
- 14 Morning person (5,4)
- 15 Mature (4,2,3)
- 19 Thin (6)
- 21 "Impression" painter (5)
- 22 Rent (5)



THE MAN BEHIND THE MURAL

By Waveney Russ

Artist Tyler Kennedy Stent had the privilege of becoming the ODT flavour of the week, as criticism regarding the appropriate distribution of taxpayer funds to pay for an Ed Sheeran memorial absorbed front page headlines. The mural, immortalising the pop star's visit to the city during the Easter holiday this year, was reported to have cost Enterprise Dunedin \$8350, leaving the average ratepayer \$0.15 down and visibly outraged. Controversy plagued the week that Stent spent constructing his Bath Street masterpiece, with interjections from media personalities, suggestions to paint a "giant cash register" instead, and distasteful comparisons to local murderer Clayton Weatherston.

We sat down with Tyler on the Dunedin Public Art Gallery Late Breakfast Show on Radio One after the week wound down. He admitted he was tired and had neglected to keep up with study and other commitments. However, he was incessantly grateful for the publicity received as the media swarm piqued public interest. "Everybody likes being appreciated for what they do, and I think for a lot of artists out there, that means working for a long time without acknowledgement," he said. "Artists have the stereotype of being bums, you see us walking down the street and there's paint all over us, we look terrible! We work hard and we often don't get credit."

Stent describes his first concept design as "absolute rubbish. It was a really bad sketch, he had his hands up behind his head, and I scribbled in the lion tattoo on his chest but then realised after I sent it to them that it looked like it was his legs. He was kind of starfished out naked and posing, but they accepted it."

Stent himself was not responsible for the subject matter. The decision to paint an Ed Sheeran mural was made by the Dunedin Street Art Trust.

When posed with the question of whether he thought the preliminary negative media (which softened as time went on) would be a setback to publicly funded art within Dunedin, he was adamant that it wouldn't be. "It's just a picture. For everyone to get so personally offended by it, I thought that was unnecessary. In the end, the council knew what they were doing."

"To put it into perspective, someone told me that to put a speed bump up it would roughly be the same amount as the mural." He went on to add that, "what people forget is it's not just a payment for the artist to go and do it, paint costs a lot of money! I'm a watercolour artist and watercolours aren't usually used to that scale. There's primer and varnish and scaffolding; it costs a lot."

A surprising comment from Breakfast host Hayley Holt revealing her dwindling desire to visit Dunedin after the mural was completed knocked Stent harder than the rest of the drivell. It resulted in the addition of a love heart tattoo with Holt's name in the centre, immortalised on Ed's arm. "I was unreasonably offended when I heard about that! Apparently, afterwards she said something about how she was on the wrong end of 35 and single, and maybe that's why she can't relate to Ed Sheeran's sappy love songs. I felt quite bad, and it made me think maybe I've gone too far," he laughs, clearly proud of his decision to utilise his artistic agency. However, the comparisons to Clayton Weatherston, who murdered



Sophie Elliot in 2008, put a damper on the situation.

You may have already been familiar with Stent's work if you consider yourself a café connoisseur within the heart of the city. Two murals by Stent can be found at both Morning Magpie on Lower Stuart Street, and Wolf at the Door on Carroll. The planning of the indoor murals is much the same as on the street, but the execution is where the art form shines.

Stent humbly admits "I'm not confident with street art, though it is huge to me and I widely respect people who can do pieces to that scale," forgetting that he just completed a piece very clearly to that scale. The use of watercolours on a building side



is only possible with a distinct type of gesso, which absorbs the water otherwise taken up by paper. The effect of the weather must also be taken into account. Rain makes the watercolours run, sun makes the watercolours fade and the watercolours will do what they want when gravity is involved, “you just have to shepherd the water along and let it do what it wants.”

Stent continually worried that the underlying motive pervading his art would be lost due to the negative Ed Sheeran press. Prompted about his connection to Nepal, he was quick to mention dedicating all of his work to expose the damage Nepal experienced during and after the 2015 earthquake. In fact, he said of the Bath Street mural “if it were up to me I’d be painting

Nepalese children on the walls.” While travelling in Asia, he met photographer Lachlan. Lachlan had been living in a tiny Nepalese village devastated by the earthquake. He formed a strong bond with a family who had lost their father and lived with a mother who had breast cancer, no house and four children. Lachlan and friend Ash spent eight months building a house from scratch while photographing the family. Stent began to seriously paint the photographs, and people were impressed. “The first exhibition was called “The Spectator” and was more from our perspective being the traveller and stumbling into families, atmospheres and communities where there’s no place for you, but you’re just accepted. You embrace their life, and you are a spectator to that style of living.” He plans on living in Nepal for a year,

“turning everything we’ve just done and putting it back into the people that live there,” after seeking representation at a reputable London gallery.

Before jetting off, Stent has one more piece of street art in the works. “There’s a piece that the Street Art Association and I are talking about, but it’s a toss-up between two artists right now. I’m not sure if I’m allowed to say, but they’re both from Dunedin, and the point is to chuck a Dunedin person up there as well!”

Follow Tyler’s work on Instagram (@tylerkstent) and learn more about Dunedin Street Art at www.dunedinstreetart.co.nz.

GETTING OVER IT, WITH BENNETT FODDY

Developed by Bennett Foddy,

Published by Humble Bundle

Rating: 🍌/5

Review by Campbell Calverley



"Why are you bothering to play this game?" Geoffrey the gaming gorilla said to me. "Isn't it obvious that – especially for a game that has exclusively stolen assets – you're not supposed to want to play this? Is irony completely beyond you? Do you know how many levels of irony I'm on?"

"No," I replied, "and that's what both annoys me and really intrigues me about this game. It actively hates its players. It says, right at the start, that it wants to hurt the kind of person that would want to play it. It has just about the worst gameplay that I've seen in a PC game. The main character is a naked man in a cauldron moving himself around by wildly swinging a sledgehammer, for God's sake. The controls are just awkward enough that even

pausing and unpausing the game with the wrong timing can completely screw up your progress. But it's still weirdly compelling."

"You're exactly the market audience, then. Dumbass." Geoffrey smirked self-confidently before absent-mindedly scratching his balls. "I'm gonna show this game to all your friends, just to watch them get angry at trying to play and at that one stupid arbitrary jump scare. That's all this game is good for."

I looked at Geoffrey, trying to understand why he felt this way. "The progress that you can make in the game is kind of its own reward. Even though you're just climbing a pile of garbage while gravity very deliberately works against you, finding new areas for their own sake is, in a weird way, beautiful."

"Aha, so you've fallen into the Stockholm Syndrome trap!" Geoffrey spat into a nearby bucket, as if to express his simultaneous glee and disgust at the opportunity of talking to someone who disagreed with his opinion. "The biggest flaw in the consumer cult of 'hard games' is how easy it is to make a game superficially difficult! Just design the game really badly, and you've got a hard game! Bring on the blogger thinkpieces, bring on the comparisons to Dark Souls, and bring on the YouTube ad revenue!"

I feared I wouldn't be able to get the gorilla to listen to me. "I mean, that's one part of it, but the actual narrator of the game – not

you, the character that I've invented for this review, but Bennett Foddy himself – tries to gently encourage you the whole time that you're playing. If you lose a lot of progress, he either apologises to you or reads you a motivational quote from a famous author while calming jazz music plays. The more progress you make, the more thoughts he gives on game design and poetry about life. He outright says that, when he played a part of his own game that he thought was too difficult, he couldn't bring himself to change it, because it might lessen the message of the game. It's an experience that leads you from frustration to trying to understand why he made it this way."

"What is your problem, idiot? I don't have the patience to play shit games, let alone think about them!" Geoffrey's face turned redder and redder, his fists clenching as though he was barely restraining himself from punching me. "It's a game that makes fun of bad games, and it achieves that by being a bad game! Any criticism you have of it can be explained away by saying that it was supposed to be bad! You have no power here!"

"Exactly," I said, "so I'm trying to find meaning in it based on my own experience of it. And, even though it was difficult in a very lazy way, I really enjoyed the time I spent playing it. It's a good reminder that failure is sometimes okay, and that you can eventually succeed at a task if you have the wherewithal to get up and try again."

"YOU CAN'T SAY THAT!" Geoffrey belched, tearing his hair out. "BENNETT FODDY IS THE DESIGNER OF QWOP, SO IT MUST BE BAD! I WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW IF A GAME IS SHIT, THAT WAY THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LAUGH AT IT!"

"Games don't have to be viscerally fun for you to get something out of them, you know," I said, at which point Geoffrey's head violently exploded.

It's a Match!

Pigman Super Liked You!



GAME REVIEW: TINDER

By Lisa Blakie

I don't like Tinder very much because I'm a sensitive baby. I've dabbled, but mostly found it an uncomfortable experience. Something about the instant chatting making you to reveal more about yourself to hold the other person's attention, mixed with putting the best version of yourself in a select amount of photos, with a witty bio has made me consistently uninstall and reinstall this game many times over.

"Oi Lisa, Tinder is an app, not a game you dumbass."

Oi, stranger, shut up. You're wrong. Game mechanics are tightly woven into Tinders user experience and interface.

The way you interact with Tinder is a form of play. Swiping fosters competitiveness and you get instant feedback through messages and matches. You are constantly trying to find the "best" match and once you do, you presumably find a partner, date or someone to bang and thus ending, or winning, your session in the game. This "gamification of dating", as the thinkpiece writers like to call it, is allegedly RUINING dating. Classic. Video games ruin everything. People still think this medium causes mass shootings for fuck sake.

Despite the moral panics, I have recently decided to give Tinder another go, but

under the guise of playing with some psychological bullshit and gamification. I've displayed 2 versions of myself to see how many matches I get with people under each identity. My methodology is flawed since I'm only matching with people I actually like the look of. Don't judge me, that's what you're doing on Tinder. You see someone and read their bio and judge whether or not you want to bang/date them. We're all superficial monsters.

The "best" version of myself (a lie) bio: I have a successful career in the video game industry, my taste in film is impeccable. (notice how I said film and not movie, that's how you know I'm educated) and I'm really kind and cute. Good luck matching w me lol.

The "real" version of myself (somewhat true) bio: hello I do not know how to drive and my only hobby is playing video games which some think is cool but I promise it's not. this weather change is making my eczema flare up real bad plz recommend some creams thanks

My profile included photos of me overseas to show that I'm cultured and well travelled, one of me at Coachella because that instantly makes you seem "cool" (side note: recently found out that festival is funded

by a homophobic dickhead, gross) and one of me from my friends wedding because I look fancy and have sick makeup. Are people only interested in how I look or will they read my bio and show concern for my terrible skin condition? Let's find out.

My hypothesis was that the "real" version of myself would get the most matches since Tinder seems to be full of self deprecating saddos wanting someone to spoon for the night. The "best" version would be met with some harsh criticisms, maybe some accusations of being a narcissist.

The results were as follows:
"Best version" Matches 9/16
6 super likes

"Real version" Matches 5/15
2 super likes

Either my methodology is flawed or people are really grossed out by eczema. RIP my true self.

Bonus facts, I saw a total of 12 dead animals in my scrolling and 3 butts of dudes standing by a cliff with some picture esque mountain in the background. Also a lot of people saying they are "Lost in NZ" in their bios. Unsure what that means, hopefully not lost in the bush cause that's real dangerous.

THE SHAMBLES: OUR ENERGY IS NOT MANUFACTURED

By Esme Hall

Ask The Shambles “how was your summer?” and whatever you did will be put to shame. From December to February the Dunedin-grown band road-tripped the length of the country, rocking the socks off audiences and accepting gifts of corn as they went. Critic caught up with front man Max Gunn a few days after their final gig for the summer.

Critic: You guys always bring so much energy to your gigs, even when you're in the midst of all the travelling. How do you get hyped for your gigs?

Max Gunn: We've got some funny little routines. Frisbee is a big orb of energy for us, we very often toss a disc. The guys are all pretty young and energetic. I'm 24 but the other guys are a few years younger so I feel like an old man. They all have so many beans, so much energy, they just bounce around. Alongside youth and frisbee we just love making music. Our energy is not manufactured, we just genuinely feel inspired by the music that the guys around us are producing. Even when you're physically wrecked, a very weird spell seems to be cast on you when you find yourself on the stage making music. I've definitely never felt like sleeping on stage.

C: What's been your favourite gig?

M: Oh man, I really don't know. This tour was such a joy. Rhythm and Vines to start off was pretty incredible. We'd been on

hiatus for a long time and it was the big comeback gig. As the clock struck the New Year we were playing. It was like slow motion, looking around with champagne firing into the crowd, fireworks, and you're at Rhythm and Vines with some of your best buddies dancing on stage with you. That was pretty fantastic.

C: Can you tell me about the origins of The Shambles?

M: The OG Shambles, we all were studying in Dunedin. I was living on Castle Street and friends of friends started whispering that me and Connor, the drummer, should start jamming together. We didn't really know each other but among our friends we were the two guys that liked making music so we got ushered together. Drum and bass was quite big at that time, certainly in North Dunedin, so he and I began a two-piece live drum and bass act called Sticks & Bones where I was on synthesisers and singing and he was on the drums. I think the only reason we started with drum and bass was because we got offered this opening act to play for Brooks Brothers, who are an international drum and bass act. We got this gig and thought 'fuck, I guess we'll have to become a drum and bass band'. So we did. We spent a few weeks together coming up with a set and then slowly we played heaps of twenty-firsts and various musicians came out of the woodwork and joined us. We all lived in one flat, it was this big flat with 20 people in it and all the

musicians were there and so it changed from drum and bass to The Shambles which is quite eclectically influenced. It was sort of one of those organic Dunedin movements where a bunch of musicians flatted together and started making music and playing and some demand came and people enjoyed the music and it just grew and grew. We're an OG Dunedin thing.

C: Another origin story – where did “Corn on the Floor” come from?

M: I don't know if I want to tell you because of the mystique . . . but I will. Corn is the nickname of Connor, the original drummer. He's a very chill dude, very relaxed. One of my all-time best friends. We used to throw some severe parties and he's usually the guy who just chills on the couch. One night I came home at probably 4 or 5 in the morning and there was some heavy disco-house music playing. We walk into this huge living room, everyone else has carked it on the couches, but for Corn on the floor who is





just like a woman possessed. He's crumping . . . I'd never seen anything like it. It left a huge impression on me. We picked up our instruments later that week, found a whack riff and inspiration from Corn's outrageous movements. It didn't involve a whole bunch of frozen mixed vegetables. Although we did used to have some weird parties. But now, it's turned into this weird cult thing. It has a cult following now where people bring corn to our gigs and throw corn around and eat raw corn and we throw corn into the audience and drunk adolescent people smash raw corn. It's really bizarre. Because Corn the person is such a chiller it's just so funny to have a cult being slowly built around him. He's so chill and oblivious toward it. We had a gig in Christchurch and, unbeknownst to

the band, someone made heaps of band merchandise where they photoshopped Corn's face onto these sweetcorn cobs made out of plastic cardboard with dreadlocks super-glued on. There's these incredible photos of the whole crowd holding up these huge pieces of corn with Corn playing the drums looking confused. It's wonderful.

C: How do you find it now that people might recognise you on the street and know your music?

M: It's pretty chill. The sickest moments so far have been after gigs when young musicians have come up and explained that watching us made them feel like they could follow music themselves. That's pretty

profound. It's pretty epic to be validated in the sense that you're making other people want to do something as special as music. Recognition from people is something I'm still getting my head around, when it happens. But it's lovely that people want to give you some energy back for the energy you give out.

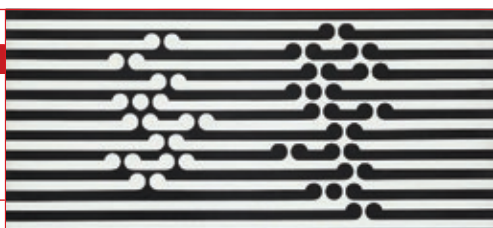
C: What can we expect from you guys in the next few months?

M: We're doing the less sexy part of the music-making at the moment – all the planning and behind-the-scenes stuff. But it will involve (a) some stanking music, (b) some shows, and (c) heading overseas. It's exciting times.

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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

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AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TAMAKI



“PACIFIC RIM: UPRISING” IS A MOVIE. AND THAT’S THE BIGGEST COMPLIMENT IT DESERVES.

By Ceri Giddens

Pacific Rim gets a lot of shit considering it is objectively the best movie of all time. Director Guillermo del Toro brings joy and nuance to a genre that gets a bad rap for being mindless. While people love to revel in the earnest robots-punching-monsters premise, they tend to forget the little details that take it beyond the sum of its parts. It nails the subtleties we take for granted: vibrant worldbuilding, thoughtful visual design, a plot.

And so we have Pacific Rim: Uprising, minus a Del Toro and plus The Guy Who Directed Daredevil. Set ten years after Mako Mori and Scruffy Action Man cancelled the apocalypse with the power of friendship, Uprising hands us protagonist Jake Pentecost and newcomer Amara Namani, whose character trait is ‘teenage girl’. Piloting a very small homemade Jaeger that is the visual equivalent of the chicken from Moana, the two are drafted into the Jaeger program. Mako Mori returns and explains why we still need Jaegers after the first movie. I don’t remember why because I was distracted by her spectacular suit but it turned out to not matter. Also, she is Jake’s sister.

Uprising introduces Chinese tech tycoon Liwen Shao, another woman in another angular suit. She has been developing a new, pilot-less line of Jaeger with the assistance of our pal Dr Newt Geiszler. Newt and his old lab partner Dr Gottlieb served in the original as comic relief, but find a glossy new role here as plot-essential queerbait. Rounding off the cast are a smattering of teenagers who exist to give Amara a plot and a mechanic named Jules whose primary job is to give Jake and his old drift partner, an amorphous shape that my eyes slid right off of, some romance to squabble over. The main conflict of Uprising is between the Jaeger program and

Shao’s pilotless drones. The ol’ scrappy heroes versus evil capitalist corporation, except here they’re both terrible. This is exacerbated at the end of the first act in Sydney. Our hero Jaeger, still with a racial slur for a name, must fight another fuckoff robot. This one is evil. They do some architectural improvements to the Sydney waterfront.

In the 2013 original, the big bad were the kaiju and their extra-dimensional masters. Uprising has actual flesh-and-blood villain who stands around, chews the scenery, and is defeated with a punch.

Pacific Rim worked because it showed how individuals can keep their agency while banding together for a cause, and that working as a team and keeping an open mind is the best way to face adversity. Uprising is fraught with divisions which are either never mended or overcome at the sake of characterisation - and there isn’t much characterisation to spare.

Pacific Rim had a story to tell, goddamn it, and it cared. Uprising has some ideas that it needs to spit out onto the screen quickly before it forgets. It feels like the writers knew they were missing the emotion they needed. Enter the Game of Thrones Method. Major characters, random civilians, parents, siblings—feel an emotion, please, we beg of you.

Uprising is undeniably a movie. You can go into a movie theatre and for two hours things will happen in front of you. You will find yourself longing for the warm, scaly embrace of Guillermo del Toro. He will not be there for you. He’s got other monsters now. Smaller, sexier. Why did he forsake us? He’s gone. We’ve been left alone at the bar with big robots and Newt fucking a kaiju brain to a Foreigner song.



Booze Review

Victoria Bitter

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

Victoria Bitter is the most embarrassing thing about Australian cricket right now. With all the shenanigans going on, a review of this atrocity seemed appropriate. Watching Davey Warner cry was about as awesome as the first time I got a boner, and twice as satisfying.

Cutting straight to the chase, Victoria Bitter is a fucking rubbish beverage. VB is as poor as an Australian Super Rugby franchise (take your pick, they all suck) and taste as rank as Kurtley Beale's pedo mo looks. The fact is, VBs go down like sandpaper during a test match.

At \$12 a pack, they're worse value for money than an Arts degree. People may try and justify this by pointing out that they are 1.4 standards per can. VBs are consumed by the 385ml vessel, not the traditional 330ml. So, you get one more normal beer per six-pack. That's still awful value. Doing a night on these will fuck your bank account up like a stingray barb to Steve Irwin's heart.

As a kiwi, normally admitting to drinking these "beers" would bring me so much shame that I would have to pretend to cry in a press conference so everyone felt sorry for me. But throughout sinking the 12 beers I found myself becoming more and more Australian. Suddenly I found myself thinking that saying the word "cunt" in an exaggerated accent was the height of comedy. I suddenly had strong opinions about people on boats.

And I suddenly found my habit of obeying rules and being a basically decent person going out the window. I'm not saying I've never cheated or been unsporting before. I've bowled bouncers at my Grandad in BYC for years. But after sinking 10 of these I was hooping the ball round corners and telling Grandad to get ready for a broken fucking arm.

The best thing about VBs is the vessels. The strange stubbie shaped bottles look like John Howard's penis, and the cans come with the brilliant plastic rings, perfect for destroying barrier reefs and taking revenge on wildlife that killed your national heroes.

Tasting notes: Thin and light-bodied, no real mouth-feel, sweet start with a dry, uninspired finish, slight metallic aftertaste with notes of bigotry and oppression.

Froth level: Somewhere between punching Joe Root in the face and having Sonny Bill fuck your wife in the toilets.

Tastes like: Pauline Hanson (0/10).

Pairs with: Bowling underarm to win a game of cricket, sand-papering a ball to win a game of cricket, crying cos you got caught.



Auntie Kell and Mumma Zo

Advice on How to Advise People That Now Really Isn't the Time.

Sometimes, even the people you are closest to get your knickers in a twist. Sometimes you want to be polite to them and avoid them. And sometimes they don't even deserve that sort of evasive kindness.

Now we're not suggesting you get it out in a fisticuffs brawl at Castle St on Saturday morning. What we're advising you to do is to think about it and actually take action.

There are many ways of taking action. Evasion can seem like an action because it is something you actively have to do.

More effective modes of action include a carefully planned confrontation. It is advisable to try and encourage anyone who is attempting the confrontation technique to move it out of a private space. Go to a café, or for a walk in the botans. You both need to feel safe in the environment, confronting someone in their home space can seem like a direct attack on their vulnerability.

If you don't want to talk about the problem you're having, simple methods exist, such as voicing your need for space. "Look, I just don't want to talk to you right now," "Now isn't the time, thanks," "I'll get back to you later," "Please GTFO of my space. You're yucking my yum and it's harshing my mellow bro. So not nectar".

It is also advisable to start with small measures and see if that resolves anything. If not, it's then time to implement the more drastic measures like emptying a whole jar of peanut butter on a pepperoni pizza, or aggressively asking everyone what their ideal sex/communism ratio is.

A frequently employed risk mitigation technique in our year 6 classroom was the C3 B4 Me protocol. Essentially, the despairing individual must seek advice from three others before they can confront the problem person. The advantages of this technique is that said individual must use their social context as a sounding board for their internal anxieties. The effect of this is that their internal world must be made relevant to external social realities. In other words, usually after having a good b**** to at least three of your mates, you realise how minimal your problem is.

We advise all of you to prepare for the eventuality of being the needy mate. Everyone has a needy mate. That's what friends are for. For making your private world public, and your public world private. Confused? So are the rest of us.

Toodahloo FotherMuckers,

Aunt Kell and Ma Zo



Dr Nick



Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream

Developmental Origins – The Sickness of Poverty

By Dr Nick

Easter has come and gone, which means that Dunedin is about to get a lot colder, and students are about to get a lot sicker. The combination of low Dunedin temperatures, a complete lack of insulation in Dunedin flats, plus some very questionable student diets significantly increases the risk of preventable illnesses such as impetigo, bronchitis, and exacerbations of asthma. For most students, the pain is temporary, and possibly self-inflicted. Most students graduate after 3-4 years, leave Dunedin, and start a well-paying job in the cities, where the poverty and illness of the south was a just a character building memory.

For far too many New Zealanders however, the pain is not short lived. In the context of rising rents and power costs, it is becoming increasingly harder for many kiwis and their kids to stay warm and well fed.

You should be worried about this because of something called DOHaD; Developmental Origins of Health and Disease. The concept is a relatively simple one; it proposes that early exposure to certain stresses in fetal and neonatal life can predispose one to disease and poor health long term. One of the best examples of this is that children born during the Holland famine during World War II were significantly more likely to be obese later in life compared to those born outside of famine. This makes sense if you think about it logically. Those children were born into an environment where food and nutrients were scarce, so their bodies adapted to preserve and store nutrients and food at all cost. Then in later life, when nutrients and food were abundant, they began to “over-store,” and became obese. The unfortunate thing about these early exposures is that they appear to be difficult to reverse later.

How does this apply to poverty? Well, a fifth to a quarter of the generation growing up in New Zealand today live in poverty. They live in households with poor diets, and where they are more likely to suffer from serious illnesses and infections. We aren't sure exactly what this will mean long term. But a pretty good guess is that it'll mean increased rates of obesity, and more chronic illnesses that were caused by early infections (such as asthma or bronchiectasis). That's going to put more strain on the healthcare system, and hit us in the tax bill later on.

The argument for preventing poverty is often a humanitarian one. But there's a pretty good scientific and economic argument to be made too. Remember: living on Castle Street and only eating Mi Goreng was a choice. But for one in four to five kiwi kids, poverty is not a choice.

Review: That's My Boy

By Henessey Griffiths

OOOOOH MY GOD. HOLY SHIT. NO. NOPE. NO. NO. I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS FILM EXISTS. I HAVE NEVER FELT SO ENRAGED AND DISGUSTED AND CONFUSED AT THE SAME TIME. WORDS CANNOT EVEN DESCRIBE HOW TERRIBLE THIS FILM IS. FUCKING HELL ADAM SANDLER, WHAT THE FUCK MAN? WHY THE FUCK DID YOU DO THIS?

FOR REAL THE FILM'S WHOLE PREMISE IS BASED UPON THIS 13-YEAR-OLD KID THAT FUCKS HIS TEACHER AND GETS HER PREGNANT WHICH IS ALL KINDS OF FUCKED UP. THAT'S FUCKING ILLEGAL SANDLER! AND THEN THE KID BECOME SUPER FAMOUS AND EVERYONE'S LIKE “OH MY GOD THERE'S DONNY WHO FUCKED HIS TEACHER WOAH HE'S THE MAN LETS MAKE HIM REAL FAMOUS!” WHICH IS EVEN MORE FUCKED UP! AND THEN HE BECOMES THIS DEADBEAT WHO TRIES TO RECONNECT WITH HIS SON WHO, GET THIS, IS CALLED HANS SOLO AND OH MY GOD I AM JUST SO FUCKING ANGRY.

LIKE SURE, SANDLER IS TRYING TO GO BACK TO THE GOOD OL' “HAPPY GILMORE” DAYS OF HUMOUR BUT THIS MOVIE IS SO OFFENSIVE. I DID A TALLY, AND I HAD TO PAUSE IT 32 TIMES WITHIN AN HOUR TO TRY AND COMPOSE MYSELF (AND THAT'S NOT EVEN HALFWAY THROUGH). IT HAS MULTIPLE SCENES WHICH ARE EXTREMELY RACIST, HOMOPHOBIC, MISOGNYSTIC – IT COVERS ALL THE FUCKING SQUARES OF OFFENSIVE BINGO.

AND THE FILM IS TWO HOURS LONG?? THERE IS SO MUCH FILLER BULLSHIT THAT MAKES NO. FUCKING. SENSE. MY FAVORITE QUOTE IS “VANILLA ICE FUCKED GRANDMA!” BECAUSE WHAT?!?! WHY THE FUCK IS THIS A PART OF THIS FILM? AND THEN THERE IS A WHOLE STORYLINE DEVOTED TO HOW THE MAIN CHARACTER'S FIANCE IS SLEEPING WITH HER BROTHER? LIKE WHO FINDS THIS SHIT FUNNY?! WHY DOES ADAM SANDLER THINK THIS IS A GREAT IDEA?! WHAT THE FUCK GOES THROUGH SOMEONE'S HEAD TO BE LIKE WOAH WOULDN'T IT BE SICK IF WE BASICALLY CREATE A TWO HOUR LONG WANK FEST THAT IS EXTREMELY DISRESPECTFUL AND OFFENSIVE BUT SLAP ON THE OL' “HAPPY GILMORE” BRANDING AND IT MAKES EVERYTHING OK?!

I AM AT THE END OF MY ROPE WITH THIS BULLSHIT. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE. FUCK YOU ADAM SANDLER. YOU'VE GONE TOO FUCKING FAR THIS TIME. FUCK YOU.



DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT INEBRIATION RESEARCH

Dunedin Flat Names Project

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

Being Something You're Not

By Sarah Gallagher

Flats with names like Dunedin Police Department, Department of Corrections, and Bed and Breakfast had homemade signs and were obviously not what they claimed to be. Sometimes signs, like Dunedin Casino or the Glenorchy Tavern or Speight's, have been "acquired". There are a couple of flats that have taller tales to tell however.

The Department of Slavonic Studies was situated in a villa on St David Street in 1972 where St David lecture theatre now stands. It received its moniker from the flatties who were all of Eastern European extraction.. Rumour has it they were investigated by the NZSIS for being part of some communist conspiracy, however an OIA request revealed nothing untoward. The flat was visited once by the Polish consul at the time who, on questioning the role of the Department, was informed that they were only informally associated with the University.

In the late 1990s, 96ZM, a local radio station, held a competition which caught the imagination of many students in Dunedin – the idea was to name your flat and there would be various worthwhile prizes up for grabs. The flatties at 114 Union Street named their flat DSIR – a familiar logo in the New Zealand collective consciousness during the 20th century. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was established by the government in 1926, and later became a Crown Research Institute. Of course 114 Union Street's sign was not what it appeared, it was actually an acronym for Department of Student Inebriation Research – they made a stencil and used this to decorate a sawn-off headboard from a single bed, painted in the DSIR colours. It was very convincing. One of the flatties, Tijs Robinson, remembers, "My girlfriend's dad worked for the actual DSIR so [it was] a clever play on the well known organisation. Ironically, two of us went on to work for IRL (who came out of DSIR) once we graduated!"

As with many flat names at the time, and since, it made reference to alcohol consumption. The flatties were truly committed to their flat name which won the R21 category of the 96ZM competition and \$1000 to spend at The Bowler (back in the day when you had to be 21 to drink legally in NZ and when The Bowler was still a student pub and not the Bioethics Centre). Not only did the lads from DSIR create a great sign, but they totally leveled up by branding their lab coats and painting the door of their car to match. Like the Department of Slavonic Studies, DSIR managed to bamboozle a visiting dignitary. One day they received a knock on the door and guess what? There was a visiting academic enquiring as to the nature of their research.



Food Review

Mainland Edam Cheese

by David Emanuel

Cheese Is by Far Mankind's Greatest Achievement Ever

Mainland's Edam 1kg block is the cheese of the people (when it's on special at the same price as the budget stuff). It is a staple of both the upper and working classes, and that strange place at the bottom of the social hierarchy that students occupy. It is to the purveyor of simple but tasty meals what fascism is to Harlene Hayne, an essential ingredient in fulfilling one's agenda.

Interestingly, humans weren't really designed to eat dairy products, says basically every vegan propaganda video on Netflix. Regardless of whether you believe that or not, even vegans admit that cheese is the boobs of the culinary world. In a recent poll conducted by the Ministry of Obscure Dietary Requirements and Arseholes, it was found that 90% of New Zealanders want to eat more cheese, even vegans. The only barrier to cheese eating is its astronomical cost, which explains why so many people are turning to veganism these days.

Mainland's 1kg Edam block is more expensive than Mark Richardson's fake tan and teeth whitening (fuck he's a twat). If Edam is an integral part of your diet (which it damned well should be) like me, I'm sure you feel the chill rapidly reverberate throughout your being when the checkout person at the supermarket scans the bitch. A part of you has just died. In fact, it's almost as if the version of you that exists in a parallel universe has just witnessed Han Solo die in "The Force Awakens".

In the realm of world trade, products are exported for the same price as they are sold domestically in order to provide foreign producers' imported products with a chance to compete in the same market. Fonterra processes (and I'm not making this up) 94.8% of all milk solids from dairy farms in New Zealand, much of which gets exported. So why the fuck is cheese so expensive? Because Fonterra are the Islamic State of New Zealand; they're good with money but they don't really help anyone apart from themselves. Making cheese a bit cheaper isn't going to affect competition because the bastards make sure there is none. It is Allah's will.

All in all, Mainland's 1kg Edam block is, in economics terms, a luxury item. So it's as hard to afford as marijuana and sex.

Tasting notes: Plenty of umami (or savoury), carbon dioxide, the end of the world from the destruction of the environment, pure joy and happiness.

Pairs with: Goon (indeed, instead of a "wine and cheese" the Neolithic School of Surveying holds the annual "Goon and Edam").

SNAP, CRACK & POPPLE US

*The best snap each week wins a 12 pack of



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



Trying to find someone to HOP into bed with

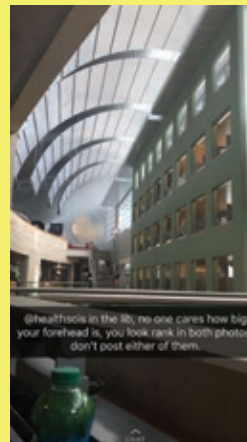


Next level vandalism

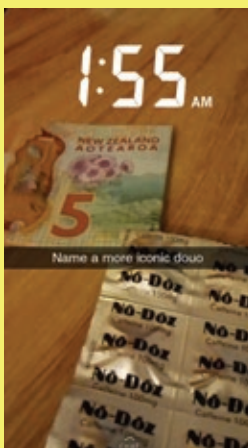


Only just realised how yellow the new pies are. Bring back scarfie mince

10:46AM



@healthsis in the lib, no one cares how big your forehead is, you look rank in both photos, don't post either of them.



Name a more iconic doug



I've learnt that it's never too late to start something. This year for left, I'm giving up.



I do not remember messaging ed sheeran...

Thu 12:13 PM

Come to 1b Queens Gardens in Dunedin after for a good time!! We loooooove you ❤️❤️

We will play whatever songs you request xo



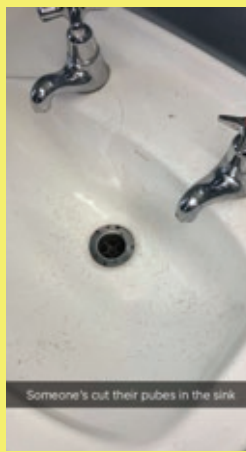
Hypo for the independent voice of the south



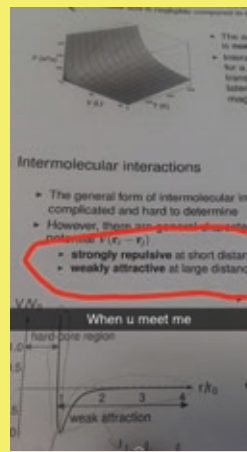
The res plumber walked in on me getting the D



"A full goon is so satisfying"



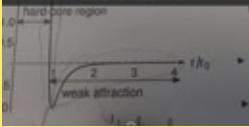
Someone's cut their pubes in the sink



Intermolecular interactions

- The general form of intermolecular interactions is complicated and hard to determine.
- However, there are **general characteristics** for a van der Waals interaction:
 - strongly repulsive at short distances
 - weakly attractive at large distances

When u meet me



THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Two Tails of Love



Meghan

It was 7pm. I'm sitting on the couch in my sweaty post-training gear, stuffing my face with pasta. I get a last minute message from Critic asking if I could still make it to the blind date. I get them to put it off an hour. A shower and too much of a wine bottle later, I'm ready.

I get there a few minutes before him, quickly explain the situation, and he admits he was ironing his shirt at 7:25, so we're good. The start of our date went pretty well compared to the rest. Yelling into each other's ears because we were right in front of the stage really set the mood. So did me accidentally hitting him in the face while gesturing five, maybe six times.

He was an 'information science' major (which I had no idea existed and is apparently a "shitty version of IT") from Invercargill. This was just the beginning of us having almost nothing in common. Nothing, that is, except the only people we both knew were friends of someone I had a bit of awkward (sexual) history with. And he wanted me to come to karaoke with them all after the date. To skip having to answer that one, I downed my sav and challenged him to do the same.

Despite the fact we drunk so much they gave us unrequested chips, the chemistry didn't flow. It may've been the fact I was flirting with the waiter more than him, or that sitting one foot away from two sweet ladies my mum's age didn't set the most sensual atmosphere, but there was no tingling in the appropriate places. It became clear this was mutual when I went to the bathroom and came back to an empty table. I asked the cute waiter if he'd seen my date leave. He looked a bit awkward and said he wasn't sure. I wasn't about to wait around for a guy with shit chat and no respect, so I walked home thankful I had better company: myself. As a revered philosopher once put it, "I don't need your pussy, bitch, I'm on my own dick".

Harry

I got the email from Critic asking if I was keen to go on the date causing me to stress out the entire day. I didn't want to make a fool of myself so I held off drinking till later on. When I eventually got round to it I drunk a slab only to find out the date had been delayed an hour which gave me more time to drink, not really what I needed.

Eventually I made it to the restaurant and my date was seated right next to the live band. Not ideal considering the drunk state I was soon about to find myself in, as I was having a hard enough time understanding her when I was only tipsy. But we eventually managed to get the polite chat out of the way and found out had a few mutual friends.

I later found myself nearly pissing my pants waiting in line for the toilet, which wouldn't be the first time this year.

Later in the night she went to the toilet and she took quite a while from memory, so I assumed she had either ditched me, was taking a huge poo or trying to climb out the window and escape, so I left and caught up with my friends at karaoke. I sang my heart out and had a few more beers, but despite my best efforts no love was found in the Baa Bar or The Dog with Tails [sic] that night. So it was back home to play the skin flute and smoke a few darts.

I then received a message from my date in the morning with the single word "wow", so she must have had a really nice time! But it could have also meant that I had not been ditched but had done the ditching. My bad.

Cheers to Critic for the experience, I can't wait to read her side of the story hopefully it fills in a few blanks and I would recommend it to anyone.

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

