

# CRITIC

TEAROHI

ISSUE

07



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# EDITORIAL

## Critic Announces Bold New Plan to Make the OUSA Referendum Suck Less

The OUSA Referendum is always boring as shit and no one ever submits any questions. Mostly because it seems like it takes actual time and effort and requires a passion for student politics that most people simply don't have.

The thing is, it's not that hard to get stuff added to the list of questions, and if you do that there's a pretty decent chance it might pass and then they'll have to do it.

So, because we know you lazy bastards aren't going to do anything, we at Critic are making a special, one-time offer: if you send us something you want to see on the referendum, we will reformat it and write it into a formal proposal so that you don't have to do any of the work. Just come up with any half-baked idea for something you'd like to see OUSA do, send it to us at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz), Snapchat (username: [criticmag](#)), message us on Facebook, text me (0275067269), fucking send out some smoke signals, as long as you get it to us, we'll do the rest.

News Editor Charlie O'Mannin is particularly keen to see OUSA adopt the famous Sexy Garfield image at their official flag, which shall be flown from all OUSA buildings. Or that OUSA formally endorse the legalization of LSD (shout-out to Josh Smythe).

Or that they turn the squash courts into a student bar. Or turn the Clubs & Socs centre into a student bar. Or take over UBar and turn it into a (good) student bar.

But for real, the OUSA referendum is a shockingly easy way to see genuine change happen. Last year I submitted a proposal to change the OUSA elections from First Past the Post to the Preferential Voting system. I didn't have to campaign for it or attend meetings or any of that bullshit, I just wrote it up, sent it in, and then everyone voted. It passed with 71% support.

It seemed like an obviously better thing that OUSA should be doing, and now they have to do it.

You don't have to organize protests and/or yell at politicians or read long boring reports to make a genuine change within OUSA. We'll do it for you. Just tell us what you want.

By Joel MacManus

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Sitting back down and talking like adults with Christian Tucker**

**Dear Emilie Unwin and Critic,**

Firstly, thank you for the time you've put into researching me but I believe you've got the entirely wrong impression. Usually I can take criticism well, in fact most of the time I need it but the letter of the week on the 9th of April was unjust, misguided and destructive.

I am very well aware of the history of rap and the hip hop culture surrounding it and not once have I "bagged" on it. My music is representative of who I am, nothing else and I do not believe that it is misappropriating a culture by doing so. Had I given myself cornrows, used an accent or terminology that wasn't mine (as some white rappers in the media have) that would be, but for years I have been both a professional spoken poet and drummer around the country and my music is a blend of the two.

My stance on the issue doesn't fit in a letter to editor but I am more than happy to have a proper conversation with you or anyone else on this matter. Otherwise you can come see me at one of my shows where I'll be sure to give you a shout out.

**Cheers,**

**Christian Tucker**

**Dear Critic,**

I am writing to formally complain about your fish and chips review. I strongly disagree with your rating of Mei Wah as #1 place for fish and chips in Dunedin. Firstly, fish and chips in Dunedin, by and large, seems to be absolutely shit and it is one of the greatest sadnesses of my existence. Secondly, I have very strong feelings about Mei Wah in particular. My first night in Dunners as a naive fresher, when to waiting to move into my hall the next day, my parents and i went along to Mei Wah for fish and chips for a classic

Kiwi Last Supper of sorts. However all we received was stale, unsalted chips and soggy fish. It was big fat package of disappointment that shattered all my illusions about Dunedin and awakened me to the cold, harsh reality of what I was in store for. Mei Wah? More like Mei Nah.

Sincerely,

**Impassioned Chip Consumer**

**Editor's Response: That's your opinion, and I get that, full respect to you. But you're stupid and you're wrong.**

**Hello,**

Another Critic eh,

Too bad it sucked!

Everything was terrible

You should feel ashamed

O;

**From,**

**U SUCK**

**Editor's Response: No U**

**Hey!**

Could this please be put in the upcoming Critic Magazine

Imposaurus Presents: No Guy Hard!

**AN IMPROVISED FEMALE ACTION! INSPIRED BY THE MOVIE DIE- HARD!**

\$10 (Cash and Eftpos available)

Friday 20th April 10.15pm @ Fortune Theatre

**Thanks**

**Xoxoxoxoxxx**

**Editor's Response: Yeah sure, why not.**

**AA - Affended Alcoholic**

**OH BOY!**

I'm writing in response to the last two weeks abhorrent booze reviews. As a fellow academic and piss enthusiast I was disappointed to see you shilling for long whites. Long whites are an absolute abomination. Their only decent aspect is their marketing team, which is exactly what you fell for; Vodka that would repulse a Russian, a price tag to make his heart stop, encompassed in a short-hand English translation for a Maori word, because they know their said clientele can't pronounce OW-TE-A-RO-A. And as for this weeks scathing review of V-BANGERS. I'll have you know VeryBgood was entered into a national taste test comp under the guise of another beer and won! You can argue with the facts, Mr Shakesbeer. You're setting a dangerous precedent bagging Vitamin B in such an impoverished community.

**Sincerely,**

**Some Fucking Idiot.**

**Editor's Response: Wait, We CAN argue with the facts?**

**Dear Critic,**

I find myself being deeply disappointed in your recent review of fish and chips on campus. You only covered a few of the possible outlet supplying fried potatoes and you missed the cheapest way to get the best tasting chips on campus.

For those who have been living under a rock for the last few years there is a new and easy way to get your chip fix. Simply pop over the centre city New World and grab a bag of Pam's shoestring fries for \$2.79 (or free if you shoplift) and head on over to the link. Without opening the bag bung it into a link microwave at 60% power for three minutes. Now hop on over the the club's and rec building and make your way into the Hare Krishna kitchen. Hum some Krishna Das to yourself to fit in and if anyone tries to stop you,

just give them a quick blessing and move on. Now you can open the packet of fries. Quickly dump it into one of the woks filled with oil and let those babies fry. After 4-5 minutes you will have some perfectly cooked chips and for a price no one can beat.

Honestly I'm just disappointed Critic missed this.

**Regards,**

**Lord Everett Von Chippington III**

**Editor's Response: That sounds like heaps of work and we're not that committed.**

---

**Dear Mr Editor.**

I am writing to you about the most recent centerfold, "Waste of Money".

Previously I had only seen Garfield eating lasaagnguae or lounging about, and frankly had thought nothing much of the feline.

But upon seeing what I would describe as Sexy Garfield 2 my blood ran cold.

Does she walk? Does she talk? Does she come complete? I couldn't stop thinking about her. Whenever she flashed those baby-blues, something had a hold on me, her fur, like soft and fuzzy sweaters, too magical to touch.

To see her in that negligee is really just too much.

**My angel is the centrefold.**

**- J. Geils**

---

**Dear Critic,**

**Mistakes: 42**

The removal of the battle of the bands poster has to be a joke. OUSA receiving complaints from their own staff and one external person resulted in the sponsors strongly considering pulling out (something only my couch does) just because a few special snowflakes on their committee got offended by something

that has literally nothing to do with NZ. They are the type of PC people that mean we can't have a laugh anymore, for example Mark Meechan got convicted for posting a joke online that was deemed "grossly offensive." OUSA are supposed to represent ALL of us students and I bet a warm diesel that the majority of students don't find the poster "culturally insensitive". In order to be able to think you have to risk being offensive. Birds and politics need two wings. Your magazine is currently flying on one wing and is not going far. I'm more than happy to give up my precious mull time to write a few articles surrounding these topics that don't contain yah left-wing propaganda.

**Sincerely,**

**A. Cunt**

## **LETTER OF THE WEEK**

**Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.**

**Hi Critic,**

Can you put more drug references and less alcohol references in Critic? My friends all read Critic and I want to do acid with them but none of them are into it. If you guys talk about how great some drugs are, they will probably subliminally believe drugs are good and cut down on drinking but be keen to do acid. :)

**Thanks,**

**Candace**

**Editor's Response: How about both?**

**[salsa music]**



# Hyde Street to Become Fully Self-Funded After Ticket Price Increases

You still gotta buy your own beers though.

By Charlie O'Mannin

Ticket prices for the Hyde Street Party are increasing this year as OUSA make the event financially independent.

Ticket prices for the average student are going up from \$20 to \$35, and ticket prices for residents are going from \$2 to \$5.

OUSA Events Manager Jason Schroeder says that OUSA have “moved the event to a ‘User pays’ model. This means that all costs of the event are covered by those attending and the event is not subsidised by other students or city ratepayers, as it has been in past years.”

The ticket price will now fully cover “event infrastructure, safety measures, the ticketing system and website, waste management and street sweeping, safety teams including St John, Are You OK? and Red Frogs, traffic management, free food for all attendees, and the management of relationships between affected stakeholders and businesses.”

Tickets will also pay for the wages of all OUSA employees involved in organising the event. In the past staffing costs were

essentially paid for by students through the student services fee; this year they will be fully covered by those who actually attend.

Jason says that “Hyde Street is attended by 3600 students out of a student body of 17,405. We have a commitment to provide opportunities to an incredibly diverse range of students, many of who cannot or do not want to attend Hyde Street. In the past the real cost of running Hyde street has been subsidised by these students.”

In the past OUSA has applied for funding from the DCC for waste management, but have not applied this year as “rate payers should not be funding this event”. They hope this will help change the perception of the event among Dunedin residents. In another effort to positively spin the event, \$1 from every ticket will also be donated to a range of charities.

Tickets for the event will be distributed by lottery again this year. Despite some rumours that third years would be prioritised over second years, Jason confirmed that the

lottery is “a random number generator; it’s a genuine lottery”.

OUSA took over running Hyde Street in 2013 to prevent the DCC shutting the event down after a roof collapse in 2012. Since then the number of injuries and arrests at the event has consistently declined, with only ten arrests and no hospitalisations in 2017.

Jason confirmed that first years will still be unable to attend the event, and will instead be encouraged to watch Alvin and the Chipmunks: Chipwrecked in their school auditorium.



# Students Pay Tribute to Departing Law Dean

By Joel MacManus

Tributes have poured in from current and former Otago University Law Students following Mark Henaghan stepping down as Dean of the Otago Faculty of Law.

A Facebook group, "Seeking Mark Henaghan Tributes" was created on April 6 by former students Andrew Row and Harriet Enright, and within four days the group had over 1300 members and 100 tributes.

"The tributes are a testament to the many people he has personally helped. We just wanted a forum where people could share that," said Andrew. Harriet is planning on compiling every submission the group receives, both publicly and privately, into a book which will be presented to Mark when he leaves. "It's not for public circulation, with just one copy to give to Mark. It's our way of a 'thank you' card, but with thousands of people, that card turned into a book."

We've included some highlights below (CW: mental health issues, bereavement and trauma):

"I'm not overstating things when I say you were truly a beacon of humanity in a profession (academic or otherwise) that often feels devoid of the same. You will be dearly missed, but the legacy you leave is significant, and will endure."

"I will never forget one very long Tuesday, when I'd ended up having to bring both my children to a (compulsory!) Criminal Procedure tutorial, after 5pm. You saw me struggling; cajoling them in the corridor.

You pulled me aside, and told me that you would take care of them while I attended the tutorial. They stayed and played with you that whole hour, so happily. This epitomises the Dean you are."

"I want to thank you for all your support during the difficult times when my father passed away in my 2nd year. I remember he told me he had fond memories of you and his 1 year at Otago Law in the '80s during his postgrad."

"I'll never forget sitting in your family law lecture on September 12th 2001. The dreadful 9/11 attacks in the US had just happened and we were all shell shocked. Also, our family files were due that week! You allowed and encouraged us all to stop, reflect and grieve. You made space for peace and silence in what felt like a new and terrifying world. This is just one small example of your pastoral care for your students."

"While I was taking Family Law I was affected by clinical depression that made me struggle to complete my family file. When I met with Mark he was only concerned that I had participated to help my group partner (I had) to complete the group part of the exercise. Mark was re-assuring and kind about my own inability to complete my file that was considered plussage in the way the course was graded and just encouraged me to get better and keep on with it. His attitude and reassurance meant a great deal to me at the time."

"I gave birth to a full term dead baby on 24th of February 2017 - the first day of second year law lectures. Mark was of absolute support understanding and I did not come close to this level of support in some other areas of my life. I also received immense care and support through my pregnancy (2016), despite being unwell for a large chunk of my study including the exam period. Mark has been absolutely amazing support to me throughout my pregnancy and birth to the point that I cannot express in writing."

Later in 2017 a family member went through court for serious criminal charges which made study and life very stressful for me and once again Mark showed me incredible support."

"If I come across a tricky problem I often find myself asking 'what would Mark Henaghan do?'"

Henaghan spent 41 years as a Law Professor at the University of Otago, and 19 as Dean. He taught a large portion of LAWS101, as well as LAWS311 (Family Law), which was his area of expertise.

He initially announced he would be resigning as Dean at the end of the year, but has now brought his resignation forward. Henaghan will stay on in the Law Faculty until the end of the year, whereupon he will be taking up a position at the University of Auckland Law School.



# “Stress and Uncertainty” for Uni Staff Over Job Cuts

Critic is pretty sure ‘voluntary redundancy’ is an oxymoron

By Esme Hall

The University of Otago has admitted causing “stress and anxiety” after unspecified job cuts were announced, leaving many support staff unsure of their future.

The University announced in July last year that 160 equivalent full-time jobs would disappear after the Support Services Review. But, they didn’t reveal exactly which jobs, and many existing support staff still haven’t been told if their jobs are safe.

Kevin Scales, the University’s Director of HR, told Critic that “We plan to get these to staff within in the next few weeks.” It has now been 39 weeks since cuts were first announced.

86 University staff members have taken voluntary redundancies so far since a review of student support services began in late 2015.

Tertiary Education Union Dunedin organiser Shaun Scott says uncertainty has driven up voluntary redundancies, and that many people who resigned “would have chosen to stay if they thought they could.” But there’s been a “lack of a really firm timeline” and “stress and uncertainty are really high.” Some staff have chosen to resign to regain “some control” over their employment, Scott said.

Scales says that “the University has tried hard to minimise stress and anxiety for existing

staff. At the same time, we acknowledge [sic] this has been unavoidable in many cases”.

Instead of concrete dates, the University have offered staff Career Development support, including workshops on CV Preparation and Interview Skills. Critic is sure this is very reassuring.

Although the review has been going on for over two years, there are still no dates for staff to know if their jobs are secure. University representatives told the TEU the bulk of affected staff would know whether or not their jobs are safe by “the middle of the year”.

Scales says that the University has been “responsive to staff concerns... chiefly about the time the process has taken. And we acknowledge this, and are devoting significant resource [sic] to move as quickly as possible.”

There have been complaints that the uni hasn’t properly consulted with staff about the changes. Scales says that “In many cases, the suggestions of staff from the consultation period last year were taken on board, especially those that engaged constructively with the process.”

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome told Critic that “OUSA opposes any staff

cuts that will occur during the Support Services Review.”

The Support Services Review is essentially taking away the administrative staff from each department and amalgamating support into a central hub called Ask Otago with far less staff. The University website calls Ask Otago a “self-help” approach.



# OPINION: Postgrads Need to Eat Too

By Chelle Fitzgerald

As a third year student who depends on the student allowance in order to keep my miserable existence in a run-down flat (up a hill no less!), I have been anxiously watching and wondering about Labour's 2017 election promise to reinstate the postgraduate student allowance.

Currently, honours students are entitled to the allowance, but no such luck if you are undertaking a masters or PhD. Generally speaking, most students don't bother with a PhD unless they receive a scholarship, as the price tag for calling yourself "Doctor" is a hefty one even before you have to consider the cost of living.

Masters, however, is a reasonable additional investment, and with the increasing fear of not getting a job, undertaking postgraduate study feels almost mandatory these days (at least in some disciplines). The way I understand it, many students are now taking an honours year specifically to get the student allowance, before upgrading it into a second year of masters. But it's so wrong that we are being forced into study options we probably wouldn't otherwise take, just in order to stave off poverty for another year.

The student allowance for postgrads won't be announced until May, so with any luck it will be implemented within two semesters.

Labour has been promising to do this ever since the allowance was scrapped by National back in 2013, and it was also on the Green's promise list last year. The promise wasn't just to restore the allowance, but also to extend the time limit allocated to each student – the current allotment of student allowance doesn't cover an entire med degree. When National got rid of the allowance back in 2013, the number of domestic students fell significantly at universities around the country.

Granted, you can get living costs. However, in a time when some students are coming to uni without paying at all, it feels cruel to have to borrow extra money on top of the fees that we are already paying, just to finish our degrees, while the government is hemorrhaging money to give first years a free year to piss around before (statistically speaking) dropping out.

## Here's some logical-sounding ideas:

1. Reinstating the postgrad student allowance, and making the final undergraduate year of tertiary education free. That way the students who are committed and truly deserve it are going to be rewarded, and the ones who fuck around at uni taking easily passable papers for a year with their mates

before dropping out will not be doing so at the unnecessary expense of taxpayers.

2. Reinstating student allowance for postgrad students, and making all undergraduate tertiary education free, with a student loan that is only wiped once the student has completed an entire qualification.

3. Reinstating student allowance for postgraduate students, but removing it for first years. If they are already getting their education free then surely they can take out a living costs loan for one year. Why should the established students be penalised with both study fees and living costs, while a first year gets everything free? First year has such a high drop out/non-return rate that this seems like a hell of a gamble, and forcing them to pay living costs for one year, with the promise of everything else free thereafter, could be a good way to weed out the ones who aren't serious.

While it's awesome that Labour want to help more people into tertiary education, they shouldn't forget about those who are already slogging away and facing increasing financial marginalization. They should give the student allowance back to postgrad students, who have already proven they deserve it.

# Anonymous Domestic Abuse Support Available on OUSA Website

By Esme Hall

OUSA has introduced access to the Shielded Site Project through its website.

Shielded Site is put together by Women's Refuge New Zealand and is an icon that sits on any website and launches anonymous resources to help those in domestic violence situations.

Victims of abuse can access information about how to get out of a dangerous situation, stay safe online, and plan what comes next without it showing up in their browser history. Women's Refuge started the initiative to allow victims of domestic abuse to access vital information without being tracked by their abusers online. According to their

website, GPS tracking, banking and email passwords and web histories are all used by abusers to "keep tabs" on their victims, "making it harder than ever for those looking for help to find it".

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome said "OUSA has added this to their website in late March with the intention of providing more information and support for students and the wider community".

Education Officer James Heath, who led the initiative, said "OUSA is proud to join the likes of Trade Me, Stats NZ, and the Auckland University Students' Association".

"The Shielded Site Project can help with making a plan, learning what services are available, and how to safely access them – just look for the grey computer icon at the bottom of the OUSA website. We are currently planning on getting the University on board as well. The more websites using this fantastic tool the better and safer our communities will be."

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University  
Library



# BREAKING INVESTIGATIVE REPORT



## Wild Unfounded Speculation on what the University are really building in the Central LIE-brary

By Charlie "Scoop" O'Mannin

In recent weeks a sinister Wall has emerged on the bottom floor of the lie-brary, where the computers used to be. The Wall has been painted black, with strange runic symbols daubed in invisible ink, and white plastic, the colour of white, girdles its extremities.

A pair of large double doors have been installed in the middle of The Wall, as if whatever gurgling monstrosity might burst forth needs more space than a humanoid.

One student said that he'd seen a ghostly red light seep under the Wall and strange shadows contort on the white plastic, leaving scorch marks where they fell. Or he might have been talking about something else, we weren't really listening.

With the full might of Journalism at our backs we speculate about what the University might be doing:

1.They're not building anything. It's a quarantine. One of the computers contracted herpes.

2.The university are tunneling into Leith Liquorland to empty the alcohol reserves ahead of Hyde.

3.They're making a large aquarium for all the fish.

4.They're spending lots of money replacing a perfectly functional space with an almost identical new one, but with less trees.

5.They're throwing a lovely surprise party for Critic for being the best.

6.They're taking all the university staff and sewing them together into a super academic with hundreds of heads and only a single foot. Naturally the university will only need to pay the Creature a single salary. Take that unions.

7.They're building two swimming pools full of acid. One for the university council to trip the fuck out in, and an adjacent one for the council to dip their enemies into.

8.They're building a massive CCTV camera that can see into your soul.

9.It's where they store all the other members of Kirio Birks' very important [CONFIDENTIAL] Working Group. (His mum.)

As this article was being birthed, someone pointed out that while going up the lie-brary stairs, and on the mezzanine, you can see a small portion of Inside the Wall. Critic considers this peeking and thinks anyone doing it is very naughty indeed.

# Wild Dunedin Festival Getting Back to Nature

## Nature Enter Me

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

When you first look at the programme for the Wild Dunedin Festival, it's a little overwhelming to see so many events crammed into only five days. There are express tours to the albatross colony, a wildlife photography exhibition, a penguin kite-building workshop, and documentary viewings, and that's just day one!

Taylor Davies-Colley, a volunteer for Wild Dunedin, had a chat with us about about his experiences and what he was looking forward to most.

### How did you get involved with Wild Dunedin?

I was Vice President of AAPES (Animals, Aquatic, Plants, and Ecological Society) during the first year of the festival. In the process I got involved with some of the promotional work for the festival, and in doing so realised

how cool the other people involved in the festival were. So I asked how I could be involved more – from then on I became a member of the organising committee.

### What's your favourite event that is happening this year?

There are over 70 events happening over the weekend; it's hard to say just one thing, but probably the Wildlife Film Festival.

### The programme is bustling with so many events, are there any that you think would be of particular interest to students?

There are discounts on at places like the albatross colony and Orokonui Ecosanctuary which might suit the tighter pockets of students. There are opportunities to learn heaps from experts in all sorts of fields from wildlife

photography to ancient carnivorous caterpillar-like bugs. Of course, if wildlife isn't your thing, there's a pub quiz with funds going to the Sea Lion Trust, so you can enjoy a beer and help save the world's rarest sea lion species.

### Finally, what's your favourite animal?

My favourite animal changes week to week - at the moment it's the Kauri snail. They eat worms like spaghetti, and that's pretty cool.

*The Wild Dunedin Festival of Nature will be held from Friday 20th of April through to ANZAC Day, coinciding nicely with Earth Day on the 22nd.*





# Opinion: Kicking up a Fuss About a Change in Petrol Excise Tax Is a Waste of Time

Anyone who is calling out the current Labour government for lying and turning back on their pre-election promise of “no new taxes” until 2020 is either:

- a)An idiot.
- b)Arguing semantics to make a minor issue seem larger than it is.

When the Labour party promised in the lead-up to the 2017 General Election that they would be bringing in “no new taxes” until their Tax Working Group had reported back and the public had a chance to vote on it in 2020, anyone with a brain could tell what they meant. This was a promise not to bring in things like a capital gains tax, a carbon tax or a water tax, and also a commitment not to increase existing (and major) taxes like our income tax. This was not, however, a promise not to adjust smaller taxes such as the current excise on petrol, cigarettes, and alcohol. Every government tinkers with these smaller taxes, and expecting an incoming government not to touch them at all for their first term is simply ridiculous.

Kicking up a fuss about a change in petrol excise tax is a waste of time. The real argument should not be focused around the change in excise itself (which all governments indulge in), but with the ideology underlying the argument. Should New Zealand be investing in Roads of National Significance, or in extensive public transport? Perhaps, if people were keen to have an actually decent discussion about the cost-benefit analysis of certain road upgrades versus a new light rail system, we could skip the petty arguments and name calling and actually get down to improving our country.

By Ben Hay-Smith



OTAGO  
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16/04/18



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# The Critical Tribune

Dunedin's Most Accurate News Source Since 1653



## ASPIRING SONGWRITER DISCOVERS METAPHOR ABOUT LOVE AND DRUGS

In the middle of a four hour weed-fuelled songwriting blitz, local musician Kezza Richards wrote a line he believes will "fucking change the game bro". In what may be a first for the music industry, Kezza has drawn an analogy between the emotion of love and certain illegal mind-altering substances. "Think about it," he implored. "They both make you feel real good, but they can also be addictive, and make you feel bad. Woah."



## "NICE GUYS ALWAYS FINISH LAST," SAYS MAN WHO REGULARLY CALLS WOMEN "CUNTS" ON THE INTERNET

"Bitches and sluts these days only wanna date jerks. No luck for nice guys like me," said local man Brandon Lee in an internet rant yesterday. Lee, who is known for his extremist political opinions, anime fandom, and general unpleasantness, complained bitterly about "always being stuck in the friend zone," despite the fact that The Critical Tribune could find no woman who was willing to go on the record claiming to be his friend.



## HYDE STREET LAD REVAMPS WARDROBE BY ADDING SECOND PAIR OF JANDALS

Boomer Jenkins, a third year lad and resident at The Chum Bucket on Hyde Street, has announced a new look for the fall season. After blowing out his Student Life Jandals, Boomer invested in a slick blue and white pair from the Kmart \$4 section. "I like to keep things fresh," Boomer explained. "The hunnies want to know I make an effort, so I keep these ones for special occasions only."



## ANIMAL RESEARCH LAB DISCOVERS STAB WOUNDS ARE DEADLY FOR MANY MARINE ANIMALS

University of Otago zoology researchers have reported groundbreaking findings with the help of the new Animal Research Lab. According to a study by professor John Radlow, many marine animals, including salmon, trout, squid, and penguins, were found to be highly susceptible to injury and/or death after receiving between six and ten stab wounds from a sharpened switchblade. "This could have a major impact on the way we think about stabbing ocean creatures," Radlow said.

# Popular Boiz.

The official list of the five most popular boiz in North Dunedin this week.

**Jason** - Has sad, compassionate eyes. His favourite movie is Mulan. Tall, not too tall, just tall enough to protect you from the hail. Says very funny jokes, but quietly and under his breath so only you can hear them. Organizes the best parties.

**Nat** - Has work at 7am but still comes out to see you. Makes sneaky eye contact with you when someone else says something funny. You share a quiet joke and it's very sweet.

**Andrew** - Plays football. You don't normally like sports but you'll watch his games. On Sundays he takes the bus to visit his Gran in Mosgiel.

**Ben** - Gives blood. Vapes.

**Charlie** - Blonde curls, snuggles up with you on the couch, loves long walks with you, is sometimes afraid of the ocean. Loves a good bone. Is a very good boy.

# ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

## The Week the ODT Didn't Know What a Bridge Was

To start this week we have a dramatic encounter

'Mortal enemies' meet  
on Dunedin beach

The ODT was facing up against their nemesis:  
the concept of "fun".

The ODT have noticed a problem

Numbers of  
biting spiders  
increasing

Oh no. Not the biting spiders, why can't it be  
the singing spiders?

Then the ODT got confused

Is it a bird? Is it a bridge? Or  
is it a sculpture, a gateway, a  
taniwha, an imaginative leap  
to the Harbour Basin, an "Open  
For Development" sign, or a  
sign of things to come?

We would like to confirm that it is a bridge, which,  
to be fair to the ODT, was one of their guesses.

Here at ODT Watch we're infamously lazy, so we're  
always happy when someone makes fun of the ODT  
for us, like this letter does

MY mind boggles when I read  
"Obesity route starts young" (ODT,  
29.3.18). The first sentence reads,  
"World-first research by the  
University of Otago", etc, etc. It is a  
long-established fact that being active  
from an early age has long-term  
benefits. Nothing new here, except for  
the waste of time and money on  
something that's been known for  
decades.  
"World-first research"?

And finally,

Youngsters groomed for top

"Yes, but top of what?" tentatively asked an ODT  
staffer. The room turned in a homogenous wave and  
stared. "Don't worry about her," said a burly editor with  
a Yorkshire accent, "she's new here. She'll soon learn  
to stop asking Questions. SEND HER TO THE PIT."  
Naked acolytes with the letter "O" carved in the flesh  
of their thighs leapt from the ceiling, hauling away the  
intern to dread regions unseen.

## ARE YOU...

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

IF THIS IS YOU,  
CONTACT US!!

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

All participants are  
remunerated for their time  
and inconvenience.

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



FRIENDLY STAFF  
GREAT FOOD  
FREE INTERNET



# Fiction is stranger than Truth



Raisins are dehydrated mouse brains

Mouse brains are dehydrated mouse brains

Human brains are hydrated pineapples

Steve Buscemi is the slowly decaying corpse of Adam Sandler's original body

Green pens are better for the environment

Octopus ink is octopus stink

Jesus is the exclusive intellectual property of Starbucks. That's why he's on their cups

Critic was named after the insect

Microphones have to listen to you even if you're boring

I can't be racist, some of my best friends are dolphins

Most of the time a bird's total wingspan is actually shorter than the length of both their wings stacked on top of each other

Stephen Hawking was the first person to put wheels on a chair

1 is not the loneliest number. 18 is the loneliest, because all your friends moved away and went to different Unis

In Holland, if you step on your step-brother they are legally required to say "step". Step sisters don't have to do anything, but they can say "step" if they want

In Holland, personal jinx is enforced by law

In Holland, they hate it when you call it Holland

# Facts & Figures

## Truth is stranger than fiction

In 2003 the Bolton Museum in England purchased a statue of the granddaughter of King Tutankhamun for £440,000. In 2006 they discovered it was a forgery.

The 1961 Lincoln Continental Limousine that JFK was assassinated in was taken back to the motor-pool, cleaned up, reinforced and rotated back into service with the US Government until 1977

Michael Jackson once attempted to buy Marvel

A Stanford psychologist and his associates faked hallucinations in order to be admitted to psychiatric hospitals. They then acted normally. All were forced to admit to having a mental illness and agree to take antipsychotic drugs in order to be released

Australian opium farmers found mysterious crop circles in their fields. The culprits were wallabies who got high and bounced around in circles

Ben Franklin left the cities of Boston and Philadelphia \$2,000 in his will, but they could not draw the full balance for 200 years. In 1990, the cities received \$6.5 million

Tigers can, and will, take revenge on those who have wronged them. They are one of the most vengeful animals on the planet

The US Navy replaced expensive and clunky periscope controls on submarines with Xbox 360 controllers, which reduced training time from hours to minutes

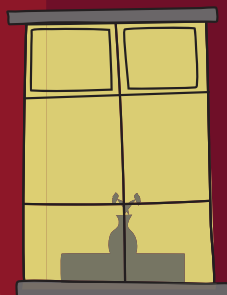
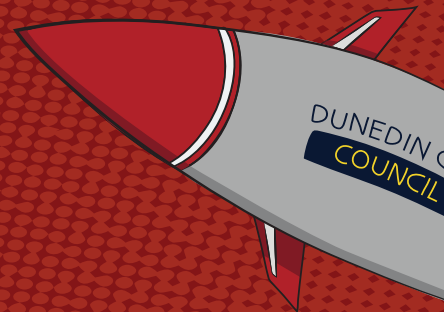
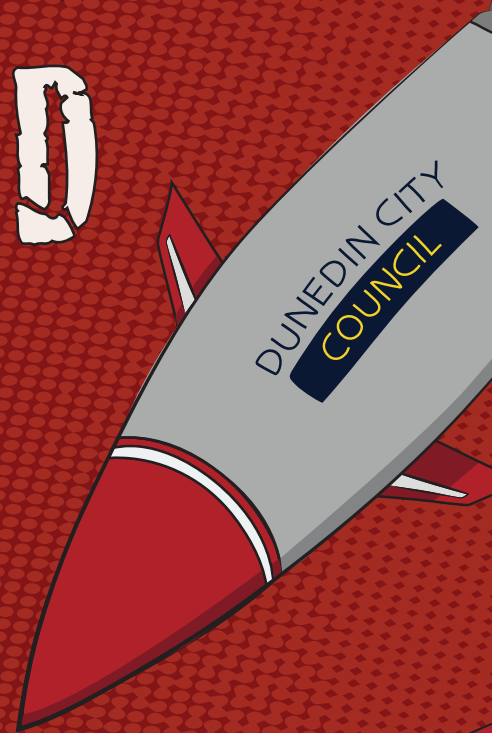
A hijacked Ethiopian Airlines plane was headed to Switzerland, but had to be intercepted by French/Italian fighter jets because the Swiss Air Force doesn't work on nights and weekends

On the DVD release of Borat, there is a language option for Hebrew, but choosing it only results in a warning screen reading "You have been trapped, Jew!"



# HOW THE DCC DESTROYED BYOS

YOUR LOCAL STUDENT BYO



By Caroline Moratti

BYO culture is sacred. You get the mates and the missus together, fuck around in New World trying to find the best dollar-per standard wine, and finally saunter through some dimly-lit, red-walled restaurant with your posse. There's something about knocking back a few glasses – or bottles – of wine over an extra-mild butter chicken that is, to put it nicely, orgasmic. It's the kind of pleasure that your first high-school boyfriend could only dream of giving you.

But behind this ritual of debauchery lies a sad, limp truth. BYO culture is a shadow of its former self. In 2015, the Dunedin City Council (or rather “those leftist fucks” according to one student), working alongside the Southern District Health Board, the police, and license holders, introduced an accord to limit drunkenness at BYO restaurants. The accord includes regulations such as the sharing of a bottle between two people, the banning of all drinking games and the mandatory consumption of a main meal. The trouble is, no sensible alcoholic student is going to settle for 3.5 standards on a night out. This isn't high school; you're not going to get fucked by downing a couple of cruisers and calling it a day. Even a slack-jawed Carrington twat needs more than half a bottle of wine to forget the disappointment in their mother's eyes after med results are released.

## “THERE'S ALSO A REAL LOSS TO BUSINESS. WE'VE LOST CUSTOMERS.”

Critic spoke to Mayor Dave Cull about the impact of the accord and the reasoning behind it. For those of you new to Dunedin, picture Invercargill Mayor Tim Shadbolt, squint a bit, and you've got a good starting point. With sexy reading glasses and dashing salt-and-pepper curls, Mayor Cull has the starring role in your repressed daddy issues fantasy. Not to get too steamy or anything, but he's also published a range of books such as “Kitchen Essentials,” “You Can Paint It!: Techniques and Tips,” and “New Zealand Backyard DIY Projects”. Be still, my beating heart.

“Prior to the accord, most premises had the practice of allowing one bottle of wine per patron. At eight standard drinks this is a lot of alcohol for a diner to consume. It's the equivalent of eight stubbies of Speight's [No fucking shit Dave, every student knows how to calculate standard drinks]. There were significant problems of intoxicated patrons on premises and related poor behaviour. Complaints were regularly



received from other diners complaining about drunken antics at restaurants.”

So, it's obvious there was a problem, but was the accord the best way to fix it?

In 2015, OUSA President Paul Hunt spoke to the ODT, complaining that the accord was created without the consultation of students. “OUSA believes that more should be done to make on-licence establishments more attractive, affordable and accessible to young people, as they are the safest environment for the consumption of alcohol.” When asked about whether the DCC took the opinion of students into account when drafting the accord, all Critic got was a “N/A” from the Mayor. I know what a brush-off looks like. I may as well have just made out with him and then asked, “What are we?”

The impact of this accord on students is complicated, especially logistically. Sharing a bottle of wine is more difficult than it looks. Firstly, it requires you to have a friend to share it with, which eliminates all theology majors. Not only that, it calls for you and your friend to have the same taste and financial priorities in wine. If you're a red-drinking lass while your tasty sidepiece is a white wine fella, you're in for a good argument and finally a compromise on rosé. Yes, people are forced to drink rosé. Tragic. And then comes the problem of quantity. Even Thai Hanoi agreed that they felt like “one bottle between two people just isn't that much.”

So of course, students have inevitably turned to pre-drinking. And lots of it. According to the folk at Kashish Indian Cuisine, “We get a lot more students who turn up already drunk.” If you're only going to get a mere 3.5 standards at the BYO, what other choice do you have? However, if you were expecting to drink 7-8 standards from a bottle of wine, then pre-drinking suddenly becomes a lot less likely to occur. “A bottle of wine typically is a night out for me, just because I'm a fucking lightweight,” one female student loudly told Critic. Compared to the warm haven of a restaurant, flats are a lot more dangerous with regard to student drinking. Not to sound like an overbearing Harold the Giraffe or anything, but it's a pretty well-known fact that you'll be more able to access drugs and hard liquor at a flat than a BYO establishment. In

response to the raised concerns around increased levels of student pre-drinking, Mayor Cull said, “Students pre-loading is a problem with all licensed premises and was a factor before the accord.”

As well as pre-drinking, smuggling has also become more of an issue. Kashish says: “People are smuggling in extra wine bottles in handbags, backpacks, even coats. Often our wait staff are too busy serving other tables to keep track or properly intervene. People just want to drink more, but they also want to avoid paying for corkage.” Let's be honest, who hasn't done a good ol' fashioned switcheroo? Suddenly the weirdo kid who carries a man-satchel everywhere has a time to shine. It's all fun and games, but it's taking money from the restaurant, which probably deserves it for putting up with your drunk ass. Some BYO restaurants even reported unusual occurrences of theft committed by drunk students, such as toilet paper and even lightbulbs.

It's unclear as to why the DCC felt they needed to intervene

in lieu of restaurants setting their own BYO guidelines. Taj Mahal have had the one bottle between two people policy for “years, way back before 2015.” Surely if individual licensees felt like there

**WHEN ASKED WHETHER THE DCC TOOK  
THE OPINION OF STUDENTS INTO  
ACCOUNT, ALL CRITIC GOT WAS A “N/A”**

was a problem, they could just create a policy for themselves? If I could be fucked interviewing the ACT party, this is where they'd probably insert some comment about bureaucratic hellholes. It's worth noting here that restaurants opt into this policy to a degree; as Mayor Cull explained, “It's not a regulation but an accord.”

A meeting of restaurateurs was held and those attending agreed that intoxication at their premises as a result of BYO was an issue, and wished for uniformity over alcohol limits for their premises. Since it started, premises that have started or changed hands have willingly agreed to be part of the accord as they are aware of the benefits that have occurred in the past three years.” This is all very well and good, but if you're a new restaurant in town you're probably going to cave to the mighty and sexy force that is the DCC. Much like wearing a striped top to your Law lecture, sometimes it's just easier to fit in and not make a fuss. For the most part, restaurants don't seem to mind the accord. Kashish says, “There's two sides to it. On one hand you get,

to some degree, better behaved customers who are there for the meal, not the wine. But there's also a real loss to business. We've lost customers.

This regulation has made BYO culture more expensive for students." Thai Hanoi says that the accord "means that the restaurant has an official excuse to refuse to serve people and limit their drinking, which is good when it comes to drunken customers." And the DCC are certainly keen to congratulate themselves on a job well done, with the Mayor noting that "The accord is working well and incidents and

## "WE GET A LOT MORE STUDENT'S WHO TURN UP ALREADY DRUNK."

complaints about restaurants has decreased significantly." With all this said though, it feels like students are being left out of the conversation.

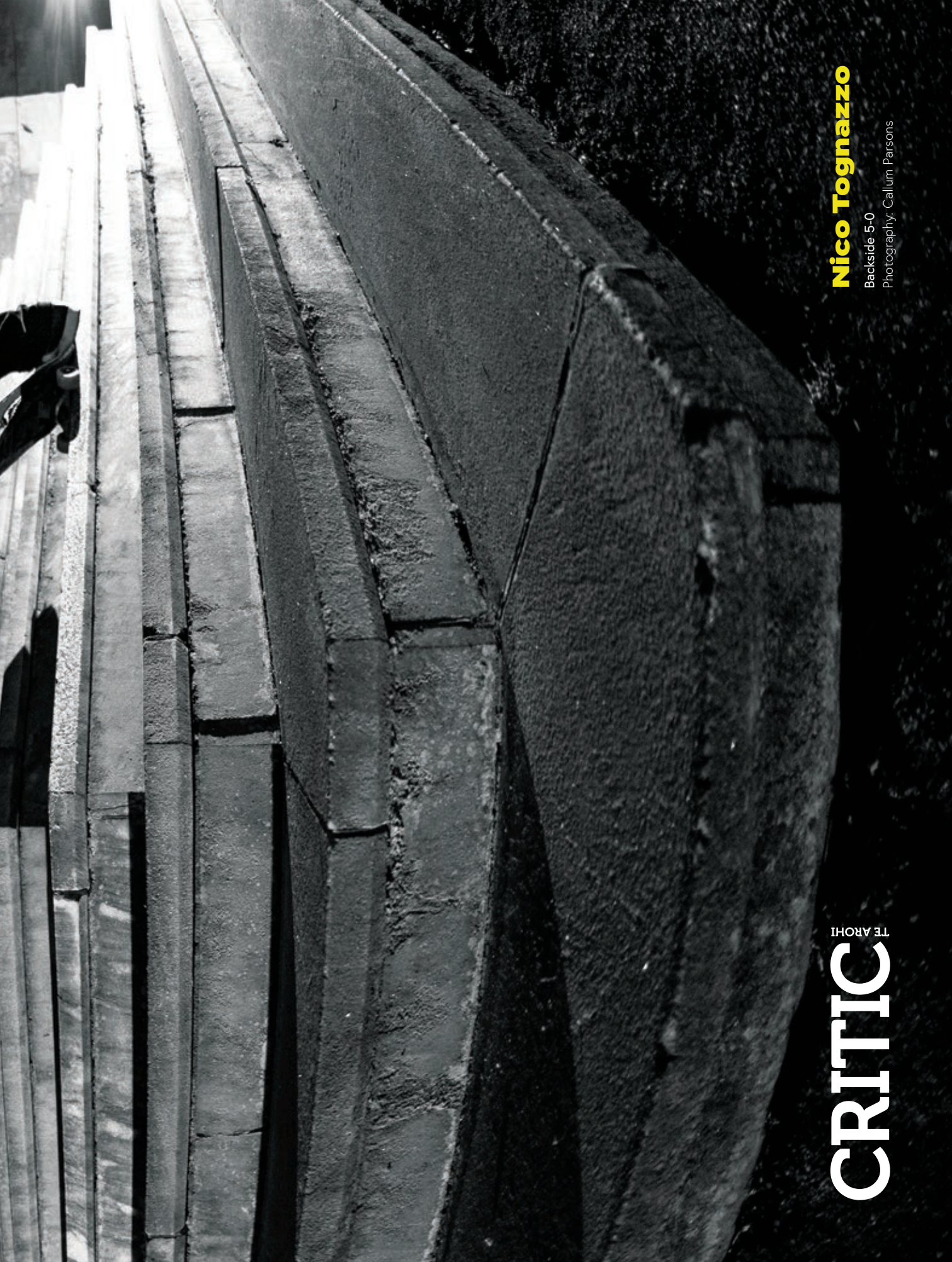
Sure, maybe complaints have dropped significantly in restaurants, but if that student goes home and gets alcohol poisoning, is that any better? To some extent, it feels like the DCC has pushed the conversation about student drinking culture behind closed doors. Maybe it's time to open it again.

Overall, this accord, like most DCC policies, hasn't been great for students. It's encouraged a culture of pre-drinking, smuggling and wine-compromise. My own mother, feeling compelled to assist in my sure-to-be short-lived journalism career, chipped in: "As a rate payer I feel my civil liberties are being curtailed!" Thanks mum. Civil liberties aside, it's worth noting that no other city centres in New Zealand have a BYO policy. Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch – hell even Hamilton if you feel like giving them a pity mention – all have the decency to allow a bottle of wine per person.

It often feels like, once again, Dunedin students are getting stuck with the short end of the stick in regards to perception on our drinking culture. So, maybe BYO culture should just die a slow, painful death. Let's face it; it's expensive to go out, pay for a bottle of wine, meal and corkage, all just for 3.5 precious standards. If we had any common sense, we'd just crack out the vodka with the flatties. But then again, fuck it, butter chicken is delicious.







TE AROHI  
**CRITIC**

**Nico Tognazzo**

Backside 5-0

Photography: Callum Parsons



## Daniel Bridgman

Daniel Bridgman, Front Nosegrind, Commerce

Photography: Callum Parsons



## Pj Wybrow

Backside Crooked Grind

Photography: Callum Parsons



## Hunter Moore

Frontside 180

Photography: Callum Parsons



## Majick Templeton

Dunedin Library

Photography: Callum Parsons



## Finn Roberts

Switch Backside Wallie, Queens Street  
Photography: Callum Parsons



## Majick Templeton

Trailer Noseslide  
Photography: Callum Parsons



## Finn Roberts

Beanplant, Dunedin Library Banks  
Photography: Callum Parsons



Konnichiwa :) my name is Umi, and I am the current International Officer. I am originally from Japan, and in my third year at Otago studying Social Work.

I would like to share what my role entails and my goals for this year.

My role has two main parts: to sit on various committees in the University, and to organise events such as the International Food Festival (next one is on 15th of July) and International Cultural Carnival (22nd of July) along with the OUSA events team and International Committee (ICOM).

We have international students from all over the world, so you have a chance to meet the world without even traveling out of Dunedin. Events are one of the best ways to experience the culture, so do make sure to come along when you have time!

My goal this year is to increase support for international students, so that we can all feel like we belong to this University. It can often be difficult to ask for support. However, I just want to remind you that asking for support does not make you smaller or weaker, in fact, you can do more by getting support.

OUSA student support provides wholesome and excellent support for students including the peer support system. This year, we are establishing international peer support. It's not too late to become a peer supporter! Applications close on the 26th of April, for more details, please check OUSA's Facebook page. International peer supporters will be available from next semester, so if you want to talk to someone who has been through similar experiences to you, do not hesitate!

Last, but not the least, if you have anything you want to ask me or you need my support, email me or stop me on campus. I would love to listen to you (if I am not late to class or a meeting haha).

I hope you have a great second half of semester! Good luck with everything :)

Love,  
Umi

安積 宇宙

Umi Asaka  
Int. Students Officer  
internationalousa.org.nz



\* Photo courtesy of Gravity Events



## WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

**FREE STUDENT BREAKFASTS**  
COFFEE • TEA • TOAST • SPREADS  
MON-FRI 8:30-9:30AM DURING SEMESTER  
OUSAs CLUBS & SOCS CENTRE  
84 ALBANY STREET

**POETRY COMP**  
**POETRY**  
1ST PLACE: \$100  
2ND PLACE: \$50  
3RD PLACE: \$25  
POEMS TO BE SUBMITTED DURING APRIL  
MORE DETAILS AND TO SUBMIT POEMS HEAD TO:  
OUSAs ORG/RECASITION/COMP

PRESENTED BY TALK LATER & TALK ART  
**MACHINE GUN KELLY PRESENTS THE 27 TOUR**  
30 APRIL  
UNION HALL  
DUNEDIN  
TICKETS: THE TICKET FAIRY.COM

**SCARFIE THINGS**  
7:30PM, MAY 16 - 19 & 20-26  
AT THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION PERFORMANCE  
TICKETS: SEND SALE FROM OUSA HALL OFFICE & COSMIC THEATRE

**JAUZ**  
LEE MINTHREWS  
BLANC  
THURSDAY 26TH APRIL UNION HALL  
TICKETS ON SALE NOW - EVENTBRITE.CO.NZ  
WE Festival OUSA  
JAUZOFFICIAL.COM

HONOURING THOSE WHO FOUGHT,  
VALUING PEACE  
**THE OUSA ANZAC SERVICE**  
1:30pm, Wednesday 25th April  
Outside the University Staff Club  
(Near Commons Room & wall)  
ousa

RADIO ONE 90FM presents the 2018 OUSA  
**BATTLE OF THE BANDS**  
ENTER NOW!  
First Prize: \$1000 + Recording time & more  
REGISTER ONLINE AT: BOTB.OUSAs.ORG.NZ  
HEATS EVERY FRIDAY IN MAY AT 10AM. FINAL WEDNESDAY 30 MAY



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# SEXY GARFIELD

Hi Critic,

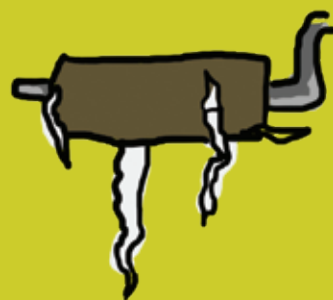
In light of the recent light shined on the Sexy Garfield piece, I think it's time to come clean. Last year my friends and I nabbed 140 Critics from around Uni and covered my friend's (now flatmate's) room with them. He was out at football, and came back to a sexy pink and orange nightmare/wonderland (depending on your take on it). Here are some photos of us with them for proof. We eventually had to take them down because he got night terrors.



# THE GREAT CAMPUS TOILET REVIEW

Shitting is an activity that we must all undertake, sometimes with great urgency. As a person who much prefers to make deposits in the comfort of my own home, when I receive nature's call on campus I can't help but curse the gods for my grave misfortune. This is mostly due to the Uni's godforsaken single ply shit paper, which is a truly cruel and unusual form of torture.

Admittedly, I am a male, and since most toilets at the University are still segregated, the analysis in this article is limited to the 'Gents'. I do not know how different the 'Ladies' room is (I presume it has more pink). Nevertheless, I sincerely hope that members of other genders will be able to benefit equally from this in-depth analysis.



## CENTRAL LIBRARY

I am a regular patron of the Central Library toilets. When deciding where to make a deposit, it is important to bear in mind one important factor – cubicles per capita. The Central Library has approximately 12 men's toilets. This represents a lower cubicle per capita than Calcutta, and the inhabitants of that city get around that problem by pooing on the side of the road. Unless the University drastically changes its Code of Conduct, however, we're just going to have to put up with waiting awkwardly for a cubicle.

The Central Library toilets are also hampered by the inability of the Wi-Fi to penetrate through their walls. As soon as you step through those doors your phone is transported to a prehistoric era of confusion and boredom. The only option is to begrudgingly read Critic.

Then there is the issue of ventilation. With hundreds of people letting off more nuclear bombs than Kim Jong Un in a space with no windows or airflow whatsoever, it is no surprise that someone actually died from exposure to radiation last year (not that the University cares). You'd better hope that your speed-shitting game is on point when venturing to poo in Central. Otherwise, you risk growing fingers for nipples.

## COMMERCE BUILDING

When the Commerce Building went through its massive re-design, I was worried. So much had changed: the stairs, the café, the atrium. It was shiny and new, and everything was different. I explored it nervously, but found with a huge sigh of relief that the toilets had remained untouched. Thank the lord.

The oasis of peaceful defecation that is the third floor Commerce Building toilets is simply one of the best places on the whole campus. It's nothing fancy; the toilets are old and the cubicles are uninspired boxes. But when you're in there for your 6th coffee poo of the night at 3am with an assignment due the next day, the baby blue walls have a truly calming effect – like my mother's voice or a can of Speight's.

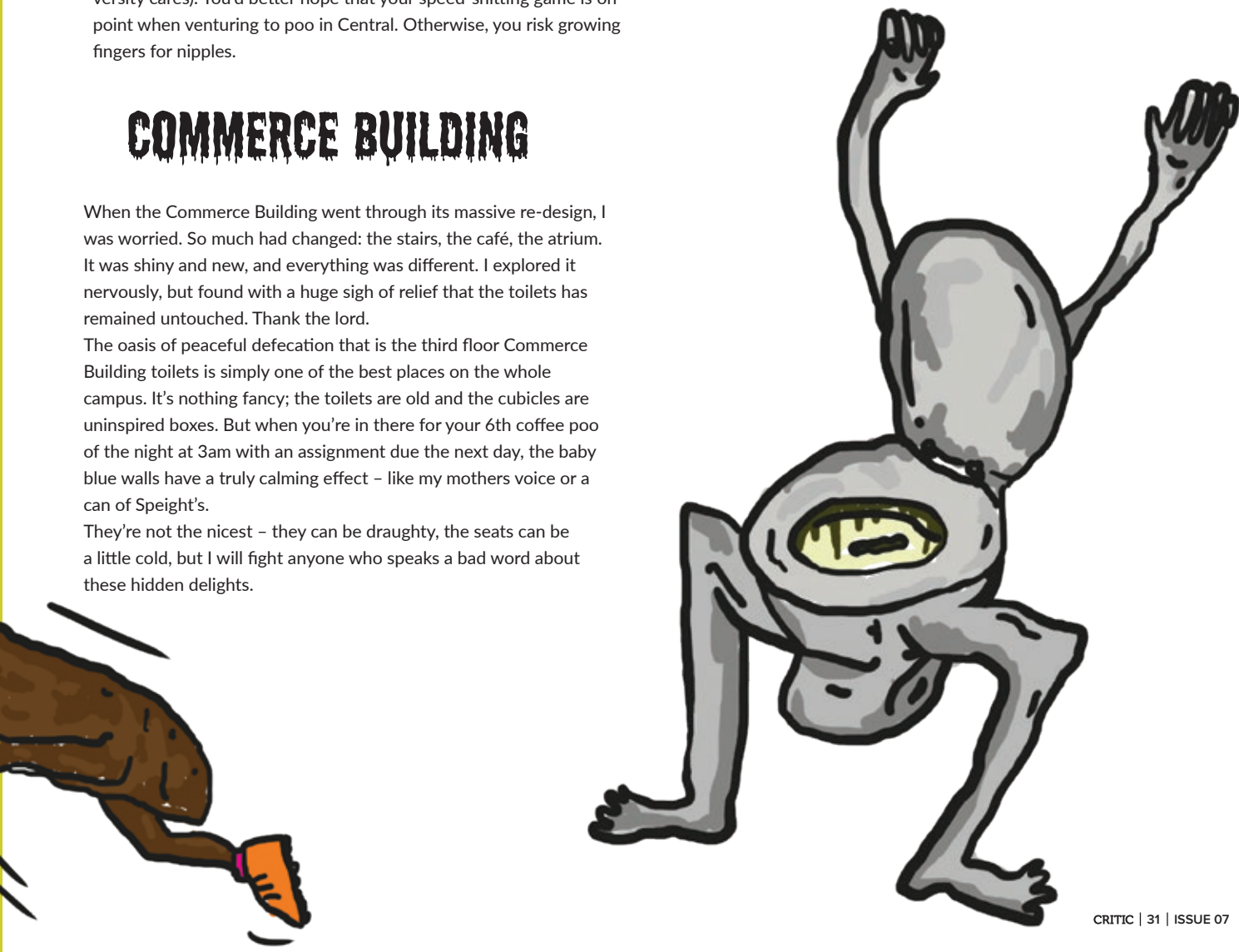
They're not the nicest – they can be draughty, the seats can be a little cold, but I will fight anyone who speaks a bad word about these hidden delights.

## THE LAW LIBRARY

A major problem with the Law Library toilets is that they are in the Law Library, which is full of autocratic overlords armed with Daddy's credit card. If you make any sound at all, which you probably will have to in order to reach the toilets (since they are located in the centre of the library), you will be stabbed with the piercing glare of numerous JAFAS and JAFES in puffer vests and stripes.

If you make it to the toilets without capitulating, you will discover that there is a room complete with a toilet and a sink. Just a singular toilet in each location, so you may encounter a line, but if you luck out you're in for a treat – a perfect cocoon of crapping privacy. It's just a damn shame they had to be put in the Law Library. However, if you are a self-conscious shitter be aware of the fact that anyone impatiently waiting outside will be able to hear excessive noise.

Despite its drawbacks, Critic implores our readers to go to the Law Library, have a turd, and then leave. It doesn't even need to go in the toilet, anywhere will do!





## ARCHWAY

Anyone who has ever been to Archway will know the disgusting tiles throughout the hallways. These don't stop at the toilet doors. No sir-ee Bob. The only difference is that in the toilets themselves, the décor includes a nice dousing of urine. And just when you think those orange cubicles have stopped, they come back at ya like a tonne of bricks. One perk is the sense of self-satisfaction you gain knowing Law students have to traipse through the piss-soaked floors day-in, day-out.

## BURNS

Very average. The prospect of shitting in Burns will give the reader an opportunity to experience depositing in the former Soviet Union. Partly because all humanities students are communists, but mainly because the architect who designed that abomination of a building had a look at the old KGB Torture Department, and said, "yeah we'll have a bit of that."

The cubicle doors open inwards, so you've got to squeeze in beside the toilet in order to shut the door.

Unless your bladder is actually on the point of bursting, I would highly recommend dashing to the Castle lecture theatre toilets — stat.

## THE SCHOOL OF SURVEYING

The only toilets on campus with beer holders, seeing as surveyors are the biggest bunch of drunkards in the history of mankind. These are the people who design our roads, no wonder we have such high crash rates.



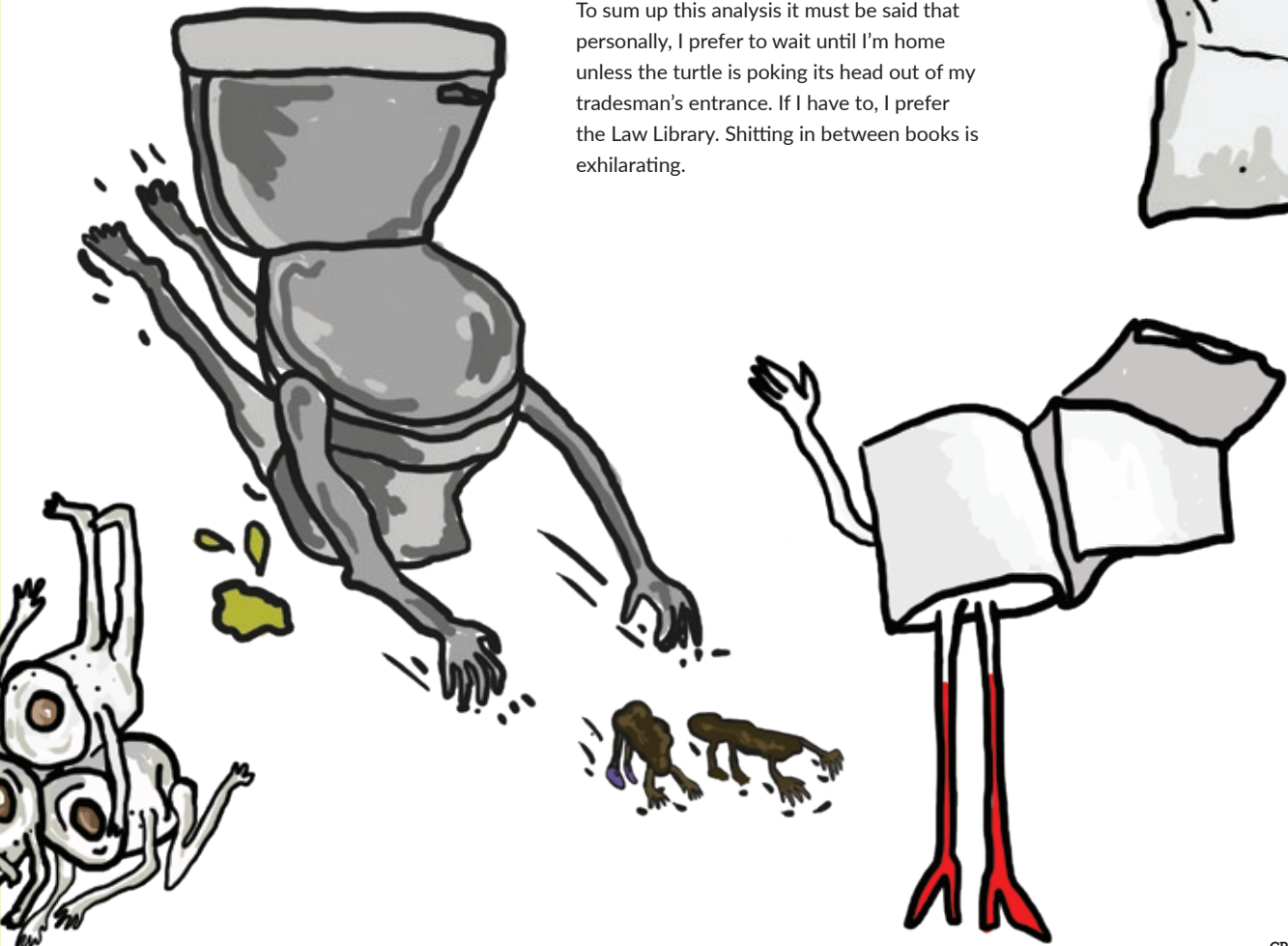
# SCIENCE LIBRARY

Scientists take very very very smelly poos, probably due to all the chemicals they ingest from cooking meth.

## THE LINK

(OPPOSITE THE STUDENT ID OFFICE)

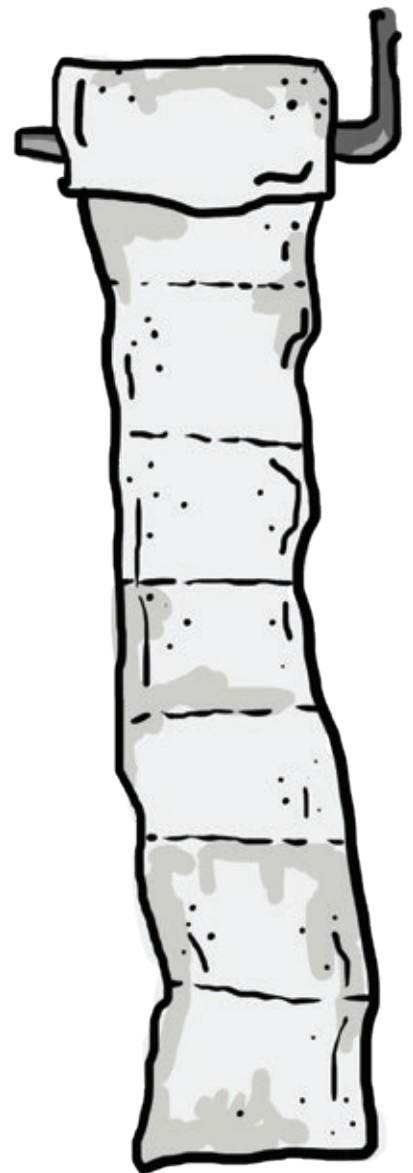
The Link (Opposite the Student ID Office)  
The good news is that the Link has a surprisingly high cubicle per capita value. The bad news is that this is because there are about eight cubicles, side by side as far as the eye can see. These cubicles vastly increase the change of “doubling” – an offence where a person craps in the cubicle next to a cubicle someone is already crapping in. If that rule applied in the Link there would be a lot of executions. You could even end up with the dreaded “triple,” by pooing in between two cubicles occupied by fellow shitters. Anyone who dares commit such a crime should be taken out the back and shot.



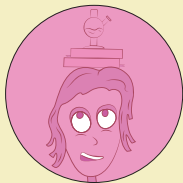
# ST DAVID

The St David toilets are a fucking shambles. I don't think they actually came up with a design before they installed them. Firstly, the disabled shitter is its own separate room with a separate door, after you've walked inside the main door. There's plenty enough space for it to have been a cubicle. There is a good 50 to 60 metres between the basins and the handtowels. Natural rivers have formed with the drips of wet hands that fall on the floor during the journey. The general area is too square. The urinals take up a disproportionate amount of space, and there's a very large 'dead patch' in the middle that's just underutilised floor. The strange layout means that there are two normal sized cubicles, and one incredibly long one. It has a normal width, but there's enough room for an entire football field between the door and the toilet. It's very disconcerting. The toilet seats are comfy and the close proximity to the door is great, but this whole room just weirds me out.

To sum up this analysis it must be said that personally, I prefer to wait until I'm home unless the turtle is poking its head out of my tradesman's entrance. If I have to, I prefer the Law Library. Shitting in between books is exhilarating.



# Horoscopes



## Aquarius:

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Mum forgot to send you any Easter care package chocolate. That's OK, on Wednesday you're going to buy yourself some because you're an adult.

**Suggested Diet:** The classic binge and purge.

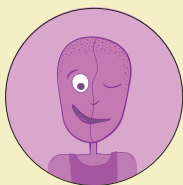


## Aries:

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Even though you got dragged to the Easter church service, you deep down dug it. You will have a religious epiphany on Friday night involving Nutella, "Stacy's Mom," and a tricycle.

**Suggested Diet:** Reverse Lent.



## Gemini:

May 21 – Jun 20

You know all that cosmic energy you're feeling right now? Time to lay off the mushies.

**Suggested Diet:** Drug withdrawal.



## Leo:

July 23 – Aug 22

You are going to complain so persistently about everything this week that you'll actually deflate your cells, just from pure exhalation.

**Suggested Diet:** Breathing.



## Libra:

Sept 23 – Oct 22

On Thursday you will be challenged with balancing your carb and protein intake, exclusively via caramello eggs and stale hotcross buns.

**Suggested Diet:** Eating a regular meal like the rest of us.



## Sagittarius:

Nov 22 – Dec 21

You pretended not to believe in celebrations all through Easter, but now you are shamefully avoiding your flatmate's attempts to visit your room. Yes there is a stash of chocolate under there to last you a year. Yes they know.

**Suggested Diet:** Exercise, maybe even daily.



## Pisces:

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Easter was a huge celebration for you. You dominated the egg hunt, blew the eggnog scull out of the water, and smashed the hot cross bun guzzle race. Now you are huge too!

**Suggested Diet:** Intermittent fasting.



## Taurus:

Apr 20 – May 20

On Sunday morning you will realise that all water is holy water, and how blessed your hungover body is to be able to drink litres of it, hours on end, and from a tap no less. (SCREW BOTTLED WATER.)

**Suggested Diet:** Liquid diet.



## Cancer:

Jun 21 – July 22

You get more than mere cosmic energy this week. You also get a falling star viewing on Monday night, in the shuttle home from the airport. You will make a wish about enhancement surgery. It will come true.

**Suggested Diet:** The surgeon's knife.



## Virgo:

Aug 23 – Sept 22

You've been all about those Easter ear costumes the girls down at Stilettos have been sporting. You should think about signing up.

**Suggested Diet:** Resurrections.

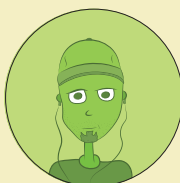


## Scorpio:

Oct 23 – Nov 21

The last five days have been a time of confusion and pondering. Tomorrow you will have sex with your flatmate. No, that doesn't mean you should marry them.

**Suggested Diet:** Safe sexual practices.



## Capricorn:

Dec 22 – Jan 19

You still can't figure out your timetable and the alternating week hubs lab thing. That's ok. Doctors are continually re-learning the art of 'promptness'.

**Suggested Diet:** Sleep at least 2 hours before midnight 3x a week. Yes it will make you skinnier.

# SUDOKU

## Easy

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

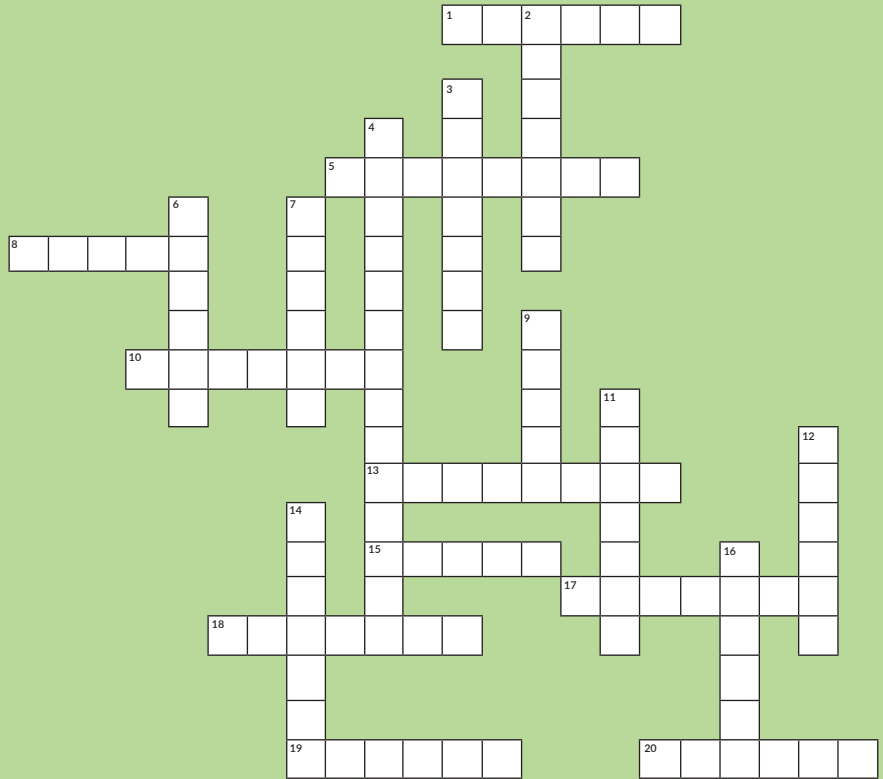
## Medium

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

## Hard

		6	2	1				8
5								
							4	
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8	6							2
	7			5		1		4
4		2		6	8		1	
	3		7	4	5			
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# CROSSWORD



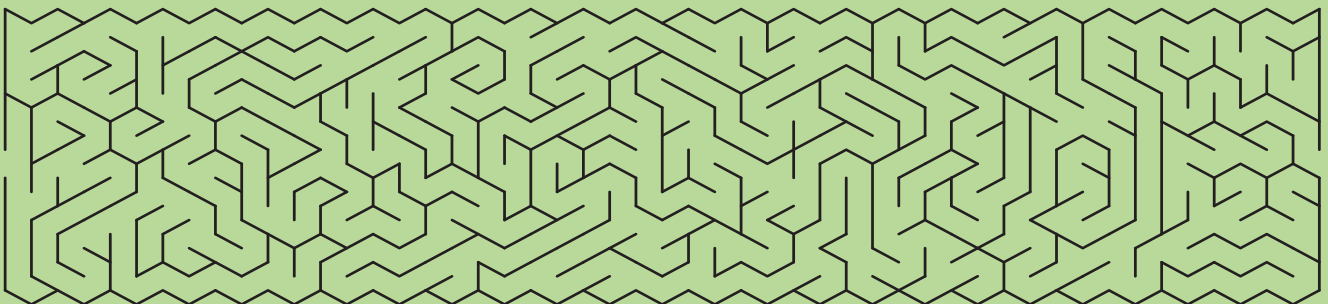
## ACROSS

1. South Island town between Omarama and Mt. Cook (6)
5. Soccer legend, Diego \_\_\_\_\_ (8)
8. Weekday 4pm-7pm show on Radio One (5)
10. Dashing law lecturer here at Otago, \_\_\_\_\_ Rodriguez Ferrere (7)
13. The "L" in LSD (8)
15. Diplo's EDM act, Major \_\_\_\_\_ (5)
17. "It's \_\_\_\_\_, not Levio-SAAHHHR" (7)
18. Metallic element used for paint (7)
19. Josh \_\_\_\_\_, OUSA recreation officer (6)
20. Pie in a can, Fray \_\_\_\_\_ (6)

## DOWN

2. Volcanic rock (7)
3. Fundamental theory in physics describing sub-atomic particle behaviour, \_\_\_\_\_ physics (7)
4. Astronomer who discovered Saturn (7,7)
6. Winner of Critic's 2018 Fish and Chip Review (3,3)
7. Homer Simpson's enemy, Frank \_\_\_\_\_ (6)
9. Big cat and horny golfer (5)
11. Important ingredient in a Manhattan cocktail (7)
12. New Dunedin Sound band, HOT \_\_\_\_\_ (6)
14. Student pub formerly on Castle St (7)
16. Albert Einstein married his \_\_\_\_\_ (6)

ANSWERS  
Across: 1. Twizel 5. Maradona 8. Drive 10. Marcelo 13. Lysergic 15. Lazer 17. Leviosa 18. Cadmium 19. Smythe 20. Bentos.  
Down: 2. Igneous 3. Quantum 4. Galileo Galilei 6. Mei Wah 7. Grimes 9. Tiger 11. Whiskey 12. Donnas 14. Gardies 16. Cousin



# DICK AND JANE GET BUSY

By Lyndon

*Editor's Note: This poem was originally published in Critic in the year of the Lord AD 2002. The notable thing about 2002 (apart from the release of The Wild Thornberrys Movie) is that the Critic Editor that year was Patrick Crewdson, who is now the Editor-in-Chief of Stuff. He is a real important boi who would never do the foolish silly things we fuck-arounds at Critic do.*

*Patrick dedicated a full five pages in Critic to this poetic masterpiece. I am only willing to give it two pages, because I am not as good of an Editor as he is.*

SEE SPOT  
SEE KNIFE  
SEE STOVE  
SEE SPOT BURN  
SEE DICK INHALE

DICK IS SPOTTING  
SPOT, DICK, SPOT  
SEE DICK GRIN  
GOOD SPOT

SEE JANE WATCH DICK SPOT  
SEE DICK SPOT JANE  
BURN, SPOT, BURN!

SEE DICK AND JANE LAUGH

HA HA, LAUGHS DICK  
HE HE, LAUGHS JANE

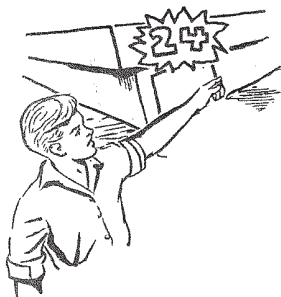


HA HA HA  
HE HE HE  
HA HA HA  
HE HE HE

LAUGH, DICK AND JANE!  
LAUGH, DICK AND JANE, LAUCH!

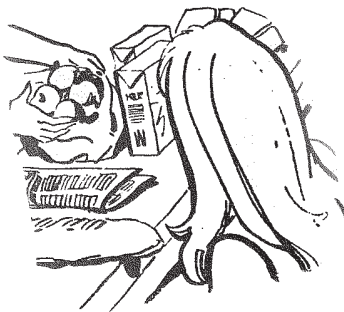
"WELL, WHAT ARE WE LAUGHING ABOUT?" ASKS DICK  
 "YOUR FUNNY NAME," SAYS JANE.  
 DICK'S NAME IS VERY FUNNY

DICK AND JANE ARE INTOXICATED  
 CAN YOU SAY THAT?  
 THEY CAN'T



"LET'S GET SOMETHING TO EAT," SAYS JANE  
 DICK AND JANE GO TO THE TWO FOUR  
 THEY DRIVE VERY SLOWLY

DICK BUYS BREAD ROLLS  
 JANE BUYS A PIE, A PASTRY, A TIN OF FISH AND SOME  
 WHIPPED CUSTARD.  
 JANE IS USING EFTPOS



SHE GOES BACK AND BUYS  
 SOME FIZZY DRINK CYLINDERS

THEY LAUGH ALL THE WAY HOME  
 DICK AND JANE COME HOME  
 THEY ARE VERY HAPPY

SEE JANE SPOT DICK'S DICK  
 SEE DICK DICK JANE  
 THEY ARE VERY FLEXIBLE

THE END





# INDI: LIFE AFTER DOPRAH

By Jessica Thompson

*Stumbling into the bathroom of the Cook a few weeks ago, I encountered a small woman dressed artistically in shreds of white material, holding a crown. It was like a scene from a dream, and I was prepared for her to say something incredibly prophetic to me, when I realised it was Indi, the performer I was there to see. It was an incredibly wholesome moment; she was nervously preparing to perform, and I was tending to my sula in the mirror, drunkenly gushing that she would be wonderful. I somehow managed to set up an interview.*

*Indi, real name Indira Force, has been making music for years as the lead singer of internationally acclaimed, psychedelic trip-hop band Doprah, who Billboard once declared “The Next Big Sound,” something she described as “apparently a big deal.” She’s now making her way as a solo artist.*

*On stage, Indi is from another planet. She creates rich experimental electronic soundscapes, complemented by her layered ethereal vocals. It’s baroque pop at its finest.*

Jess: What has it been like, going from performing as a unit with Doprah, to performing independently as ‘Indi’?

Indi: There are changes in the type of people that come to the shows and the audience size. Doprah was extremely fortunate in that we sold out almost every show we ever played and my shows do not have the same following yet (hopefully they will someday!). Performing music only I composed is also quite daunting because the onus is completely on me, rather than the work of a big group; it can feel vulnerable. The amount of musicians on the stage is also very different, and because of that

there is a conscious effort to make these solo shows really special visually – there are costumes and projections and flowers – in order to compensate for fewer performers. I did a one-off orchestral band show in Auckland on this tour and I would love the budget to do that every time.

Jess: How would you describe your music?

Indi: It's hard to understand what it evokes in other people so here are just things I try to write with: overwhelming emotions, otherworldly or fantasy-like motifs – including ancient or mythical imagery and musical ideas, strangeness, texture, dreams. It will always change and evolve though; the important thing is that it sounds like myself in the purest way possible.

Jess: It's such a unique and transportive sound, which artists have influenced you?

Indi: Thank you! I try not to get overly influenced by particular artists but there are some things I think made a deep imprint while I was growing up. The Beatles were played a lot in my house – I was especially into Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band – all the psychedelic or colourful songs they did were great though. I loved watching anime so much and especially the Hayao Miyazaki films and scores, which definitely informed my writing. I think traditional Japanese music is so magical. Also Radiohead's Kid A blew my mind when I was a teen; the unconventional sonic elements and sound design in that album are phenomenal.

Jess: Can you tell me a bit about your process when making a song? What inspires you and how long does a song usually take?

Indi: I have been wondering a lot why people ask this sort of question, especially the bit about 'inspiring'. Maybe because people who don't write music might not understand that it is just a constant compulsion to write and that there is no external source of motivation. My process is initially very fast. I write and record about 70% of a song in a single sitting, usually on Reaper, which is my choice of DAW. I then take a big break from it, sometimes over months, and then go back and spend far more time

just editing, re-recording vocals and producing the sonic elements more precisely. If there are live orchestral parts involved, I will sometimes have a go at notating them, but if it is too complex theoretically I'll ask my friend Alex for help. There is nothing better than hearing a group of classical musicians playing and recording the songs! I would love a whole orchestra one day; it is so dreamy.

Jess: What's the best place you've performed and the worst place?

Indi: I haven't played enough venues as Indi yet, so here are ones from Doprah:

Laneway was really good as a venue. Mostly because the band got to hang out backstage and chat with beautiful people like Kurt Vile, Elena (of Daughter) and all the women from Savages (who were incredibly nice and extremely cool). We were treated so well and so many people came to watch us even though it was an early slot on the smaller stage.

The worst place was probably this really dingy bar for the CMJ fest in New York. We had just arrived from another show and we were all tired. They wouldn't even let me in when we got there because I was under 21 at the time, and then when I finally got

to go in right before we played, I found out they had thought the band was a duo rather than a 6-piece. The stage wasn't set up properly at all and it was so tiny; it fucking sucked.

Jess: Can you tell me what your visions are for the future and where you want to take your music? Any upcoming songs/albums/gigs we can mention?

Indi: I am lying on a bed in Amsterdam and headed for Berlin tomorrow. It's an exciting time and I can't wait to meet and collaborate with other musicians and artists here. The album is getting released on vinyl in Europe and I am going to tour it here. There is also a lot of new work on the horizon that I have been writing, and I'm already starting to think about a second album, and about more music videos. I also want to learn more about sound design and modular synthesis, and I want to learn the harp.

*Indi has some exciting times ahead of her, working on scores for a short film, a Wellington-based web series, music for a contemporary dance in Singapore, and a UK documentary. She has also been accepted into the Berlin Red Bull Music Academy (alongside our very own Millie Lovelock). Check her out wherever you listen to music.*



Photo credit: Julia Sharp



# FUCK. LITTLE. DICKY.

By Callum Doyle

That is all.

But seriously, Lil Dicky is one of the worst things to happen to hip hop since Vanilla Ice, and at least Vanilla Ice got hung out of a balcony by his ankles, which, let's be honest, he absolutely deserved.

If you're lucky, right now you'll be thinking, who is Lil Dicky? Well, the short answer is that he's a comedic rapper from Philadelphia. The long answer is that he's a culture vulture who uses hip hop as a way of making money and getting famous, while simultaneously shitting on it constantly. His fans consist primarily of white college bros who like rap but don't like black people. If you listen to Lil Dicky, you probably refer to his music as "rap, but like real rap ya know, not just guns and drugs".

Technically, Lil Dicky isn't actually terrible. He's got nice flow and some of his songs are kinda funny. \$ave Dat Money is a good song about the excess of the hip hop and music videos of the late 2000s. Ex-Boy-friend is a surprisingly clever song about meeting your partner's ex and being intimidated by them; it's self aware and plays to his strengths as a comedian.

But the rest of his music and his attitude to hip hop is just fucking painful. He seems to simultaneously revel in being a rich white dude, and really wish he was black at the same time. He also believes that "Unless you're an extremely stupid person that began life as a poor, violent man, only to

see your fortunes turn once you started rapping, you won't be able to relate to 99 percent of today's rap music". That's why I don't like Game of Thrones, because I'm not a cousin-fucking swordsman who throws children out of windows. And of course, all rap is about being a poor, violent man (i.e. what Little Dicky thinks black people are). It's not like there're underlying themes about the struggles of life, death, success and all manner of other complex issues addressed in rap, right? Lil Dicky, were you one of those douches who hated English because "the teachers read way too much into it maaan"?

He legitimately believes black hip hop artists have it easier than him, because "Sometimes people have nothing to lose and it's very easy to go for their dreams. I had a very safe route [. . .] and I pretty much put that aside [. . .] I think that's a brave thing." So artists like 21 Savage, who was shot six times, had it way easier? Lil Dicky, who gave up a marketing job to rap to white dudes about how it's actually more racist that he can't say the n-word, clearly has had the harder life.

Dicky's message seems to be that white guys are underrepresented in hip hop and he's going to change that. Never mind that one of the most popular hip hop artists of all time, Eminem, is white. Oh, but Eminem actually experienced the struggle, gave

props to his influences and hip hop as a whole, and doesn't shit on the whole genre, so I guess Lil Dicky can't relate to him either.

And then there's Freaky Friday. It's topping the charts in New Zealand right now, which once again proves that we don't actually deserve music. If you haven't heard it, count your blessings. It's the body-switching movie Freaky Friday, but with Lil Dicky and Chris Brown instead. This song is trash on so many levels. First off, it's got Chris Brown in it, the shitstain who beat Rihanna so bad she was hospitalised. But don't worry, Dicky, (as Chris Brown) addresses that. "Ain't nobody judging 'cause I'm black or my controversial past." No dickhead, you should absolutely should be "judged" for that second part; you shouldn't be in the music industry anymore because of your "controversial past".

Not only does this song glorify a known abuser, it's also just shite. The jokes are "I'm now in a black body so I can say the n-word," and, "I paid a couple celebrities to cameo at the end". But, according to the penis himself, "I recognise I do something very unique with the type of comedic elements I fuse into my music". But, I have to give props to Lil Dicky for one thing about Freaky Friday. He reeeaaally wants to be black, and at least he could be for three minutes in a shit song.



# INTRODUCING PAUL WILLIAMS: GUY'S YOUNGER, BETTER BROTHER

By Joel MacManus

"I wrote this song on some software that I stole when I was 17  
I thought that it might get me somewhere  
I'm still nowhere and I'm 23"

Paul Williams isn't a household name yet. Maybe he will be soon, but for now all you need to know is that he's Guy Williams' younger, better brother.

He hit Dunedin for his hour-long comedy show "Summertime Love," and just dropped his debut album "Surf Music".

"Surf Music" is an enigma. It's funny, but not a comedy album. It's surprisingly deep and romantic, but also self-referential and sarcastic.

Paul can (and does) do genuine comedy songs – his standup show includes a number about society coming together to address AIDs, poverty, racism, and the lack of waterparks in New Zealand ("and don't tell me that Splash Planet counts because it doesn't").

Paul got his start back at Nelson College as a parody rapper – ripping off Jay-Z with "Nelson State of Mind," Dr Dre with "Still P.A.U.L." and Kid Cudi with "Nite 'N Day," about buying a pie and a blue Powerade at the two four.

Despite quickly becoming the undisputed (well, uncontested) king of the Nelson Rap Game, he has since deleted the songs from YouTube. "There are definitely some I feel embarrassed by now," said Paul, "but

looking back it mostly just reminds me of a really good time in my life."

Paul never saw "Surf Music" as a joke album, it was just "an attempt to make an album of the best music I could, but I'm just a jokey person, so that's how it turned out".

Perhaps unsurprisingly, considering that Paul hosts a basketball podcast, Advanced Analytics, with his brother, the album is chock-full of NBA references.

"I might not be the best, but I promise that I'll try. I could be your number one, I could be your Anthony Bennett." The second track references the 2013 number one draft pick, widely considered to be the worst number one pick of all time, averaging 4.4 points per game over four seasons before being dropped from the league altogether.

"I've always been fascinated by the draft and who turns out to be good and who doesn't," he said. "Anthony Bennett was just someone I felt fit the analogy."

Balancing standup with a music career on the side might seem like spreading yourself too thin, but Paul doesn't see it that way. "I think it's possible to do both. Childish Gambino/Donald Glover is an inspiration of mine, and I think he's proof that it's possible to do both and just whatever you want if it's good."

In contrast to his often-heartfelt music, his standup is far more lighthearted. Like Gam-

bino/Glover, it almost feels like two entirely distinct people.

His hour-long show "Summertime Love" is formatted as a dating seminar on how to find the right partner (full of tips on things to look for, like "good knees" and "not racist"), interspersed with embarrassing childhood stories and opinionated rants about how the term "Red Velvet" being used to describe a cupcake flavour makes no sense – "it's just a colour and a fabric".

He earned himself a nomination for the 2017 Billy T Award for up-and-coming kiwi comedians, an honour that now lets Paul bill himself as an "award-losing comedian".

He said he was "really surprised" to be nominated "but honoured that some people thought it was good".

His brother Guy, who won the Billy T in 2012, and shared the stage performing his own show "I Want to Hear What I Have to Say" immediately after Paul's during the Dunedin Fringe Festival, has obviously been overshadowing at times, but Paul said he never felt any real need to escape his brother's shadow.

"I've never really thought about it. I think we're quite separate in what we do. He does more political stuff. He's more intellectual. I'm kind of just whimsical."

He's taking "Summertime Love" to the Melbourne Comedy Festival and the Edinburgh Fringe Festival later in the year. "Surf Music" is on Spotify.



## Booze Review

### Cleanskin Pinot Gris

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

Cleanskin Pinot Gris is a playful number that dances gently on the taste buds and fills the room with laughter. Of course, by “dance,” I mean “stomp” and by “laughter” I mean “screams of pain”.

Cleanskin takes all the leftover backwash from all the half-drunk glasses in all the dirty pubs around the country, chucks them into a big plastic bucket, and stirs it around until it's just an indecipherable mess of grapes, spit, and ethanol.

The best part about Pinot Gris is that “Gris” is French for “grey”. As far as I know there are no grey grapes. However I do know that “greywater” is the term for all wastewater from your bathroom sinks, showers, tubs, and washing machines. Could this be a sneaky attempt to double-dip and sell your own shower water back to you?

It's like someone who has never seen wine before, but knows it is alcoholic and made of grapes, just randomly mixed a bunch of shit together and banked on cheapskates who don't really drink wine anyway buying it up because it's dirt cheap. It's like being face fucked by a grape vine that's been doping on Agent Orange.

That being said, the whole point of a Cleanskin Pinot Gris is that it's a gamble. You gotta be in to win. You could get a shot of fucking lighter fluid, or you could get a delightful bouquet of flavours. You also don't have any idea what kind of wine it's gonna be either. Even though the label says Pinot Gris, you could end up with anything from a buttery Chard to a Sav Blank to a sugary sweet Reisling.

Honestly, even the people that make it don't know what goes into it, so why should you? It costs less than \$8 and you can get it down at the BYO before your curry comes out, so it's a win from me.

**Tasting Notes:** Linseed, lychee, citrus fruits, watermelon, apple, grass, exhaust, battery acid. Fuck, I don't know, there could be literally anything in there.

**Pairs Well With:** Fucking heaps of butter chicken with a couple garlin naans.

**Froth Level:** Getting tipsy with the gossip mums while the kids are at school.

**Taste Rating:** 3/10



## Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream

### Review: Jack and Jill

By Henessey Griffiths

Honestly, following the shit show that was That's My Boy last week, I feel at the end of my tether with this fucking column. Adam Sandler is beginning to ruin my life. Every week I question my morals and reevaluate my life as I have to choose another Sandler film to watch. Why have I subjected myself to this torture? Is my pain and suffering really worth the name of art?

Honestly, this week I was meant to do a review of Jack and Jill, a 2011 Sandler shitshow in which Sandler plays a character named Jack, as well as playing Jack's twin sister named Jill. I gotta say, I cannot tell you what this film is about. All I know is that it has Al Pacino as a love interest, and just basically seems like every Adam Sandler film ever. Yet again, there's the same format of crude jokes and then Sandler making that face he does and then random cameos from Kevin James and Rob Schneider.

When's it going to stop? The answer is never. Adam Sandler's filmography is like the digestive system. No matter how he tries to change his diet through creating different films, they all produce the same shit. Like literally, I feel like there's a twist with this one since he plays his own sister (which is a style of film I had previously mentioned I would like him to peruse), but at this point this repetitive cycle of content has driven me to the wall of boredom. There's no spark anymore, unless it's extremely offensive.

I mean, I can't really say anything. I signed up for this duty, to serve you dear readers a weekly review of every single Adam Sandler film. But honestly? This shit's draining. Every night I have to contemplate what film to watch, and all the different ways Sandler is tormenting my life. I was at work the other day, and someone was like “Hey! You're the Adam Sandler girl!” and now I feel like my identity has been minimalised into a brand. I am that girl who is dumb enough to watch every Adam Sandler film and review them. I am that girl who is kept awake at night wondering if Adam Sandler would win in a fight with Jim Carrey. Adam Sandler and I are now one person. He has absorbed my identity, he has taken over my brain, he is all I can think about. I feel a strong affiliation to the Metallica song “Enter Sandman,” because the Sandman has entered me, and is taking over my fucking life.

But hey other than that, if you wanna lose a few brain cells, “Jack and Jill” is streaming on Netflix.



## Mammy Zo and Aunt Kell

### How to Win Every Drinking Game

If you exist in or around North Dunedin and are somewhere between 18 and 24 years of age, drinking games are gonna be an essential part of your life.

Most of us can't remember our first drinking game, and that's because a lot of us didn't have someone to advise us on how to do it right. And believe us: there is a right way of doing drinking games. The first thing to be advised on is the rule that your RAs and wardens and parents all harp on about: pace yourself. You just look like an anti-social idiot if you skull 11 drinks in 30 minutes and then sneak off to cry in a pissed-on bush midway down Castle St. Take the first hour slow, let your body warm up. Gauge your tipsiness. A great time to find your level of froth is to have a cheeky wine while you put your face on. If it's gone straight to the dome before you've found the right "nice top" to go with your jeans, tell yourself, "Jemma, tonight is a slow burn, like a bonfire in the springtime".

Scientific literature and Student Health advise that if you vomit when you drink, you've got a drinking problem. This is probably true of the situation at large. Regardless – in the moment, taking a tacty is a right side better than passing out in the Starters toilets, hitting your head and getting the police to drop you home.

Ok, now on to the more nuanced rules of red cards, drinking games, etc. Be a good cunt and just look out for your pals. Are they gagging as they scull the rage cup? Take it off them, share it around. On the one hand it's gross. On the other hand you are strengthening friendships via free alcohol. So really, it's a win-win.

When it comes to beer pong, it is advisable to not pour straight tequila into all of your cups. Maybe put a shot of it in one cup, and beer or water in the rest. Or juice. Juice is good.

There are many more ways to advise on the safe consumption of alcohol. Mainly, as with drugs, running, sex, exam cramming, the same rule applies: don't do more than you can do. Know your limits, work within your capabilities, and mainly just focus on having a f+++ing thrilling time, hanging with your beautiful mates, and getting your froth on. To avoid a hangover: drink at least a litre of water before you go to sleep, eat some food (anything cheesy and delicious is good) and take a slash.

Kia kaha,  
Mammy Zo and Aunt Kell



## Food Review

### Lisa's Hummus

By David Emanuel

Hummus is the best thing to come out of the Middle East since oil. Lisa's Hummus is a sure-fire way to add an exotic blast to any average student meal. Its wonderful flavour hits your tongue like an airstrike. Nobody quite knows who actually invented hummus, but what we can be sure about is the fact that everyone in the Middle East argues about it, just like everything else, which has inevitably lead to many deaths over the years. Hummus is almost as controversial as a piss-up at a law firm.

For something that looks like a mixture of vomit and scrotums, hummus is packed with flavour. What I love about Lisa's is that it doesn't try to be too flash, it doesn't take itself too seriously, it's just tahini, chickpeas, lemon juice, garlic, and oil (America suddenly appears). This makes it like the "Gaza Strippers" of the food world, a fantastic idea thats beauty lies in its simplicity.

The Second Gulf War was actually started over hummus when Saddam Hussein tried to make it Iraq's intellectual property. That would have meant that only hummus made in a certain region of Iraq could actually be called "hummus", kinda like Champagne. The problem with that was all hummus created elsewhere would be required to have its name changed to "chickpea paste with the consistency of slightly wet poo". Obviously, no one in their right mind would buy a foodstuff with a name like that, except perhaps Bashar al Assad, who is a certified psychopath. The Americans were having none of it, even though George Bush is also an avid lover of faeces.

The versatility of Lisa's Hummus is one of its many virtues. You can eat it as a dip for chips (or crisps as we call them in the civilised world) or carrots, you can add it to sandwiches, you can cover your body in it and naked wrestle with your friends, or you can eat it plain. It's also relatively inexpensive, costing less than cheese (fuck you Fonterra), Cleanskin Pinot Gris, or a tinny.

Its creation doesn't fuck up the environment or cause the unnecessary deaths of animals either, only humans, giving it the ethical rainbow tick or whatever it's called. It is debatable whether chickpeas are sentient beings, but who fucking cares.

Tastes Like: Rick Stein's Middle Eastern Odyssey, with complex aromas of summer fruits and citrus.

Pairs With: Nuclear programs, jihad and firing rockets over the Gaza border.

# DUNEDIN FLAT NAMES PROJECT: THE SIX60 FLAT

Seven years ago on a rainy Monday morning in Christchurch, I picked up the phone and called Ji Fraser from Six60, to interview him about his band, named after their flat at 660 Castle Street. When I asked him about how he found flatting in Dunedin, he responded diplomatically: "Flats are not that nice to live in but have heaps of character". In 2006 Matiu Walters and Ji moved into 660 Castle Street with friends from University College. They had spent time jamming in their rooms and thought it'd be good to flat together and get a band going. Ji bought a cheap PA. Hoani played the bass. They referred to the flat as 660, and as the band formed and they started playing shows, they became known as the 660 boys. When it came to releasing their first EP, they decided to call themselves Six60, after that Castle Street flat, because it was a place that meant so much to them. "That's

where it all began," Ji said, "it's where I wrote my first song, it's where we had our first practice together. It was the beginning of everything." Like so many other Otago alumni, Ji feels that the experience of flatting has a great impact on students. "It's really special for a lot of people. So many good times, a lot of bad times too. They're a rich source of memories."

This attachment to flats and to a particular time and place is common among students. In her welcome back lecture in February 2016, VC Professor Harlene Hayne referred to the "rich deposit of memories between adolescence and adulthood," and a phenomenon called the "reminiscence bump" that seems to magnify our memories of that time. Of course, we don't recognise the significance until we're on the other side of that age range but it strikes me that attachment to flats can be attributed in part

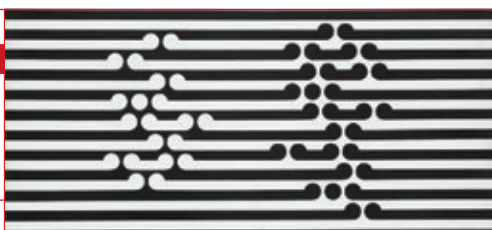
to the reminiscence bump.

In March this year Six60 were back in town playing support for Ed Sheeran. All three acts that performed – Mitch James, Six60 and Ed Sheeran – played songs that referred to the importance of place: Mitch's "Lucid," Six60's "Don't Forget Your Roots," and Ed's "Castle on the Hill," all hark back to places that were important to them at a particular stage in their lives. Ed's place is Suffolk, Mitch and Six60 both reference Dunedin; the video of "Don't Forget Your Roots" is, in part, a visual love letter to North Dunedin's named flats, including 660 Castle Street. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vqnwqsJYyiU> And Six60, as they always do when they're in town, stopped by the old flat for a photo. This place continues to have meaning for them twelve years on.

Sarah Gallagher | CC BY NC | Dunedin Flat Names Project | [www.dunedinflatnames.co.nz](http://www.dunedinflatnames.co.nz)



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



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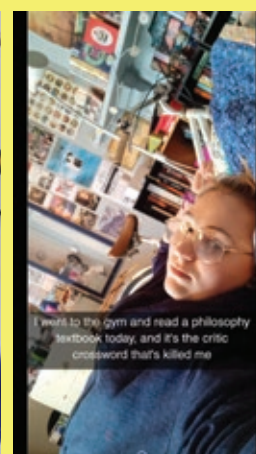
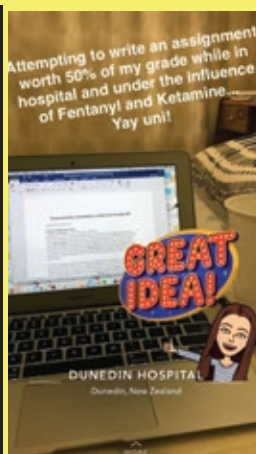
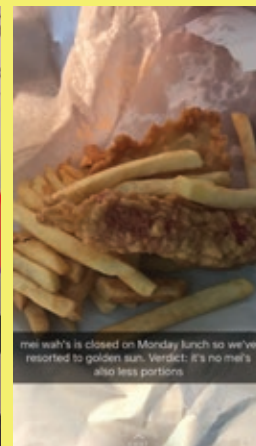
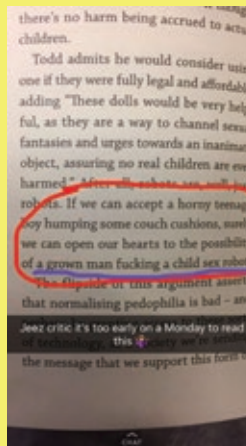
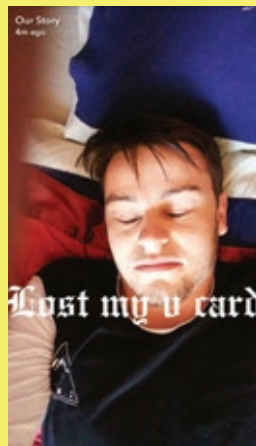
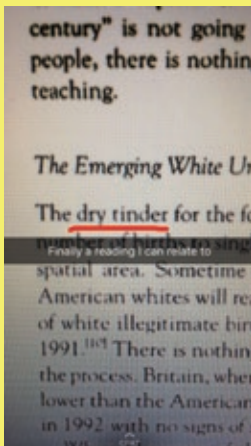
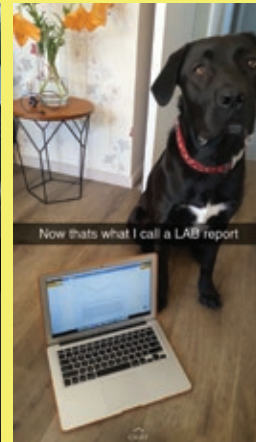
A partnership project between Dunedin Public Art Gallery and Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki

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Send us a snap,  
crack open a CRITIC  
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\*The best snap  
each week wins  
a 12  
pack of



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## Amazon Surf, Skate & Denim

10% off full-priced items

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Two Bacon Cheeseburgers for \$4.90

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\$69 new patient exams and x-ray

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

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

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

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4.30-5pm weekdays.

Limit 2 food items per RAD1 Card/App holder

## Capers Cafe

2 for 1 Gourmet pancakes, Monday to Friday only

## Campus Shop

Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

- 440ml Pepsi can range

- Bluebird chips 35-80g including Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

## Del Sol

Free churros with every main purchased

## Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased

## Groom Room

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

## Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

## La Porchetta

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

## Nando's

10% off your meal

## Op-Shop on St Andrew

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

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

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Snack lunch, fries and a drink for \$12.90

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## Poppa's Pizza

Free Garlic Bread with any large or regular pizza

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Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday & Tuesday

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

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\$50 warrant of fitness fee

## This 'N' That Gifware

10% off storewide

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

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

## Velvet Burger

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## Two Tails of Love



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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

### Rachel

Nerve-racked but hopeful I took a seat at our table just as my date comes out of the bathroom. With gorgeous copper locks and eyes you could get lost in he sits down and, as I'm swooning, he says romantically, "well fuck, I shaved for this," and, "I guess it could be worse". Yeah well great to see you too babe, looks like we both got stitched up here but what's between two friends a bar tab [sic].

He was a 4th year zoology student who surfed in his spare time, but I already knew that.

As the restaurant filled up we realised it was jazz night, which my date decided was the perfect opportunity for him to showcase his skills on the piano.

While I defended his seat from the incoming jazz-fans he bravely approached the band, from which he was politely but quite firmly rejected (#1). Upon his return he was asked by a fellow patron what he intended to play, to which he replied "maybe some Six60 or Sticky Fingers." At jazz night. Go figure.

With his ego still surprisingly intact after such a humiliating event, my date and I decided to meet up with friends for karaoke at Baaa Bar, thinking surely there he could showcase his musical talent. Despite barely being able to walk straight, he insisted on stopping at the liquor store on the way out for no less than a bottle of 1.4 standard raspberry-lime Rekorderlig cider. Classic in a Year 12 pre-ball kind of way.

Further down George St he stopped to educate a member of the general public about manta rays, saving the oceans, and all that jazz (triggered). At the Baaa, unsurprisingly my date was bounced (rejection #2), and told to go sober up. This guy has admiral [sic] resilience because he stuck around and after obtaining a receipt for a cheeseburger he was in and ready to impress. A few songs later we all headed to Macca's to finish off the night. For some unknown reason my date decides to start throwing our drinks across the restaurant. Understandably he was promptly dragged out of the establishment (rejection #3), although he had to have the last word by relieving himself on the pavement outside.

Safe to say that was the end of the night and we both went our separate ways. Cheers Critic for the not-so-blind date, and to the Dog with Two Tails for a great night.

### Joey

The night started nervously at 7:00 pm with a fine bottle of Shiraz which was quickly polished off before starting my journey to the restaurant. Not wanting to be late I ran all the way there, but got a little bit toasty and had to strip down butt naked in the bathroom to try and cool down. As I came out of the bathroom I was surprised to see my date sitting at the table. I approached her and me oh my, she was the most beautiful leggy blonde I've ever seen. It was either my short sightedness or the wine starting to kick in, but as I got closer to the table I seemed to have met this chick before.

Turns out she had already made a guest appearance at the flat, making a hasty exit out the front door in the morning. The ice had already been broken which was good, and we got right down to business. We ordered a round of drinks and got talking about how she rides translucent steeds through the mists of Avalon, and how law is treating her. After a few more rounds she thought it would be best to do absinthe shots, so we ordered them and chucked them back. Not gonna lie, it had been a while since my last shot of absinthe, so was kind of nice to have that burning sensation and not being able to speak for a couple of minutes after it. Once the tab had run out we thought we would keep sending it as the night was still young, so we ventured towards the Baaa Bar to keep the night going.

The walk got a little bit hazy, but like all good drunken walks we were at the bar in no time. We got in and sang our hearts out and had an awesome night. Keeping in mind I didn't want to be tunnel buddies with my flatmate, I went home to bed once the karaoke was over to end the night. Feeling like the night was successful I messaged her wondering how her night went. To my surprise she told me that I had gotten a lifetime ban from Macca's last night and she had the best time of her life. So the night was somewhat a success. Cheers to Critic and Dog with Two Tails for an awesome night.

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