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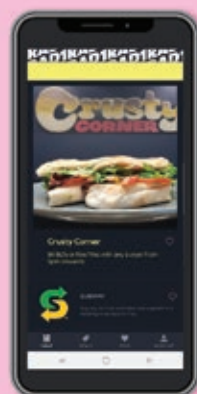
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ousa

otago uni **students'** association



Raise your hand to ban oral sex

EDITORIAL

Critic Announces Bold Plan to Make the OUSA Referendum Suck Less, Again

By Charlie O'Mannin

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.

Last year Critic got people to send us things they want to see on the referendum and we submitted a glorious list of 18 questions on your behalf. Questions included whether OUSA should make Sexy Garfield its official flag, whether the OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre be converted into a multi-story gay bar, and whether OUSA should make 'Give it Up' by KC and the Sunshine Band its official theme song.

Then something truly horrible happened. Pretty much all our questions were vetoed by the OUSA lawyers for being actually fun.

Honestly, we were crushed. It was the day our faith in democracy died. I personally wept. I wept for political suppression. I wept for OUSA. I wept for not being able to vote on whether

the stegosaurus be adopted as OUSA's official dinosaur. I came out of that experience with a colder heart.

HOWEVER, OUSA President James Heath said recently that this year OUSA would allow "some silly questions past the lawyers," and I intend to fully exploit this, even if it means revisiting last year's trauma. I have chased up James since and asked him whether all "silly" questions were going to be accepted, and if not, how he was going to decide what goes through and what doesn't. He didn't give me a proper answer.

Even though I suspect we're just going to be burnt again, Critic's bringing back our special, extra-exclusive offer: if you send us something you want to see on the referendum, we will reformat it and write it into a formal proposal, as well as speak to it at a Student General Meeting, 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, Snapchat (username: [criticmag](#)), message us on Facebook, message me personally on Facebook, text me (0221215582), hang around a Critic stand until I'm drawn like a moth, fucking send out some

smoke signals; as long as you get it to us, we'll do the rest.

The questions that I'm personally submitting include:

That OUSA ban oral sex.

That OUSA disestablish the medical students' society because they're getting uppity.

That OUSA change their logo to a big old dick.

That OUSA subpoena William Barr to testify in front of the exec.

That OUSA lobby for mandatory vapes on campus to raise everyone's street cred.

That OUSA spend all its money on making high quality ASMR hosted by James Heath.

That OUSA lobby for more sick cunts and fewer shit cunts.

That OUSA create a new position on their student exec whose job is to suss drugs for Critic and repeal VSM.

I am very much looking forward to James keeping his promise and seeing all of these, and whatever other questions get sent to me, in the next OUSA referendum.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

An hour ago I strode up to the 1st floor 'Quiet Zone' study space in the business school, ready to for some quality study. Laptop on my lap, coffee at my side, Spotify playing the new Aldous Harding album; I was itching to go.

Then, five minutes ago, a group of twenty or so men and woman strode passed me and all other students studying here to make themselves cups of tea and have loud conversation! What the hell!? Squinting from across the room I could make out a small sign saying:

This area will be in use

for Morning and Afternoon Teas

during the week

Monday 29 April to Friday 3 June

We apologise for any inconvenience

What kind of fucked B-side Rupi Kaur poetry is this?!

We pay this University 10k (plus or minus) a year to not only provide us with teaching, but with study spaces to cram in. It seems bullshit for them to host (loud) events in spaces designated 'Quiet Zones', regardless of small signs giving apologies for inconveniences. Or if they do, at least provide alternate areas to study in (or at the very least, ask attendees to be respectful of the students around them).

Or am I just being petty?

Sincerely,

Not-a-commerce-student

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critic@critic.co.nz

Letter of the week wins a \$30 voucher from
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Critic.

Can we just take this moment to appreciate how atrocious the Quiet Room on the second floor of Central is? Man what a sickening room. Hardly any space as it is SOOOOO crowded like all the time. Also just like super cold twenty four seven I mean I have to layer up when I'm in here seriously. Also they call it quiet, but it is super loud. It's like Breatha central at Central just like a bunch of dudes always talking, like shut the fuck up man. Everybody, whatever you do don't try to study in the Quiet Room it is the pits of the pits. -69/10 would not study here again.

*Sincerely, a guy who wants the Quiet Room
all to himself.*



YANG YONGLIANG Artificial Wonderland I - No.1 2014 (detail). Courtesy of the artist



Dear Critic, give us a sign... the breathers stole ours!

Quite possibly, almost definitely, the wrong platform for an overly passionate appeal but here it is. As a victim of the Castle Street serial flat sign thievery, which carries on to this day, I am distraught. The culture, the simple directions, the MEMES for crying out loud, everything that comes with having a flat name is lost and now my rudely overpriced rent means absolutely nothing!

Beginning with "Hoe" the name given to this flat isn't just a name, it's a lifestyle. Virginities have been lost, quality tinder matches have been plentiful and spading has been unprecedentedly successful. But since the cold-hearted robbery there has been a wave of sadness throughout my flat, with luck deteriorating, confidence dampened and traditions forgotten.

And so, I leave you with a plea:

To the suspected flame drinking breathers whose Daddy's pay their rent, please return our sign so we can continue to blame our provocative actions on a provocative flat name.

*Yours truly,
Nameless.*

NOTICES

Do you love animals, or want to have your say on teaching methods used at Otago? Come to the NZAVS event on 9th May 2019 5:30PM at the Burns 2 Lecture Theatre, and hear about innovative teaching methods and more, then share your thoughts!

What's up Critic I have a bit of inquiry...

I'm a huge fan of your booze reviews and it just so happens my bday is coming up and there's been a bit of pressure to yardy... oof. Been told that as an exchange student I NEED TO DO THIS as part of my New Zealand experience. So, I'm wondering if it'd be possible to get a booze review on the best/easiest booze to yardy? Would help immensely.

*Sincerely,
A very closed throat.*

THE CRITIC TEAM ISSUE 10

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"6 women in 1 skull" by Madison Nigro

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CRITIC

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Cumberland College Replaces Reflective Bathroom Ceiling Tiles After ‘Peeping Tom’ Allegations

Also allows people to look at themselves naked, and nobody wants that

By Nina Minogue

A male resident at Cumberland College has allegedly used highly reflective bathroom ceilings to watch fellow showering students. “It’s disgusting and taking advantage of an unfortunate design error,” one student told Critic.

Residents at Cumberland College said that they first noticed the bathroom issue just after O-Week this year. “I first heard about this second week in, some of my mates tested the bathroom and saw how reflective it was; I could see the details of my friend’s face. It made you easily identifiable,” one student said.

Allegations of one male resident spying on others started just before the Easter break, residents say. “Rumours started going around

about one guy who apparently was looking at people when they were showering. No one knows for certain but this guy was seen in the Head of College office quite a few times, people just thought it was too much of a coincidence.” Another student said the allegations “did make a lot of girls uncomfortable; I know girls have been going to other floors to shower”.

One student told Critic the bathrooms were closed for maintenance at the time of writing, and they saw a box of new ceiling tiles on the bathroom floor prior to their closure. A spokesperson from the University has confirmed that “the College leadership team was made aware of reflectivity on two ceiling panels and this has been rectified by painting and no person’s reflection can be seen inside the shower”.

Two students Critic spoke with praised Cumberland for their quick response with one saying, “I think it’s really awesome that they are changing it; I know lots of people were pretty passionate about this issue and so they are stoked to see quick change.” Another said, “knowing that I’m living in an environment which has so quickly recognised this problem and provided a solution for the wellbeing and privacy of students is a really comforting and reassuring feeling”.

Critic asked the University for comment about the warning the spying student was allegedly issued by the College, but did not receive a response that answered this request.



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Cutlers Pulled 'Exploitative' Campaign and Apologised Within Two Hours of Media Attention

In other words, Cutlers apologises within two hours of Critic calling them out

By Sinead Gill

At the start of last week, Cutlers Property Management launched a bidding campaign for the infamous student flat, Debacle. In a Facebook post, the property management company asked groups of students to email them with an offer of rent, with the group that offered to pay the most leasing the flat.

According to Matt Cutler (who isn't the property's manager, but identified himself as the brains behind the idea), this was "for a bit of fun ... to decide which group gets a flat." Days later, on Seven Sharp, he would add that he also "saw an opportunity to perhaps get some more money for our client".

Jack Manning, OUSA Colleges Officer, was particularly concerned about how first-time flatters could be vulnerable to these tactics, as "they can't be expected to know this might be too much or that it's too soon to sign a flat".

Cutler's Facebook post received immediate backlash from students, who commented both on the post itself and to Critic that this was "exploitative" and that by "creating a bidding war amongst students who are already strapped for cash" Cutlers was "destroying [student] culture".

Cutlers is no stranger to stunts like this. In 2017, they held a competition for a flat during which students jumped into the Leith, causing the University of Otago to complain and request the video be taken down due to safety concerns. Cutlers did not take down the video.

But they did take down this particular "fun" campaign within two hours of Critic posting an article on the story last Wednesday. In our story, OUSA "strongly condemn[ed] auctioning (or 'tendering') rental prices, particularly when it seems to be leveraging 'well-known flats' and so early in the year".

Matt Cutler said that when competitions weren't available to help determine who gets a popular flat, "price becomes the next option". After they took the post down, Cutlers posted a public apology, and said they "won't try this again".

Cutler appeared on Seven Sharp to talk about the scandal, where he announced the flat would be set at \$175 a room (up from the \$165 a room this year), and that applicants for the flat would be chosen by one of the hosts of the show by pulling a name out of a hat. Hosts Hillary Barry and Jeremy Wells added that they would also be giving the winning group a couple of cushions that usually sit on the couch they film on. This made for a curiously positive spin on a scandal that faced backlash from not just students, but Housing Minister Phil Twyford, who expressed his disappointment to Stuff at Cutlers treating "the renting out of properties to students as a game".

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Series of Well-Known Flat Signs Stolen in North Dunedin

Breathas trying to upgrade street sign collection

By Wyatt Ryder

Several North Dunedin flat signs have been stolen throughout April. The thieves are rumoured to be two rival Castle Street flats in a competition to see who can steal the most flat signs. Currently, Critic is aware of at least four stolen signs.

The thefts were well planned. One stolen sign, The Birdcage, was stolen despite being both zip-tied and chained to the flat. The residents are adamant that scissors, or even pliers, would have been needed to remove the sign. Residents of another targeted flat, The Hoe-tel, said that their sign would have been out of reach without the use of a ladder.

Dave Towers, landlord of The Birdcage, expressed a great appreciation for Dunedin flatting culture, and the fun of naming a flat. Towers said, "hopefully the person who took it is another student, and will return it given the work put into it by their fellow students ... and also hopefully they have the 'smarts' to realise that if they don't return it, they are eroding the unique student culture that only Dunedin uni has."

Residents of The Hoe-tel were understanding of the theft, but still want their sign back. One flatmate said, "if the thieves have a grand plan for all of these signs, maybe that's kind of funny. But if they just end up not being heard

of again then I'm mad." Another Hoe-tel resident suggested a peace offering: "we will buy them Maccas as a reward and they can be the Hamburglars".

Police have confirmed that they have received no reports about the stolen signs. However, a University spokeswoman said Campus Watch have received one report of a stolen sign, but no individual offender or offenders have been identified so far. The spokeswoman also stated that "anyone with information about missing flat signs is welcome to contact the Proctor's office".

University Upgrading Wi-Fi Network

The University still hasn't got round to upgrading their face. Haha.

By Esme Hall, with additional reporting from Nina Minogue and Sophia Carter-Peters

The Uni has been upgrading the University Wi-Fi network to cope with increased student and staff demand.

The Uni have increased internet bandwidth, whatever that means, and also completed the installation of wireless in all the Residential Colleges in time for the start of semester one, said the Director of Information Technology Services Mike Harte, and "the project has now moved onto the College of Education buildings and planning is underway for the buildings along Castle Street".

Harte said use of the wireless network has sky-rocketed even just over the past year as more wireless access points have been added and people increase the number of devices they bring to Uni. Critic interviewed some

students and the average number of devices brought to Uni was two per person.

The statistics Harte provided are actually pretty interesting. He said "the number of devices connecting concurrently to the University wireless network has been consistently peaking at over 45,000 for the past few months, with a peak of 48,821 in the first week of March 2019. This compares to a device connection count of 33,334 a year ago, an increase of around 46%."

"The wireless network has had 1,040 access points added over the past 12 months which represents around 29% growth. Currently, the wireless network has 4,681 access points as of mid-April 2019," said Harte.

Students Critic spoke to were ambivalent on the topic of Uni Wi-Fi, with a common sentiment being "it's pretty good". One student said, "I have never really [had] problems with it," while another said, "it's annoying that every building you go into you have to re-sign in".

Spots where students thought the Wi-Fi was slow included the second floor of Central Library and outside. Another student said the Wi-Fi "gets real busy around exam time".

One student Critic spoke to said "I didn't know there WAS university wifi, I've been using the desktops all year!"

DCC Already Back on Their Paid-Parking Bullshit

“What do you mean students can’t afford \$60 a week for parking??” - DCC

By Sinead Gill

Last week we covered the new Pay and Display parking meters that popped up in North Dunedin seemingly “out of nowhere,” according to one resident. These meters were introduced in portions of Dundas, St David and Union streets, as well as further North along the two one-ways. The DCC said these changes were the result of a public consultation, and was to improve parking turnover, as well as to “better provide for visitors and customers”.

The DCC website is painful to navigate, so Critic couldn’t find when exactly they were accepting submissions on these changes. However, going through old ODT articles shows that these proposed changes were accepted by the DCC’s bylaw subcommittee back in late November of 2018, suggesting that residents of North

Dunedin were likely in the middle of exams when these submissions were open. Bastards.

If you weren’t already shedding a tear for your now park-less peers, then get ready for an upsetting development. As of last week, the DCC is considering making MORE Pay and Display parking spots. These will also be \$1-an-hour parks, and are proposed to be placed along parts of Albany, Clyde, Forth and Union Streets, and Harbour Terrace. These parks will have no restrictions on them, meaning that people can park there for the whole day if need be. So long as, as the DCC said in their recent letter to residents, “they are willing to pay”.

The proposal includes the creation of seven residential parks by the corner of Clyde and

Union Street. However, it is worth noting that as these new parks will be created in the ‘campus zone’ of Dunedin, and not the ‘inner-city zone’, it is unlikely that residents will be eligible for residential parking permits. But so long as only seven people have cars in the dozens of flats affected, then it’s all good lol.

Submissions on these proposed changes are open from now until the 21st of May. So if you rate it or hate it, you’ve got two-ish weeks to do something about it. Student Voice, a student activist group, is hosting a Q&A and submission-writing workshop on the proposal this Wednesday and Thursday in the Evison Lounge at Clubs and Socs, from 4pm until 5:15pm

OUSA Pushing for Central to be Open Until Midnight

Your late-night study sesh could be extended by one hour

By Erin Gourley

OUSA has met with the University to lobby for Central Library’s opening hours to be extended until 12am. Currently, Central is open from 7am until 11pm, when freaky sirens sound, the lights flash on and off, and students are made to leave the library.

Last Thursday, OUSA requested a change to Central’s hours in a meeting with University library staff. Critic went to print before the University could get back to us about the outcome of this meeting.

A fifth-year student who frequents Central Library told Critic, “I don’t think it’s necessary, but I’m a morning studier so that could explain it. Also, the Link is open late, so are there enough people who do study that late to warrant it?”

A late-night studier, on the other hand, said “it’s a move that would get me to think about going back to Uni after having dinner, while keeping warm and focusing on my work”.

OUSA Education Officer Will Dreyer, who met with the University, said he would like to see the hours extended until 12am.

“Students lead busy lives, study in different ways, and have a variety of time commitments,” he told Critic. “We’re just trying to make life easier for students, while keeping their welfare in mind.”

The University is Selling Your Email Account to Evil Corporations That Are Trying to Steal Your Soul and Turn You Into a Corporate Drone

Just kidding, it's probably fine

By Owen Clarke

Over the course of the year, you may have received emails on your Otago student email account advertising for various postgraduate jobs and entry-level positional vacancies. Or maybe you haven't, which probably means your degree (like mine, Interpretive Pole Dancing) is so useless that no company cares enough to pay to put you on an email list.

Why do these companies have your email address? Dun...dun...dunnnnnnn... the University gave it to them. The Otago Career Development Centre told Critic that third-party companies are able to pay for targeted marketing emails at various focus groups based on major and year level, with costs starting at \$80 for 10 groups

and capped at \$500 for between 30-60 groups.

But wait... these are companies emailing regarding potential job openings, right? You're at Uni to get a job, aren't you? So who cares? Apparently, some people.

One person who cared lodged a formal complaint with OUSA in March, but when they discussed it, the OUSA Exec decided that the net positives of such emails outweigh the net negatives, and students should have the smarts to be able to filter out good opportunities from bad.

However, some positive changes have come out of the complaint. "Within each targeted

email we ensure that in the subject line of the email we indicate 'this is a sponsored email,'" said Manager of the Career Development Centre, Jackie Dean. "At the bottom of each email there is also a message which indicates that if you do not wish to receive any more emails of this nature this is the process to unsubscribe."

So, if you don't like 'em, unsubscribe. And just be glad you're getting these emails, it means someone wants to hire you... unlike me.

P.S. Who the fuck uses their Otago email anyway?

Yarns With Otago Uni's #1 Food Trucker

Please never leave campus. Critic will starve.

By Sinead Gill

Catherine Page is not just the leading lady of the People's Food Truck, Rising Sun Two, but she is also my new best friend. Our interview was so lovely that we finished with a hug before I had time to realise that probably wasn't the most professional thing to do. But fuck professionalism. This is Critic, baby.

Despite being named as Critic's best food truck on campus (2019), she actually hates cooking. "I never cook at home, I hate it," she said, "if I cook, it's spaghetti at home. But I love doing this. I think it's interacting with the people that I really love."

When asked how many dumplings she makes every week, she said, "shit, I'd hate to think.

Easily hundreds; thousands." So many that she had to invest in a dumpling machine that runs about three or four times a week. "That would be like 60 odd kilos of meat, and that's not including all of the vegetables we add."

With so many dumplings you'd think that she'd be making absolute bank. Catherine says that as long as she has "enough to pay the bills," that's good enough for her. "It's not about the money to me. We keep our prices down. It's not just about students, it's also for families. I've got kids as well. If a family comes to my truck [for context, she also runs charity food truck nights in Mosgiel] I want it so that they can afford to buy something for the whole family."

Her dumpling journey began over a year ago with the handing over of her dad's second food truck (hence, the 'Two'), but soon went from a spot on Albany Street to the Union Lawn, at the specific request of one of the University Union's managers.

But she must be making enough, as she's recently bought a new food truck with plans to return the old one to her dad. She's currently in the process of naming it, and is accepting name suggestions on (her incredibly wholesome) Facebook page. Suggestions so far include Yumpling, the Dump Truck and Sunshine Dumplings. Personally, I don't have a favourite, I just need her to never ever leave xoxo



‘What I Was Wearing’ Exhibition Shares Personal Stories of Sexual Violence

Content Warning: sexual violence, child sexual abuse, rape, intimate partner violence

By Nina Minogue

Thursdays in Black have collaborated with Students Against Sexual Violence (SASV) for Rape Awareness Week, bringing the ‘What I Was Wearing’ exhibition back to campus, exhibiting the clothing worn by people when they were sexually assaulted.

What I Was Wearing challenges the myth that the responsibility of sexual assault lies in the victim's actions. In its second year, the exhibition aims to deconstruct the notion that sexual violence only happens to “a certain type of person, at a certain time of day, in a certain situation,” according to the exhibit’s introductory panel.

Clothing donated to the exhibit was pinned to a board alongside a written piece, with survivors telling their story in their own words. Seven different displays are featured, with the youngest story detailing assault experienced at the age of 12. Pyjamas were commonly featured clothing in the exhibit, with a dressing gown being displayed on one board, alongside pants, denim jackets, shorts, singlets and t-shirts.

Both strangers and those close to survivors perpetrated sexual assault. Some displays detailed stories of intimate partner violence. The silence of Union Hall allowed the clothing and the stories of survivors to speak for themselves.

Niall Campbell, exhibit organiser and member of SASV, said the exhibit “can be a healing experience for survivors”. A collective of University of Otago current and former students, SASV are committed to sexual violence awareness, prevention and cultural change. Campbell says that SASV “don’t have a problem critiquing and holding the University to account”.

Tanya Findlater, co-director of Thursdays in Black, says the exhibit is “pretty harrowing ... I’m really grateful to the people who donated their clothing and shared their stories; we want people to know that Thursdays in Black is committed to making a change”.

Several volunteers from SASV and Thursdays in Black were stationed inside Union Hall and at the entry desk. “Most people here have been trained in disclosure,” says Campbell, who said volunteers are central to the exhibit as they can offer help and support to those who need it. Due to the distressing content, SASV and Thursdays in Black have a safe space near the exhibit, made available by the Otago Chaplaincy service, alongside a wealth of resources for local and national support networks. Findlater noted that the safe space is “a really key, important part of the exhibit”.

Campbell and Findlater stressed the importance of supporting and listening to survivors.

Campbell said, “while survivors are in all different positions and places in their lives, there are people out there who will support them. We want them to know that there is a community out there.” For those who may have not encountered sexual violence before, Campbell wants “people to listen and look at the issue of victim blaming, and the surrounding misconceptions and mythologies of sexual assault, we want to bring these real stories to people.”

If you or anyone you know has been affected by sexual violence, support is available:

Rape Crisis Dunedin: 03 474 1592

Rape Crisis – 0800 883 300 (for support after rape or sexual assault)

Shakti Crisis Line – 0800 742 584 (for migrant or refugee women living with family violence)

Lifeline – 0800 543 354 (0800 LIFELINE) or free text 4357 (HELP)

Suicide Crisis Helpline – 0508 828 865 (0508 TAUTOKO)

ODT WATCH

This week the ODT brings us some wisdom:

CONSIDER the fog.

THERE is a man.

'Vigilance' pays off

Much ado about meteors

A little-known Shakespeare fact is that "meteor" is slang for vagina. And the real meteors are the friends you make along the way.

The balance of the universe is disrupted;

The imperturbable perturbed

Finally, a reminder,

ONION POWER

search

DUNEDIN NEWS

RESULT!

To the lovely person driving a white station wagon along kv Road about 10 mins who just shaved a few years off my life I realise that my driving at the speed limit of 50 kms was obviously not good enough for u but to pass on the left side of the road is just plain out unbelievable especially with the weather conditions u came out of no where if I had needed to pull over in a hurry we would of crashed and you would have seriously hurt my boy as u would have hit his side of the car you where going so fast I didn't even have time to get your licence plate I hope that where ever u where going in such a rush is worth the risk to your life hopefully this is OK to post here if not apologies in advance

News but not really news!
We have a pond full of tadpoles!

NOOO!! This makes me so so sad and so so mad 😭😡

So apparently Dunedin News is a source of news for the ODT well done you know who you are...

Was hoping to shed some light on what this sign means..... it stands for Learner Driver its to caution people that a new driver is behind the wheel !! The road rage shown today was absolutely disgusting and it was not justified just young idiots trying to panic a new driver. Please remember we were all newbies at one stage

Holy crap be safe neighbourhood

Seems my photos of the fruiting lime trees left a sour taste in admins mouth and was deleted. Happy Sunday!

This is not Dunedin news, But it's definitely news... and it's heartbreaking!

All this was collected within 50 metres of the St Kilda Surf Club on Sundayon the grass, in the sand dunes, in the gutters....USE THE RUBBISH BINS

NOOO!! This makes me so so sad and so so mad 😭😡

The Critical Tribune

It's Time to Return All the Dishware You've Been Hoarding in Your Bedroom to the Kitchen



You know who you are. This is your wake-up call. It's seriously disgusting and the flat needs the other half of their dining supplies. People are starting to get desperate. Yesterday, one of your flatmates used their textbook as

a plate because you've got the other six stacked up next to your dresser. It's getting difficult for you to step out of bed without crushing a mug. How did it get this bad? Where did you go wrong? Have you no shame at all?

Classmate You Think is Smart Actually Just Blindly Confident



Think about it. You know the person I'm talking about. You trust what they say when they give you advice because it sounds good, not because it's obviously correct. They don't even believe what they're saying, they're just using you as a sounding board to see if you

agree with them. If you disagreed they'd backtrack. Do they ever even answer questions in class? No way they get them all right. The professor can see right through them, why can't you?

American Exchange Student Really Excited to Show You Their New Tattoo



"I got it because I just really, really care about the ocean, and, like, the environment and stuff. Yeah," says American who thinks the only way to express something even somewhat meaningful to them is by getting it permanently detailed on their skin. "I just got it done in Queenstown. I got it to remember my time in New Zealand," says one, as

if otherwise they were gonna forget about it or something. But hey, if you're going for a NZ keepsake, do it right. Get an accurate representation of what your time in Aotearoa was really like: a 12 pack of Vodka Cruisers and your second dosage of Plan B.

Rebellious Vaper on Campus Claims They "Don't Give A Fuck, Man"



Jonathan 'The Cloud' Matthews insists that the Vape Free signs around campus won't keep him down. "It's like, a human right dude. It can't hurt you," said Matthews, in between rips of vanilla-cola flavoured vapour.

Campus Watch responded to his continual protests with an official

statement. "Go home, Jonathan. Nobody cares if you vape on campus."

Matthews spends most of his time penny boarding and standing outside classes, waiting for people to walk pass so that he can show off how dense his clouds are.

THE GREAT CRITIC HALL FOOD REVIEW

By Chelle Fitzgerald, Nina Minogue, Erin Gourley, Phillip Plant, Owen Clarke, Georgia Hawthorne, Alex Leckie-Zaharic, Fox Meyer, Sophia Carter Peters, and Charlie O'Mannin

Over the past few weeks Critic has been sneaking into halls to review their food. We are fully aware that you can just buy meals at most of the halls, but our lives were getting dull and we needed some adrenaline to make us feel alive again. Also the Critic budget has been exhausted of late by certain "Staff Functions".

We forgot a few of the halls existed, so some of the reviews are written last minute by current residents. You try remembering 15 things. It's not as easy as it sounds.

Please note that we did not review UniFlats food, as it is magazine policy that they are not a residential college.



CUMBERLAND:

Food of the day: Pasta and "Sophisticated Salad"

Hall food in all its glory. Carbs on carbs with the "sophisticated salad" consisting entirely of sad lettuce and a few stray onions. That's just about as sophisticated as someone wearing their 2018 leaver's

hoodie to Carousel. Overall, not actually bad, but wouldn't call it gourmet.

Quality: 3/5

Presentation: 2/5

Edibility: 4/5



HAYWARD:

Flatbread – Some sort of crisp tortilla? Delicious. Honestly the best part of the meal - but lacked any and all structural integrity.

Beans – Literally just boiled green beans. No pepper or salt. Low effort. Maybe they forgot to start cooking these and just hurried them at the end?

Cauliflower – Haha yeah nice try, Hayward. It's just white broccoli.

Tofu – Good veg option. Bit chewy. Felt like I was eating a well-cooked, well-spiced rubber. All in all, solid (if not, chewy).

Beef – Chunky, in an Indian sauce that has the Maharaja rolling in his grave.

Chicken – Pairs well with flatbread and smuggled in vodka cruiser.

In all, it was a well-rounded meal. The welcoming atmosphere meant that I made friends with some freshies and faced no obstruction from the college while I ate all their food. I did abscond with an entire bowl of tofu and have no intention of returning the bowl. Thanks, Hayward.



STUDHOLME:

I waited in line amidst a clump of freshers, trying to be as discrete as possible.

Unfortunately, almost immediately upon entering the cafeteria, an aggressive, church camp counsellor-type woman with a ponytail confronted me. Here is a general transcript:

"Take your hat off."

"Uhh. Ok."

"Who are you here with? Are you here with them? Are you their guest?"

gestures to the group of boys standing in front of me who've been eyeing me awkwardly

"Uhh nah. Nah. I'm here with my friend Marcus."

"Where is he?"

"Taking a dump."

"Marcus who?"

"Marcus... Uhh Marcus...Ball..ridge? Yeah, Marcus Ballridge."

"Where's your guest pass? Do you have a guest pass?"

"No, uhh I'm pretty sure Marcus has those? He'll be here in just a bit. Can I just eat while I wait?"

"Marcus Ballridge? Yeah.... you're going to need to leave until you can show me your pass."

"Ok."

Food: 3/10 (it smelled okay?)

Atmosphere: 5/10 (some dudes were playing NBA 2K in the common room, not even a cool video game like Dark Souls)

Hospitality: 1/10 (can you actually not wear a beanie indoors in these places? Jesus Christ)



SELWYN

"It's quiche, get fizzed" is the text I get from my little brother when I tell him that I will be attending Selwyn lunch. I am instantly fizzed; quiche is great. We walk into Brother's Hall at 12.50 and avoid the queues. I reacquaint myself with the dining hall, complete with a slightly-off portrait of David Clark and the raised high table with its gavel (luckily empty). Just your average, relaxing, dining room.

I am served a massive slab of bacon and egg quiche. Naturally, I also grab a piece of Oreo cheesecake from the previous night's dinner, as an entrée. Then I am confronted with the salad bar. There is kumara salad, pasta salad, quinoa salad, kale salad, Israeli cous cous salad, leafy salad, and tabbouleh. I limit myself to some tabbouleh and leafy salad. There are more food options out the front, leftovers from a previous night. I ignore those, because my plate is already over-

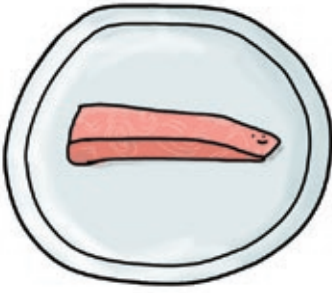
flowing, and head for the coffee machine.

We sit down by ourselves on the uncomfortable wooden benches (seriously, these are still awkward to sit on). As anyone who has had coffee from one of the automatic powdered milk machines will know, the coffee is bad. On the other hand, the food is great – the pastry is perfectly crispy and flaky, the tabbouleh is refreshing, the cheesecake is decadent. But I have way too much food. By the time I've finished my light entrée of Oreo cheesecake it dawns on me that the quiche is too much. I end up throwing away some perfectly good quiche and tabbouleh. I feel guilty about it for the next week.

Options: 8/10, a LOT of food

Ambience: 5/10, too formal for lunch

Food wastage: 10/10, felt guilty for a week



SALMON(D)

Salmon is a lovely seasonal fish. full of the freshness, vibrancy and oil that smack of the weird sex things you try on Autumn's chilly afternoons.

You can kill salmon by hitting them sharply on the head with a blunt implement, but a sharp implement will probably also kill them. Most salmon can be killed in the same way as other animals, particularly fish, can be killed. Other ways you can kill salmon include: poison, the guillotine, stabbing, shooting, humiliation, consuming while alive, making it sad, stealing its helmet so it's dangerous the next time it cycles, smothering with a pillow, swapping out its panadol for heroin in the hope

it ODs, garrotte wire, explosives, really deep paper cuts, radiation, drowning (actually no, this doesn't work on salmon), drowning in blood, exposure, dehydration, exhaustion, electrocution, defenestration, botched circumcision, choking, and blood loss.

While some argue that salmon is too expensive for the average punter, its high nutritional value, coupled with its reputation for creamy expansive flavour, makes it a staple of many middle class households.

Also if you cum over it you can pretend it's a delicious cauliflower sauce.



CAROLINE FREEMAN COLLEGE:

Menu option: Spag Bol and various coleslaw variations

The ol' reliable spaghetti bolognese. Hard to mess up, and did the trick to tame my belly beast. The salad options were impressive, simply because of the massive bowl of parmesan at the end. Parmesan is expensive and I actually

snuck half a bowl of it into a takeaway container to take home, ready to fight another day.

Taste: 6/10

Dining hall aesthetic: 10/10 (so light???)

Cheese portions: 11/10



UNICOL:

When I signed up to review UniCol, my first thought was "you just fucking played yourself". I'd heard stories of muddled slop and hour-long queues. Instead, I was pleasantly surprised; the chicken korma at UniCol was pretty good. When I arrived at the Col (yeah, I know the fkn lingo!) one resident remarked at how excited they were to see broccoli for the first time. Weird. The curry was flavourful with decent chicken pieces, although painfully lacking in spice

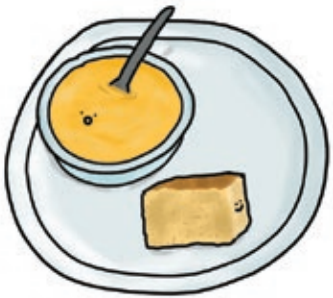
and served with some rather mushy rice. The coleslaw was literally the driest shit I'd ever tasted, the cabbage and carrot resembled the texture of shredded paper - where the mayo at?! Shitty salad aside, the orange juice UniCol had on tap was simply delightful; pulp free and chilled. Shout out to the weirdly shaped carrot shavings they gave us, and the friendly servers.



AQUINAS:

I'll start off by saying I wouldn't have been fucked to go to Aquinas if I hadn't managed to infiltrate the shuttle. That hill is worse than Baldwin. The problem isn't steepness, it's more the fact that when you reach the top, you are at Aquinas. Making it through the dining hall was a breeze; I got two saussies, some salad, creamy leeks (a mistake) and a singular roast potato. The sausages were fucking yum, and even had rosemary inside, that's boujee! Being 'vegetarian' at the flat and having

a month-long dry spell meant my body was crying out for some meat. The salad had sprouts and other healthy antioxidant kinda shit, with that fancy mesclun lettuce your flat buys only on "special occasions". The roast spud and peas were as good as roast spud and peas can get; however, the creamy leeks were a weird texture and low-key cold, not the goods. My dinner at Aquinas had all the mod cons of a summer BBQ, with all the charm of a prison on a far away hill.



KNOX:

Infiltrating the Knox College dining hall had me SWEATING. I joined the line that had formed part way down the hall's Hogwarts-esque dining room and saw their master sitting at a table with other members of staff. We locked eyes and I quickly turned my back to him, shuffling towards the kitchen in a highly suspicious fashion. It was lunch-time on a rainy day; on the menu was pumpkin soup and cornbread. It is a fact that pumpkin is an elite tier soup with tomato, naturally, being right at the bottom. I grabbed a bowl of soup and some bread on a tray, thanks to the friendly and unassuming kitchen staff. As I went to take a seat, I saw a drink dispenser with some lime cordial. Usually sceptical of anything lime flavoured, I decided to be adventurous and poured myself a glass. It turned out to be the best part of the whole experience. I then awkwardly waddled over

to a seat to fill up the nearest table to me. The soup was superb, with the cornbread dense and salty, cutting through the creaminess and sweetness of the pumpkin. Highly aware of the fact I was getting some strange looks from the table's attendees I tried to scull the soup, before remembering everyone had to stay at the table until the last person was finished. FUCK. I burnt my tongue and had to apply liberal amounts of lime cordial; the beverage was simply exquisite. In that moment I vowed to never disregard a lime-flavoured item again. As I'd finished my food and was hanging around for the slower eaters, I started making some awkward small talk about Knox with one guy. He later told me that I had shit chat. Honestly, fair. With my stomach satisfied, tongue burnt and self-esteem slightly squashed my Knox lunch was a delicious, if not slightly sweaty, affair.



ABBHEY COLLEGE:

Yes, this is a place that exists. It has a spa and it's awesome. Up for grabs this evening was:

Lime and lemongrass chicken

Steamed fish with tomato salsa

Zucchini and chickpea ragout

Steamed vegetable medley

Rice

Chuck wagon corn (what the actual fuck is chuck wagon corn?!)

Seashell pasta salad

Tossed salad (who doesn't love having their salad tossed?)

Obviously, OBVIOUSLY, I went for the lime and lemongrass chicken, because I'm a white person who likes to think that lemongrass qualifies a meal as a highly authentic SE Asian experience. There was a really strong lemongrass flavour.

The sauce was smooth like Sade. Coast to coast, LA to Chicago.

The rice was sticky, which I didn't mind. The food here was a pleasant surprise, considering I didn't even know this place was a thing.

7.5/10, B+ for a tossed salad.



TE RANGI HIROA:

I never thought I was a fussy eater - I would eat anything that was in front of me because it was there. But then I went to Te Rangi. Don't get me wrong, most of the time it's fine, but since arriving I have become a forced vegetarian. My plate is usually just lettuce with an unhealthy amount of cheese on top as I sadly dream of my mother's food. Between lasagne with no cheese sauce, and steak that is somehow well done on one side and medium rare on the other, I have used most of my spare change going to New World. While I don't trust the meat at

all, a small cult around the 'Red Drank' that is served has formed and is honestly both hilarious and kinda worrisome. It's only a matter of time before I'm forced to drink the red drank. The kitchen staff are really nice, and I'm grateful they're dealing with a bunch of rowdy kids away from home for the first time, but last time I checked, ribs were meant to be more than a bone dripping in barbeque sauce. For now, I'm gonna stick with my cheese and lettuce disaster.



TOROA:

My time in the Toroa food hall was kind of like that song that Shakira did for Zootopia, you know - "try everything". So I did. I had all of the salads, as well as the main meat dish (chicken), and cookies for dessert. They even had sparkling water on tap! ON TAP! It was nice to eat there, and the staff were relatively easy to fool. Just strike up a conversation with another student in the line and they'll

assume you are best friends. Just don't make the mistake I did and return all your cutlery and crockery correctly. They caught me just as I was being a tidy Kiwi, but honestly, by then I'd already eaten all the food, so I was like "why you up in my grill, Toroa?" Check your security before you check me boo!



CARRINGTON:

Walking up a hill makes the whole Carrington experience seem a crap ton less exciting, although there's definitely a few perks to this little studious nook. The dinner menu offers a damn good salad bar range and heap of sauces, even adding in fresh pineapple (not that tinned shit). The 'Sweet Thai Chilli Squid' sounded pretty fancy but I'm not about the fish life, and the schnitzel looked tougher than getting into Health Sci, but man the vegetarian was a good feed (as long as you're not one of those

fucked up vegetarians who doesn't eat vegetables). The students seem more alcohol deprived than the food; the hefty white wine sauce accompanying the mushroom that topped some crispy polenta triangles was good enough for thirds. Dessert was a bit bland, rice pudding and plums, although other nights boast slices, fudge, and they even had an ice cream sundae night with 'add your own toppings' so hey, no regrets going to Carrington here.



ARANA:

Variety is the name of the game at Arana College, as any given week will feature the weird and the wonderful. A classic burger and chips might be your Friday night delight, but the day before might be a chicken, apricot and cream cheese filo pastry. There's always one vegetarian option accompanying two differing meat options, alongside a constantly replenished salad bar with vegetables, sauces, and a salad of the day to stack up onto your plate. It's good, with seconds available 20 minutes before lunch/

dinner service ends, so if you haven't loaded up on enough carbs another helping is always on offer.

Once your plate is full it's time to pick up a drink. Juice, water, coffee and hot chocolate are always available, with the occasional flavoured milk too. Time to sit down and enjoy a good feed with your mates. I've had bad meals, and I've had good meals, but the kai at Arana is up there.

But also, fuck Arana.



ST. MARG'S:

St. Marg's is a mysterious fortress of enigma. To get into St Marg's, I realised, you had to both walk up a gentle incline and possess a bunch of NCEA scholarships. So, in the end, I decided to interview a resident (Mr X) about the food instead. Turns out they have a formal dinner every Sunday. As in, you have to dress up and have a formal dinner. On Sunday? When you're trying

to shake a come down? Oh wait, St Marg's aren't breathers. Anyway. Mr X said that he'd gained a ton of weight because of the sheer amount of carbs. Rice was served with every meal, even when there were also mashed potatoes. He ate mashed potatoes and rice for many meals. That's all that he had to say about St. Carbs Marg's.

THE BEST PLACES TO CRY AROUND UNI:

By Phillip Plant

Those of you who know me, and that's hardly anyone, will know that I am a master of rating things. As a serious investigative journalist, I have tirelessly devoted the past fortnight to unravelling the mysteries of crying places, otherwise known as "wet spots". Also, I had a whole bunch of mid-term tests so the crying was happening anyway, a happy coincidence.

My judgement scale, as usual, is comprehensive and succinct. I rated the places

based off of five incredibly important details:

- 1) Does the place have good ambience?
- 2) Does this place offer good privacy?
- 3) Does it feel cathartic to cry here?
- 4) When I cry here, do I feel like I'm in an indie movie?
- 5) Is it close to fast food for post-crying sustenance?



3/5

CASTLE STREET WALK

It's quite a nice, scenic place to cry. The bridge itself is rustic and old-fashioned (like antique, not homophobic), and the sound of the Leith is quite soothing. In ,en just watching the Leith can also be calming. I felt like I was in a Wes Anderson film, but with less sepia tone. On the downside,

it's right out in the open so not only will people be able to see you, they'll be able to hear you too. Also, it's a bit far away from all of the fast food places, and I'm too scared to eat at The Good Earth because I'm worried it's flat. Zing.

Helpful hint: Cry here at night, it's less busy.

A CRITIC INVESTIGATION



3/5

UNDER THE BRIDGE NEAR THE PACIFIC ISLANDS CENTRE

It took me a bit of looking to find this place but it was worth it. It's far enough away from the main uni buildings to give a sense of solitude, but close enough to walk there easily. Because of this, it's usually not that busy and offers privacy. And it's

wheelchair accessible, which is a plus. As far as ambience goes, it has a kind of rough, industrial vibe to it, so I did feel like I was in some sort of indie movie. Imagine Fight Club but without any fighting.

Helpful hint: Don't cry here at night.

4/5

BEHIND THE RICHARDSON BUILDING

I'm a farm boy, so I like being around nature. While being covered in leaves and watching the cute ducks (AMAZING) swim in the Leith isn't quite the same as slipping in shit on a sheep farm, I still felt connected to the earth. Because of that, and despite the lack of privacy, it was

nice to let go here. It was relaxing and kind of serene, and because I was facing the Leith no one could stare at my sad, puffed-up crying face.

Helpful hint: If you don't like insects, don't lean on the walls, the aphids will crawl all over you.



3/5 SCIENCE LIBRARY

For starters, it's the Science Library - so people are used to other people crying in here. It's not as busy as I thought it would be, but there are also lots of nooks and crannies to hide in if you don't want to be seen.

It's not exactly close to fast food, but you could go to Couplands afterwards for a doughnut.

Helpful hint: *Don't mix this one up with the Health Sciences Library; I went there and I almost died.*



4/5 MACCAS BATHROOM

While technically not on Uni property, it is the watering hole for many students. There's something quite nice and melancholic about this place. The feeling of walking there at one in the morning, ordering a Big Mac and crying in the bathroom is great if you want to wallow in self-pity. Also, not that many people actually use the

Maccas bathroom, so it's usually empty. But if someone does walk in, just remember what Jesus said: "whoever is without poor life choices may throw the first shade".

Helpful hint: *Download the Maccas app for cheaper food. The regret is tied to how much money you spend.*

3/5 TOILETS NEAR THE TOROA DINING ROOM.

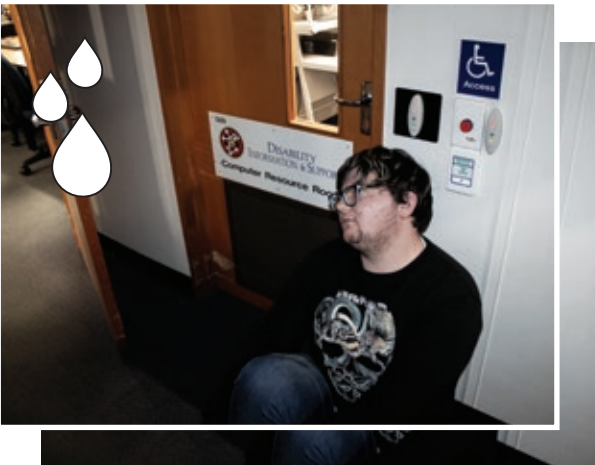
These bathrooms aren't very well known at University, so you're usually given a decent amount of privacy and, if you're hungry afterwards, you can go have lunch in the Toroa dining room; that's what I did. But don't forget, it's still a bathroom, so

the only indie movie this reminds me of is Juno. Not exactly a scenic sanctuary.

Helpful hint: *If you don't want people to hear you, then you can just repeatedly flush the toilet.*



I had a whole bunch of mid-term tests so the crying was happening anyway



3/5 DI&S STUDY ROOM IN BURNS

You need special access to use this room, but in the whole time I've been using it I've only ever had other people there twice. Which is to say that it's great for privacy. It's also quiet, which can help you focus your thoughts, and as everyone knows, thinking a lot is really helpful when you're crying. Crying in here

did feel like a movie, probably not indie, maybe the Breakfast Club.

Helpful hint: *Don't cry here if you don't have access.*

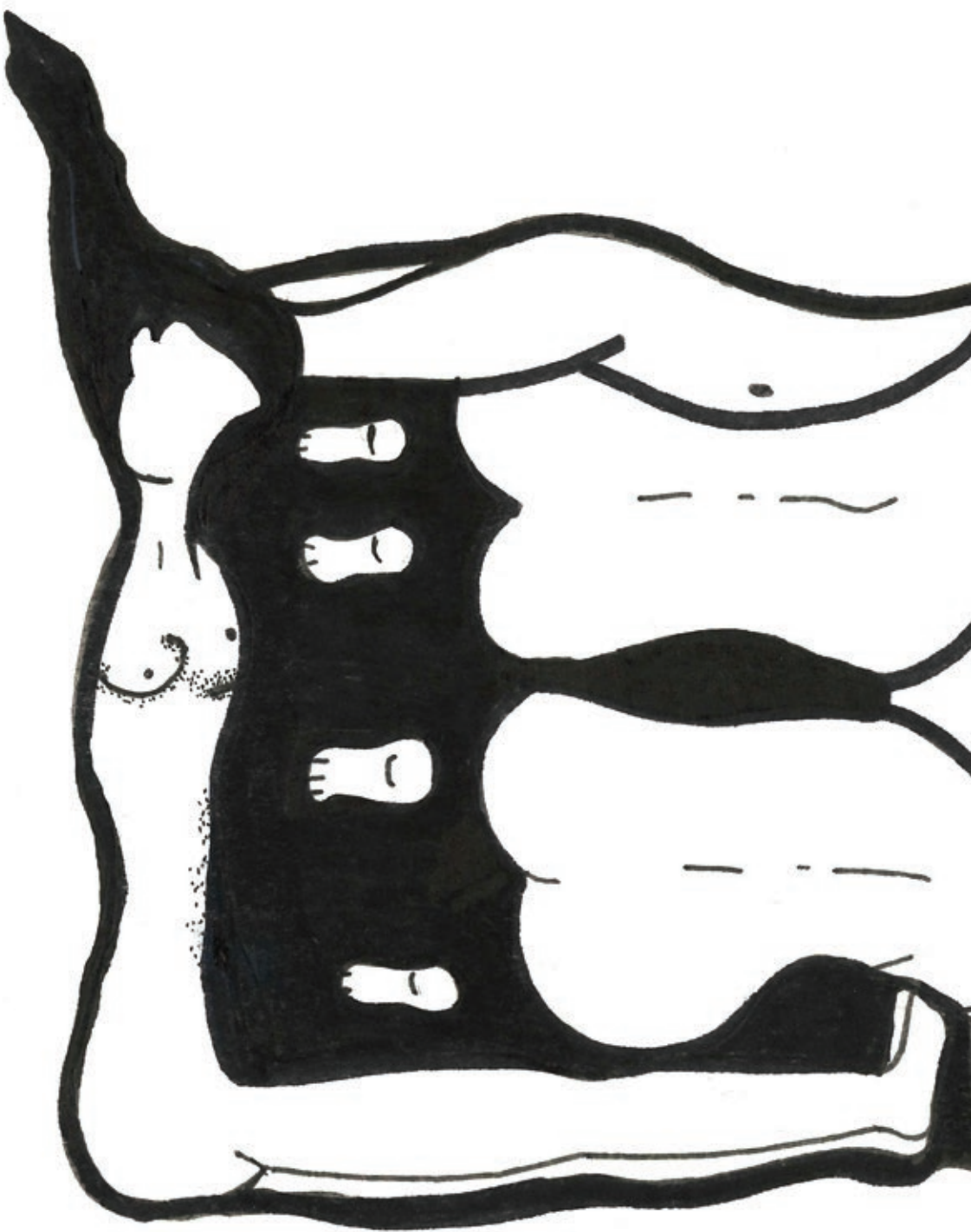
4/5 FREYA'S CHAIR IN UNION LAWN

No jokes or puns for this one, it's just a genuinely nice place. It felt good to cry here. It was comfortable and peaceful. Also, it's far enough back from the footpath so you won't feel like you're sacrificing all of your privacy. Honestly, this place was so nice I could have easily fallen asleep quite peacefully. Also, it's

close to Union Grill, so you can go for some fries after your cry.

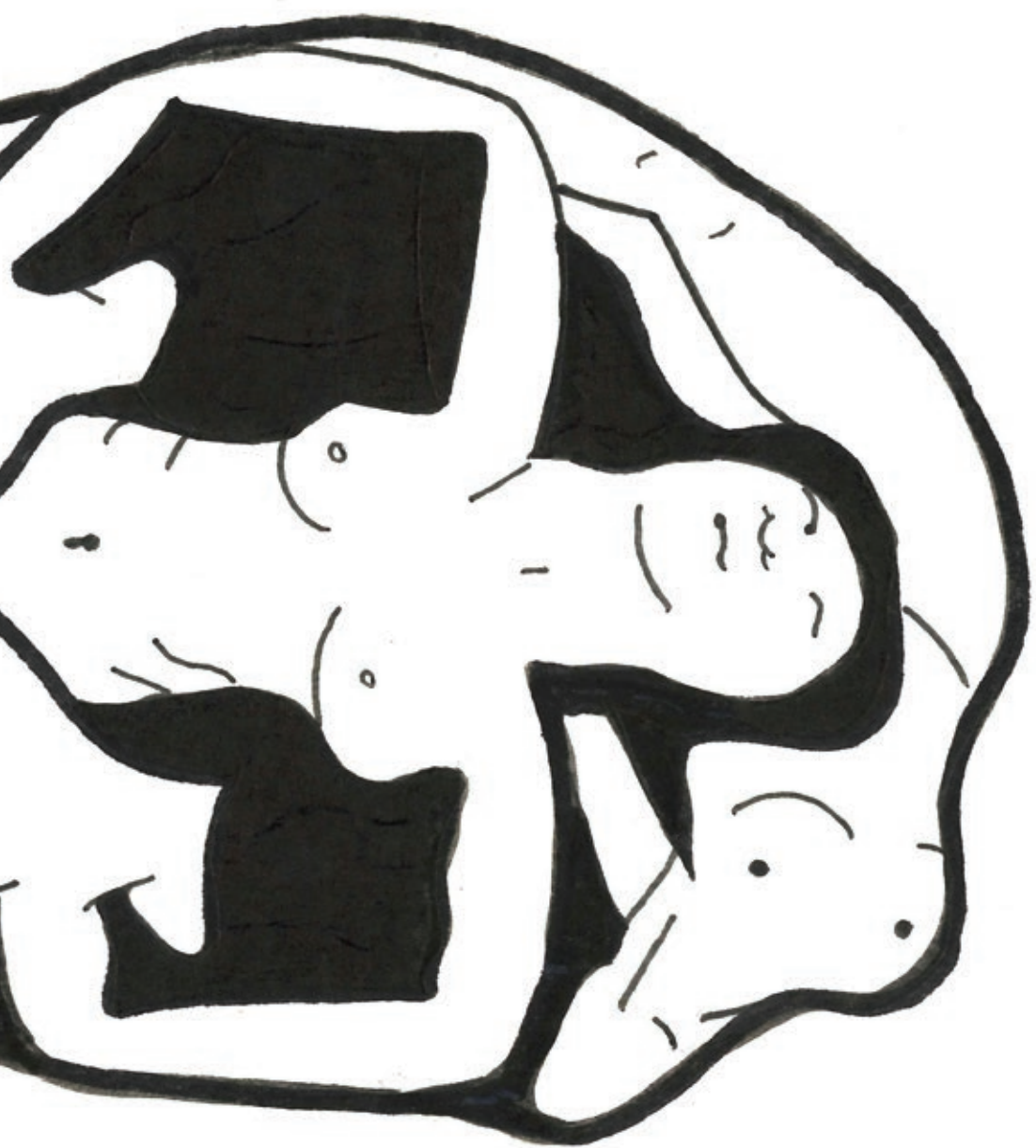
Helpful hint: *If you don't want anyone to see you, just sit behind the chair or the trees.*





"6 women in 1 skull" by Madison Nigro

Mn'19





Meeting the Trainers of Dunedin: the Pokémon Go Capital of New Zealand

By Sinead Gill

Creatures? Fights? Long walks along Studentville? No, we're not talking about Castle on a Saturday. We're talking Pokémon Go, baby.

I used to think my flatmate was sneaking out at midnight for shameful ciggies. It took weeks before they confessed that they were, in fact, doing something far more embarrassing. They were headed out to Pokémon Gyms. I didn't believe them at first, thinking that the Pokémon Go fad had died in 2016, the same year of its birth. To my surprise, the game is very much alive and well, with a Facebook group nearing a thousand members and an active organising chat with well over 200 participants. The group is frequented by newcomers and veterans, looking for team meet-ups, asking questions, and bragging about their latest finds. It all seemed fucking wholesome.

To ensure I wouldn't die of over-exposure to positivity, I took care to organise our get-together on a super gloomy Dunedin Friday. Clare, a postgraduate student, was the only one who turned up at the meeting point, but promptly explained that there was a 'raid' (a thing where multiple players have to work together to take down a big rogue boss) happening at that exact same time on the other side of campus. As we rush to join them, she checks her phone to find that an egg she was incubating in-game was hatching. "You walk a certain amount of kilometres and it gives you a Pokémon," she explained. I

ask if this means she has to keep the game running and her GPS on at all times. She said, "They've incorporated a pedometer within your phone. So, if you give it permission to, it can count the steps on your phone." Pokémon for fitness?! Move over, FitBit.

We arrived at St. Dave to almost twenty people huddled in two separate groups. Considering campus is a fucking a ghost town during the mid-semester break, this was pretty surprising. The players raised their heads briefly to acknowledge our arrival, but promptly bobbed back down to

for collection at midnight, which explains my flatmate's enigmatic, somewhat sexy, disappearances in the night.

En route, I asked them which teams dominate in Dunedin, and if there was any hot insider gossip. Is Dunedin the locale of an intense gang war between Pokémon teams? Do these teams consider it treason to fraternise with the others? Is the punishment death? Clare explained that there used to be "a huge rivalry between (teams) Instinct and Mystic" due to "a lot of drama" between certain players. Apparently, that drama left with those players, who either

"We're seeing a new wave of players now. Which is good, cos they don't have the historical knowledge of the Dunedin Pokémon Go rivalries."

focus on their screens. In the time it took to introduce myself, the rogue boss was defeated, and there was a chorus of 'YES!'. Clare immediately suggested that we head to Alhambra for the next raid, and though most of the crowd remained behind, eight of us peeled away and headed east.

Alhambra is one of dozens of Pokémon Gyms around the city. The group explained that the more gyms your team controls, the more perks are available to you. Apparently, these perks are refreshed

moved away or stopped playing. Clare said, "We're seeing a new wave of players now. Which is good, cos they don't have the historical knowledge of the Dunedin Pokémon Go rivalries."

When it comes to pure team numbers, two girls, Laura and George, almost in unison, said, "Blue [Mystic] dominates". George said that blue and yellow (Mystic and Instinct) were definitely the main ones. I suggested that it might have something to do with the Highlanders, or a kind of patriotic



Dunedin thing. The others weren't as convinced, but did note that "everywhere else it's blue and red [Valor]". Of the eight players there, seven of them were Mystics, and one was a lonely Instinct.

Most of the players said that they had been playing Pokémon Go from the beginning, but many stopped for a short period of time "because it was shit". The game was initially released unfinished, and most of the aspects that make it thrive now weren't available then. George said, "you had to triangulate a Pokémon's location

of them would road-trip out to South D. Adorable. But they all agreed that introducing raiding is what has made the game exponentially better, as it is now more of a "group activity".

I tried to join the new raid, but within moments of seeing the very horn-y and very thicc rogue boss - Giratina - my phone died. They all sympathized, and said they usually bring power banks with them for that same reason. No one offered to let me borrow theirs, though. Greedy cunts. The conversation died as the raid reached its

"cool dads" who bring their kids with them.

However, despite the mechanics of the game being built on movement and GPS, not everyone who plays the game plays in person. These players are called "spoofs", which, along with sounding like the scientific word for semen, refers to someone pretending to be somewhere they are not. "So, you can just sit at home and play in your basement," said Laura. George said that spoofing can be "real lit," as places like Singapore "have some wild Pokémon". However, they all agreed that not being surrounded by people "takes the fun out of it". I'm sure there are many people who prefer to spoof in the presence of others, though (sometimes for money).

For these players, it's the Pokémon Go community, and seeing the same brave soldiers regularly, that has kept them playing for these past three years. Now, once a month, Niantic, the developers of Pokémon Go, host a community day at the local parks, where members of the 200+ strong community can go hunting for uncommon and 'shiny' (cute) Pokémon.

If that doesn't melt your heart and make you want to join in the fun, then you're one ice-cold motherfucker.

Just catch the Pokémon. I lived in Queenstown at the time, and the majority of them would end up in the lake."

by its footsteps. There was no trading, no raids or anything. Just catch the Pokémon. I lived in Queenstown at the time, and the majority of them would end up in the lake."

Laura said that for a while there was a website that people could use to find specific Pokémon locations, which meant many

crescendo - and, then, another 'YES!' in unison. Giratina was defeated.

I asked if it was mostly students who played. They said that in North Dunedin that can be the case, but that there are plenty of locals, workers, and recent graduates, too. One player said that South D was definitely full of "real people," and

WHAT'S YOUR FLAVOUR?

TRY NEW

raspberry
FLAVOUR



MAX TASTE. NO SUGAR.



Ranking the Rocks in the Geology Museum on their Chakra Alignment

You have now crossed over into... the geology zone.

By Fox Meyer and James Joblin

Geology. The study of the terrestrial, of rocks and minerals, the earthy matter of the planet we all know and love. Yet what if this terrestrial study was in fact more extra... terrestrial?

The rocks - minerals, actually - housed in the geology building are stored behind ancient glass panes in the vaulted first-floor museum. There's no runic script on the displays, but we suspect the cases were long ago enchanted to protect the minerals, and harness their spiritual energy and good vibes.

The energy within these stones is a definite presence within

the Quad, but not all those who know of the power are keen to share it. All that's between us laymen and a well of extraterrestrial energy is a centimeter of glass and the stalwart geology staff, who spend hours a day dressed in white cloaks, hunched over desks, intimately studying radiant gems, while absorbing their extraterrestrial energies. Everyone we spoke with displayed a depth and breadth of mystic knowledge, despite insisting that they were in no way affiliated with the arcane - which sounds a lot like something you'd say if you were definitely affiliated with the arcane. Deeply spiritual people, one of them even graced us with a 'Namaste'.

In truth, the staff are an ancient cabal of spiritual gurus bound by sacred vows and tasked with the pursuit of all things mineral. Such high-level crystal mastery is otherwise inexplicable.

"Yeah, most of the minerals are suppressed because they're not in the moonlight," admitted one monk, "so some people like to put them in the rafters at night to help them charge their lunar power."

Your average crystal shop hippie doesn't spout this kind of ancient wisdom - these guys clearly know what they're talking about.

One hi-vis sporting monk - known only as 'an Authority' - suggested using quartz to heal rock-hammer injuries, which we thought was oddly specific. Another expert began speaking about "a bit of dark history in the geology museum," but was compelled by oath to say nothing more of the subject.

When asked about the spiritual nature of the geology department, she conspicuously distanced herself from any involvement with the arcane, simply saying, "I don't condone this".

Along the corridor we stumbled along a very suspicious half-circle of polished stones. To test if this was some sort of prayer circle, we knelt before it and attempted to absorb any mystical vibes. No whispers of the ancients were heard, but one reporter's cough cleared up, so that's cool.

So how intense are the spiritual powers of the stones? Critic's reporters were fortunate enough to handle even a few of these mystic minerals. Here's what they found:

Analcime:

A small, lengthy bead of Analcime emanated prostate energy. Analcime's aura





“Yeah, most of the minerals are suppressed because they’re not in the moonlight,” admitted one monk, “so some people like to put them in the rafters at night to help them charge their lunar power.”

can be felt immediately upon entering the room, as an effect on the body’s sphincters, and for men as a desire to cough. Its pseudoscience rating is 4. Its spiritual rating is 12.

Corundum:

A 6-sided chunk of this ominous mineral is housed in the geology museum. Some of the white-cloaked monks have speculated that a piece of the devil’s spirit has been sequestered inside it. One Critic reporter admitted to feeling “a little Satan-y”. There was also a dead spider beside it, which is definitely an omen. Its pseudoscience rating is 1. Its spiritual rating is 66.

Tetrahedrite:

Before going to the geology museum, Critic’s reporters wanted to find the mineral that most embodied Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson, and in Tetrahedrite we found it. Tetrahedrite is an absolute unit of a mineral with the spirit of a WWE pro wrestling star. Tetrahedrite provides astounding muscular ability, and many professional sport authorities are currently considering its prohibition. It is believed Lance Armstrong rubbed Tetrahedrite on his thighs before each Tour de France. Its pseudoscience rating is 9. Its spiritual rating is 11.

Sapphire:

This fiery blue stone is precious, hot, and pretty much down for anything. When in this mineral’s presence, you’ll be channeling its sex worker vibes like it’s 1947 in East Berlin (or 2019 East Dundas). You may be able to sense hints of rock-hard iron and titanium. You’ll get some chromium or copper, but only if you’re into that sort of thing. And maybe - just maybe - there’s magnesium to relieve any throbbing bones you have. Sapphire gets a pseudoscience rating of 1 and a spiritual rating of 10.

Natrolite:

This mineral is very organic and quite relaxing. Not much going on here. You can tell that the spirit ensnared inside is definitely just chilling and not out to get anyone. The geology museum’s natrolite contains the spirit of elderly Jewish retiree Dr Schultz, a man who died reclining in

his Florida retirement home. How did he go? Naturally. This mineral gets a pseudoscience rating of 5 and a spiritual rating of 5.

Davidite:

If you look close at the fractured nib of this mineral, you’ll measure some spirituality with a pH of 14. Yep, its Dave from Accounts - a man who thinks he married too early, coached his son’s football team, and who gets angry because that same son is always “playing fucking Fortnite”. If life is a little too edgy and your chakras are unaligned, give this a scratch and sniff to hear how Dave’s weekend was and mellow yourself out. Davidite has a pseudoscience rating of 7 and a spiritual rating of 1.

We left the building feeling very zen.

If you want to experience the mystic energy for yourself, the museum is open every weekday and is usually private enough to conduct whatever ritual you have in mind. We get the feeling many of the staff would be happy to help you form shamanistic circles around the minerals. Just ask for Ray.



A photograph of Taylor-Rose Terekia, a young woman with dark hair tied in a bun, wearing a blue V-neck t-shirt and denim shorts. She is smiling and sitting outdoors under a tree. In the background, a motorcycle is parked near a building with large windows.

TAYLOR-ROSE TEREKIA

TUMUAKI OF TE ROOPŪ MAORI.

While Taylor-Rose Terekia is working hard to become the next Taika Waititi studying Indigenous Development, Film and Media Studies, and Marketing, she is also Tumuaaki (President) of Te Roopū Māori. Her role involves providing support and community for Māori students at Otago, “in a way that we don’t lose or forget our Indigenous roots, protocols and values”. The group

was initially founded to stop Māori voices being marginalised around Uni, and has now grown into an association with over 2000 members.

Alongside providing support for Māori students, Te Roopū Māori is working to fight issues around campus on a macro level. Taylor says, “we are conscious of racism. We see the need in our

university for improvement in the area of cultural competency both within staff and in students. Our focus this year is to epitomise through our presence in our whare, in the many events that we organise and with all people that we interact with on campus, the tikanga Māori we live and breathe and that make us Māori, through the values of manaakitanga, kotahitanga, whanaungatanga.”

By Henessey Griffiths

“Te Roopū Māori is literally my second family, my home away from home”

For Taylor, being the leader of Te Roopū Māori was not something she necessarily planned on. “Most of the time [the reason] I went for executive roles is because no one else did, including the role I am currently in. I remember the internal struggle hours before handing in my application for the role for elections last year. I really didn't want the job, because I understood the stress that came with it (you try balancing study and progressing decolonisation). But in the same breath I really wanted to take the lead and possibly implement some positive change within Te Roopū Māori and ultimately the University as a whole.” She told Critic that expressing knowledge of tikanga Māori and Te Reo among campus with confidence is vital to this role.

Although it has been a massive change of pace, the benefits really do pay off. For her, the main benefit is seeing how proud students are to represent their Māori heritage. “What keeps me in the job is my whānau, My executive and my friends/Te Roopū Māori where locals this year have been my backbone. They are my brothers and sisters who will give me hugs when I wanna cry/fight someone, or take me to Starters in the afternoon to debrief.”

“My teina, the many Māori students I have met for the first time this year in this role and seeing them enjoy and be proud to rep Te Roopū Māori, and be Māori, inspires me. It was events like our performances [at] the University and City vigils that reaffirmed for me why I do what I do, and made me proud to be Māori and the Tumuaki of Te Roopū Māori.”

What is most important to Taylor about being a part of Te Roopū Māori is the people she gets to meet. “Te Roopū Māori is literally my second family, my home away from home. In a residential college and in my core business papers in first year; seeing another Māori face, or hearing your native tongue being spoken was rare. Te Roopū Māori was where I found my people, who understood tikanga Māori, a place where I could sing, haka, speak, connect in the ways that were normal for me, and it felt like home.” Alongside creating events for students such as sports competitions and the Māori Ball, Te Roopū Māori are working on creating systemic changes around Otago. For instance, they are working towards building a proper whare for meetings, calling out casual racism on campus, elevating the status of Te Reo Māori and hosting the National Māori Tertiary Students conference in late August.

Taylor will be graduating this August, when she plans to start her Master's degree in Indigenous Studies. Aside from avoiding “getting roasted at the Te Roopū AGM” in a few weeks, she hopes to teach abroad in South Korea within the next few years, as well as keep learning and practising Te Reo Māori. But for now, you can keep an eye out for her upcoming Te Reo show on the Radio One airwaves very soon.

You can find Te Roopū Māori on Facebook, and on Instagram at @teroopumaori.



GOING HARD:

THE ROWING CLUB'S PARALYMPHIAN PROGRAMME

By Oscar Francis

Down at the waterfront, where the University Rowing Club has monopolised the OUSA aquatic centre, every Monday evening an elite group of athletes push themselves to their limits and go beyond.

"Special Olympics are more about doing it, rather than the result," Glen, the manager of the Rowing Club says. The athletes are training hard on the rowing machines because they're looking forward to competing before a crowd of spectators next weekend.

The club started the paralympian programme 21 years ago. It sprung up to help assist fitness between basketball games. Because of the Dunedin programme, Canterbury and Southland branches have sprung up. The rowing club runs the program to allow people an experience they wouldn't otherwise have, such as

competing in a sporting event, or rowing on the club's nationally renowned Indoor Rowing Tank.

The rowing club also works to enable disabled children to do things they wouldn't otherwise be able to do. From late July, the rowing club facilitates schoolchildren with disabilities on a Wednesday afternoon. The larger group necessitates a larger group of student helpers, around 10 for the cohort of usually 50. "They've all got this attitude of 'have a go', 'I can do this'", Grant says of the children.

Rowing is a favourite activity for many of the athletes. Lots of them also play other sports, especially golf and basketball, and "most of them are demon bowlers," Glen says.

"We're not an official Special Olympians sport, and we haven't really tried to be," Glen says, citing the concern shared by some parents that

having 'more rules' might not make for a better experience. However, the mixed-age group of rowers are affiliated with with Otago Special Olympics, and are recognised at the end of year prize-giving.

Some of the athletes have travelled widely on the back of their sporting prowess. I speak to Deborah in the hall outside. She's been going to the rowing club to train since the beginning. She and her husband, Peter (who is hard at work on the rowing machine), got married at the clubroom. It's quite the community.

It's Kevin, Chris, Nathan, Peter and her who have been the stalwarts of the group since its inception. Deborah's sporting career has seen her travel to Shanghai (where she won 4 gold and one silver), but at the moment a shoulder injury is keeping her off the machines. She's confident the group will do well in the upcoming



ing event, but she stresses the need for them to keep training hard at the final session before the event next Monday.

With a little help from Glen and Brittany, Deborah manages the training schedules and organises the athletes. Since her shoulder injury, she's taken much more of a coaching approach. She describes her role as being 'to watch the athletes and offer encouragement if they've stopped or gotten run down'.

Deborah shows me the training schedule. It looks punishing. It's incremental, building up each week until the competition. Each athlete is keeping track of their achievements and pushing to overcome their previous personal bests.

With one more week of training before they compete on Saturday, the crew is training hard. They're in the big rowing room with the indoor rowing tank at the moment, but on the 11th, when the event rolls around, they'll move upstairs to the main clubroom. The machines will be arranged with a screen so that each participant can see where they are relative to the

others as they compete in real time.

The athletes are grouped so that they're competing against athletes with similar capabilities. Glen tells me that they're doing the actual distances that they do in the New Zealand Indoor Rowing champs or the New Zealand Masters Games (Deborah has also competed in the latter, winning gold there as well).

I talk to Brittany, the student volunteer who's helping to train and coordinate the squad (who is affectionately referred to by Deborah as 'Coach Brittany'). Brittany is studying towards a Master's degree in P.E. She's been involved with the rowing club for 3 years. "They love it," she said. "They're doing a forty minute row at the moment, which is quite a lot, and those guys down the end are doing practice rows for next week."

The room musters up a final burst of energy as I take some photos. They'll be rowing on the 11th of May, with doors open from 12pm. I highly recommend everyone go and cheer them on.



"Special Olympics are more about doing it, rather than the result,"



SUPERFLY

A Critic Mystery by Owen Clarke

Tokyo. 2019.

Three men in suits sit around a wooden table in the dimly lit room. Lamplight reflects off the velvet curtains and the tattoos spidering up each man's neck. They grin at each other, whispering evil things and just being bad guys in general.

Each are clan leaders in the Yakuza, a name which strikes terror into the hearts of most.

Two guards, bald and hulking, flank the door. You shut it loudly upon entering.

"Konnichiwa," you say.

"Who the fu..." The guard doesn't get to finish his sentence. WHAPOW! You shatter his nose with a cartilage-crushing punch. He goes down. The other draws his gun, but you're already behind him... WHAPANG! A perfectly targeted blow to the back of the neck sends him crumpling too. The men around the table jolt to their feet.

"Oh no, it's..." one stammers.

"Yeah, that's right bitches," you say, grinning. "I'm the international secret superspy. [Insert Your Name] motherfucking [Here]."

You let loose with the Uzi, concealed in the padded crotch of your bell-bottoms. The three men stagger back under a hail of gunfire, falling down. Alarms are sounding, and you can hear the thud of boots pounding up the stairs.

"Time to blow this joint," you say, slicking back your already-oiled hair. You run towards a window and crash through it.

"Fuck," you say, "I forgot that I was ten stories up".

But it's okay, because you're a superspy. You crash through three awnings and two clotheslines, and land unharmed in an alleyway dumpster. Then you hop on your motorcycle and head back to your secret spy headquarters as Yakuza pour out of the building behind you, spraying bullets in your direction.

Upon arriving at the base, you toss your keys to Zeke, the techno/geek-type stereotype who makes all your gadgets.

"Oh no, [Insert Your Name Here]," he moans. "Did you wreck that super-speed bike I gave you again?"

"Nah it's actually alright. It's in the garage," you say, "it's got a few bullet holes in it though."

"Awwwww," Zeke whines. "Every. Freaking. Time." He storms off.

You head into the office, stopping to talk to Agent Lovestorm, the sexy superspy that you sometimes hook-up with.

"Sup, Lovestorm," you say.

"Heyyyy [Insert Your Name Here]," they respond in their lilting, honeyed tone. "I heard you were messing around with some Yakuza this afternoon? They didn't scuff up your pretty little face... did they?"

"Nah, I'm chilling," you say. "Do you want to have sex later?"

"Whatever you say, [Insert Your Name Here]."

they murmur, winking. "Whatever you say."

"Awesome," you respond.

You head towards the briefing room. Mike, the janitor, is mopping the floor outside.

"[Insert Your Name Here]!" he yells, "what's up, champ? Back from some secret mission? You're so cool, pal. You're so fucking awesome. I really wanna be you. You're cool as shit, [Insert Your Name Here]. I've been like here like all day just mopping the floor and shit and I'll be damned if I haven't been thinking about whatever rad adventure you were on. Did you fuck Agent Lovestorm today? How's that sick bike Zeke made for you? Shit, your life is awesome, [Insert Your Name Here]."

"Hey Mike," you say.

Mike is kind of annoying, but you get it. Not everyone can be a stud superspy like you. You're glad that at least you can be a role model for the lesser beings of the world to look up to.

You walk past Mike into the conference room, where the secret agent leader, Boss Man, is standing with another agent, Jack-Knife Jones. He looks worried.

"Sup, Boss Man," you say. "You know those Yakuza boys? They're Ya-ku-dead now."

"Very funny, [Insert Your Name Here]," mutters Jack-Knife Jones.

Fuck Jones. They've been jealous of you since you started sleeping with Lovestorm.

Boss Man looks grim. "We've got a problem, [Insert Your Name Here]."

"What's that?" you ask.

"Check this out," Boss Man holds up a phone. A Twitter post is pulled up on the screen.



@YakuzaGangstaBoi69: "Hey [Insert Your Name Here], we totally knew you were coming pal! Fucking idiot. Those three dudes you killed weren't even our leaders, they were just some low-ranking dudes we were trying to ice anyway hahahaha #yakuza4lyfe #workhardplayhard"

"So what's this mean, Boss Man?" you ask. "Are you telling me there's a mole in the agency?"

"Yeah [Insert Your Name Here]," he responds. "It looks like there's a mole in the agency. There's also a mole on my left ass cheek," he adds. "It's been growing lately. Do you think I should see a doctor?"

You shrug. "Yeah Boss Man, probably. What's this mole in the agency mean, though?"

Boss Man grimaces, "It means someone here is working with the enemy. That mission you went on was top secret. Nobody, and I mean literally nobody apart from me and you, was supposed to know you went on that mission. The mole obviously isn't you, because you just went in and shot this place up on fake info, but we can't trust anyone else".

"Oh come on, Boss Man!" mutters Jack-Knife. "Me? You can't trust me? I've been fucking working here longer than this joker."

"I don't give a shit, Jones," says Boss Man. "And that's Mr Man, to you."

Ten minutes later, everyone is in the conference room: Zeke the geek, Agent Lovestorm, Mike the Janitor, Boss Man, Jack-Knife Jones, and you.

"Take point, [Insert Your Name Here]," says

Boss Man. "You're the only one I can trust here." You puff out your chest. It's typical that you've got to do all the work.

"What's going on, [Insert Your Name Here]?" murmurs Lovestorm.

"Someone here isn't who they say they are," you respond. "One of you bastards is working with the Yakuza. Zeke! What's your alibi?" Zeke is already sweating. Hmmm. "Well...I uh... I'm just the tech guy, you know? I don't do any of that fighting stuff. I'd be too scared to work with bad guys, you know? I'm a good guy, you know?"

"Yeah, but you were mad I got some bullet holes in that motorcycle, weren't you?"

"Yeah but you do that stuff every time [Insert Your Name Here]. It's cool. It's part of the job," Zeke responds, scratching his neck. "I don't even speak Japanese. Also, that bullet hole thing was after the mission!"

You turn to your lover. "Lovestorm, what about you?"

"Me? I would never betray you [Insert Your Name Here]. You're my baby." They wink.

"Alright Lovestorm that's enough. Keep it professional," says Boss Man.

"Well, in that case.... I was here in headquarters, doing some squats," they say.

You turn to your counterpart, Jack-Knife Jones. "Jack-Knife?"

"Fuck you, [Insert Your Name Here]," Jones says. "I'm twice the agent you'll ever be."

"Answer the question, Jack-Knife. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I fuckin hate Yakuza," Jones says. "I'd never

work for those clowns. Remember, they cut my left [REDACTED] off back in '08?"

"Oh yeah, that's why Lovestorm always calls you Uni[REDACTED]."

"Fuck off."

Mike the Janitor is looking down at the floor.

"Mike?" you ask. "I know you're just a lame-ass janitor, but what's your story? We can't exclude anyone. Even someone as boring as you could be the mole."

"Well [Insert Your Name Here]. I just didn't do it," Mike stammers. "I don't have any excuses, I just didn't do it. I love you pal, you're cool as shit, I've always wanted to be a secret agent like you, I'd never betray you man, I just didn't do it, I swear."

Fuck, this guy is annoying.

"Alright, Mike," you respond.

You pace the floor. Boss Man looks at you expectantly.

"This is a hard one," you say, "I'm not sure who to trust..."

Boss Man looks crestfallen.

"Sike!" you yell, "SIKKKKKEEEEEEE! I already knew who the mole was from the beginning. I'm [Insert Your Name] motherfucking [Here], remember?"

"The mole is...."

Who was the mole? To find out, turn to page 40.

MICHAEL ROSE:

Art has always been something Michael Rose has been drawn to, but he has recently found his niche in embroidery and pen illustration. "I enjoy the intricacies of these mediums, and the control that I am able to achieve with them. Control over my medium is particularly important to me as I have a hereditary hand tremor which has worsened with age. The pointillist style in which I draw allows me to achieve a great level of detail without the seismograph stylings I would get with continuous pen to paper. I like to work in ballpoint because I enjoy the challenge of taking an ordinary medium to the next level." Michael uses creativity as a form of self-expression and relaxation. He says, "I like to create visual pieces because I enjoy overcoming challenges thrown at me by subject, medium and body. I find creating and curating really fun, and a great way to relax and step away from reality for a while."

In the past, Michael has been working to create collaborative work among other local creatives. "Up until now, I've mostly been hoarding my works. In the last few years I've done a couple of clothing collaborations. I produced embroidered garments and a show with Jack Hill and then worked as part of LKMR with my friend Lucinda King to produce a show with Monica Wilson from Beats Clothing." The inspiration behind Michael's art comes from

a variety of sources, generally from the imagery he was surrounded with growing up. "there is a sea theme throughout a lot of my work; I grew up on the doorstep of the Great Barrier Reef and I'm enamoured by the ocean. Another big influence for me is Australian cult classic Priscilla, Queen of the Desert. Big hair, big personalities, Versace, house music. I think that the influences of my childhood have only recently come to light in my work, as I've really stopped trying to minimize myself so that narrow-minded people will be comfortable with me or what I produce."

Michael is hosting his first solo exhibition, *Life in Biro*, at Kiki Beware this week. He has been working on the exhibition for some time now, with each piece taking between twenty to forty hours to complete. The show contains a range of original and limited edition prints that have each been executed using realist pointillism with a Bic biro pen. "This exhibition is a challenge that I set for myself for this year, as I often begin works and leave them for months or years at a time. The images centre around friends, people who inspire and influence me, a connection to nature and some really big hair. What more could you want, right?"

Aside from his art, Michael is working hard to becoming a fully qualified barber.



"I've been cutting hair on the side for a few years now. My goal is to combine this training with my Anthropology and Gender Studies knowledge to open a LGBTQ and female friendly barbershop, which will allow me to pursue a career where I can be creative. I will continue making art however I can for as long as my body allows me to. Work is just the money maker, art is the real fun."

Life in Biro is open from the 3rd of May until the 3rd of June at Kiki Beware – 344 George Street.



LIFE IN BIRO

By Henessey Griffiths



"I LIKE TO WORK IN BALLPOINT BECAUSE I ENJOY THE CHALLENGE OF TAKING AN ORDINARY MEDIUM TO THE NEXT LEVEL".

STARTERS
WHAT'S GOOD

WED: QUIZ NIGHT | 6PM - 8PM
OLLIE CROOKS | 8PM - 12AM

THUR: WHEN I GROW UP
DRESS FOR SUCCESS | 8PM - 12AM

FRI: HEAT 009:
ŌTEPOTI HIP HOP HUSTLE
8PM - 1AM

SAT: BASS 101: RYDR
8PM - 1AM

TOP 10 WAYS TO...

tell someone you have an STI

- 1)** Emojis. There's no better way to tell your Tinder hookup from a month ago about your pubic lice than sending a crab and eggplant emoji side by side.
- 2)** Hire a sky writer to write a message announcing your chlamydia. The sky's the limit.
- 3)** Make a public declaration on Facebook. Bonus points for the various reactions you will get.
- 4)** Get it tattooed as a tramp stamp. Even though the STI may be curable, live by the immortal words of Six60 and "don't forget your roots".
- 5)** Scream it in public. Lecture theatres, the octagon, pint night – you name it. Embrace it. Live your truth.
- 6)** Put it in your Tinder bio. It's best to be upfront and honest.
- 7)** Post it on Dunedin News. I mean, it is the most accurate source of news in our current media. Be sure to tag the person.
- 8)** Set up an elaborate game of Guess Who, with exclusively your face. Ask the question "does your character have an STI?" and watch the magic unfold.
- 9)** Write a surf rock song about your STI. Invite your romantic partner to the next Open Mic Night at Dog With Two Tails and perform it live.
- 10)** Set out a very intricate and intense scavenger hunt that leads them to Student Health for an STI check.

Answer to the Mystery

"Lovestorm!" you yell, "this mission was top secret, but you said you knew I was 'messing around with some Yakuza'. You betrayed me!"

"Sorry, baby doll," says Lovestorm, smirking.

They slap a large red "EMERGENCY" button, which sets off a massive alarm. Then they do three back handsprings and flip down into the super secret slide

leading to the hyper-speed speedboat kept in the secret dock below the briefing room.

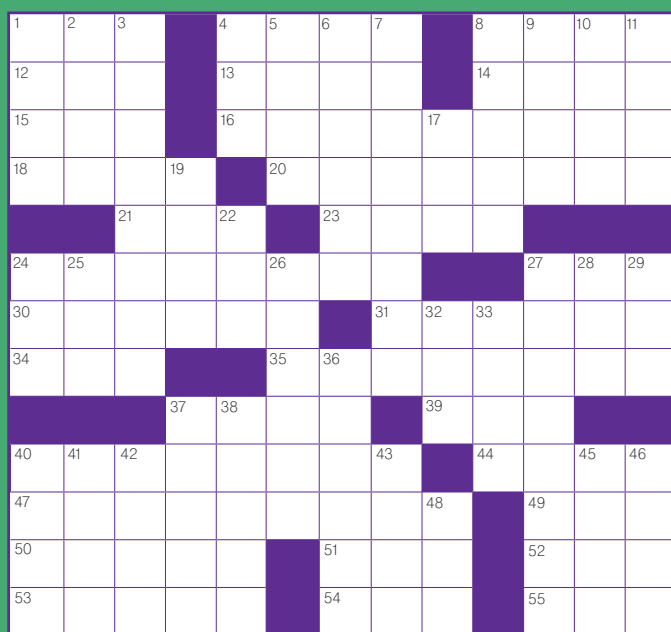
"Jones! Bronson! After Lovestorm!" bellows Boss Man. Jones immediately trips on a desk chair fall to the floor.

"Fuckin amateur," you say. You dive into the slide and tackle Lovestorm into the speedboat. Unfortunately, you accidentally bump the super throttle, which sends the speedboat into super-hyper-maxi-

mum-hyper-speed, and you and Lovestorm are both dissolved into subatomic particles as the speedboat shoots off up into the sky and explodes.

Tokyo got some pretty awesome fireworks that day, and Mike was finally promoted to a secret agent.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Parking place
4. Top
8. School orgs.
12. Rowing device
13. Pilot's stunt
14. Minnesota's neighbor
15. _____ Beta Kappa
16. Aggravates
18. Made vocal music
20. Simplicity
21. Sort
23. Draft
24. Restored the honor of
27. Slender pole
30. Juice fruit
31. Restaurant
34. Small bit
35. Depict
37. Singer _____
39. Foil Metal
40. Perfumes
44. Probabilities
47. Modern convenience
49. Water. to Jacques
50. Oaf
51. Be abundant
52. Before, poet-ically
53. Swine
54. Finales
55. Maroon
- island
3. _____ and Tobago
4. Boxing great
5. Earth's center
6. Group spirit
7. Incidents
8. Baby grand, e.g.
9. Haul
10. Overwhelms
11. Lip
17. Nervous twitch
19. Narrow valley
22. Small barrel
24. Decay
25. Period of note
26. Treat with drugs
27. Rudolph, e.g.
28. Globe
29. Hair coloring
32. Deed
33. Threesome
36. Gridiron number
37. Lacks
38. Naval officer (abbr.)
40. Engrave
41. Fodder tower
42. City haze
43. Grain
45. Challenge
46. Took to court
48. Kitchen and parlor (abbr.)

DOWN

1. Trims (off)
2. Honolulu's

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE | SUDOKU

6



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

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

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

1
91 FM

WEDNESDAY 8TH MAY

Open Mic Night w./

Bronwyn

INCH BAR

8pm

Free entry.

THURSDAY 9TH MAY

Friction

University of Otago Main

Common Room

w./ Flowidus, Dislocate

b2b Susspect, and Durkz.

Tickets from tickettailor.

com

9pm

Jazz In The Pocket

Dog with Two Tails

8pm

Free entry.

Hot Donnas

Fifty Gorillas

w./ The Rezzy Crooks, Fly-

spray, and DJ FaceGrind.

Tickets from eventbrite.

com.au.

9pm.

FRIDAY 10TH MAY

Dee's Downstairs

Comedy

Dee's Cafe and Venue

7.30PM

\$5

State of Mind

Catacombs

Tickets from theticketfairy.

com

10pm

Sugarcoated Bullets,

Chemical Damage,

Funeral Burner, and

Your Face

Dunedin Musicians' Club

8pm.

\$2members/\$5non-members.

Nick Knox and Rosa

Black

Dog with Two Tails

w./ Reuben Warden.

8pm

\$10.

SATURDAY 11TH MAY

Conor Fenelon: Con-

flicted

Dee's Cafe and Venue

w./ Vasu Premkumar

and hosted by Jonathan

Falconer

Tickets from iticket.co.nz

8.30pm

SUNDAY 12TH MAY

Darryl Baser, Bronwyn,

and Paul S Allen

Dog with Two Tails

2-5PM

Free entry

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WORKING ADVENTURES WORLDWIDE



This week we have had a very special tea leaf reading done for all the signs.



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Man with moustache and bowler hat. A good omen.



Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Uh oh! Scary spider!



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Benis.



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Angry Pikachu. This is a common reading for Taurus.



Gemini

May 21 - Jun 20

Not telling, sorry.



Cancer

Jun 21 – July 22

Ha! Got 'em!



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

A surprised cat.



Virgo

Aug 23 - Sept 22

Mx. Snowman saying "Hello".



Libra

Sept 23 - Oct 22

Absolute gibberish. Can't make sense of it.



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Skeleton :/



Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

Ha ha ha got you Sagittarius!
Absolutely pranked.



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

A nice cold bevvy.





BOOZE REVIEWS:

HOW TO DO A YARDIE: 101

By Sinkpiss Plath

Doing a yardie on your 21st is one of those delightful gems of tradition that still brings a tear to my eye. Watching young third years, year after year, continue to fuck themselves up in the name of a good Instagram caption, well, it's heart-warming really. And everyone says first years are the dumb ones. A yardie is hard, and not a light undertaking. But, much like getting a matching couple tattoo, texting your ex, or the pull out method, you beautiful bastards are going to do it regardless of common sense. I love you all.

Doing a yardie is about family, trust, and most of all, a fuck ton of alcohol. You want to aim to get this down in around 3 minutes - anything else and it gets a bit hard to watch. A slow chugger is like a dying childhood pet no one's quite sure when to put out of misery. It's comparable to sex: the faster, the better. Make it under a minute and your vomit won't be the

only thing that's wet and gagging for it. Pick your beer carefully. You're almost definitely going to throw this sucker up, so it's best not to go for a beer that you have a particular attachment to, for fear of forever ruining the taste of that sweet nectar. Double Browns are a good bet, because no one actually likes them (you heard me), with Ranfurly Draught and Southern Gold also strong contenders.

Much like anything in life that's a bit adventurous, from anal to acid, preparation is key when it comes to a yardie. If you just rock up and start the show, you will shit on a dick. I can 100% guarantee that. Make sure to pour your beer the night before, so it's flat and lukewarm on the big day. This will make chugging the poor rascal a hell of a lot easier. Honestly this shouldn't be a big ask, as I expect the night before you should be up and preparing for the

party anyway. I don't want another bland rugby club with some gold balloon 21 shit, Sarah. If I'm turning up there better be some fucking party bags and at least a little bit of MDMA to make the speeches go down easier.

With beer as flat and lukewarm as your boyfriend's personality (honestly I don't understand why you keep inviting him to brunch, Sarah), it's time to get groovy. Now is the time, after 21 years of life, to hopefully have at least one good friend. They'll do the honour of holding the yard glass whilst you baptise yourself anew with the warm wash of alcohol. The friend-of-honour should turn the glass as you drink, in order to avoid mass spillage and casualty. Now sit back and chug, you've done all you can. Congratulations, you've made it to 21. Happy birthday, my princes and princesses. Oh, and bonus points if you chunder next to your grandparents.



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MILD? MEDIUM? HOT?!

THE BLIND DATE SETUP TINDER IS JEALOUS OF.

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

ADAM SANDLER

My date greeted me with a nervous but sweet smile and a gaze through warm hazel eyes. We finished our meal and headed North from the restaurant. She was keen on a party but I convinced her to go back to hers where we enjoyed a cold one and a hot one.

She still wanted to go out so I walked her to the party she was talking about. At the door she invited me in but I wasn't keen. Just as we finished our goodbyes I noticed out of the corner of my eye her lips searching for mine. As she lent in for a kiss I felt an unnatural inclination to tilt my head to the side and forced a hug. Already feeling awkward after the exchange from seconds earlier, she somehow didn't get the indication and made a second attempt which resulted in a misplaced kiss on the side of my neck.

I laid in bed at home and couldn't stop thinking about my date. I messaged her and walked her home from the party she was at. We made our way into her room and my fingertips gently pressed against her upper chest as I directed her to bed. She fell backwards and I followed on top of her. We laid with our faces an inch apart and our breathing became synchronised as I brushed the hair behind her left ear with my fingers. Before I knew it her lips were on mine and our tongues were moving tentatively in a slow erotic dance while my erection pressed against the fly of her black jeans. We swiftly undressed and with careful tenderness I made my descent from the nape of her neck to her nether region. I softly caressed her upper thigh with my mouth until she asked me to kiss her for the third time. I took a breath, and then found her clitoris with my tongue. Her back jerked upwards. I felt my chin moisten as my tongue explored the new territory. I pulled away and inches upwards until our hips were level. We moved gently at first and then increased in tempo until her arms were clinging around me like a vine. We repeatedly cried out each other's names and climaxed together before we collapsed into the mattress and fell asleep.

Cheers.

DREW BARRYMORE

As I entered I had one goal on my mind - survive the date, gain points on the notorious flat bucket list and lead myself one step closer to victory. That's when he walked in. He was tall, dark and handsome. He was also very drunk. The lighting was dim, the table was cosy, the atmosphere was quiet ... he was loud. At first I questioned, perhaps an accent? But no, it was the quaint slur of someone three beers past their limit. Fortunately, not long after being there, the vodka I had skulled at home began to hit. As the night progressed we chatted, laughed and after two hours of some good convo and yum food it was time to leave. His clear distaste for "mainstream" culture unfortunately shed light on our differences as his lack of enthusiasm for days such as Hyde made my heart a little sad, as I could not relate. Luckily for us, our views on the world did cross over on the subject of our friend Mary Jane. Soon after this discovery, a plan for where the night may go after began to form.

Both unwilling to head to our respective homes too early, I revealed the bucket list that had led me to the date that night, in hopes of gaining even more than a few points out on the night. This was something that sparked the interest of my lumbering hunk. I was ready for an adventure, and my date's dazed look lead me to believe he was too.

Arriving at mine we, passed the time by drinking some more before sharing a little more than a drink.

After it started getting a little steamy, it became clear we had different plans for the night. We headed out and the lovely gentlemen that my date had become from the slurring man I first met graciously walked me to my next location, where my true Dunedin breathers lay - and let's just say I did end up ticking a few more things off that list. Thanks for a great night, but you're probably too mainstream for me.

**\$50 COUPLES
DEAL**

Get two meals and two drinks for \$50,
including our margarita slushy!

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
-TAQUERIA-

UoO Moaningful Confessions

I t all started with my drunken admission of my dream threesome with my two besties, Elle* and Jay*. To put this in context, my dry spell had lasted months and was now bleeding into my first year of Uni. Surprisingly this suggestion actually led somewhere.

It is decided that the threesome shall be a birthday gift for Elle with Jay being left out. Months pass, filled with teasing from Elle and her long distance BF (Matt*), BDSM tests, and the occasional tasteful nude.

That fated week in August finally comes around, bringing with it a visit from Matt, the prospect of a good fuck, and with great misfortune, Satan's waterfall. We decided to press on anyway.

Night One: Formal Introductions and Slight Seduction

The lights were low; two single mattresses we'd gotten from the RAs were spread on floor, just waiting for something to happen. An array of at least \$500 worth of sex toys teased us, begging to be used. Whips, vibrators, cuffs, and ribbons, all at our disposal.

I can still remember the heat of that night. The sweat soaking through the sheets. The feel of it in my mouth and down my throat. My skin carried the effects of that night for days after.

The \$70 of pizza and Camp Rock really went down a treat. But that was the only thing that went down

that night due to the whole period and pain situation.

Night Two: Working Out the Kinks

To set the scene just imagine everything from the night before, minus pizza, plus some towels and music. Yah girl was getting fucked, period be damned.

After getting naked we're at a slight loss as to what to do cause no one ever teaches you how to start a threesome. Our advice: start with the tiddies. They deserve all the love. While I understood why tiddies are amazing, it's a whole other thing to be able to feel someone else's. It's a fucking privilege.

Then Matt got to distracting me. Hands tied above my head, I was completely subject to his whims. He started kissing, sucking, biting. Leaving his mark on my skin.

He leaves me cold and I open my eyes to a glorious sight: Elle, wearing a purple strap on, haloed by the softly glowing fairy lights. It was a religious experience.

We start going through positions like the Karma Sutra was our set reading. We enjoyed putting on a show for Matt, chasing our pleasure. Elle soon realised how much effort having a dick was; thrusting is a lot of work. It was harder still as the quote of the night ended up being, "my DiCk feLL oFF!" (Adult

Toy Mega Store, Fetish Fantasy Strap-On: 2/5. You need to be thicc for it to work.)

Unfortunately, the week had to end and Matt had to go home. Nonetheless my submissive ass was happy to be dominated by two wonderful people.

Night Three: Redemption Arch

So fast forward to Second year and we all live next to each other. So we're at a banging flat party. Like there were friends, there was ABBA, and we were all many drunks in. So the only reasonable place to go from there was a three way make out (sorry to those at the party, but not really).

Thankfully, an Uber was called and flatmates were sufficiently warned. We only had to suffer five very tedious minutes of pretending to be sober quite poorly in the Uber.

As soon as we were home the clothes were off, the tunes and fairy lights were on, and the door was closed. Let's just say I learned a few new kinks that night and that unprotected sex is fun until you have to take the ECP the next day.

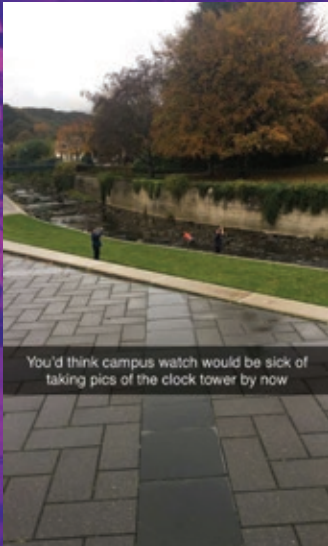
Moral of the story: casually suggesting a threesome may actually get you places. If it does, have a reliable contraception method, make sure you're clean (Family Planning is free for those under 22, btw) and have a fun, kinky, and consensual time.



Snap crack and popple us!



SEND US A SNAP, CRACK OPEN A CRITIC & POPPLE UP A PRIZE!
THE BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF V.



You'd think campus watch would be sick of taking pics of the clock tower by now



you've got to be kidding me. James Heath has a fucking Samsung? He just dropped from a 10/10 to a 9/10 🤔

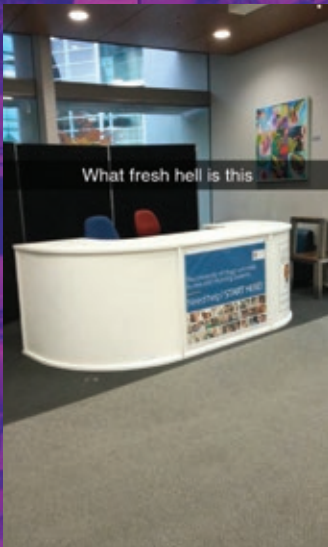


newest bowling avenue in Dunedin!!!



I'm a touchscreen!
You can use me to find your way around the library.

The library is displaying a big touchscreen of jobs at Twitter ?!?



What fresh hell is this



I have had this on my wall since last years critic to make me feel good about myself!! Thanks Critic



kmart this is very horny



TILT MY HEAD, I STOP & LOOK FOR PREY

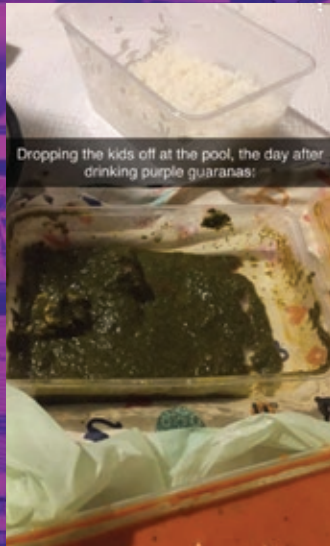
samo



WINNER

TOP 10 WAYS TO...
reminding your flatmates to do their dishes

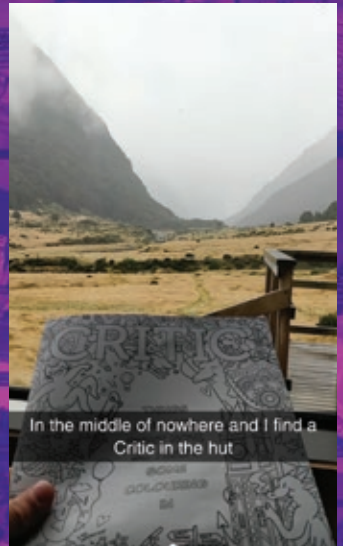
Talk about relevant content...



Dropping the kids off at the pool, the day after drinking purple guaranas:



Just some intellectual reading of the world's top magazines



In the middle of nowhere and I find a Critic in the hut



College residents - DO NOT SIGN A FLAT

Well, not never, but at least for the next few months.

Last week, Cutlers ran a tender campaign for The Debacle flat, where applicants were told to give them their "best offer", instead of knowing what the going rate would be.

OUSA strongly condemned this practice. While Cutlers has since taken the advertisement down, I still thought I'd share my thoughts on rental tendering.

There are loads of reasons to find this questionable, so I'll only focus on a few. Firstly, this sort of tender process, intentionally or not, puts members of residential colleges at risk. There's a learning curve to flatting, from knowing a fair rent price when you see one to selecting your hour of power. Unfortunately college residents don't have - and shouldn't be expected to have - this experience, and are more prone to being taken advantage of.

If a flat's cold and damp, don't spend something like \$170 a week per person - it's not worth it even for the most "notorious flat on campus."

Secondly, this practice, should it be repeated, could set a dangerous precedent for Otago, as potentially driving the average rate up making flats in Otago less accessible and affordable. There are obvious consequences from this, from less money for flat dinners to having to buy the 12 pack of Mavs instead of the full coffin. But there's also more to it. Less money means that financial burdens hit that much harder. Next time you have to pay a power bill or visit student health, the last thing you want is to have to worry even more about the finances.

We have so much more negotiating power than landlords would like, and as someone giving them money, you have the right to negotiate and get a deal on a flat that works for you. Vote with your wallets.

Finally, just chill. It's way too early to be worrying about signing flats.

*JACK
MANNING
x*

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

2019 CAPPING SHOW

THE LORD OF THE DEGREES

7:30PM, MAY 15-18 & 22-25

AT THE: COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AUDITORIUM

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Flatting Expo

PRO TIPS TO MAKE FLATTING EASY

WEDS MAY 8

THE LINK | 10AM-2PM

ousa student support



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- ✓ Aged between 18-55 years?
- ✓ A non-smoker?
- ✓ Not on any regular medication?
- ✓ In general good health?

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