

CRITIC

TE AROHI



THE CRITIC TEAM

ISSUE 13

EDITORIAL

EDITOR Charlie O'Mannin

NEWS EDITOR Esme Hall

FEATURES EDITOR Chelle Fitzgerald

CULTURE EDITOR Hennessey Griffiths

SUB EDITOR Jamie Mactaggart

CHIEF REPORTER Sinead Gill

STAFF WRITERS

Caroline Moratti, Erin Gourley, Nina Minogue, Owen Clarke

CONTRIBUTORS

Lon van Elk

CENTREFOLD:

Lon van Elk, Oscar Francis, James Joblin, Ceri Giddens, Sophia Carter Peters, Phillip Plant

DESIGN

DESIGNER Jack Adank

ILLUSTRATORS Saskia Ruston-Green, Asia Martusia

PHOTOGRAPHER Aiman Amerul Muner

FRONT COVER Saskia Ruston-Green

PRODUCTION

ONLINE Alex McKirdy

DISTRIBUTION Rosie Sullivan

===

ADVERTISING SALES

Tim Couch
Jared Anglesey
Peter Ramsay
sales@planetmedia.co.nz
Phone: 03 479 5361

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critic@critic.co.nz
Facebook/CriticTeArohi
Tweet/CriticTeArohi
03 479 5335
P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin

CRITIC TE AROHI

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IMMEDIATE RESPONSE

Hey Critic,

I have a confession to make. I am an able-bodied person, and I frequently use the disabled toilets on campus. Whenever I can, in fact. I know this is wrong, and I'm sorry to anyone with a mobility impairment who I've made wait. It sucks. But I think I have a slight idea of what it's like to feel policed or restricted due to your body.

See my alternative is to use the women's bathroom, where I'd make people feel unsafe, or the men's bathroom, where I risk harassment. Or just a lot of double takes and weird comments that remind me that a lot of people think I shouldn't have a place in society. And before anyone tells me that people aren't that transphobic, take a look at how long posters and stickers advocating trans visibility last around campus before they are defiled.

I am used to dealing with this kind of shit. I've copped it in either bathroom since I was a child. And yes, that includes in bathrooms on campus. I'm just sick of engaging with people who make assumptions about me based on appearance. Which is why I use the disabled bathrooms.

University of Otago, sort your shit out. Provide us with gender-neutral facilities in the main buildings so people like me don't get in the way of students with accessibility needs.'

Love,

Anon

Don't you dare publish my name, I don't need any more transphobia in my life xo

*Please email
letters to
critic@critic.co.nz
Letter of the
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Shop!*

ok, here it is since I literally live in the central library its good to see a familiar friendly face here and there, like Don (the security), to say hi and bye to when I'm making my way to the printer. some students like to say hi to Don too when they have their little breaks. Don was the first person to say hi to me in the library in my first year, asking how my studies are going? hence why I always look his direction to give him a grateful wave, walking in and out of the central library, Now my question is whose life is so fucked up to move Don from Central library?

thank you

Don's fan

Dearest Critic,

Can I make a little suggestion? You should put an advice column into the Critic. Ya know, just little nuggets of advice as where to get the best burger, or pizza (Biggies pizza wins), or answer any burning questions people may send in.

I suggest this because I currently could use some advice and have no trusted outlet to turn to, other than perhaps yahoo answers, but that's no fun.

Also, I just want to give a quick shout out to the University for being such a wonderful and inclusive college, unlike my home university. You rock!

Sincerely,

an exchange student whom wants to bone her Kiwi host before she goes home but doesn't know how to go about doing that without getting shot down and completely embarrassed

RENÉE RIDDELL-GARNER (*nee Garner*)

OUSA President 1998. Education and Welfare Vice President 1997, active Te Roopu member

My friend Renée Riddell-Garner died this week.

I and many others will remember her friendship and compassion. She and her husband Brooke had a daughter the same age as my daughter, so we travelled together through playcentre, primary school and intermediate school.

She babysat and cuddled my children.

She was a barrister and leader; active in community groups, school board of trustees and women's organisations. She will be remembered for all these things and more.

But Otago students should remember her as an important leader during turbulent times.

In 1998 Renée was the president of Otago University Students Association (OUSA). She was the second Māori president after Te Rangi Hiroa. She was also one of the association's first female presidents.

1998 was the last full year that the National-led coalition would hold power. During its tenure, it had introduced student fees, student loans and spiralling student debt. Together with its small coalition partner ACT it wanted to pass a law forcing voluntary membership on students' associations.

Voluntary student membership was a huge risk to associations across New Zealand. If it passed OUSA - representing at the time 14,000 students - would

likely lose much of its funding, and more importantly its democratic mandate to speak on behalf of students.

Student politicians like Renée and I emerged from Registry occupations, street marches and civil disobedience. But with student debt by then in existence for nearly a decade we also faced growing apathy and acceptance.

As OUSA's 1997 Education and Welfare Vice-President Renée forged some of her political values by listening to the stories of individual students facing hardship, educational challenges and struggle. She held those students' stories as part of her moral compass. She used them to decide her next move.

She was part of the generation that lobbied NZ First extensively to change the voluntary student membership bill. Together she and her NZUSA peers negotiated a compromise to allow students at each campus to vote whether they wanted voluntary membership or not. This change gave OUSA and other students' associations their chance to survive. Those campus-wide elections - which voted heavily in favour of compulsory membership - not only saved OUSA but made it stronger.

Renée spent her tenure as OUSA president in 1998 making OUSA and its assets voluntary-member-ship-proof and campaign-ready.

OUSA is a cauldron. A small cauldron, but a cauldron nonetheless. With friends and peers critiquing and second-guessing Renée she faced a lot of pressure and criticism. Amidst the uproar of preparing for voluntary membership people lost their jobs, university officials were upset, and students worried that the OUSA they cherished was changing in ways they did not want.

In the space of a year, she took a largely amateur volunteer organisation and reshaped it into a carefully structured and professionally run body, capable of surviving if voluntary membership were imposed on it. Radio One and Critic became independent companies with a duty to represent students' voices. Renée pulled assets like the University Bookstore, Clubs and Societies, and the Unipol back into the OUSA fold, emphasising time and again, occasionally to reluctant occupants, that their first duty was always to students, not to the university.

In this sense, Renée was one of the first OUSA presidents to straddle the eventual shift in OUSA culture from focusing externally, on challenging the government, to focusing internally, on providing services to students.

When Renée handed over the OUSA presidency to me at the end of 1998 she took me on a tour of the university. We met many of the people she had taken with her on her year of change. We ate jellybeans at the proctor's office. We shared tea with the registrar. We met with rangatahi at Te Roopu. We talked to sports coordinators at UniPol, booksellers at the University Book Shop and snooker players in Clubs and Societies. All these people knew Renée as a friend and ally, not only because she stood up for students, but because she was respectful, caring and considerate in her advocacy.

I will miss her as a friend, and our civil society will be all the poorer for her absence.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Critic,

I am fed up with the booth behaviour in both Central Library and the common area on 1st floor between the link and the union. Every day there are a couple of nice comfy booths without any people in them perfect for the small group of people I intend to study with, and every day they are 'claimed' by a single bag or computer but NO PEOPLE. The unspoken etiquette seems to be that we leave these booths for whoever left their expensive laptop or handbag there to come back to, but these booths frequently lie vacant for hours. As demonstrated in your article last week, we are a very trusting lot.

I have no problem with booth-inhabitants nipping out to the loo, or grabbing a snack, or looking for some books (I know, unlikely). So up to half an hour or so of absence is acceptable. What I cannot cope with is the selfish folk who leave a bag and then

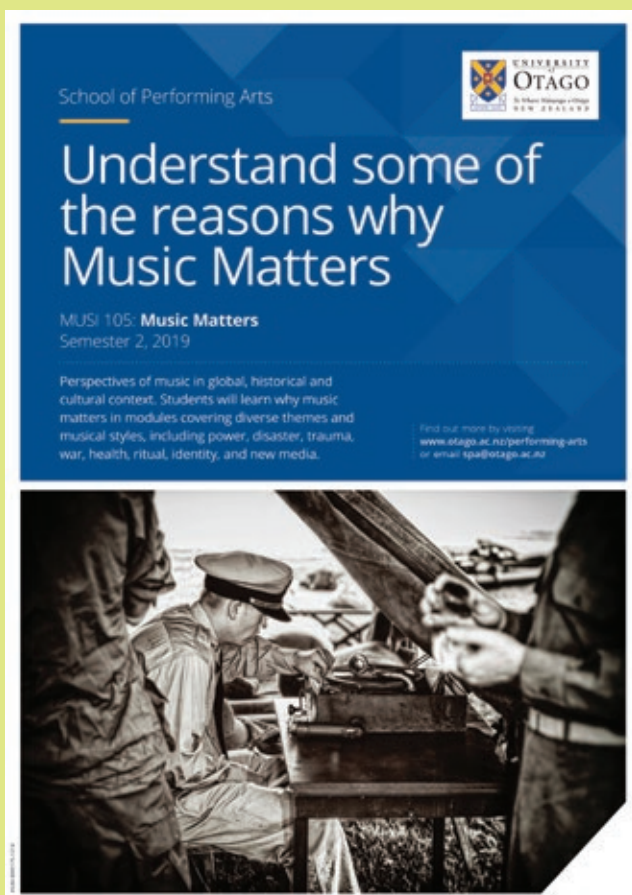
don't return for hours (if at all), while my friends and I have to squish around a table meant for one or two people.

I suggest that if you are leaving your booth for a short amount of time you leave a note saying how long you expect to be. Otherwise, I am going to start breaking this unspoken etiquette and using these 'claimed' booths.

*Sincerely,
Just-trying-to-study.*

NOTICES

LOOKING FOR A NEW FLAT FOR SEMESTER TWO.
COOL STREET NAME A BONUS SINCE IT GETS ADDED
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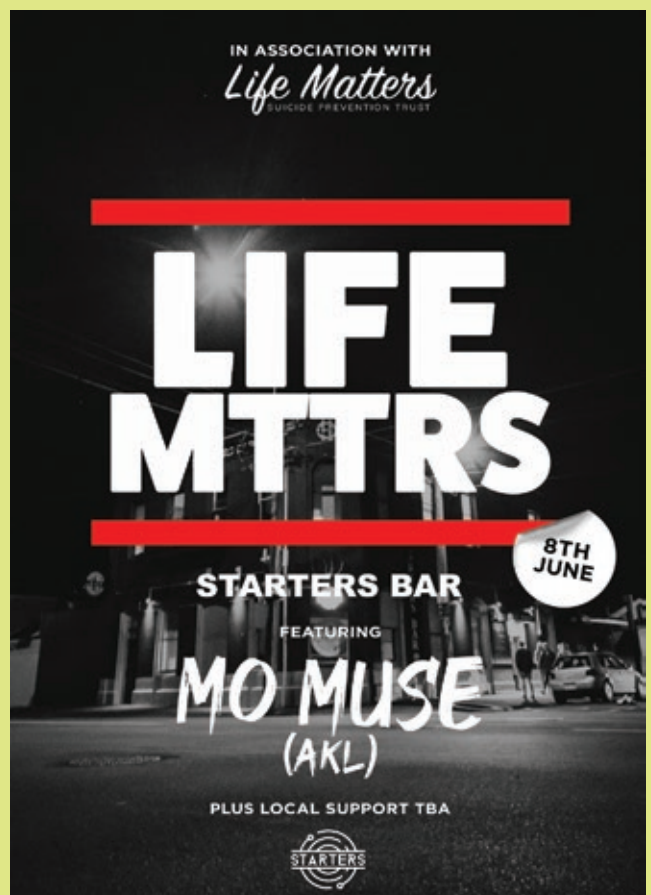
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EDITORIAL

We Summoned a Ghost to Write This Editorial

By Charlie O'Mannin

Welcome to Issue 13, the Occult Issue.

Instead of writing an editorial this week we decided to construct a ouija board and channel the eternal spirit of His Miraculousness Archibald Campbell, the First Critic Editor, may he forever be in our loins.

Critic Illustrators Asia and Saskia combined their ghost-summoning power with mine and we invoked his sacred name around a ouija adorned with cutouts of naked old people, a stone from the cover diorama, and a vicks vapo-drop.

After a stillness the plastic sellotape ring began to twitch and Archibald imparted his sacred wisdom. First he went to "g" and then to the vicks vapo-drop. A bead of sweat trickled down my nose from the pure spiritual power. I felt like Aang when he goes into the Avatar state and connects with all his past lives.

Archibald continues: "Q...Y...4...C...U...N"

We googled this seemingly-random series of letters and numbers and came to the twitter page of Ivonne Aquino Téllez. Once we translated the tweets from Spanish, the true intent of Archibald's ghost became apparent.

"Ahhhhh shit me go out and see so many empty people, now I understand Neitche"

"The routine is the worst poison"

"It hurts to accept reality, but it hurts more to live in a lie"

"Life is always an irony that makes it a bit more enjoyable"

"Today I see everything clear nothing makes sense"

"Moods are just a pretext to get attention"

Truly profound. Thanks Archie for this gift.

Also we asked Archibald if I was a good Critic Editor and he went straight to "goodbye". I was a little bit hurt, but not that surprised.

This is the last Critic before the break. If you're missing Critic over exams, you can flip this edition over and read it backwards to discover a hidden Satanic message.



Heading away for the break?
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Government Will Not Repeal VSM This Term

Critic forced to explain VSM for the millionth fucking time

By Sinead Gill, Esme Hall and Charlie O'Mannin

OUSA Exec members Will Dreyer and Bonnie Harrison have said that Finance Minister Grant Robertson and Education Minister Chris Hipkins will not repeal Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) in this term of government.

OUSA Finance Officer, Bonnie, said "it seems abundantly clear from Grant Robertson and Chris Hipkins that repealing VSM is not on the cards for this term at least".

She said Hipkins spoke at an NZUSA hui late last year where he said that VSM was not a first term thing and not something Labour could currently do.

Because we're fucking tired of explaining VSM every time we write about it, here's the same explanation we used the last few times:

VSM was introduced by the ACT party back when it was actually a party and not just David Seymour yelling into the wind. It essentially meant that rather than students directly funding their students' associations, we switched to Service Level Agreements (SLAs), where universities charge the same fee that students' associations had previously, and then used this fee to hire the associations to provide roughly the same services.

OUSA was basically the only association to survive VSM unscathed. We're lucky that Otago Uni appreciates the value of OUSA's services – things

like academic advocacy, Queer Support, class reps, the foodbank, the hardship fund, clubs grants, R U OK, \$3 lunch, recreation courses, and even things like O-Week, Radio One and Critic (although we are largely funded by ads).

But even so, all of that could change in an instant if the uni decided it didn't want to be so generous. That's exactly what happened at pretty much every other uni in the country. Canterbury and Massey's student associations both went from 20-something staff to low single digits overnight. Their associations were forced to focus almost entirely on commercial ventures like food trucks and on-campus advertising just to sustain themselves. Advocacy and support (i.e. their primary reason for existing) fell by the wayside.

Anyway, OUSA Education Officer, Will, said "basically, repealing VSM [is] not going to happen as universal student membership has the same ideological flaws that allowed ACT and National to repeal it in the first place". One of those flaws was accountability about how that money was spent. For example, in the 1970s during the Vietnam War, 2,000 Vic Uni students participated in a general meeting to confirm the donation of \$2,000 to the Viet Minh for them to purchase a tank. Apparently ACT and National weren't too happy about that. But damn, that's ballsy. Plus, 2,000 students was one third of Vic Uni students back in the day so, that's kind of your accountability right there. Critic defends all purchases of military vehicles by student associations.


While Bonnie said that VSM was imperative, "there's only so much you can do with that [anti-repeal] mood in government".

Will said that while "it is frustrating Labour isn't doing more when they campaigned against VSM in the first place", he said it was "not particularly a shock they haven't done all they promised".

Seeing as a straight repeal isn't on the table, Will and New Zealand Union of Student Associations (NZUSA) President James Ranstead are researching an alternative model that doesn't have "flaws" with accountability. The proposal will be for a government centre called the National Centre for Student Voice that will take money from the unis and pass it on to Student Associations, establishing a minimum amount of money unis have to give their associations. While OUSA wouldn't see significant benefits from this, it would be a godsend for the associations that were gutted by VSM.

Will said they're trying to propose "something that effectively repeals VSM, but that's not a straight repeal". They're currently in talks with Labour backbencher Jan Tametti to get a bill to that effect put forward.

Bonnie said, "When your long term goal is to repeal VSM, and people in charge say we're not going to, what are you gonna do now? Make best you can possibly do in the meantime."



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Students Still Waiting For a Sexual Misconduct Policy

Students “really frustrated at how long it's taking”

Sinead Gill

A month after the University approved a Sexual Violence Misconduct policy, students are still waiting to find out what that policy actually entails.

In a statement to the media last month, the University explained that the policy would be operational once “a specific team of suitably qualified staff” are hired “to provide advice and guidance” regarding allegations of sexual misconduct. When Critic followed up last week, the University said these staff would be hired “very soon”, but it’s been a month and there’s still no word on the policy.

Thursdays in Black, a student advocacy group for survivors of sexual violence, said they are “feeling really frustrated at how long it’s taking” to see the policy. “Having concrete policy in place and in the domain of public knowledge is important to guide people in what to do, but to also hold them accountable when they don’t do what they should. It’s also very important because, if done well, it can show survivors all of the pathways and options available to them and that there is at least some effort within our institutions to address the issue of sexual violence.” They hope that these delays will lead to “a robust

policy grounded in best practice, ready to be applied to our university context immediately”.

OUSA Welfare Officer Kerrin Roberston-Scanlon said she had been in “positive meetings” with the University earlier in the year, and is already in discussion with Thursdays in Black and Te Whare Tāwharau on how they can “raise student awareness” around the policy once it is released.

According to the University, releasing a policy document “does not prevent existing processes around support for affected parties and investigation of alleged misconduct continuing”.

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University's 'Walk Your Wheels' Campaign Labelled Ableist

Skating ban probably going to be as effective as banning vaping on campus

By Oscar Francis

A student with a physical disability is saying that the wheeled transport ban on campus is more than just an inconvenience for skateboarders; it does not consider the needs of students for whom walking around campus is not an option. Disability Services said students will be able to apply for an exemption to skate on campus.

On May 14, the University Council voted to ban skateboards, bikes, scooters and other 'personal transport devices' from being ridden on campus. The ban's been rolled out as the 'Walk Your Wheels' campaign, with new signage and reminders around campus. It is focused on reducing the health and safety risk posed by wheeled transport users zooming around, particularly at times of peak foot traffic.

Busy thoroughfares can lead to accidents, especially when skaters might be weaving their way through crowds of people. But, the ban has caused considerable difficulty for Andreas. After being run over by a forklift, Andreas said "walking around campus isn't an option for me". He said, "it would appear the Uni property management [hadn't] even thought that the ban might affect people [like me]."

But, he has been in touch with Disability Information and Support who have "been great" and are "making slow progress".

Melissa Lethaby from Disability Information and Support said, "all students with a documented need will be eligible to apply for an exemption" from the ban. She said her office is "100% supportive of the Walk your Wheels initiative as a number of students we work with have reported feeling unsafe on campus due to the sheer volume of fast moving skateboards on campus". She expressed confidence in the ability of the university bureaucracy to process timely dispensations, stating that "the first exemption requests only came to my attention on Tuesday".

Lethaby said her office has been kept "well informed" around the new policy and contributed to its wording "in collaboration with the disabled community". She is confident it intends to keep everyone safe on campus.

She also said other universities have skate paths and it's possible Otago will follow suit in time.

Interestingly, Andreas said it's faculty members, rather than Campus Watch, telling him off for

skating. He said, "I've had staff walk in front of me and make sure I get off before moving".

Critic also spoke to Owen who said, "I'm bummed about it because skateboarding is my primary mode of transport". While understanding about the need to avoid collisions in crowds, he is upset about the 24/7 timing of the ban. He said, "I have no problem not skating on the central Uni grounds. However, especially at times when there's no one around (like during classes or at night) it seems kinda ridiculous to ban wheeled transport."

Owen said "the Campus Watch dude who told me about the ban was super chill and not a dick so I got no problem doing what they tell me". According to Otago Bulletin Board, it seems like Property Services' focus on getting people to "walk their wheels" was caused by the arrival of Lime scooters in Dunedin. Under the new regulations, offending riders can be punished under the Discipline Statute of 2011. In theory, this probably means a trip to the Proctor's Office. But it is unclear how exactly Campus Watch are going to deal with fast offenders unless they're skating themselves or commit to a tackle to the concrete - both of which are probably health and safety risks in and of themselves.



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SOULS to Decline Russell McVeagh's Money

Turns out law students have SOULS after all

By Charlie O'Mannin

After consulting its members, the Society of Otago Law Students (SOULS) has decided not to accept sponsorship from law firm Russell McVeagh. SOULS cut ties with the law firm in 2018 when it was accused by multiple students, including one student from Otago, of systematic sexual harassment.

In a letter sent out to students, the SOULS Executive said that "the feedback made it clear to us that many students do not support any such arrangement at this stage".

SOULS said that they had "gone through and considered every piece of feedback submitted" and had "received a range of responses, with some students encouraging re-establishing a sponsorship relationship, and others expressing concerns around doing so".

Most of the law students Critic spoke to agreed with the decision, and praised SOULS for listening to its members. One fourth year said that "SOULS is supposed to represent us; I think that's what they've done," and another said "SOULS has clearly considered everyone's feedback and acted on it rather than calling for comment as window dressing".

While still in favour of the decision, one fifth year Critic spoke to said "A better decision would have been to wait longer than eight months to start going after Russell McVeagh's money, or to at least properly acknowledge the victims of assault when doing so".

A fourth year student said "I think the important thing to remember is that cutting ties with Russell McVeagh wasn't necessarily because there was a case of sexual assault, but because

of their attempts to cover it up." Despite positive changes in the past year, the student felt "overall company culture takes a long time to change."

However, not everyone was in favour of the move. One second year told Critic, "Russell McVeagh provides mean job opportunities; SOULS is just grandstanding to make themselves look good at the expense of the students they represent."

The SOULS Exec also noted that the decision on whether to accept Russell McVeagh's funding in 2020 would "be a decision for the 2020 SOULS Executive" and that the Otago Law Faculty might decide to re-establish a relationship with the law firm independently. "This means that Russell McVeagh may be allowed to enter campus, provide talks and advertise their firm, despite not being connected to SOULS."

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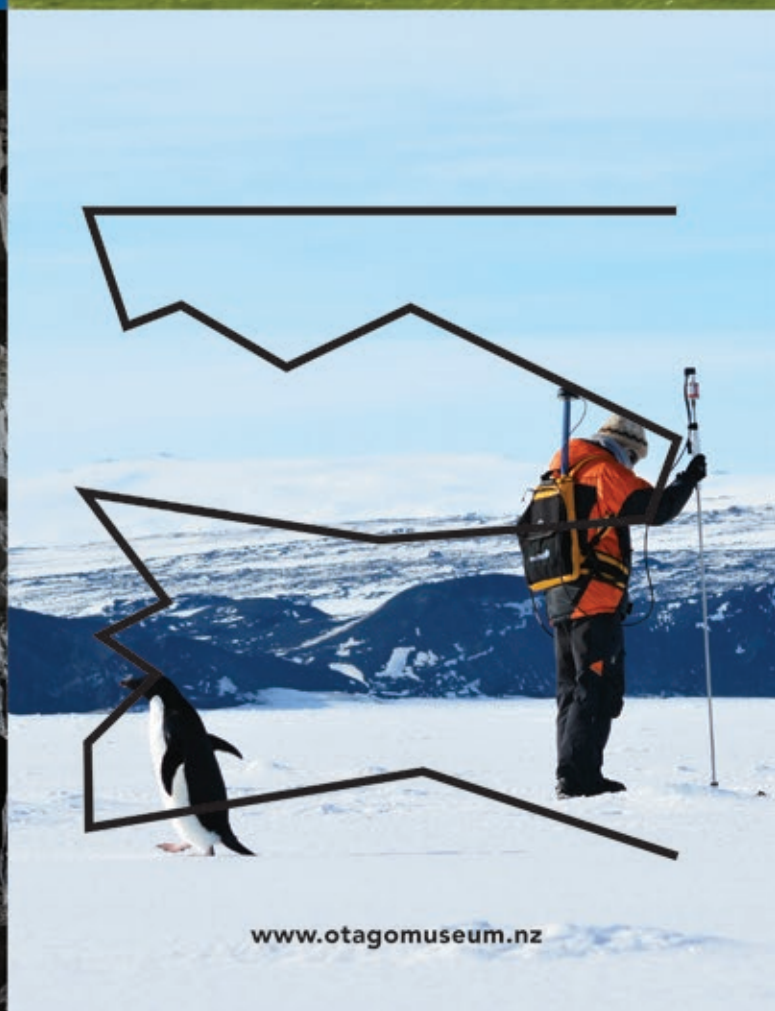
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OUSa Executive Give Dying Man Life Membership

Kia kaha Michael Tull and whānau

By James Joblin

Last month, the OUSa Executive bestowed the honour of lifetime OUSa membership on Michael Tull.

The Exec gave the life membership after seeing a Facebook post by Tull that said he was “nearing the end of [his] days” and had always been disappointed he’d never been granted OUSa life membership despite his contributions to Otago students in the 1980s.

Hull is a father of four children and said “having this news which I could be proud to relay to

them gave me a real lift,” especially since he’s been medically retired for four years.

The 53-year-old was elected three times to the OUSa Exec, and spent two years as Education Officer. He edited Critic Orientation and Capping magazines, hosted Radio One’s top talkback show for four years, and emceed events like the Capping Show.

Tull said he “lived and breathed OUSa for a good five years” of his life.

In a letter to James Heath after receiving the lifetime membership on April 15th, Tull wrote “my years at OUSa were among the very best of my life”.

He wrote, “OUSa’s role in ensuring those students have a voice, and an advocate for their interests, is as vitally important now as it has ever been. Keep on fighting the good fight!”

Thank you, Michael. Kia kaha.

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Critic Breaks Down the OUSA Referendum Questions

By Esme Hall, Sinead Gill, Charlie O'Mannin

In an impressive show of #studentengagement, 38 student submitted questions ended up in the upcoming OUSA Referendum. Admittedly, Critic submitted 21 questions, but most of those were actually submitted to us by students. Critic Editor Charlie O'Mannin is still sad his question to get OUSA to change its logo to a "big ol' dick" didn't get through. "This is a dark day for democracy," Charlie muttered to himself while staring into the mirror and softly weeping.

Drinking

Because we're STUDENTS and obviously can't think about anything other than ALCOHOL and PARTYING, a grand total of four partying-related questions were submitted to the OUSA Referendum.

In two separate questions, students will be asked whether the Hyde Street party should admit first-year students and whether it should have expanded capacity. Critic supports the first question on humanitarian grounds. Freshers are students too. On the second question, people who live near Hyde Street get flat tickets anyway, might as well make their streets a part of it too. But what would it be called? The Clyde, Hyde, Leith, corner of Albany and Frederick Street Party? The CHLAF Party? What an unattractive word.

Students will also be asked whether OUSA should attempt to buy the Marsh Study Centre off the University and turn it back into the Gardens Tavern (aka Gardies) and in whether OUSA should attempt to buy the University's Frederick St offices and turn the building back into the Bowling Green Tavern (aka The Bowler). This would absolutely never happen, the University is more likely to reveal Charlene Chainz's real identity during a sick freestyle at convocation than relinquish their stranglehold on two of their defeated enemies, but isn't asking pointless questions what the OUSA referendum's all about?

Environment

Either Otago students are very environmentally conscious, or a single enviro-warrior spammed Admin VP Porourangi Templeton-Reedy's email, because six environment/sustainability questions will be in the referendum, including a bunch about lobbying the University to be more sustainable, and also whether OUSA should put solar panels on all its buildings, you know,

because Dunedin is drowning in sunlight.

These are cool questions and the answer to all of them should be yes. Oh, sorry, we need to be more balanced? Um, vote no if you hate the planet. There, balanced.

How OUSA works

In a bunch of nerd questions, students also thought that OUSA should be structured differently. One question will ask whether OUSA should investigate the establishment of an OUSA Ombudsman, to neutrally investigate complaints against the Executive. What's an Ombudsman, you ask? According to a survey of Critic staff, an Ombudsman is "like a spiritual weed dealer, but legal", "someone who has lots of buddies" and "someone that, like, helps you?". We concluded the word should definitely be Ombudsperson or Ombudsfolk because 'Ombudsman' is sexisssst. Anyway, Google said an Ombudsman is a public advocate who represents people's interests, investigates complaints, violations of rights and generally holds people accountable. We thought that was what Critic was for, but ok.

There was also the obligatory question of whether OUSA should leave the New Zealand Union of Students Associations (NZUSA), which they ABSOLUTELY SHOULD NZUSA ARE GARBAGE WHY ARE WE PAYING THEM \$45,000 A YEAR TO HAVE SEXUAL HARRASMENT SCANDALS AND FAIL AT REPEALING VSM ALSO THEIR ACRONYM SUCKS AND SOUNDS LIKE THEY DO SPORTS EXCHANGES WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Lime

Should OUSA lobby Lime for discounted fares and to not cut off at midnight? YES. LIVE, LOVE, LIME. While you're at it OUSA, can you also lobby for my Lime account to get refunded for a \$15 ride that I apparently took last Friday night but can't remember? Cheers x

Students will also be asked whether OUSA should hold a competition to see who can eat the most limes (the fruit, not the vehicle). If this goes ahead Critic will hold a rival Lime eating competition (the vehicle, not the fruit).

Lobbying

Please, please, please vote 'yes' for OUSA to lobby the University for longer Mid-semester

and Winter breaks. Even if you don't answer any other questions - vote this one. Everyone would be so much saner if we actually got a break in the middle of semester, rather than just having a week to catch up on assignments and maybe sleep. Can they also lobby for lecturers to not set assignment deadlines in the break? Please and thank you.

The people want OUSA to lobby a lot. Lobby the DCC to oppose the expansion of paid parking in the student area. Lobby the Uni to actually observe tenancy laws for UniFlats in regard to notice before entering. Lobby for unrestricted Wi-Fi. Lobby for residential colleges to discount rent for Residential Assistants so that their pay entirely covers accommodation costs. Lobby, lobby, lobby.

Other random questions

Question 29 is that Critic make more video content. We didn't submit this question and were honestly shocked when we saw this in the referendum. We did some investigative journalism and in a shocking expose found out that it was submitted by Bonnie Harrison, OUSA Finance Officer. Critic will not tolerate the Exec interfering in Critic business. We'll do what we fucking want.

We were actually planning on doing more video content, but regardless of the result of this question we're fucking not now. Fuck you, Bonnie. Keep your referendum questions to yourself. We encourage everyone who respects the freedom of the press to spoil your vote on this question in protest.

Because Flameboi turned out to be such a disappointment, students need another beer-inspired icon to get them through the rest of semester. Question 20 asks whether OUSA should fund and support the creation of a student owned and run micro-brewery and shop in North Dunedin. Critic supports this question on the condition that we get unlimited free moonshine.

Every President is looking to leave a legacy. James Heath, we know you're wondering what yours will be. Look no further than question 39, which asks whether OUSA should change their colour from green to orange. If OUSA changed its colour to orange, forevermore will students be reminded of your glorious hair as they stare wistfully at the Clubs and Socs building from Central Library.





DUNEDIN'S MOST ACCURATE NEWS SOURCE

DUNEDIN NEWS

Very worried about this spider I found today any1

tell me what is it and I need to

get the house spider dead dangerous?

Flashmob.....Dunedin needs you

What is wrong with people!?

Get some fresh air into ya peeps.
[#thisisnews](#)

The weather report was correct

Only 8 poles left sticking up.

who's keen

Had this Doll in my cupboard for years.

She has a dress. Wondered if anyone

knows anything about it, value etc

Good wood,

Freedom of speech

I know not Dunedin but still

ODT WATCH

Masculinity on display in all
its varied unattractiveness

Put that thing back where it came from or so help me.

**Sometimes it's nice
to be nasty**

Honestly? The ODT has published a lot of filth but this takes the cake. The only kind of sex that should be promoted in any piece of media is vanilla missionary sex that lasts for 30 seconds. We bet you don't even cry afterwards. For shame.

Voracious shag

Nice.

Regional council announces
6.9% increase in rates

Nice.

**Logo? More
like oh, no**

This, dear readers, is it. Art criticism and graphic design as fields of thought have reached their logical conclusion. This is what the entire history of the English language has been leading up to. Each syllable is in beautiful harmony. Perfection.



The Critical Tribune

DELUSIONAL TUTOR ACTUALLY EXPECTS STUDENTS TO DO READINGS



"I feel disappointed every single week," said Philosophy tutor Donovan Cross. "Every Tuesday I ask who has done the readings, and nobody raises their hand. I tell them every time, you won't get much out of the course if you don't do the readings." Cross said "I'm a busy man! I give up my time to share the gift of knowledge with them, and they spit in my

face. Yeah I am paid to teach them, but what does that matter?"

One of Cross's students told The Critical Tribune that "all I want is a passing grade, not a fucking guilt trip every time I go to class".

"He's so depressing. I've started skipping class just to avoid that fucking question," said the student.

CRITICAL TRIBUNE REPORTER'S FLATMATE NEEDS TO LEARN HOW TO DO THE FUCKING DISHES



Yeah, you read that right Sarah, you lazy bitch. I've told you so many goddamn times to just clean your dishes after you use them. You leave them on the table, on the bench, on the floor. You know, yesterday I found a sauce covered plate wedged down the back of the couch.

I'm probably going to lose my fucking job for this, but I'm done. Fuck you, Sarah. Anyone else's parents would be ashamed of their shitstain of a daughter, but your pair of troglodytes seem to have failed in their duty. This is a wake up call Sarah, get your fucking life together.

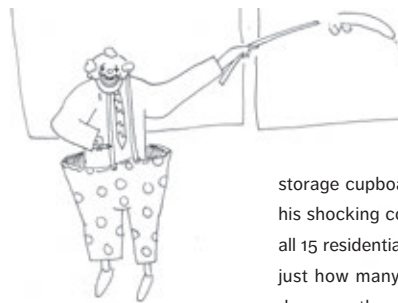
PROBLEM-SOLVING BREATHA HEATS ENTIRE FLAT EXCLUSIVELY BY BURNING UBER EATS VOUCHERS



Josh Broden has revolutionised student heating. Using simply a metal trash can and a fuckton of Uber Eats vouchers, Josh has managed to fend off hypothermia. When asked why Josh decided on Uber Eats vouchers as a unique, new type of fuel he said, "nobody actually uses these pieces of shit. I don't know a single person that has used Uber

Eats. How do they afford to pay all those people?" Josh's landlord has been in touch with him several times, warning him that his new method is a complete and dangerous violation of the lease. "Well if she doesn't want me to warm the house, maybe she can fucking insulate it," said Josh.

PROFESSOR OF COMEDY CONFIRMS: DRAWING DICKS ON WHITEBOARDS IS THE PINNACLE OF HUMOUR



Dr. Harry Whitburn, more commonly known as Bonzo the Clown, released an official statement yesterday confirming that illustrations of masculine genitalia on whiteboards is scientifically the pinnacle of humour. Dr. Whitburn is head of Otago's lesser-known Comedy Department, located in the English Department

storage cupboard. Whitburn came to his shocking conclusion after visiting all 15 residential colleges and noticing just how many freshers had penises drawn on the whiteboard attached to their door.

Whitburn believed this was a turning point for his department, he said, "I was shocked to see this interesting new development in the field of comedy. To think that one simple illustration consisting of just two balls and a phallus could invoke such fiery laughter inside a person. Marvelous. Just marvelous."

I took a bunch of **herbal supplements** and destroyed my body so you could know the truth

By Owen Clarke

It's common knowledge that humans don't know everything. We might have figured out how to make handheld phones with cameras so that we can take pictures of our junk and send them to people on the other side of the world, but there's a lot we still don't know.

This is especially true in the medical sphere. For all our advances, there are still countless unexplained medical phenomena, undiagnosed diseases, and diseases with treatments that are far from effective. Thus, it's no surprise that many people turn to alternative treatments when conventional medicine has no answer. I've done it myself. Sometimes the results, for better or worse, are clear. Other times ... not so much. So, I decided to roll the dice and take some different supplements, herbal and otherwise. This is what happened.

Ginkgo Biloba (maidenhair)

This Chinese herb is touted due to its apparent use for improving circulation. It's supposed to increase nitric oxide levels circulating in the bloodstream, aiding cognitive function, decreasing anxiety and depression, improving memory and concentration, eyesight, and (you guessed it) male sexual performance.

I actually took ginkgo biloba daily for the better part of two months, because I feel like I'm getting dumber from drinking all the V-Pure at the Critic office, and because I thought it might make my dick bigger. Honestly, I didn't see any of these benefits. My memory has improved somewhat, but only selectively. I still can't remember a damn thing from any of my lectures, but I can remember every word of the chorus to Tyga's SWISH ("...come on girl I'm tryna get your pussy wet..."), which is not something you want to have stuck in your head. Trust me.

**MY PUBES HAD FALLEN OUT AND
SOMEONE HAD WRITTEN THE LYRICS
TO A DIANA KRALL SONG IN A SPIRAL
CIRCLE AROUND MY NIPPLES**

**I STRIPPED
DOWN TO MY
UNDERWEAR
AND STARED
AT MYSELF IN
THE BATHROOM
MIRROR FOR THE
BETTER PART OF
AN HOUR.**

Coenzyme Q10 (ubiquinone)

According to WebMD, this supplement is a “vitamin-like” substance, which “helps provide energy to cells”. In addition, the site says, “Coenzyme Q10 also seems to have antioxidant activity.” A bit vague, eh? Some research online shows people take this a lot for muscle pain and heart health, and a ton of other stuff that I don’t really want to list off, like mitigating the symptoms of HIV.

I’ve been taking CoQ10 off and on for years, but I recently took 2000mg daily for a week, which is like triple the dosage the bottle said to take. I didn’t notice anything for a while, but then my entire body felt like it was on fire. This lasted about ten minutes, then my skin started to itch severely and I stripped down to my underwear and stared at myself in the bathroom mirror for the better part of an hour. I tried to walk back to my bedroom but missed the doorway and smacked my head against the wall. When I woke up the next morning, all my pubes had fallen out and someone had written the lyrics to a Diana Krall song in a spiral circle around my nipples. Also, I had a major headache.





HairFluence

My hair's been getting thinner and thinner lately, and this stuff is apparently supposed to increase hair growth across the body. So I ordered it on Amazon to see what was up.

Long story short, I think it fucked me up. I took two capsules a day for two months, and I didn't see any thicker hair, but I did develop strange white blisters across my palms and the skin on my fingertips began to shred and fall off whenever I got my hands wet. It's been two weeks since I stopped taking it, and my fingertip skin has stopped shredding, but the blisters on my palms are still there. I went to the doctor today, and he said I had a rare bacterial skin infection found only in a remote corner of the Northwestern Amazon jungle. Apparently it will eventually kill me if it spreads to other parts of my body. Unfortunately, according to the dweeby doctor I talked to at Student Health, the only known cure is to travel to the slopes of Kanchenjunga, one of the highest peaks in the Himalayas, and eat a black poppy flower from the Lotus Shrine of the Forbidden Tiger Temple, then defeat three Shaolin monks in a blindfolded duel.

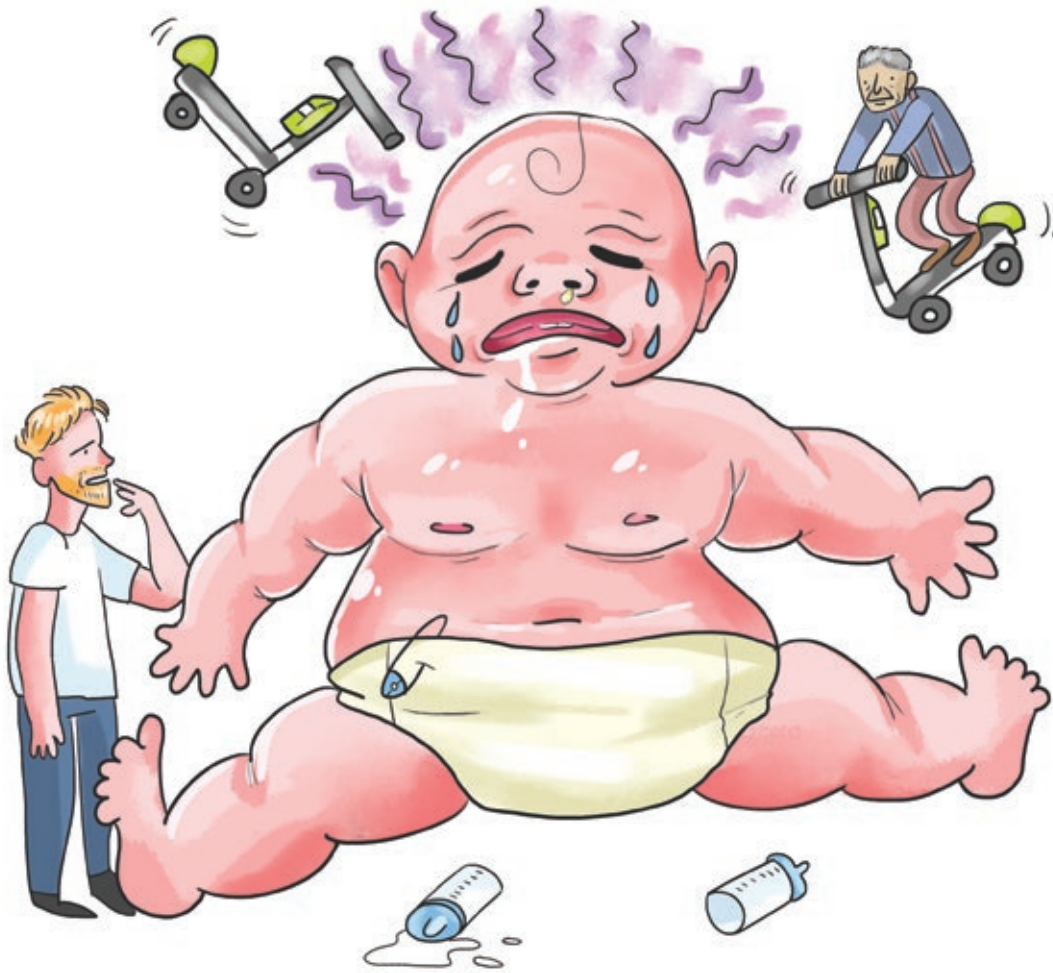
Not sure if StudentSafe health insurance will cover this.

Nutritec's Red Alert Driver Reviver

Screw this stuff. Red Alert, the label says, is designed to "support mental and physical performance in sports competitors, executive personnel, truck drivers, shift workers, students and those with a disire to boost energy and awareness". Yeah, that's right, they misspelled "desire" on their own bottle.

This stuff only came with four pills in the bottle, and you're supposed to take two pills daily, but I just took all four to see if it really had a kick. It does. My stomach throbbed monstrously for three hours after taking it, my mind went into overdrive, and all I could do was watch a looping YouTube video of a guy covering DragonForce's Through the Fire and Flames on a flute. The next morning, I shat when I tried to fart, ruining my favorite pair of pants.

**THE NEXT
MORNING,
I SHAT WHEN I
TRIED TO FART,
RUINING MY
FAVORITE PAIR
OF PANTS.**



St. John's Wort (*hypericum perforatum*)

Touted as a herb to aid with anxiety, depression, and nerve pain, among other things, this is one of the more well researched herbs. "The mechanism of action of St John's Wort is not fully understood," says Health Navigator New Zealand, "but it is believed to affect certain chemicals in your body, such as serotonin and nor-adrenaline. In this way it is thought to improve mood."

I took St. John's Wort for three weeks, but unfortunately, I failed to read the packaging warning: Do not take if breastfeeding.

I am currently breastfeeding, and I noticed that my child, Tyberius, was growing much larger each day after I began taking the herb. After two weeks of St. John's Wort while breastfeeding, Tyberius, who is eight months old, weighed 200 kilos and had grown to well

over 8 feet in height. I can no longer breastfeed him on my own, so I have enlisted a cadre of local lactating women to provide for Tyberius' needs. He has also developed strange powers, such as the ability to communicate via thought, the power to turn invisible, and the power to remotely activate Lime scooters and bring them to himself at will. Conclusion: St. John's Wort did make me feel less anxious and depressed, but my child turning into a massive, milk-chugging, psychic tyrant counteracted any benefits herb had on my mental health.

THE LESSON: DON'T FOLLOW IN MY FOOTSTEPS. I WALK A DANGEROUS PATH.

Win!!!

dinner with four middle aged women who meet up every month to do sorcery

Wiccans' Weekly

26 May 2019

Your weekly guide to NZ's magickal community

"The book that changed me"



WILLS AND WILLIES

3 Magick spells to
take control of your sex life
and

assist in your plans for
when you die

2 herbs you **NEED** for your collection



Ploughman's Spikenard



Good King Henry



45 000 3234 46

40

HOW I BECAME THE MOST POWERFUL MALE WICCAN IN NORTH DUNEDIN

By Charlie O'Mannin

In the depths of time before the world came into being (2001), in a dark and distant land (the American Midwest), a book was made. This book was called "Wicca Spellcraft for Men" and I bought a copy of it from a library sale for a single smackeroo. After all, I was a man, and I was intrigued by what man spells I might be able to cast. It was the first step along a path that would lead me to become the most powerful Male Wiccan in all of North Dunedin.

A.J. Drew, the author of this mystical tome, has some strong opinions about Wicca. Turns out Drew's not all good with how focussed on "the goddess" modern Wicca has become, or as he puts it, "Time and time again, when Wicca is the subject, the goddess is centre stage and men are once again spiritually and magickally castrated".

For someone who doesn't know how to spell the word "magic", he's got some strong opinions on the natural superiority of men. He's also fond of thought-provoking sentences like "Do you want to be a Pharoh or do you want to be a cowering slave?"

Drew's a heroically tragic figure. He talks about how his father was a "loving but stern man" and then drops the emotional bombshell; "Fortunately my military

service gave him what he needed to be proud of me before he died".

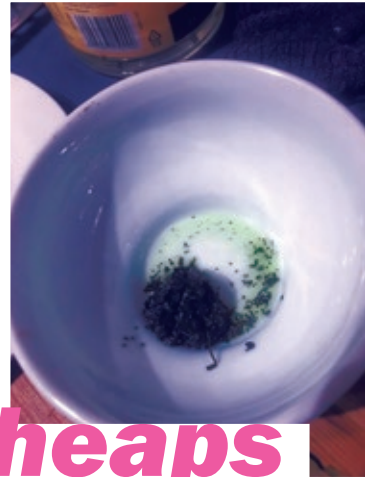
I shed a tear, donned my druidic robes, kissed my celestial father on the lips, and embarked on my holy quest for testosterone-filled sorcery.

The first thing I figured out about the spells in "Wicca Spellcraft for Men" was that all the ingredients were fucking expensive. Drew, owner of what he proudly calls "one of the largest neo-Pagan/Wiccan shops in the Midwest," loves telling the spellcaster to purchase fancy tinctures and crystals as part of his spells.

However, he also says that the most effective spells are the ones we make for ourselves. Keeping this in mind I decided to bring Wiccan spellcasting back to its natural roots, and made all my spells purely out of things I found in the botans herb garden.

CELIBACY SPELL

As soon as I saw "Celibacy Spell For Men" listed in Drew's spellbook I knew I had to invoke its terrible power. The spell told me that I needed to invoke the spell in the morning to remain celibate throughout the day. I was incredulous at first. Surely that miracle was beyond the power of man. But then I remembered that the Sorcerer need not abide by the same laws as the mind-slave.



“Yeah man, I felt heaps of magical energy. It went without a hitch.”

I couldn't find the “natural camphor” this spell required, so I replaced it with some “Soft Goldenrod” I picked from the botans.

Of all the herb mixtures I made this one was by far the best. It bound together in little clumps well and lit on fire with ease, producing a harsh woody smoke. The mild smoke inhalation was an added bonus. Maybe it's just that I'm naturally talented at crafting celibacy magick; my gift, but also, my curse.

I donned my special ceremonial robe, carefully observing Drew's magickal tenet that “If you wear undergarments, you are completely defeating the purpose of the robe”. I could feel the magic flow directly from my unclothed penis, vibrating ready to mould the world around me.

The ritual called for a “lustral bath” followed by a smudging with the ash of the appropriate herbs. I skipped the bath, because my flat doesn't have one, but had an extra thorough smudge to make up for it.

I drew the magickal circle and tried to cast out negative energy. As I'm pretty much

negative energy all the way to the core, this was the most difficult step. Then I annointed my forehead to open up my third eye and invited the quarters, lighting bundles of herbs at the compass points, imploring air, water, fire, and earth to make sure there was no sex for me.

At the climax of the ceremony, I invoked my chosen male archetype, the sacred Lord Breatha, to inhabit me, as well as acknowledging the female archetype Lady Thot.

Then came the most confusing step, called simply “cakes and ale”. I stole one of my flatmate's Oreos and had a swig of some old Kahlúa that had been on top of the cupboard for months and hoped that would be symbolically sufficient.

The rest of the spell was effectively pack down - thanking all the mystical spirits for coming and walking the circle counter-clockwise.

That's when I felt it. The pure fire of celibacy in my loins. I'm pleased to report that this spell was 100% successful - 24 hours

after casting the spell I was still celibate. Not a single person did I have sex with in that time period. Magic is real.

I may have had a cheeky wank at one point, but that hardly counts.

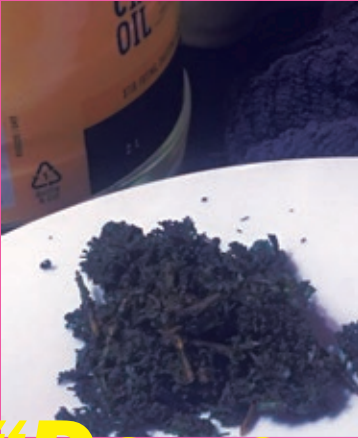
POSEIDON SPELL

(TO ENSURE SAFE BOAT TRAVEL)

Honestly I didn't think this one through properly. I was still headstrong from my wildly successful celibacy spell. You're supposed to toss this overboard before a boat journey to make sure your boat doesn't sink or some shit like that. Unfortunately, I only remembered that I did not have any boating planned after I was halfway through the spell.

This spell called for cedar oil, but I figured some pine needles soaked in canola oil would do the trick. The needles didn't mix well with the other ingredients and all in all it was a bit of a prickly mess.

Deciding to do a selfless deed with my - otherwise useless - spell I got two of my male



“Do you want to be a Pharoh or do you want to be a cowering slave?”

flatmates (ew, no girls allowed) to go out onto the back deck to assist me with some higher-level casting. We tried to light the mixture on fire while chanting “We save sailors,” sending our spell up on the wind to help the maritime men of the world (women can make their own spells if they want to be saved). The mixture didn’t light very well and I burnt my thumb; I suspect the spell was too powerful, even for our collective Wicca levels. Either that or I should have made my flatmates take off their underwear.

LUST SPELL

(FOR A MAN TO FEEL FOR WOMEN)

Ok, so I couldn’t find most of the ingredients for this one. I didn’t know what “neroli oil” was, but I knew I sure wasn’t going to find it in the botans. So instead I trusted my Wiccan instincts and substituted it for some plants whose names were obviously euphemisms for penises. “Ploughman’s Spikenard” was my favourite, followed by a decent chunk of “Good King Henry” and topped off with a dash of “Sweetwood”. The last one was a bit of a stretch, but it

smelled nice and I figured it couldn’t hurt. Honestly this spell was a complete failure. It did not work even a little bit. I blame my earlier extra-strong celibacy spell for negating the potency of this enchantment. Although it was also quite cold.

HADES SPELL

(TO ASSIST IN THE WRITING OR EXECUTION OF A PERSON’S WILL)

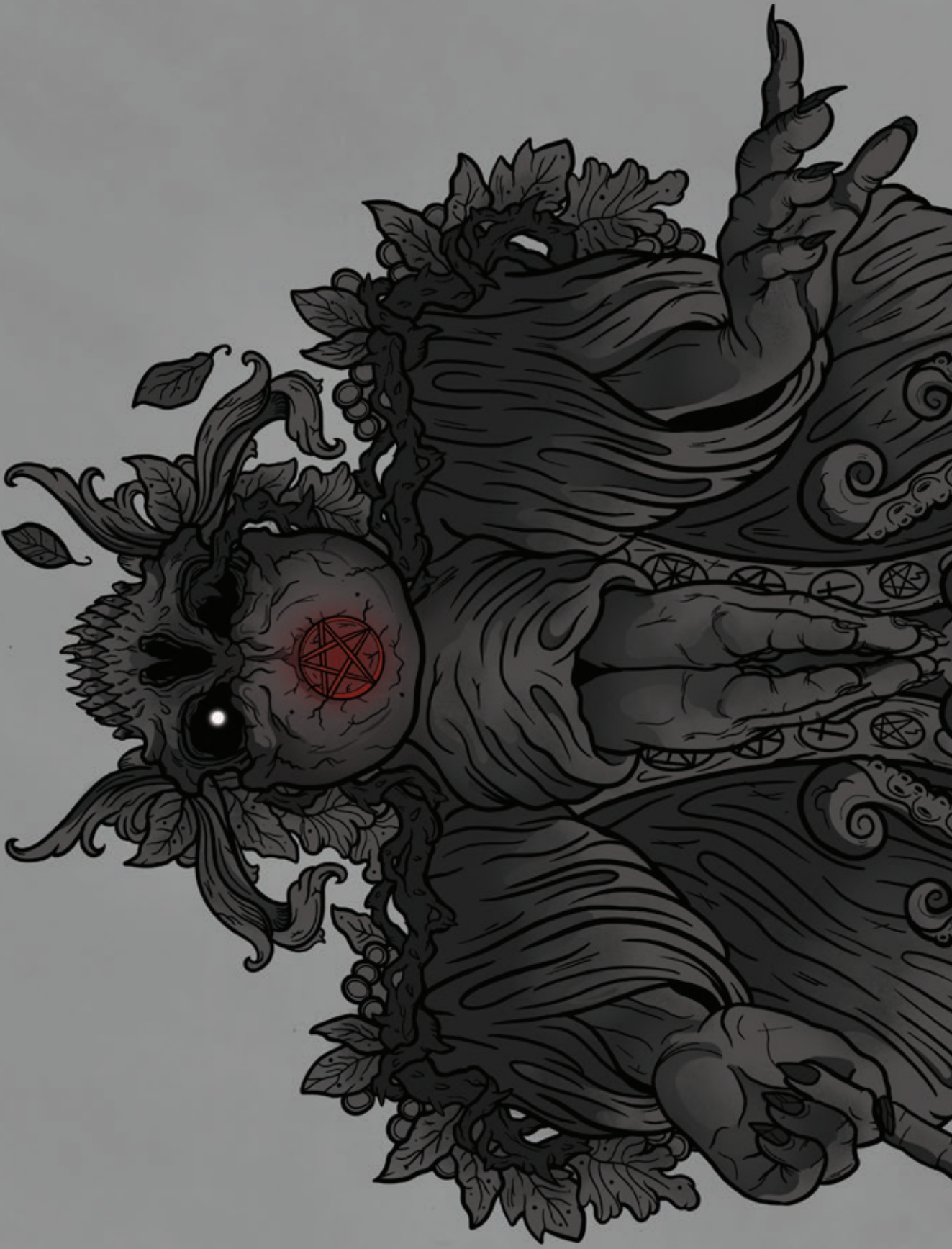
Instead of casting this spell into the aether in all its daemonic might, I bound the raw, unbridled magick into a charm to give to Critic Illustrator Saskia, who was coincidentally in the process of writing her last will and testament. Even though she’s a woman, and thus might spiritually castrate my magic power, I was pretty sure it’d work fine. And if it didn’t, I had an easy explanation for my impotent magic.

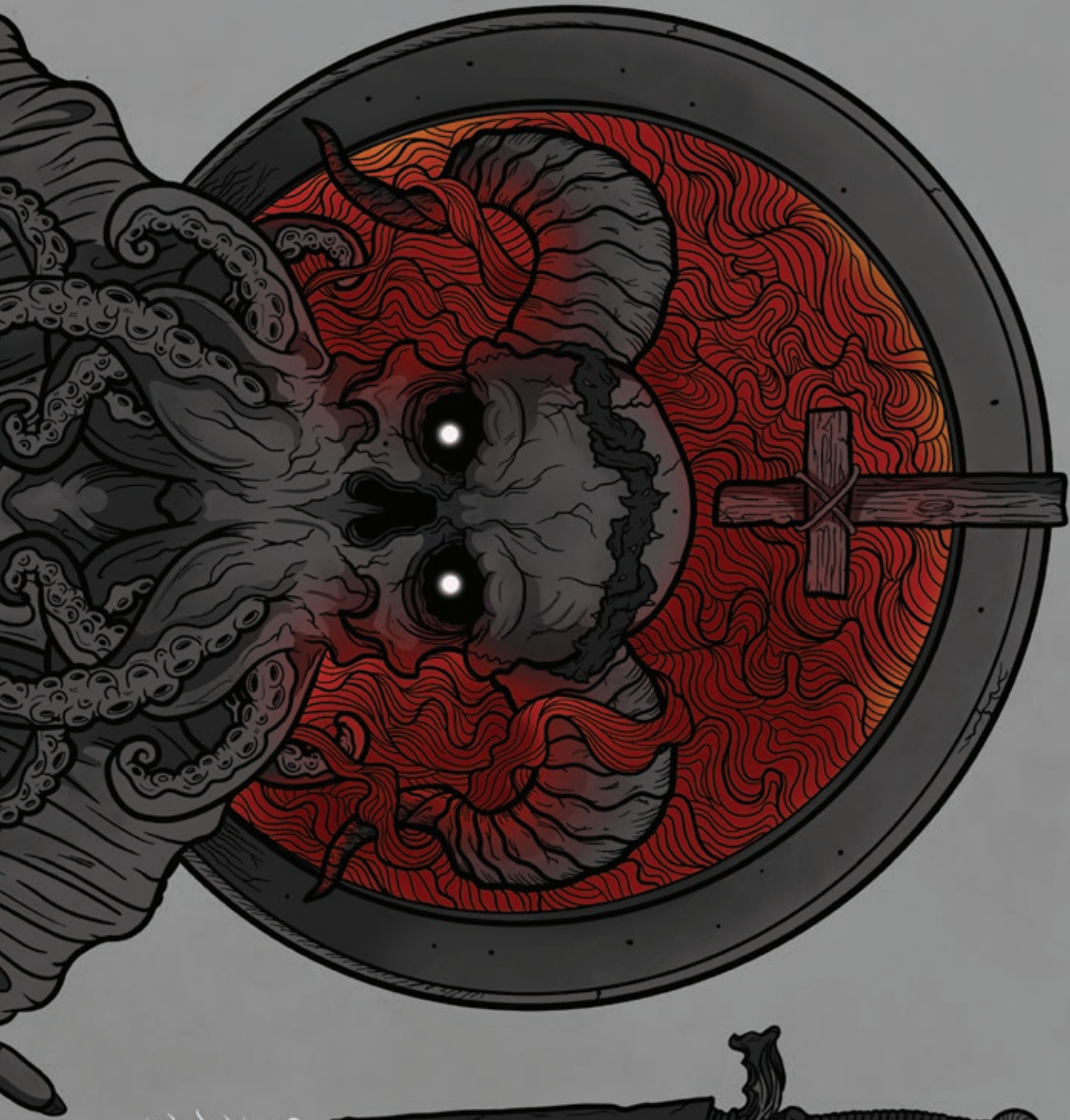
I put the goopy mess of plant matter and oil into an empty weed baggy and sent the bewitchment out into the corporeal plane. Saskia arrived at the lawyer’s office on time, which she says was “definitely” magic. “Can you

not just type everything I say. Um. I arrived, I almost rang the bell but I didn’t even need to because the lady was right there,” she said.

“Yeah man, I felt heaps of magical energy. It went without a hitch.”

High off this unprecedented success I am declaring myself the most powerful Male Wiccan in North Dunedin. If anyone would like to challenge my title I will be available behind Maccas for magickal duels between the hours of 4.20p m-4.20am





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© K. A. S.

TAKING IT TO

Sophia Carter Peters checks out the final resting places on offer in Dunedin

SOUTHERN CEMETERY:

Dunedin's first major cemetery opened in 1858, and you can see the wear in the headstones. Perched atop a hill overlooking the large flat basin that makes up most of the town centre, the dearly departed have a lovely sweeping view of the city they died in. With five main sections, including Chinese and Jewish plots, there is a wide range of dead people to be found on the hilltops. The lack of a map makes it difficult to navigate, but the beautiful scenery and memorable headstones make it easy to lose track of time and get lost in the headstones. Truly a gorgeous spot, not spooky at all.

*Famous resident: Thomas Burns - early settler and religious leader in Dunedin.
Best time to go: Sunrise.*

NORTHERN CEMETERY:

Chosen for its beautiful location overlooking the city and the harbour, Northern Cemetery received its first cadaver in 1872. With weaving paths forging routes through the trees, this cemetery is full of beautiful, hidden graves. This is a personal favourite of mine, and I can always find something I've never seen before. It's the perfect combination of spooky and peaceful. Northern Cemetery provides a spot for frequent bacchanal excursions, but it's also welcoming

to dog walkers, which is always a plus. Boasting plenty of places to sit and read or think, this is definitely the place to be when you're feelin' blue.

Famous resident: William Larnach (of Larnach Castle).

Best time to go: A spooky, overcast day.

ANDERSON'S BAY CEMETERY:

This is the largest cemetery in Dunedin and one of the largest in the South Island. Andersons Bay Cemetery is breathtaking. Overlooking St. Kilda, the view is a seascape vista atop the hill, giving the cemetery a floating feeling. Originally known as the Eastern Necropolis, this ominous name was replaced (it probably could have been given to Port Chalmers Old Cemetery). It's a good place to bring friends to look out at the ocean and reminisce on something nostalgic. On a clear day you can see the subtle curvature of the Earth on the ocean horizon, so it's a great place to bring those pesky Flat Earth mates to learn them. Overall has a wholesome feeling, maybe the wind blows away the ghosts.

*Famous resident: Edmund Anscombe - one of the key architectural designers of the University of Otago.
Best time to go: Sunset.*



THE GRAVE



Northern Cemetery



Port Chalmers New Cemetery



Old Chalmers New Cemetery

PORT CHALMERS OLD CEMETERY:

There is considerably less information about this cemetery online, which only adds to its incredibly spooky atmosphere. If you're a horror movie fan or like particularly creepy things, I would definitely recommend this cemetery. Nestled in a dark, wooded area overlooking residential Port Chalmers, the headstones are very old but in surprisingly good condition. There's an inescapable feeling of being watched from somewhere beyond the heavy pines that enclose the small clearing. Perhaps that's what makes this cemetery a favourite of people who enjoy fucking in graveyards. Although hilly and a little tedious to navigate, Ye Olde Cemetery boasts some interesting finds if you're willing to brave the walk and the spooky vibe.

Famous resident: Honestly, not sure. But someone there will be famous.

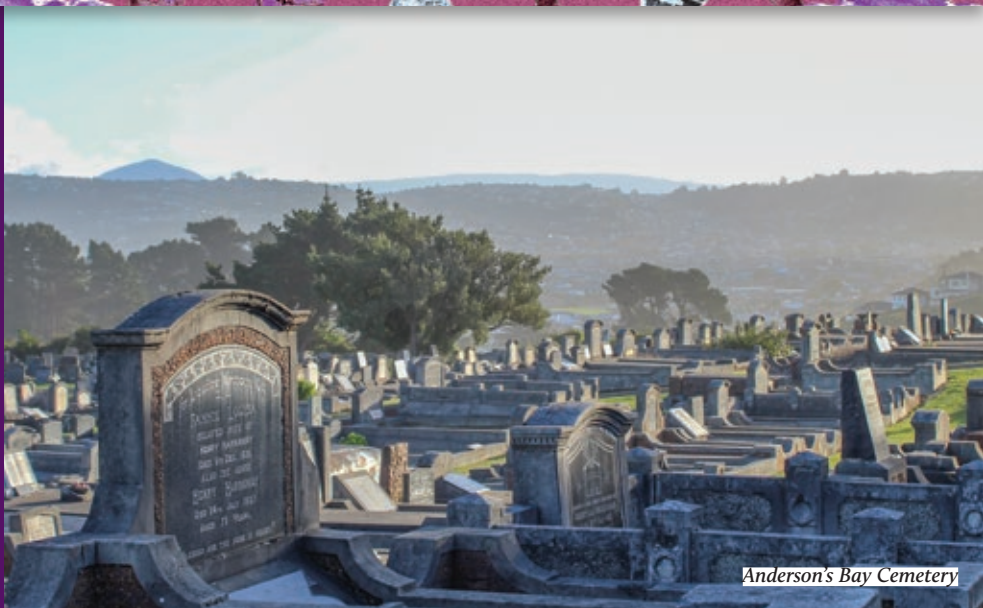
Best time to go: Not at night, unless you're cruising for some sex.

PORT CHALMERS NEW CEMETERY:

The New Cemetery is much lighter than the old cemetery, and it overlooks a sheltered bay and the giant shipping docks. Port Chalmers New Cemetery is a lovely spot, as evidenced by the couple I accidentally busted having sex there (I helpfully pointed them in the direction of the Old Cemetery, which everyone knows is a far superior sex club). There are not as many headstones here, and it's particularly steep, but the headstones are definitely interesting enough to warrant a gander. The anchor makes a frequent appearance, which is unsurprising given the cemetery's proximity to the ocean. Many a salty dog has been laid to rest here, in lieu of a watery grave. Overall this cemetery is rather small, so it's easy to see most of the headstones without dedicating a whole day to exploring. The headstones are in good condition overall, so if grave rubbings are your thing, this would be a good spot to check out.

Famous Resident: The Mill Family - John Mill was the Mayor of Port Chalmers for three terms.

Best time to go: A clear afternoon.



Anderson's Bay Cemetery



Southern Cemetery



Northern Cemetery

Saturday 11 May – Sunday 11 August 2019

A Garden of Earthly Delights

An immersive, experiential and sensory exhibition combining works of art and collection items drawn from the Hocken Collections, the University of Otago Library's Special Collections, the Embellishment Collection and the Frances Hodgkins Fellowship Trust Collection, together with objects from other University of Otago research collections in Archaeology, Botany, Geology, and the W. D. Trotter Anatomy Museum. Designed to encourage an imaginative exploration of the relationships between the objects 'A Garden of Earthly Delights' celebrates 150 years of teaching, research, exploration, collecting and curiosity at the University of Otago, New Zealand's first university.

Curated by Robyn Notman, Head Curator, Pictorial Collections, with assistance from 2008 Frances Hodgkins Fellow and artist Heather Straka with the support of collection specialists at the Hocken and across the University.



Linaria vulgaris. From University of Otago Department of Botany records. Archives Collection. MS-4298/018. Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago.

150 YEARS
1869-2019



HOCKEN
Uare Taoka o Hākena

90 Anzac Ave, Dunedin.
Ph +64 3 479 8868
Open Mon – Sat, 10am – 5pm
otago.ac.nz/hocken

CULTIVATE ME

I tried to join several cults

By Phillip Plant

Like many people, I have struggled to discover my place in the world. One day some friends were discussing the Manson murders, which provoked an epiphany. I would indeed find my place ... in a cult. I immediately set about attempting to join a cult which is defined following criteriae:

1. They worship a specific entity, being, or concept.
2. As a collective group they have enemies (i.e. people they do not like).
3. They have rituals or rules which must be adhered to.
4. Their beliefs are counter to the beliefs of standard, sound mind people (squares).

ELIM CHURCH.

Elim Church started off as a funny idea, but quickly turned bad. The red flag was raised when they began to speak about the 'issues with the modern world', which I assumed would be just boomers blaming all of the world's problems on smartphones. However, the conversation quickly turned to why there are too many genders and how 'people get so easily offended these days'.

Still, I remained determined to find my place in the world, so I ventured forth. I scrolled through the 'about' section on their website and was immediately sucker-punched by several hundred years of hateful bigotry. What struck me was the intense homophobia. So I guess as far as beliefs go, you could say it's 'gays = bad, straights and Jesus = good'

I never got as far as the rituals, but I can guess they're something to do with women having lots of children and no orgasms.

Is this a cult?

Yes.

Will they let me join?

Technically, yes. They're desperate for supporters. However, as a person who is inordinately gay, it's a no from me. If you hate the gays, you can join Elim via their website.

THE CULT OF TRISTAN.

The Cult of Tristan began with stalking. Originally it was a group of 'like-minded' individuals who found an interesting image of an unknown man online, and proceeded to trawl the internet in search of his identity. Eventually they found him and were

probably dissatisfied. Never meet your prophets.

The Cult of Tristan adheres to a strict doctrine. If a member disobeys the rules, they are branded 'sinners' and are 'castigated for their evils', which typically involves a metaphorical ritual 'burning', followed by excommunication. They also have a list of peoples who are branded as 'sinners', which contains, but is not limited to:

Mary Berry: For being a witch

Megamind: For being bald, and for his hubristic attitude towards his own intelligence.

Theresa May: No particular reason given, or needed.

Is this a cult?

Not really, it's just some oddballs who took a joke too far.

Will they let me join?

My simple request to join was turned down without a specific reason. I turned to bribery, but still I was denied. I ditched my last shred of dignity and started begging. Still nothing. At one point, I was told that only people who were present at the inception of the group were allowed to be part of it.

It became clear that I was not going to be allowed to worship at the altar of Tristan.

THE CULT OF KELLY BRAZIER.

One lesbian is just a lesbian, two lesbians are a potential couple, and many lesbians make a rugby team. At least that's how it works for the Lesbian Cult of Kelly Brazier.

One of their most sacred rituals is the initiation, also known as "Rookies Night". Rookies Night is a night in which new members to the cult must take upon the great challenge of drinking as much alcohol as they can, and then take part in various obstacle courses. Those who pass are accepted joyfully. Those who fail are unlikely to survive the harsh southern winters.

They also have a an unnamed ritual, (which I have decided to call the "Flagellation of Sweat" in which teams of lesbians will fight for control of an oversized egg, and will throw and occasionally kick the egg).

As for friends and enemies, this cult is rather straightforward. The greatest ally to the cult is of course the great Kelly Brazier, who stands as a shining example as how to be the best version of you that you can be, not just for lesbians, but for anyone. Their main enemies are social discord and muscle cramps.



Is this a cult?

Not really, it's just a women's rugby team, some of whom happen to be lesbians.

Will they let me join?

I did ask to join, despite obviously being neither a woman nor a lesbian. I was politely declined, though I did receive an offer to come and watch. But I can't help but feel like there's something weird about just watching a cult. Being in one is fine, but resorting to just staring at them wistfully is a bit weird, so that's exactly what I did.

SATANISM.

I had been raised to believe that Satanism is a group of weirdos who worship the Devil. I couldn't be more wrong - they're generally nice people.

Historically, Satanism has been open and accepting of all peoples. Since the formation of the Church of Satan in 1966 by Anton LaVey, they have openly expressed support for people of colour and the LGBT community. Naturally, I was intrigued. Having been raised Catholic, I was used to religions trying to pray away everything they didn't like about me.

As far as enemies, the Church of Satan isn't a particularly aggressive or hateful group, although they don't like people who wilfully misinterpret the essence of the Church. They also don't like Trump and other socially regressive persons.

You could say that their progressive beliefs are in fact counter to the beliefs of many people, but nobody likes a pedantic bitch.

Is it a cult?

No. Despite the way that popular culture portrays Satanism, it's not a group of deranged people killing innocent strangers.

Will they let me join?

Yes, they are open to all people who are willing to join, as long as you are a legally consenting adult and pay a USD\$225 fee, which is far more than Critic can afford. I did try an alternative joining ritual suggested by a questionable source, performing incantations in the Critic office. If I accidentally summoned a demon, I didn't want it to destroy somewhere important. Later on that day, there was a loud boom and a meteor. Coincidence? I think not.

THE CULT OF THE HALLOWED STONE.

The Cult of the Hallowed Stone began one night when a demonic figure appeared in my room. I thought he was demanding sexual favours, but unfortunately I was wrong. He just wanted me to worship the rock that I had stolen from the Colosseum when I was 8 years old. This was well-timed, as I had exhausted all my cult options and was in dire need of a sacred sect.

Our enemies are people who don't like rocks and those times when the bathroom is unavailable because someone is having a mental breakdown in the only stall.

Our most sacred ritual is the Dancing of the Stone. Established members will encircle new members, making strange guttural noises. Then we dance until the first person falls. The leader (me) then lightly strikes the new members on the head with the sacred rock.

Is this a cult?

Yes because I said so.

Can I join?

I made it, so yes. I hit myself in the head with a rock and danced in a circle. Just another Thursday evening. However, I can't help but feel like I wouldn't be allowed to join this cult if I hadn't created it.

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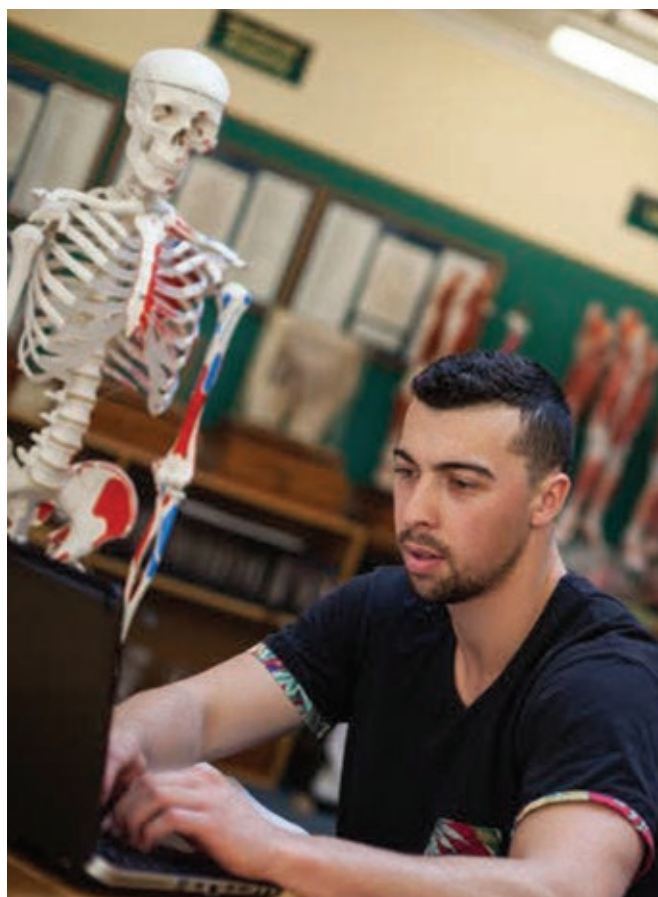
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AIDAN BARBOUR-RYAN

Students to **WATCH**



By Nina Minogue

In June last year, Aidan Barbour-Ryan set himself a personal challenge to run every day for a year. One month in, the 21-year-old marketing student decided that his challenge could benefit more people than just himself. Aidan decided that he would raise money to increase mental health and suicide awareness through Dunedin charity, Life Matters Suicide Prevention Trust. On the 349th day of his challenge, Aidan sat down to speak with Critic about his journey.

"I don't even know how I stumbled across it," Aidan said. "I was on YouTube, maybe I was bored and got onto that weird side of YouTube. I saw someone who had finished the full 365 days who said he always considered himself an athlete. I've played sport my whole life so I thought it would be a good challenge to see how fit I actually am."

Aidan gave himself a trial period to see how he would go; "I did a week which was awesome because I hate running. I love playing sport, it's social, but doing it by yourself can be a bit tedious." The week turned into two and soon enough it had been a month. He thought he might as well stick it out for the full 365 days.

Aidan said he thought about raising money for a lot of different charities but decided on

Life Matters Suicide Prevention Trust after consulting with some family and friends. "Mental health comes hand in hand with exercise, so I got in touch with Life Matters and they were really happy for me to do something with them."

Life Matters are a local charity founded to help members of the Otago community who are at risk of or are affected by suicide. They

the more challenging moments, Aidan admitted, "there have been stints where I haven't looked after my body the best. New Years was probably the lowest point of my running. That was mentally extremely tough particularly in the heat of Gisborne at RnV. It's all part of it, I guess." Setting himself a minimum of 2km a day, with his longest being a half marathon, Aidan says he'll aim for a 25-30k run for the final day.

"I never thought I'd get here, now I'm 18 days out,"

aim to reduce rates of suicide in the community through raising awareness, reducing stigma, promoting prevention strategies and providing community education and bereavement support. So far Aidan has managed to raise over \$2000 for the cause via a Givealittle page.

"I never thought I'd get here, now I'm 18 days out," said Aidan. Reflecting on his challenge so far, he admitted that the experience has had its ups and downs. "I go through spikes where I really enjoy it and then other times all I want is a day off," he said. When asked about some of

When asked what he'll do once he reaches his 365-day goal, he said, "I've thought about carrying on for a bit. I've pushed myself through some horrible phases. There isn't really much that could stop me from running now."

Aidan keeps sponsors up to date with his Instagram, [run365forlife](#), posting updates of kilometres, run tracks, alongside some of the challenges he's encountered on his journey.

You can follow his progress on @run-365forlife or donate to Life Matters via his Givealittle page, [Run365ForLife](#).

**A CONVERSATION WITH TRACEY
CRAMPTON SMITH, OTAGO'S
PAGAN CHAPLAIN**



By Erin Gourley

Organised religion is fine, but you have to admit it's clingy. There's a lot of reading, a church with real walls (as opposed to a circle of salt on the ground), and convoluted hierarchies of people who tell you what to think.

In contrast, Tracey Crampton Smith is the University's Pagan chaplain.

Of the students she supports, some contact her with their own Pagan practices as diviners or druids or wiccans, which they bring with them while they study. Others just have some kind of sympathy to the core of Paganism. "They have conversations within their inner landscape that reflect those philosophies and ideologies."

The centre of Pagan philosophy is looking outward at nature to discover your inner spiritual awareness. That process is different for every individual. "The journey of spiritual awareness spirals inwards in nature," said Tracey. Cycles are important to the philosophy: the rotation of the earth, the lunar cycle, the menstrual cycle, the seasons, and the human life cycle. Another

time of Samhain." Samhain is Halloween, the celebration that honours the beginning of the deathing time of Autumn/early Winter. Apparently, New Zealanders who celebrate Halloween in October are wrong, as are the people who celebrate Easter in March. Pagan holidays from the Northern Hemisphere should be reversed in New Zealand. "You should follow the seasons of the piece of land you're standing on."

When the Pagan community meet, they gather in circle. Tracey told me that this is because in a circle everyone is on the same level. It's equitable. They "cast a circle and create a boundary". This could involve candles or objects or salt or even just energy. The circle "invites the intent to come in and work with you in the process of enhancing what it is you want to do in that sacred space." She sees this process as similar to a church service. Instead of the walls of a church, you have a circle. Instead of prayers, you cast a spell.

There are a lot of misconceptions about Paganism, Tracey tells me. People think that Pagans worship the Devil, or that they are cursing

might gaze into a crystal ball, you might use cards. Then again, you might just use a meditative process which allows you to speak it or write it."

Some people create tinctures, others will chant or connect with nature. "You can use the energy of the waxing moon, the full moon, the waning moon, or the dark moon, to do whatever you want." So, just the moon in general at any time. The main thing is the focus of the mind, and having your intention clear. Although there are magic correlations with particular objects, "stones and crystals and herbs and trees have specific alignments energetically".

Tracey thinks that a lot of people who work with others, or with the environment, probably subscribe to some forms of Pagan belief without realising it. "As human beings, we have relationships with the climate, the Earth, the seasons. We have responsibilities with respect to that as well." Paganism believes in that reciprocal relationship, so it is often linked to environmental movements. "We are upsetting

"SHE IS THE ONLY SPACESHIP THAT WE HAVE TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE UNIVERSE."

key part of Paganism is honouring the Earth. "It's a relationship centred around the body of the Earth," she said. "We have to respect and honour the organic nature of her life."

The University's Pagan community try to meet monthly, but often it's less frequent than that. "The best thing we can do is mark the seasons; the four seasonal changes in the year," Tracey told me. The seasons are distinct in Dunedin. "We have a direct relationship with the seasonal wheel." Tracey helped found the Dunedin Midwinter Carnival in 1997 to assist others to celebrate those seasonal changes. It's been popular, she believes, because everyone feels the impact of the seasons here.

The current season (Autumn) is a time for quiet reflection. This is where "we mature our inner thoughts and allow things to fall away before we go into the stillness of early winter."

"We've seen the colours of the leaves and we've seen them fall away, which is symbolic of the

people, when really they're mostly pacifists. But Paganism existed prior to Christianity or any of the other Abrahamic religions. Christian imagery of the Devil and Hell was stolen from Pagan beliefs. "You demonise nature [when you] bring it into the building and house it in a church."

Witchcraft, on the other hand, is a key branch of Paganism. Tracey tells me that the witches from Macbeth are a pretty good representation of Paganism. "Forget eye of newt and leg of toad, the symbology of it is very much there." The three women represent the maiden, mother, and crone. That's the female life cycle, which is central Pagan philosophy. "The witches were wise practitioners [...] they were telling someone the future and how they could then take responsibility for their own actions."

Seeing into the future, like Macbeth's witches, is a skill that some Pagans practise. Everyone divines differently, Tracey told me. "You might scry, you might look into a pool of water, you

certain aspects of our world and it is not okay to do that. She is a body, an organic life."

"We need to counter the separation that industrialisation has created." Tracey thinks that by eliminating the separation between nature and ourselves we can begin to treat the Earth with reverence and respect again. "She is the only spaceship that we have to travel through the universe."

Paganism can be whatever you want, from advanced witchcraft to just helping other people. "There isn't a church that gives you a defined notion, there's no book that you follow," Tracey said. "It's a journey of self-exploration." It's like the best kind of no strings attached relationship, one that's all about making you happy and fitting in with your life, but not relying on you for anything. Paganism will not hand out pamphlets or try to convert you or get you involved in a religious pyramid scheme.

It doesn't need to. It has magic.



A SATANIC SETUP A CRITIC MYSTERY

“The night is dark, and full of terrors,” whispers Leroy.

“Fuck off, Leroy,” you respond. “I’m tired of hearing about that Game of Thrones bullshit.” Your group of friends crosses the field, dark clouds massing above, blocking out the stars and surrounding the lonely moon. Tall, pale grass scratches at your ankles... or it would be scratching at your ankles, but you’re wearing Hi-Top Vans! Whooooooooooooooooaaaaa!

Steezey. You flash twin peace signs to no one in particular.

Ahead, the legendary Cargill’s Castle looms in the moonlight, on the cliffs above the coast. You, your three flatmates Leroy, Dr. Savage, and Kelly, and Kelly’s Tinder date Chad Biceps, all got really drunk on White Rhinos this quiet Tuesday night and decided to break into the abandoned castle. It’s trespassing, technically, and it’s supposed to be

By Owen Clarke
haunted (according to one Reddit post Leroy pulled up), but Chad can bench press 120kg so you reckon you’ll be alright. Also, you don’t believe in ghosts anyway. Who does? It’s 2019. The scariest things in life are getting your nudes leaked and your Tinder date turning out to be your old boss. The castle is just ahead now, and you slip inside amidst the crumbling stone walls. The ground is muddy, and it’s dead silent. Cob-

webs hang from the ceiling. Spiders scurry in the corners. Someone's dirty underwear is crumpled on the floor. A porno mag lies abandoned amidst empty boxes of Flame.

"The night is dark, and full of terrors," whispers Leroy again.

"Shut the fuck up, Leroy," you hiss. "Stop saying that!"

"But it's true!" he whines. "George R.R. Martin is a legend. I can't believe I'm missing the Season 8 finale to do this!"

You want to smack him for being such a dumbass, but wait...there's a light up ahead. It's coming from deep inside the castle.

"What's that?" whispers Kelly. "Is that a light?"

"Yeah, babe," says Chad. "It's a light. Looks fuckin' dope, too. Heh." He takes a pull from his vape and blows a massive cloud of smoke into everyone's faces. "Blueberry-apple-raspberry-melon flavor," he says. "Oh, and it's got a hint of lemon. Dope, right?"

Chad sucks.

You approach carefully, and realize the light is coming from a door in the floor, half-hidden underneath a layer of mud and leaves.

"Is that a trapdoor?" asks Leroy.

"Technically, it'd have to be a trap for it to be a trapdoor," says Dr. Savage.

He reaches into the white lab coat he always wears and pulls out a dictionary.

"Trapdoor," he reads. "Of, relating to, or like a trapdoor."

"Dr. Savage, that's a useless definition," you respond. "As usual."

You reach forward slowly and raise the trapdoor. Creeaakkkkkkkkk.

"Damn, that shit's loud as fuck! Heh. Heh," says Chad.

You inch forward and drop down into the trapdoor. You find yourself in a long, dimly lit hallway. Torches line the stone walls, which drip steadily with a strange wet liquid. You wipe your finger on the walls, examining the liquid intently. What could it be? Your Chemistry degree should allow you to decipher the

liquid. After some testing, of course.

"Is that water?" asks Leroy, who has dropped down behind you.

"Oh yeah," you respond. "Water.... H₂O. Classic. Hmmm. Interesting."

The others follow, with Dr. Savage gingerly lowering himself to avoid dirtying his lab coat. Then you all begin to walk forward. After a hundred meters, the passageway opens out into a large room. At this point, it becomes clear that you're in big, fucking, trouble.

A crowd of people, all dressed in red robes, is massed before a high altar. There are at least a hundred of them. Dozens of torches are ensconced in the walls. Unlike the ones in the hallway, these are lit with ominous black flames. A figure stands on the altar, in front of a massive pit of fire that seems to have no bottom. Skulls and blood and other scary shit is also hanging and dripping from the walls, and there are a few disemboweled corpses lying around, and pentagrams drawn everywhere.

(I could keep describing all this for you chumps, but basically it looks like that shit from Indiana Jones #2, okay? Just like, not in India or whatever.)

You can't see the faces of any of the figures in the crowd, because they're all wearing hoods. They're muttering in unison, in a language you don't understand.

"Is that Latin?" you ask.

"Latin," reads Dr. Savage from his dictionary. "Of, relating to, or dealing with the Latin language."

"Ongalo komali tafilif aslkjdsic faseikf," chants the figure at the front of the crowd. "Sidslkj oeisolo saeopfs acmadlk. Leaiojlfkl. Fjiaelkds. Cioadiojan!!!!"

This figure slowly reaches up and removes its hood...

It has horns.

"Fuck," says Leroy. "Fucking Satanists, dude. That thing's got horns. Satanists. Right? We gotta get out of this motherfucker."

"Satanists?" squeals Kelly.

Chad takes a rip on his vape.

"Satanists," reads Dr. Savage. "A person of, relating to, or dealing with Satanism."

"We know what fucking Satanists are, Dr. Savage," you mutter. "Shut up before they hear us."

You turn to book it down the passage, but step on a crushed White Rhino can on the ground. Dammit Leroy. The crackle echoes throughout the cavern. All the robed figures turn towards you.

"Welcome," says the horned thing in the front of the room. You squint. Is that a goat?

"Yeah, I'm a goat, bitch," says the horned figure, reading your thoughts. "I'm the demon Baphomegusa, also known as the King Soul Eater."

"The night is dark and full of terrors! I knew it!" says Leroy triumphantly.

"You're trespassing on our secret Satanist lair," continues Baphomegusa. He waves his hands around ominously. No wait... they're actually hooves.

"But it's okay," Baphomegusa says, "because we knew you'd be here. We need more sacrifices to the Great Melon King, and you dumb uni students are the perfect sacrifices."

"Great Melon King," muses Dr. Savage. He scrolls through his dictionary. "Hmmm. That one's not in here. Sorry guys."

"Shut up!" hisses Baphomegusa. "We knew you'd be here, because one of you is actually a secret Satanist. One of you worships the Great Melon King."

You aren't exactly sure how worshipping a Melon King is Satanism (and neither am I), but either way this dude is cooked. You turn to leave, but realize one of your friends is now blocking the exit. Oh fuck. It's...

Turn the page to find out who the secret Satanist is.



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ANSWER TO MYSTERY

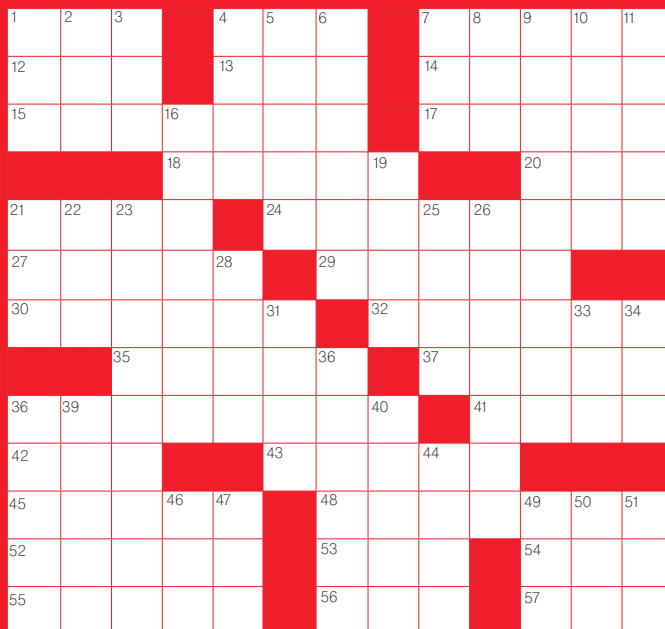
WHO THE SECRET SATANIST IS???

"Chad, you son of a bitch!" you yell. "You said your vape had melon flavor, didn't you? You worship the Great Melon King!" "Yeah that's right, loser," says Chad. "Melon's my favorite flavor biattcchhhhhhhhh! He pops in a new vape cartridge. "But this one ain't melon flavoured. This vape juice is toxic with poison, except I'm immune to it because I vape with it 24/7 in microdoses." He takes a massive pull and spews out a vile green vape cloud. Kelly gags and falls to the ground. Her face turns lime green, and begins to dissolve, revealing her skull. Dr. Savage hurls his dictionary at Chad, but Chad knocks it

away, blowing another vape cloud into Dr. Savage's face. "Nooooooo! Dr. Savage!" you yell. Dr. Savage crumples. His face turns green and begins to melt too. You and Leroy tackle Chad, but he's too strong. He flexes his muscles and you're thrown off. The Satanists swarm you, and you're dragged to the altar, where Baphomegusa laughs maniacally. "No one can save you now! Hahahahahaha!" Suddenly, a massive crash echoes from the doorway. An old, overweight man with a giant grey beard bursts into the room riding a motorcycle. He's wearing a long leather jacket, and he has two katanas strapped to his back. "It's George R.R. Martin!" yells Leroy. "We're saved!" The old man stumbles off the motorcycle, and you can see he's carrying a massive minigun. "That's right motherfucker,"

he yells. "Everybody's been complaining about me not writing any more Song of Ice and Fire novels, but I've just been busy killing Satanists and vampires and werewolves and other fucked up shit. Boooohhyeahhhhhh." George lets it rip with the minigun. The Satanists and Baphomegusa are torn to shreds in a hail of bullets. Also, Highway to Hell by AC/DC is playing in the background, so it's extra badass. You and Leroy are saved! Unfortunately, blood got on your new Hi-Top Vans, George says he does not have access to the secret Emilia Clarke/Kit Harrington sex tape, and he also spoils the ending for Game of Thrones for Leroy. "I wish the Satanists sacrificed us," says Leroy.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Mister
4. Musical genre
7. Protective gear
12. Provide weapons
13. Frying liquid
14. Australian marsupial
15. Lash thickener
17. Storage room
18. Sports venue
20. Eden dweller
21. Oh, dear!
24. Hindered
27. Outdated
29. Keepsake
30. School compositions
32. Tiny
35. Levels
37. Certain protest (hyph.)
38. Scrape
41. Hearty breads
42. Came together
43. Cease-fire
45. Assumed name
48. Wearing away
52. Splash

53. Wind dir.

54. Expire
55. Perceive
56. Actor _____
- Danson
57. Bullring cheer

DOWN

1. "Cheers" bartender
2. George Gershwin's brother
3. Real Estate abbr.
4. Jungle sound
5. Broadcast
6. Jupiter. e.g
7. Alias inits.
8. Disintegrate
9. Motherhood
10. Cook's oil
11. Hurried
16. Tapioca source
19. Over
21. Large primate
22. _____ Vegas, Nevada
23. Declaration
25. Makes do
26. Stopped working

28. Spud buds
31. Bad mood
33. Make a knot
34. Certain dashes
36. Most painful
38. Accumulate
39. Southern beauty
40. Hospital worker
44. For both sexes
46. Donkey
47. Pronoun
49. Bride's response (2wds.)
50. Naught
51. Wow!

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SUDOKU | TOP 10

Very simple

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

Moderate

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7					4		5	
8			1	6		4		

Just unfair

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



That bean Juice tho, ooosh!

TOP 10 SCARIEST THINGS FROM MY CHILDHOOD THAT I'VE TRIED TO REPRESS:

1. The red screen that comes up on a Playstation 2 when you put the wrong disc in
2. That TV ad where you watch a house burn down over the course of three separate ads
3. That old TVNZ show The Killian Curse
4. That video where they're driving down a nice field and there's a major jump scare at the end
5. The look, texture and aura of Cabbage Patch Kids
6. The sound effects from Who Wants To Be A Millionaire
7. Ronald McDonald
8. The child catcher from Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
9. When busses make that weird psssh sound
10. My dad leaving again

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE



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LINWOOD

INCH BAR

8PM

FREE ENTRY

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ BOAZ

ANEMA

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

8PM

FREE ENTRY

THURSDAY 30TH MAY

JAZZ IN THE POCKET

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

8PM

FREE ENTRY

FRIDAY 31ST MAY

DUNEDIN ELECTRIC CO, HORA-

TIO, AND THE BIG LAWN

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

8PM

FREE ENTRY

HEAT 008: BALU BRIGADA AND

JACK BERRY

STARTERS BAR

TICKETS FROM EVENTBRITE.COM.AU

8PM

RYE CHI

THE COOK

W/ ZEXII, TIMMY, THE H3RD, OPTI-

MIST MIND, JAGGERS & ALGX

TICKETS FROM UNDERHERADAR.CO.NZ

9PM

DR. MARIGAUX

THE GALLEY CAFE & BAR

8PM

FREE ENTRY

TREI AND JABZ MC

CATACOMBS

TICKETS FROM COSMICKICKETING.

CO.NZ

10PM

SATURDAY 1ST JUNE

SCREAMING FEMALES (USA)

THE COOK

W/ MILPOOL AND WET SPECIMEN.

TICKETS FROM UNDERHERADAR.CO.NZ

8PM

JAY CLARKSON AND THE

CONTAINERS

THE CROWN HOTEL

W. THE LARS VON TRIO

9PM

\$10 ENTRY

SUNDAY 2ND JUNE

JULIE COLLINS

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

2PM, FREE ENTRY



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RE:ORI '19

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HAVEN'T
ENROLLED
since MOVING
FLATS *you're*
NOT! *a*
VALID VOTER
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From
Compassion
to
ACTION

VOLUNTEER *for*
Peer Support

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**VOL
UNT
EER**

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AQUARIUS JAN 20 – FEB 18

This week's spell for a good night out with the boys:

Pile all of your clothes into the centre of your room. Fetch bucket of cold sage water. Pour a dash of kerosene onto the pile of clothes and set it alight. Whisper to your burning clothing "looking good, feeling fab," then immediately extinguish the flame with your sage water. Extract the only outfit that was not burned. Time to party.



PISCES FEB 19 – MAR 20

This week's spell for optimum hydration:

Drink a flask of water. Feel it flow through your oesophagus. Repeat 5x daily for the rest of your life. Don't pee. Peeing makes the water go away.



ARIES MAR 21 – APR 19

This week's spell for better recommendation algorithms on websites such as Netflix:

Look into the built-in camera on your computer. Tell the man inside "you don't know me, you don't know what I'm capable of". Place three seagull feathers atop your breast. Deep breath in through your nose, breathe out with a long "chaaa-hoooooooooooo".



TAURUS APR 20 – MAY 20

This week's spell for making French onion-flavoured LeSnaks less spicy:

Buy one box of French onion LeSnaks and one box of original LeSnaks. Get your most precious small vessel. Sit cross-legged on the ground and carefully open one packet of each flavour. Extract the cheese dip from each packet and combine them in the vessel. Kiss one of your fingers before using it to mix the cheese dips. Enjoy.



GEMINI MAY 21 – JUN 20

This week's spell for a profitable new salmon farm:

Buy a 17.55ha property in Twizel. Dig a big hole and fill it with water. Put a boy salmon and a girl salmon in. Infuse the salmon food with some damiana herbs. Ask the salmons to make you the happiest salmon farmer in Canterbury.



CANCER JUN 21 – JULY 22

This week's spell for successful Tumblr re-birth:

Put on your most bejewelled hat and sit in front of your computer. Log onto your 2012 Tumblr account. While reflecting on your seven-years growth, delete your photos one by one, change your username and say "The people hunger for my visional guidance" three times. Upload/reblog 3 images per day and watch as the followers flock to you.



LEO JULY 23 – AUG 22

This week's spell for meeting the parents of the person you started banging three weeks ago:

Prepare a delicious and sophisticated salad. Evoke all of your most likeable personality traits while amassing saliva in your mouth. Drool into the dressing and stir lightly. Take the salad and dressing to brunch at their parents' house. They're going to love you.



VIRGO AUG 23 – SEPT 22

This week's spell to make everything in your fridge last an extra week before going off:

Burn some sage in the kitchen with the fridge door open. Stick your head into the fridge and tell each individual food item that it's doing great. Ignore the beeping noise. Put on a big smile and wink at the sauce selection. Close the fridge door and give them some privacy.



LIBRA SEPT 23 – OCT 22

This week's spell to get a chicken dinner in Fortnite / triple word score in Scrabble:

Blow on the Xbox and/or scrabble board. Run outside and take a cutting from your elderplant. Tuck it into your shirt and sing this song: "I can hear the goddess's heavy breathing, smite my opponents, I will be triumphant." (To the tune of 'Who am I' by Snoop Dogg). You are now ready to play.



SCORPIO OCT 23 – NOV 21

This week's spell for becoming Dunedin's next biggest prankster:

Place 100 cups of hyssop-infused water in front of your flat-mate's bedroom door. When they open their door, point at them and say "gotcha".



SAGITTARIUS NOV 22 – DEC 21

This week's spell for avoiding scurvy on the high seas:

While you are preparing for your ocean expedition, go to Vege Boys every day and collect the one piece of citrus fruit that speaks to you most. Dry them all out in your hot water cupboard. On the 14th day, climb into the hot water cupboard and sit quietly with the lemons. Good luck on your trip.



CAPRICORN DEC 22 – JAN 19

This week's spell for a lucrative slide into the DMs:

Place a go-pro on the head of a trustworthy friend, start a recording and sit in front of them, grating a piece of soap with a cheesegrater and talking quietly about how the NZ government is hiding evidence of UFO sightings. Upload the video to a second-rate video sharing website. Slide into some DMs with a link to your video.



School of Performing Arts



Express yourself

THEA153: Voice and Movement
Semester 2

Voice and movement are fundamental to the way we communicate with the world. These modes of expression are linked to wider notions of gender and representation. This paper introduces the theories, issues and skills related to voice and movement, with a practical focus on the development and refinement of your own "communication instrument".

Find out more by visiting
www.otago.ac.nz/performing-arts
or email spath@otago.ac.nz



Ahmad Odeh - Unsplash

School of Performing Arts



Get some drama in your life

THEA122: Drama on Stage and Screen
Semester 2

Acting, representation and telling the stories we want to hear about the worlds we want to make aren't just a tradition; they're more important than ever in our mediated world. Find out more in this fast-paced paper drawing on stage and screen and more.

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Computer Science,
University of Otago



IVANOV VODKA:

By Sinkpiss Plath

Ivanov Vodka is THAT bitch. A trustworthy, hard to find, bitch. She's got your back when everyone at the party's talking about how you slept with so-and-so, and will probably scream in the hostess' face about third wave feminism. Ivanov Vodka is the cheapest vodka on the block, but the price difference isn't noticeable in the slightest; it tastes like, you guessed it, vodka. You can fight me on this in Facebook comments and I will probably cry myself to sleep, but I truly believe with every ounce of my being that there is no good or bad vodka, there is only vodka. It is the ultimate true neutral.

If you're weird about the dirt-cheap price of Ivanov, comfort yourself with the fact that its red and white colour scheme makes it look like a Smirnoff bottle, from a distance, or to a visually impaired friend. Squint a bit and save yourself ten bucks, which is also the golden rule when it comes to prostitutes. If you buy Smirnoff you're a brand whore. That's all.

Overall, the taste, the branding and the name make me feel like I'm a Russian comrade, living out the communist dream. Unsurprisingly, Ivanov and the Soviet Union will both leave you

fucked up, cold and face down in the middle of a field. Maybe even dead. That's vodka, baby.

Taste Rating: Vodka/10

Froth Level: Vladimir Putin, shirtless, on a horse. Google it.

Pairs well with: idk, probably orange juice? Maybe pineapple juice if you're feeling fancy ;-)

Tasting notes: sweat from a labourer's back as you strip the potato field. It's 1971. Life is hard but worth living.



WED: QUIZ NIGHT
6PM - 8PM

THUR: UGLY SWEATER
KEEP WARM ON THAT PAPER RUN I ^{FT} BO AND THE CONSTRICTORS | 8PM - 12AM

FRI: HEAT 012: BALU BRIGADAS
8PM - 1AM

SAT: IN THE MIX
8PM - 1AM

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

KEL KNIGHT

The day for the blind date rolled around and I decided to have some Scrumpo before heading in. It was cold as fuck and, as I was walking it started hailing, so I grabbed a scooter and yeeted myself at the top speed of 30km/h through what felt like the plains of Antarctica. I arrived with high-grade hypothermia and wet as shit (and not just from the rain haha, I love Lime) but coming in hotter than the current state of the Earth's climate. I was fashionably early and took a seat. So I'm sitting there, barbeque sauce on my titties, when my lovely date arrived not too long after and we ordered a jug of margarita.

I soon found out that I had been set up with a meme queen who studies meme-ology. Did I mention she likes memes? We talked about memes and vines and hit the woah probably too many times for the likes of the middle-aged co-diners at the table next to us. The tacos were great (8/10, points deducted for the jackfruit taco which was not very nice), however, I immediately became inverted when she said she'd never seen a Harry Potter film. Absolute travesty.

We finished up and decided to have a drink at Pequeño, where she bought our drinks (and thus single-handedly destroyed the patriarchy). Here we met a nice lady who was visiting because her unbelievably smart and intelligent son is graduating. She knew of the minions but didn't have a favourite minion meme (I would've guessed something like 'a balanced diet is a chocolate bar in both hands' or 'another glass of Sav? Wine not!!!').

Alas, posting minion memes is reserved for all but the strongest of us. I walked my date home and we had some tea and then I was off into the freezing night. She even offered to lend me a jacket, which had the patriarchy rolling in its grave.

Big thanks to Critic and to Mamacita for the delicious food, and to my date who was an absolute treat to talk to.

KATH DAY-KNIGHT

It was a very cold evening, but I was still out there lookin' like a thottie because a hoe never gets cold. After sinking back a few G&T's and trying to cover up the smell of darts, I arrived 'fashionably late' (three minutes to be exact) to Mamacita.

My date was very cute, and we immediately hit it off by discussing a range of topics. We talked about everything, from what we study, the origins of Bubble O' Bills, and who would win in a fight between Jacinda Ardern and Helen Clark. Most of the conversation became filled with meme and vine references, and I think the table of Sharons and Karens next to us couldn't handle how many whips we were laying out. Although, things took a turn when I told my date that I had never seen Harry Potter because I'm not like other girls - to which he then gave me a 20-minute scene by scene rundown of Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone with additional sound effects.

After eating our solid 3/5 Trip Advisor-rated tacos, we decided to keep the night going by getting a drink. I paid for the drinks and also gave him my jacket since he was cold - patriarchy? Never heard of her - and we enjoyed a nice beverage by a fire. After finding out that my date doesn't not vape, I forced him into the cold for some sweet nicotine. We started chatting to a woman who was down for her son's graduation, asking her about minion memes and pinot gris. I hope she's having a good day.

Being the absolute skuxx I am, I pulled a classic "wanna go have a cuppa at my flat?" move. Hoping that there may be more than just a cuppa, I was sad to see my date Lime into the distance following drinking peppermint tea. But alas, it be like dat sometimes, and you know I had to do it to 'em.

Thanks Critic and Mamacita for a wholesome evening, and if my date is reading this - I hope to see you soon at the back of Maccas x

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DEAL**

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including our margarita slushy!

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
-TAQUERIA-

UoO Moaningful Confessions

Had a sexual encounter that was unusual, scandalous, or spicy? Send in your moaningful confession to critic@critic.co.nz

CLIMBING THE WET CRACK

As every international exchange student knows, sometimes you need a vacation from your vacation. So, when mid-semester break rolls around, it cannot be wasted. It's the perfect week to explore the country, have some outdoor adventures, learn how to drive on the opposite side of the road, and most importantly, have some creative sex. These are exactly the things I set out to do on mine.

My climbing buddy (who had quickly turned into my fuck buddy) and I decided to head up to Golden Bay to experience the amazing rock climbing at Payne's Ford. This was going to be a week filled with doing my two favourite things: rock climbing and him. As great as these things are, 'could they get any better?' we asked ourselves. Surely, if we could figure out a way to combine these two activities the trip would be legendary.

Working out the technicalities and mechanics was definitely the biggest feat. We would need to both be

secure on the wall; enough to be safe but still have enough 'wiggle' room. Adding to the challenge, after a week of rain, the only thing wetter than me was the wall and all its cracks. After discussing it for a while, we came up with a plan of attack: we would take our clothes off, climb to the top of an easy route dubbed 'Calling All the Hobbits', anchor ourselves at the top, and fuck. Luckily, my hobbit didn't have small feet. After the sun went down, it was go time.

My climbing partner prepared the rope and gear, I put a condom in my bra, and we both took off our pants (Wearing a climbing harness without any pants is not as uncomfortable as you may think). We were ready. He lead the climb while I gave him a belay, my naked ass shivering in the cold. 'God, I hope no one comes back to the wall right now' was all I could think.

He finished the climb and set up the system to belay me up to the top of the route to join him. I climbed it and anchored myself to next to him. It was now time for the tricky part. As the anchor is a cord holding us to the wall from the crotch areas of our harnesses, it

made it a bit of an obstacle. We tried a few different positions, but each one made it impossible for him to get inside of my crack. How he was still hard at this point is beyond me. Eventually I straddled by legs around him with my back on the wall, both hands on holds, and my anchor system smashing my boobs. We were both a little uncomfortable, but it was good. Surprisingly good. But let me tell you, he finished this climb fast. Very fast. Not even 10 thrusts in and he had cum.

We lowered ourselves back down to the ground after leaving the condom wrapper in the chains at the top. I felt as if I had accomplished something great within the climbing community. We had turned an innocent, little route into a legend. This was all done without getting spotted by other climbers, getting stranded at the top naked, or losing any genital skin to the rock face. All in all, a suc-sex-ful mid-semester break indeed.

Frodo Bangins'



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.



Dunedin so cold we have a polar bear



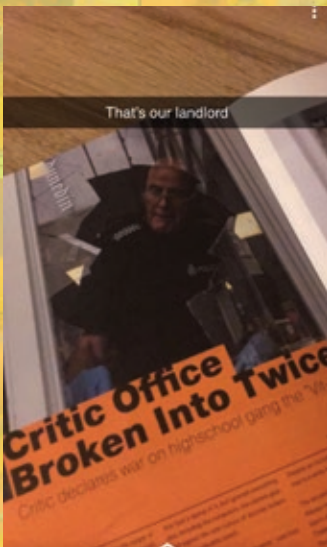
I stole this when I was drunk if it's yours please, message me



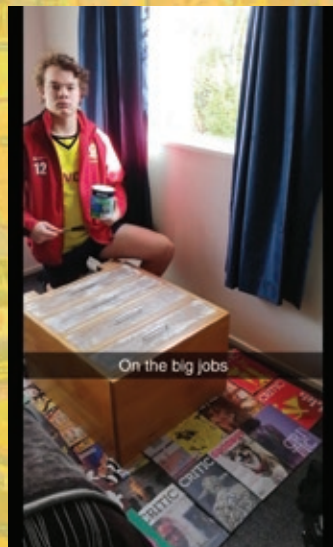
Look at all those chickens



Oh yes there is nothing quite like hooking up on a mates roof on a cold dunedin night



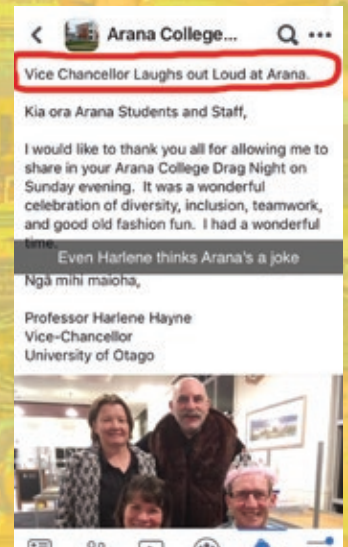
That's our landlord



On the big jobs



I call this one- I spent all my student loan on pingaz



Vice Chancellor Laughs out Loud at Arana.

Kia ora Arana Students and Staff,
I would like to thank you all for allowing me to share in your Arana College Drag Night on Sunday evening. It was a wonderful celebration of diversity, inclusion, teamwork, and good old fashion fun. I had a wonderful time. Even Harlene thinks Arana's a joke
Ngā mihi maioha,

Professor Harlene Hayne
Vice-Chancellor
University of Otago



when it's so cold you have to gather around the open flame

WINNER



Faaat tins in dinners



If only the uni was on fire instead of Gregg's



Oh my god what have I done it won't go down



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STA TRAVEL

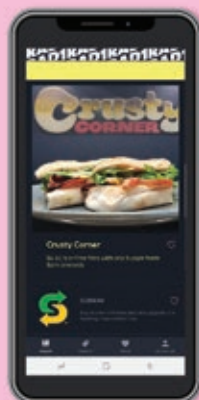
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(and more...).

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otago uni **students'** association

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**HEALTH
YOURSELF!**