

CRITIC

TE AROHI



Bathroom Sex 6/10
Dumplings 8/10
Dog food 4/10
Cigarettes 5/10

ISSUE 16

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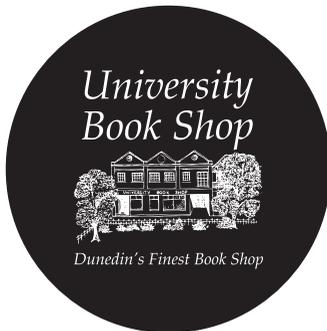
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*Please email letters to
critic@critic.co.nz
Letter of the week wins
a \$30 voucher from
University Book Shop!*

Letter of the week

Kia ora koutou,

Last Tuesday night the back wheel of my bicycle was stolen from its park by my flat. I had locked the front wheel and the frame, but not through the back - it's really hard to take off a back wheel! You get grease all over your hands! Anyway, I have now lost

my transportation which is really frustrating. All you cyclists out there, beware, there is someone out there who has a lone wheel and so presumably needs a frame and front wheel! And if the thief is reading this, know that you are a despicable human being and I will haunt you forever.

~ I Want To Ride My Bicycle

Dear Critic,

As a keen Taurus I quickly opened up my laptop to access this week's website for us: <https://fivebooks.com/>. However the link went nowhere. I am very disappointed as fivebooks is an interesting site name and I was curious - what were these five books? Would they change my life? Pass my exams? Give me something good to read? Why five?

I suppose I'll never know.

Ngā mihi,

Taurus.

Dear Critic,

We're just two lovelorn students currently constructing a shrine of galaxy-brained, fire-maned personal hero James Heath (or Jim if you're nasty

)).

However, we have found that endless repetitions of your current Student President picture (that we cut out of Critic and add to said shrine each week), while joyous and heartwarming, do lack variety as it is always the same picture and makes our earnest shrine-constructing endeavour look low-effort.

We humbly request variety/increase of Jim pictures inside you.

**Sincerely James's,
Nameless, Brainless, and both of us
shameless**





My Editorials: A Review

By Charlie O'Mannin

This is a review issue. We've got a bunch of reviews. Here's a review of my editorials so far:

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>Editorial #1
Drugs are lame. 2/10</p> <p>Editorial #2
We still haven't had an answer from AskOtago. 7/10</p> <p>Editorial #3
The University should observe tenancy law. 8/10</p> <p>Editorial #4
This editorial summarised a piece that appeared on the next page. 1/10</p> | <p>Editorial #5
Seriousboi. 6/10</p> <p>Editorial #6
Creative genius. 10/10</p> <p>Editorial #7
I crowdsourced this editorial. 2/10</p> <p>Editorial #8
Attending an orgy is not a personality. 1/10</p> <p>Editorial #9
Student general meetings are boring and so is this editorial. 3/10</p> <p>Editorial #10
I copy-pasted large sections of</p> | <p>this editorial from Joel MacManus's 2018 editorial on the same subject. 8/10</p> <p>Editorial #11
I wore a stupid hat in this editorial photo. I do not wear hats. I'm sorry for this deception. 2/10</p> <p>Editorial #12
Half of this editorial is a quote. That's against the University's code of conduct. 4/10</p> <p>Editorial #13
Kind of a fuck around, but at least we summoned a ghost. 9/10</p> | <p>Editorial #14
I didn't write this one. 10/10.</p> <p>Editorial #15
Starts with "ok buckos". 10/10</p> <p>Editorial #16
Couldn't think of an editorial. Shat something out. 2/10</p> |
|--|--|--|---|



Advocacy Groups Have “No Empathy” for Landlords Scrambling to Insulate Properties

Students are just cold

By Esme Hall | News Editor

Local advocacy groups are disappointed in landlords who left it to the last minute to insulate the underfloor and ceilings of rental homes for the July 1st deadline, which they had three years to meet.

Changes to the Residential Tenancies Act mean that from July 1st rental homes must have ceiling and underfloor insulation where it is “reasonably practicable” to install it.

Jordana Whyte from Cosy Homes Trust said she had “no empathy for landlords scrambling

“They’ve had three years of warning”

to meet the July 1st deadline, they’ve had three years of warning”. She said local advocacy groups had been “jumping up and down” and the industry had been telling landlords for three years that they had to be organised six months out from the deadline.

Landlords also had access to up to a 75% subsidy for insulation before the deadline, but there was very limited uptake, said Jordana.

The DCC and Otago Community Trust pooled resources for a 50% subsidy for insulation, but it got boosted to 75% because so few landlords were taking it up. The fund was open to rental homes whose tenants were Community Services cardholders, which includes student flats, as students are eligible for Community Services cards.

While some landlords may have been insulating their properties themselves, Jordana said limited uptake was also due to property management companies not taking the time to check whether their tenants held Community Services cards. “Some property managers were great and phoned their tenants, but others put it in the too-hard basket, or might have thought the government would extend the deadline.”

Critic spoke to a group of students whose flat is, as yet, not property insulated. They said their landlord started trying to insulate the

property at the last minute in May, but found out it needed borer and spider spraying, which took until early July. Insulation is now booked for mid-July.

Since their landlord has missed the deadline, the students can take them to the Tenancy Tribunal, which could fine the landlord up to \$4000, which would be paid to the tenants.

However, Jordana said the students should weigh up if they think going to the Tribunal is worth it as it’s unlikely they’d get the full \$4000 compensation at this stage. “It’s still non-compliant, but low on the offence scale if the flat will be insulated soon. The big fines are more likely to be issued to landlords a year on that might have dozens of uninsulated properties, or have been dishonest on the insulation statements.”

Sage Burke of OUSA Student Support urged students to still seek Student Support if there’s no sign of proper insulation on the horizon. “If people even just have a little feeling something’s not up to scratch they should come see us.”



Illustration done by the amazing Geri Giddens

"It's altruistic," he said. "Even if you're only going to be in a flat for another semester, you're still making the rental market better. You could also get the bonus of some cash and insulation."

Sage said, "until people get on landlords' cases they're not going to change their behaviour. Tenants have these rights and shouldn't allow landlords to disregard them left, right and centre. That's why Student Support is here and is free; we make it as easy as possible for people to have recourse when landlords aren't meeting obligations."

Some landlords are getting out of insulating properties because they say it is not "reasonably practicable" to install it. Sage said it is very easy to check what they're saying. "For example, if they said there's no space in [the] ceiling, just stick your head through the manhole. You can also see the height of roof outside and get a visual look about whether it's possible to get insulation in there."

Sage also said the Ministry of Business Innovation and Employment and the Tenancy Tribunal will be hitting the issue pretty hard since landlords have had years to meet the deadline, so students have a good chance of compensation.

Jordana said that landlords are using a lack of existing access to the underfloor as a means of getting out of insulating it, even when it would

"Help, it's so cold"

still be easy to cut in an access hole. She said that landlords should be getting a professional opinion if they're in doubt.

One student told Critic that they were told that the roof and walls were not accessible but they think it's "bullshit". "The flat in front of us, which is the same build as our flat, was considered non exempt for roof insulation and had it put in a few weeks ago." "Help, it's so cold," they said.

Both Sage and Jordana said that a clearer definition for 'reasonably practicable' will emerge as tenants take cases to the Tribunal.

If you need to keep warm in the meantime, Curtain Bank Dunedin said that curtains are the cheapest way to warm a home on a budget. Dunedin Curtain Bank can provide lined curtains to people with a Student ID or line existing curtains to Community Services Card holders for a nominal cost of \$5 per pair of curtains.

OUSA Student Support is located on 5 Ethel Benjamin Place and their number is 03 479 5449

Dunedin Curtain Bank is located on 174 Princes St and their number is 03 425 9678

2019 Student Film Premiere
25-minute debut films from five of the world's next gen science film-makers
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Archway Shop is Dead and There is Nothing We Can Do About It

Meanwhile, pen stocks are going through the fucking roof

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

Despite having a name that confusingly refers to another building on campus, the Archway Stationery Shop has been a staple of the Link for decades. But as of last Thursday, the University pulled the plug.

Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director, James Lindsay, said that this move was to “enhance options for students on campus” and is part of a wider strategy to provide “outstanding student experiences and campus environments”. Additionally, that Archway Shop

“could not contain the amount of stationery” that the Campus South Shop can. This was not the result of explicit student feedback, rather an assumption that as the stationery had to be “regularly restocked” there “appeared to be a demand”.

It is currently unconfirmed whether a food or retail outlet will be put in its place. Critic is in the process of writing a proposal that we establish a special satellite office for Booze Reviews.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STATIONERY?

For stationery needs, students are now forced to go to the Campus South Shop by the library, conveniently the same shop where they are pushing all of their 150-anniversary merchandise. They

also sell “University apparel, graduation gifts, phone accessories, Highlanders clothing” and so on, which begged the question, will there actually be more space for stationery in the Campus South Shop than there was in the Archway Shop?

Lindsay said “yes”. Critic has our measuring tapes ready.

Students Critic spoke with were not nearly as heartbroken as we were by the news. They said that if the “demand was there”, then it “made sense” to move the stationery to a bigger shop. So long as the stationery will “really be given more space” than before. One student asked if all of the stationery was going to get the “150 branding” on them, too. Only time will tell.



DCC VERSUS DCC: WHO WILL WIN?

Spoiler: memes will win

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

One bold, anonymous Dunedin local has perfected community outreach by launching a 'Dunedin City Council - DCC' Facebook page that people actually engage with. Overnight they became a city-wide hit and quickly superseded the 1k-follower mark.

While unfortunately their posts are just satire – asking the public for “cheap grams” and announcing that they were going to make Baldwin Street slightly steeper - they have stirred up enough drama within the real Dunedin City Council that staff have reported the page to Facebook and asked for its removal. No one official has bothered reaching out to

the page admins directly to ask them nicely to stop, though.

The DCC's General Manager of City Services, Sandy Graham, said there is “no harm in a bit of satire” but that some of the recent posts are “offensive”.

The admin disagrees. “Judging by the reactions to all of my posts, almost everyone else is enjoying the page just as much as I am. The few people who have taken offence to these posts just seriously need to loosen up.” Which is a fair comment, considering the most offensive thing we can find is the word “fuck”. Oooo, naughty.

Graham said DCC staff were more broadly concerned that the page will be confusing for people who are looking for information, “partic-

ularly in the lead up to the local body elections”. You can't blame voter disenfranchisement on memes, man. The admin said “all of the posts are clearly just a lot of satire bullshit”.

The page has proven that shitposting and memes is what actually engages people. Compared to the official DCC page, at least, the admins think their method is “definitely a much more effective method of communication”. Is it possible that the real DCC could hire the satire DCC to spread local body election information?

Maybe not. The admin's vision for the future of their page is “world domination,” whereas the the DCC is solely concerned with dominating Dunedin.





North Dunedin to Get Two More “Barnes Dance” Crossings

Take your lady by the hand

By Wyatt Ryder | Staff Writer

Two more 'Barnes Dance Crossings' are being installed in North Dunedin in the next three weeks. Barnes Dance is a really lame name for those crossings that let you cross in any direction and have a flashing countdown that lets you challenge yourself to see if you can run across with three seconds left.

The Dunedin City Council has installed eight Barnes Dance crossings in the past 18 months but they haven't changed the name to something cooler yet.

A local road worker shed some light on the name: "It's not a barn dance, it's named after a guy whose last name is Barnes. Everyone is doing Barnes' dance." Another worker contributed, "nobody barn dances anymore".

The new crossings will be the final stage in completing the DCC's one-way cycleway project, which is driven by a desire to increase the safety of pedestrians and cyclists on the busy roads, following the death of a cyclist in 2011 and another a year later.

The Barnes Dance crossing at Great King Street/Albany Street will feature an image of a bicycle to show cyclists that they can also

use the Barnes Dance crossing to change to the northbound cycle lane continuing along Great King Street.

Transport Agency Senior Project Manager Simon Underwood said "We encourage everyone to be considerate at these crossing points and for cyclists to slow down, bearing in mind that pedestrians have the right of way at all pedestrian crossing points".

The Transport Agency's Fulton Hogan team has also begun the kerb work needed for a Barnes Dance crossing at the Cumberland Street and Albany Street intersection.

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OPINION: VSM is the Worst

By Bonnie Harrison | OUSA Finance Officer

The Otago University Students' Association exists purely because Harlene Hayne saw a poor little piglet, primed for slaughter, and decided they were too special to be turned into pork mince. The story of OUSA is essentially Charlotte's Web.

Our student union was conceived and born in much the same way as any other workers' union: the little guy wanted a say against the big guy. Regrettably, the founders were a bunch of DebSoc nerds – a hit to OUSA's image that we've never truly recovered from.

It was a smooth jump from voicing student issues to supporting student interests. The student union became a service provider, charging a small fee per student and, in exchange, throwing money, hands and passion behind age-old student traditions. OUSA kept expanding, and now has more than 90 staff churning out Orientation, Hyde Street, Art Week, International Food Fest, Capping Show, and more – that's on top of running Clubs and Societies and Student Support.

But, the golden years ended like they always do: with an ACT MP.

In 2011 Heather Roy, supported by the National government, took away student unions' powers to charge fees to all students. Instead, the student service fee became an optional donation. Unsurprisingly, no one wants to pay optional taxes, even if they pay for good shit. Student unions across the country were destroyed.

OUSA was one of the only associations to survive this. Out of the darkness, Harlene threw us a lifeline: the University would collect a compulsory services fee from students, and then give OUSA a certain chunk of the total. This is the system we have now. The fee tends to increase with course fees – roughly 2% each year. Next year, it might be \$830 per student.

Why did the University choose to save the student union? They could've disarmed the group that critiques them, tries to change them, leads public protests against them – and it would've been completely legal. So why not kill the pig?

It's no secret that OUSA juggles a fair shout of hot potatoes. The Hyde Street Party and Ori-

entation Week are under media scrutiny every single year. Throw something as controversial as substance testing into the ring, and you've potentially got the scorn of tens of thousands of people – and not just Dunedin News users, but occasionally the world at large.

Contemplate for a moment a Hyde Street Party run by the Uni.

Yeah, student culture is messy. But it's ours – it's yours. We do it for you because we love it and we want you to love it too.

The University saved our union because Otago wouldn't be what it is without its culture of (albeit well-managed) student debauchery and rabble-rousing. That means we live to fight the man another day.

Harlene Hayne understands that OUSA gives students something the University can't – but will the next Vice-Chancellor understand that? Harlene's term is up in 2021. The new boss could be anyone. They could be someone who doesn't get Dunedin student culture. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, stopping them from cutting funding to OUSA. Bloody ACT.



WED:	QUIZ NIGHT <i>6PM - 8PM</i>
THUR:	POKER NIGHT 7 PM - LATE GUILTY PLEASURE PLAYLST 8PM - 12AM
FRI:	ENO X DIRTY 8PM - 1AM
SAT:	DAILY J 8PM - 1AM



Who to Vote For in the By-Election

By Sinead Gill and Esme Hall

As per usual for OUSA events, the seats in the Main Common Room were vacant for the candidates forum, all bar the current Executive, the candidates' friends, and depressed Critic reporters. But no worries, we've assessed the quality of the candidates for you. For the more discerning voter we live-streamed the thing on our Facebook.

Postgrad:

Matthew "The Only Post-graduate Candidate" Schep

This is Matthew's third shot at running for the OUSA Exec, and he's finally found the silver bullet: an uncontested race. Matthew is very sincere (he made a ransom-note style application for the Critic Blind Date earlier in the year, with cut-out magazine letters and everything) and truly cares about student politics. Vote for him unless you think having no Post-grad Officer at all would be better.

Admin VP:

Daniel "Was On The Exec A Decade Ago" Stride

Daniel wants OUSA to be like it was 10 years ago (which is not necessarily a bad thing) and said he's in love with OUSA. Okay. While it is clear that he'd bring his own vision and way of doing things to the Exec, it might just leave the team with more things to do and less time to do them. His no.1 goal is to repeal VSM and his no.2 goal is to give the OUSA constitution a "spring clean". These goals would have made him the nerdiest person in the room if the entirety of the current OUSA Exec weren't there as well. He also had some cringey but memorable quotes like "If OUSA doesn't stick up for students, who the hell will?" and "NZUSA is a bunch of fuckwits, but they're the only fuckwits we've got". Daniel is a mature student and it's a little confusing why he's running for OUSA when he's just been admitted to the bar. He also has a track record of running in six OUSA elections and getting on to three, and being forced to resign from one after a police diversion. He definitely gives way too much of a fuck.

Georgia "Quit OUSA to run for OUSA" Mischefski-Gray

Georgia has already spent six months doing admin and policy work as Campaigns Officer. She might not care about OUSA as much as her opponent (also not necessarily a bad thing), but there is more of a chance she will follow through plans the current Exec has made for the year, rather than pushing through a new vision. Although, on the other hand, she took half a year to organise a one-week campaign - Enviro Week - so that doesn't bode well. One of her goals is to create a system of accountability within the OUSA Exec to make sure that everyone is completing their work and getting paid for what they're actually doing - which is relevant, since the last Admin VP is guilty of that. She is definitely a more #relatable candidate than Daniel, saying that she is a former suffering Castle Street resident and that (in reference to the BYO regulations) half a bottle of wine is "not enough for anybody", but overall was less inspiring than her counterpart. Ups to her for being the only woman in the entire by-election though.



Photography by Airman Amerul Muner

Campaigns:

John "Cheerleader for OUSA (When Not Playing D & D)" McWatters

John wants to promote the campaigns that already exist and ensure OUSA makes a genuine impact on students' lives. His past experience is on the Computer Science Society and OUSA Education Committee. He also wants to motivate other students to get involved in OUSA stuff and get on board with existing OUSA goals, like fixing the class rep system to stop being tokenistic. John wasn't the most inspiring candidate on the stage, but seems like a nice guy and was pretty humble to turn up late and still deliver. Being the last person to ask the awkward question of what his time management skills are like, he said the choice quote "I'll have time to work on OUSA stuff, it's a better use of my time to be on OUSA Exec than at home playing video games". Love the honesty.

Ben "Will Direct Campaigns Like He Directed the Capping Show" McCook-Weir

Ben wants to boost existing campaigns with his practical experience as the 2019 OUSA Capping Show Director, where he worked with OUSA's staff and budget and marketing bureaucracy, which are pretty top quality credentials for the role of Campaigns Officer. He scores points for having the most original campaign idea - to establish a Queer space - which was cool. He said he wants to make OUSA something that students are actually seeing, rather than just being a "big green tower". Capping Show also gave Ben the skills to "sneak things that students maybe don't want to hear into packages they like" which is also a good skill for running OUSA campaigns because, you know, OUSA is pretty boring.

Adam "Middle Management and Talking Real Fast" Currie

Adam brushed over the campaigns bit of the role of Campaigns Officer, saying that the position "is a shit role that shouldn't even exist, as Critic would have us believe" - okay Adam, why are you running? He also was VERY enthusiastic about how sitting on University committees is the most important bit of being the Campaigns Officer. He also suspiciously said the words "fuck" and "mahi" a few too many times. Adam is clearly involved in a lot of stuff, but he talked too fast to explain much of it.

Paddy "One of the Sextet Guys" Manning

Paddy said that the Campaigns Officer is the "spirit animal" of the student population and jumped on board a lot of existing campaigns, including Georgia's sustainability campaign and luring students to enrol to vote using dumplings. He also wanted to enrol students in halls because, and we quote, "things spread like wildfire in halls". What's sexier: voting or herpes? He is a passionate speaker, though, and definitely wins points for navigating talking about sexual violence while the others addressed it really awkwardly. Also, his hair is very lush and very ginger, and honestly would give James a run for his money.



**Just
fucking
Vote.**

DUNEDIN NEWS

American spy dome?

Has been dropped off home

SEE...THERE IS HOPE!

Isn't it amazing how pretty much everyone wrote the black caps off.... i dont see any apologies or those people congratulating them for the win...and especially the stuff reporter that said they are boring and no one would be sad to see them go.... not dunedin news just national sport news.

Better late than never - another adventure

Diabolical. Cumberland street.

The parking building near the New World needs serious attention to it's payment machines. One out of order, i had 3 \$10 notes, it just kept spitting them out. Went to 3 shops before i could get change came back, it wouldn't work at all. There was a line of frustrated people. One lady said she had that problem before and to just drive and hope it would let you out. Drove down with my heart in my mouth wondering what i would do if it didn't let me out. After sitting there a while it let me out. Whew. There must be a simpler way.

Re : burger put up their prices by 30 percent overnight.
Why are people so damn greedy? They've got more business than ever.

For those wondering what happened to the guinea pigs

Hmmm who determines which ones are extra large?

Wouldn't the staff just sort this?

Tag all ya feel good m8s

Does anyone know where I can find information

Has everyone survived the exploding chemicals in South Dunedin?

Me again.

Tag all ya feel good m8s

Real frosty out there take care.

ODT WATCH

Today in ODT Watch, we bring you the 5 stages of encountering a small penis:

1. You see the tiny beast, and are in immediate mourning for your genitalia

When you look at it, no reason to moan

2. He puts it in and your worst fears are confirmed.

Sad but evidence wins out

3. After a few thrusts, you're warming up to the action, maybe there's potential here???

Small but perfectly formed

4. He finds the G-Spot! By Jove he's done it! Ahhhhh!!!

Future looks cool

5. After the blissful throes of orgasm, you lie in your lover's arms. He promises to call you.

Modest requirements generously met



The Critical Tribune



Dunedin Crumbles to Nothingness as Steepest Street Cruelly Snatched Away

This morning the rats fled the city.

They swept past old men sobbing in gutters, and young children staring vacantly into the distance. They swept down the disappointing gradient of the street-formerly-known-as-the-steepest-street-in-the-world and past the Mayor as he pleaded with the Guinness World Record Enforcers as they solemnly removed the sign "World's Steepest Street" and set fire to the gift shop.

A great pile of souvenirs burnt outside, as the Enforcers ransacked peoples' homes, emerging with great armfuls of memorabilia to add to the flames. Steepest Street tea towels and socks burnt next to tiny build-your-own replicas and mugs with 35-degree gradients.

A secret team was dispatched from the University with the aim of independently verifying the gradient of the street in Wales

(which is probably not even a real country) or dying in the attempt. None returned.

Far out to sea the next cruise ship's first mate sprinted out of the radio shack holding a telegraph in their hand. "Sir!" they called to the Captain, "Dunedin no longer has the World's Steepest Street!"

"Argh," said the Captain, "Dunedin's lost. Our only chance to satisfy them," he said, jerking his thumb at the tourists churning in the hold, "is to head to Oamaru instead. Hopefully the Steampunk Capital of New Zealand's enough."

The first mate shed two distinct tears, one for a fallen city, and one for the prospect of having to visit Oamaru.

How does Dunedin recover from something like this? It's not just that a title was stripped from us, it's that we never deserved the title to begin with. We have been

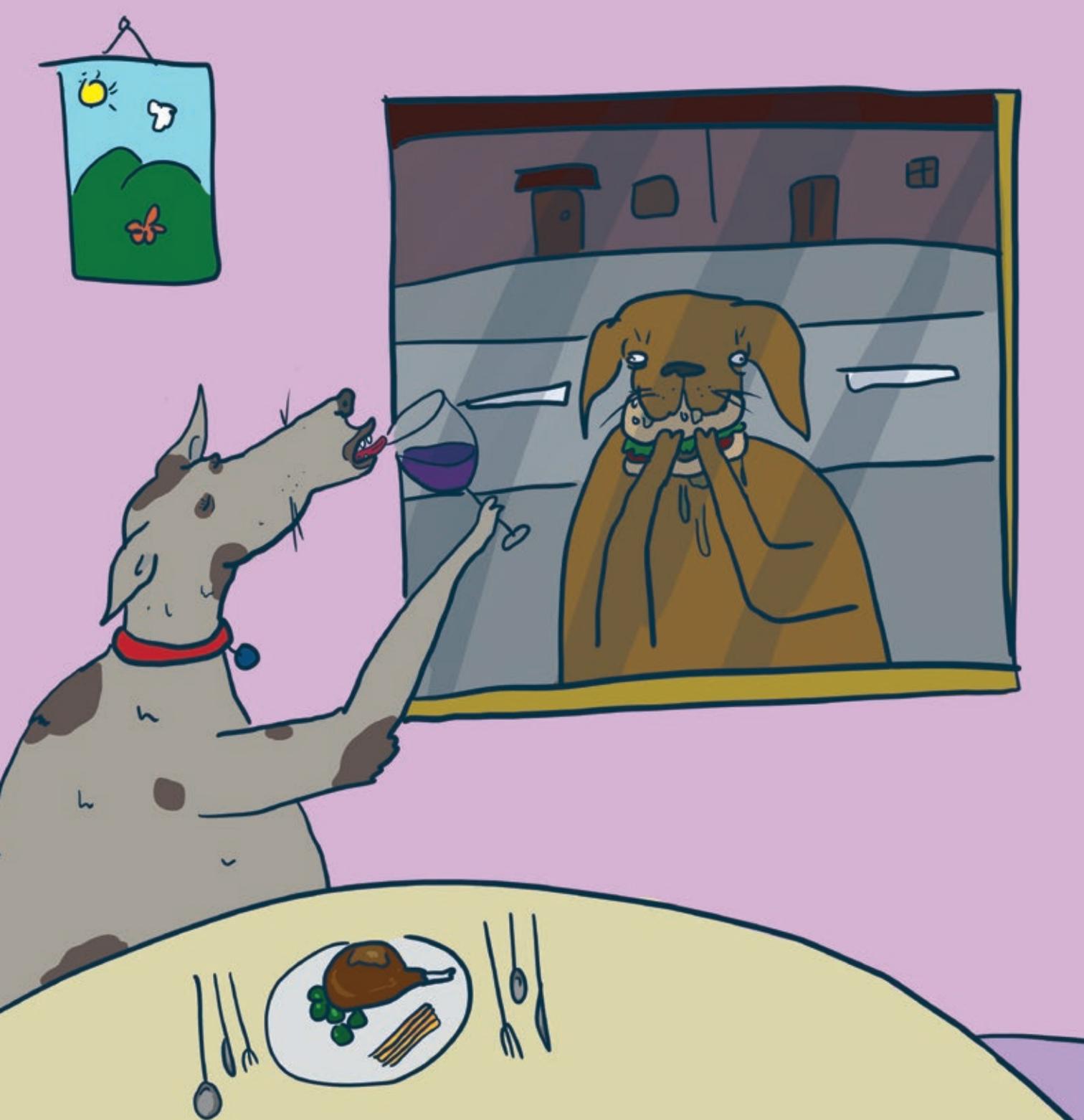
betrayed by the thing we thought we could depend on; we have been betrayed by the very ground beneath our feet.

Our only chance is to erect some new miraculous feat. To recover from the failures and betrayals of the past we must look into a future of glory and blinding light.

We could tie all our albatross together wingtip to wingtip and create the World's Widest Bird (Wingspan).

Perhaps we could flood the entire of South Dunedin and create the World's Lamest Underwater City. Honestly, all we'd have to do is leave it alone a couple years.

Or we could always just make Baldwin Street the Most Disappointing Street in the World. We could keep the gift shop where it is and anyone visiting it would have exactly the same experience anyway.



Does **Budget** Dog Food Taste Worse Than **Expensive** Dog Food: A Critic Investigation

By Saskia Rushton-Green

Dog food packaging is designed to target your pet through you. Buddy doesn't care about buzz words like 'succulent' and 'delicate', he just wants a good feed. Ignoring how cancerous the ingredients probably are, Critic investigated the difference in appearance, aroma, mouthfeel and taste differences between the most budget and the most deluxe looking dog foods available in your local supermarkets. Across our culinary journey, Critic learned that finely ground up bones seem to be a key ingredient in almost every dog food and that (spoiler!!) higher advertising quality does not necessarily equate with higher eating quality. However, every dog is different and finding the affordable food options that makes your dog say "Mmm, outstanding, thank you" may be a journey, embarked on together, for a lifetime (or at least their short lifetime).

Value Chicken Dog Roll

Appearance: Monotonous. 4/10.
Aroma: Nostalgic. 6/10.
Mouthfeel: Gritty. 2/10.
Taste: Bland. 3/10.
Aura: Quivering chihuahua. 10/10.
Score Total: 5/10 (C-)



Butch White Label Chicken Dog Roll

(Kelp and Omega 3 Enriched)

Appearance: The belgium in the lunch box of the child with the transparent skin. 5/10.
Aroma: Boiled. 4/10.
Mouthfeel: Smooth. 5/10.
Taste: Peppery. 6/10.
Aura: Like curling up in front of a warm fire and falling asleep. 10/10.
Score Total: 6/10 (C+)

Value Casserole with 5 Meats

Appearance: Blocky, mucousy. 4/10.
Aroma: Sweet pudding. 6/10.
Mouthfeel: Sandy. 2/10.
Taste: Could not identify any of the 5 meats. 3/10.
Aura: Like a scratch behind the ear. 10/10.
Score Total: 5/10 (C-)

Gourmet Lamb and Venison Banquet

Appearance: Little chunk blocks. 4/10.
Aroma: Smells like cat food. 5/10.
Mouthfeel: Rubbery: 4/10.
Taste: Initial flavour made me say "Eugh!", followed by a distinct bitter moment. 1/10.
Aura: A satisfying hour of howling at sirens. 10/10.
Score Total: 4.8/10 (Fail D)

Essentials Dog Food with Chicken

Appearance: A savoury mousse. 2/10.
Aroma: Not unpleasant. 6/10.
Mouthfeel: Softened bones in a light, airy bed. 4/10.
Taste: Sudden urge to vomit, but not quite sure why. 1/10.
Aura: That feel when you get away with eating the cat's vomit. 10/10.
Score Total: 4.6/10 (Fail D)

Gourmet Chicken in a Delicate Gravy

Appearance: Light chunks. 4/10.
Aroma: Strong, but again, not unpleasant. 6/10.
Mouthfeel: Like the texture of all the other dog foods blended together and recompacted. 4/10.
Taste: Could be worse. 4/10.
Aura: A dog sitting on top of another dog, and both are happy. 10/10.
Score Total: 5.6/10 (C)



MyDog Dog Kibbles with Gourmet Beef and Succulent Meat Pieces

Appearance: Vibrant and colourful. 8/10.

Aroma: Classic. 5/10.

Mouthfeel: The 'succulent meat pieces' looked like the rest of the biscuits but were unexpectedly soft and pillowy, and not in a good way. The rest of the biscuits were crunchy as Nature intended. 3/10.

Taste: The 'succulent meat pieces' were rank. The rest of the biscuits were relievingly bland. 2/10.

Aura: Car ride home from the beach, too tired to stick head out the window. 10/10.

Score Total: 5.6/10 (C)



Pams Dog Kibbles Meaty Beef Flavour

Appearance: Delightfully round. 7/10.

Aroma: Chicken Crimpy Shapes. 9/10.

Mouthfeel: Like a cracker made of bones. 4/10.

Taste: The aroma gave me false hope. 3/10.

Aura: Gave me the zoomies. 10/10.

Score Total: 6.6/10 (B-)

Pams, you've done it again. Clear winner.



The Best Bathrooms to Have Sex in On Campus

By The University of Hoe-tago

Mum, if you're reading this: I'm so sorry.

University is a cesspit of horny motherfuckers. I mean, have you ever been to pint night? Everyone seems to be trying to book the first flight to pound town, but there aren't many spaces for you to get your freak on around campus. Unless you do it in a bathroom. We're all paying thousands of dollars to take our place in the world, and I'm gonna get my damn money's worth.

I set out on my quest swiping through the honeys on Tinder with a bio of "I need to fuck in Uni bathrooms for a Critic article, applications open". I was met with an overwhelming response of horny lads ready to head to smashville.

After some strategic planning and free condoms from Sexual Health (who knows what STIs these bathrooms are riddled with), we were ready to put our bodies on the line for investigative journalism – and find the best Uni bathrooms to fuck in.

Castle Lecture Theatre Disability Bathroom

This was the first bathroom on our noble quest, and we both felt quite nervous be-

forehand. Although this wasn't my partner's first rodeo, the more planned and less spontaneous fucking resulted in a lot of overthinking. Overall it wasn't a bad time, but saying that I've sucked a dick while on the toilet is something that I won't be putting on my CV anytime soon.

Discretion:

You've got to be really sneaky when you head into this bathroom. As it's right by the walkway to go into various lecture theatres, you really have to plan your entry when finding your way in (pardon the pun). The door locks pretty well, but you definitely have to keep any noise down to a minimum.

Spatial Parameters:

The room itself is quite large, which gives you a lot of possibilities. The toilet is quite close to the wall, meaning you've really got to get creative with how you position yourself. Otherwise, there is a large amount of floor space to get to know your partner(s) on a personal level.

Cleanliness:

As it was late on a weekday afternoon, I presume this bathroom must've been cleaned before we arrived. I can't tell if this made the



experience feel better or worse. But it's nice not having piss on your shoes as you're getting fucked from behind, for once.

Ambience:

The giant full-length mirror is quite off-putting, unless you're into that. Otherwise the general cleanliness does make for a sensual experience. The fluorescent lights are quite harsh and can be quite a strain on the eyes.

Conclusion:

You really don't know how much of a smell having sex makes until you leave a freshly cleaned bathroom that you've knowingly defaced. If you're gonna fuck in here, best to wait til the LAWS101 kids are in their lecture. Overall: 3,5/5

Ground Floor Richardson Building: Unisex Bathroom

This was the second bathroom that we decided to sin in. After a quick break and a few ciggies, we waited for the Richardson elevator queue to die down before ducking in. The floor was covered in piss and we both slipped at one point. Like a streamlined health sci lecture, we got in there, did the deed and dipped out – avoiding eye contact with my first year Geography lecturer while re-doing my belt.

Discretion:

Since this bathroom is unisex, it's less suspicious when you see a girl and guy leave together. The door goes all the way down to the floor, meaning there is little, if any,

chance for people to see you sinning. The bathroom itself is very structurally sound, with very little noise able to escape. The only concern comes from the waiting area outside, because you don't really want to be bumping into your lecturer reeking of sex.

Spatial Parameters:

This bathroom is quite large, meaning you have a lot of space for a wide range of positions. With a purposeful ledge, a heater, and a sink sturdy enough to hold two people, you can truly get creative with your fucking. Branch out into the waiting room, get crazy with it.

Cleanliness:

This isn't the cleanest bathroom, which I think only adds to its overall charm. When I went in, there was a smell of stale piss



Photography by Aiman Amerul Muner



and some lone toilet paper on the ground. There's probably a large infestation of STIs in this bathroom.

Ambience:

The lights in this room are quite harsh, meaning all of your gifts are highly exposed in the open. The mood in this room is definitely not as sexy as some of the other bathrooms, so it fits more of a "root n boot" kind of vibe.

Conclusion:

This is one of the best and worst bathrooms to fuck in. The space and discretion is a major bonus, but the cleanliness and ambience are a major turn off. You definitely need to go into this one knowing you're just here to fuck in the bathroom for this dumb article. Overall: 2.5/5

Link Women's Bathroom

This was the third bathroom on our list. We snuck in at 10:27pm on a Wednesday eve-

ning. We didn't really factor in how small each cubicle is, so all I could do was go down on my knees like the good Christian girl I am. Although not the sexiest of places to fuck, years of practising deep-throating bananas did not go wasted. Right as my partner was about to score the home try, someone walked in so we had to make a stealthy exit.

Discretion:

Not only is there a long walkway to get to your location, but the number of mirrors you walk past does lead to a bit of an out-of-body experience. Given the Link is quite a busy place, you've got to be really stealthy when making your moves. It's best to go late on a Sunday when there aren't many people who can watch your walk of shame. Also, disguise your moans like you're taking a big shit.

Spatial Parameters:

The first cubicle to the right as you walk into the women's bathroom is the prime fucking spot. It has that ledge that you can

easily rest yourself on. However, each other cubicle is quite small.

Cleanliness:

The Link bathrooms get cleaned quite regularly but are also used so often that it this is counter-intuitive. The actual cubicles themselves are pretty clean; you can't let the thought of how many people have been in that cubicle get the best of you. Unfortunately, there is always a lingering smell of shit 24/7 that never seems to dissipate.

Ambience:

The bathrooms in the Link at night are usually dimly lit, which sets a nice tone for the fun. However there are a lot of other cubicles, meaning the chance of someone walking in is quite high, which really dampens the mood.

Conclusion:

The Link bathrooms are the least optimal space to fuck. Only the bravest of brave (or



horniest) would try and conquer this feat. With Central only a few steps away, it's probably a better use of your time.

Overall: 2/5

St. David's Men's Disabled Bathroom

At this point we'd fucked in a bunch of bathrooms and were both feeling it. However, we both agreed that we couldn't finish without trying this great bathroom. We had a late night study sesh in St Dave's, and waited til around 12:30am for our two minutes of fun. Let's just say I hope everyone around had their headphones on and couldn't hear the noises we both made.

Discretion:

The great thing about St. Dave's is that it's open 24 hours. If you wait until the early hours of the morning, when only the lone Health Scis remain, there is little chance of you getting caught doing this (in)decent act. While I do have moral qualms with using disabled bathrooms, these ones in particular are isolated from the regular bathrooms,

meaning you can be slightly louder than in other spaces. The sliding door means you can safely check if anyone is coming in and out before you dine and dash.

Spatial Parameters:

This bathroom has a lot of girth to it. There is a comfortable ledge on top of the toilet if you want to get really adventurous. There isn't much surface area to the bathroom itself, but it is comfortable enough for one to spread out upon. Be sure to utilize all of the objects this bathroom offers for making the most out of your fuck.

Cleanliness:

While not the cleanest bathroom out there, it wasn't the worst either. If you push that loose bit of toilet paper to the side and wash your hands thoroughly afterwards, you'll be sweet.

Ambience:

These bathrooms have quite a nice colour scheme and funky pattern on the floor that you can admire while getting pounded. The lights are quite dim which only enhances

the sexual tension. The fact that the door is almost air locked shut means you can be as loud or as quiet as you want, which can set the tone very nicely.

Conclusion:

Given that there is 24-hour access to the St. Dave's bathrooms, you can quench your thirst at literally any time of the day. There're even vending machines outside the Science Library to replenish your reserves during or afterwards. While the bathroom itself isn't the nicest, it has the most optimal space to fornicate in. Just make sure Campus Watch isn't waiting for you when you finish.

Overall: 4/5



CRITIC REVIEWS THE LOCAL DUMPLING JOINTS



For your pleasure, but mainly for ours.

The Dumpling Lady aka The Artist Formerly Known As Rising Sun

Despite the heavy coverage in this year's Critic, we are not actually sponsored by DL/TAFKARS, although we wish we were. This is a cheap and cheerful food truck on campus whose success can largely be attributed to the delightful woman who operates it. When I'm at DL/TAFKARS, spinning some yarns, the warmth of the dumplings box in my hands makes me almost forget about the planet's rising sea levels and that god-awful GPA I carry from first year.

These dumplings come hot and steamy with a range of condiments that you can pop on. Personal fave is the chilli oil and sweet chilli combo. The pork dumplings are 6 for \$6 or 12 for \$10, they also do a special deal with 6 dumplings and a steamed bun for \$8. Impeccable value. The dumplings themselves are really good in size, juicy and generously packed with filling. Sometimes the casings

come away from the filling, but that's fine and you shouldn't care. It tastes bomb regardless. Just remember to bring your own fork with you because I hate people using the plastic ones.

Harry's Kitchen

Harry's Kitchen is a wee gem on George Street where Japanese dishes are served alongside fries (best of both worlds?). You'll see it packed out most days around lunch-time - and for good reason. The staff are smiley and friendly and the food comes out super quick. Take the small detour from campus one day and you'll find 6 deep-fried pork dumplings for \$5. Not bad. These were probably the smallest dumplings Critic tried in the review but they were cute and nicely laid out on a wee tray. The dumplings were perfect morsels of melt-in-your-mouth pork. Although I prefer my dumplings steamed, I will not hold that against Harry's, as they were perfectly fried and crispy

with a satisfying crunch. They also had a dipping sauce that slapped so hard I decided to drink the leftovers from the little saucer like the uncivilised cretin that I am. 20 seconds later I felt kind of sick, but that is my mistake and I will own it.

Seoul: Korean Cuisine

Oh, to be young and in love again. I wish I could go to this place again for the first time. Experience the salty crunch like a newborn baby fresh out of the world. I was blind but now I see. These dumplings are the perfect dumplings - panfried to a caramelised perfection fresh out of the flames. The filling is meaty and gorgeous, a dick for the ages. There's a lot of it too, tenderly packed in by the elderly owner's trembling fingers. The best thing is that after a first, hesitant bite (a lover is always nervous for the first kiss) the dumpling doesn't fall apart. Rather, strong and proud, the dumpling retains its moist shape. It's not overly doughy, moist or



floppy, no no no. Each dumpling is a tender nipple coitus, ready for the plucking. Overall, all I can say is YUM. (Please hire me, Dish Magazine.) Seoul is closely located to campus and has a warm, inviting feel to warm the soul in these trying times. Oh baby.

Heping Restaurant

Stepping into this place, one major flaw jumped out: there were no pan-fried dumplings. They offered deep-fried and boiled, so I opted for the boiled, but couldn't help missing that sweet hard glaze that only a hot pan slicked with oil could offer me. That being said, the boiled dumplings were a nice salty treat. The filling was obviously freshly made - not frozen - and it was hot and warm in my small hands. The dumpling wrapper offered a stable eating environment that allowed me to polish off the savoury morsel in one or two bites. I felt seen. A nice pop of liquid in my mouth completed the dining experience. The atmosphere was mediocre, nothing to

rave about and certainly not a place to bring your private-school friends. But, it was good food, done well, and at the end of the day, that counts for something. There's nothing here to make this dumpling experience stand out - it wasn't exceptionally cheap, beautifully presented or anything out of the ordinary, but it was honest and kind to me and for that I'll always be grateful.

Papa Chou's

I was excited heading into this place; I heard it was usually pretty busy and I'd have to make a booking in order to secure a table. As I hate making phone calls, like any cool millennial, I'll take some points off the overall experience. Also for 5 dumplings for \$9, this was pretty fucking pricey. Again, some points off. I get that this was slightly more upmarket, but still, it hurt my pockets a bit (just kidding, my clothes don't have pockets because fuck women's clothing designers amirite). When the dumplings came, they

By Nina Minogue and Caroline Moratti

were nice and crispy, but the overall quantity wasn't enough to curb my gluttonous appetite. The combination of pork and cabbage was a tad underwhelming, as everyone knows that cabbage lacks flavour, texture, or about anything remotely interesting. I'd be interested in going here for Yum Cha, but I think dining in for an appetiser is a) expensive, b) too far away from Uni and c) a waste of everyone's time. I'm sorry Papa Chou's, I appreciate the hard work you've put in to the Dunedin dining scene ever since we lost The Asian, but your world and mine just don't collide. You wear short skirts, I wear T-shirts. You're cheer captain, and I'm on the bleachers.

WINNER:

A tie between DL/TAFKARS and Seoul: Korean Cuisine







DART REVIEW

BY THE MARLBROS

Darts. Duzzas. Jesus Sticks.

People seem to get strangely sheepish when discussing smoking. Most of us have tried it at some point, but whether or not you're a fiend for the darts is up for your mum to decide when she smells cigarette smoke on your clothes. There is stigma around smoking, and rightly so. It's expensive and ruins your body, but yet somehow so bloody good at the same time. There's nothing like that coffee and ciggie combo early in the morning, or a cheeky dart when out for a drink. While some among us are afraid to digress their smoking habits (you can't spell tobacco without taboo), we're here to give an honest review of the best darts you can buy or scab from a mate.

Before we get into this, starting smoking is one of the worst things I've ever done. It started as bumming a mate's smoke while drinking, to buying my own packs for nights out, to becoming dependent on having a dart in my hand at all times. I always thought I had enough willpower and self-motivation to never get addicted. But that's not how addiction works. I used ciggies as an appetite suppressant and as stress relief. At the end of last year, I was

getting close to smoking a pack of tailies every 1-3 days, and I hate to think how much Studylink money I've poured into smokes. But while I am self aware enough to know the dangers of smoking and how much it affects my physical health and wallet, I fucking love having a dart because I'm a slut for that sweet nicotine.

That's just my personal experience and thoughts. I'm not here to police you on whether you should or shouldn't smoke. It's your body and your choice, and only you can make a rational decision about it - just make sure you know about the effects it can have. In saying that, here's a guide to some of the best and worst darts to sink your lungs into. Also here's the Quitline number 0800 778 778.

Choice, \$25.90

As some of the cheapest darts on the block, quality is something you don't necessarily pay for with Choice. With a filter that crumbles in your hand and an overpowering chemical tang, these darts are not designed for the novice smoker. You have to know what you're getting yourself into with these bad boys, which only adds to the experience. If you need a shit dart just for the wild head-rush and a chemical burn in the back of throat, then Choice is the way to go.

Flavour notes: Lung cancer, the day before Studylink comes through.

Pairs well with: Depression and poverty.

Winfield Select, \$25.90

Cheaper than the normal Winfield range, Winfield Selects are some of the best bang for your buck when it comes to a cheap dart. Unlike Choice, these darts don't have the same overwhelming asthmatic feeling when taking a drag. I mean, they're no Marlboro Gold, but they sure should be up there. These are the classic "need a pack for pint night" darts; you can chuff them back with no stress and wake up feeling like an ashtray in the morning. While these aren't the best ciggies out, they get the job done to a higher than average standard.

Flavour Notes: The feeling before you have a big essay due, fluoride in your drinking water.

Pairs well with: The dart tree outside the Burns Building.

Clubs, \$26.50

Some of the finest smoking experiences I've had were on a pack of Clubs. Although they are seemingly cheap for a pack of darts, the humble Club Blue is a mighty fine dart. Sturdy filter, easy burn, an overpowering hit of nicotine to the lungs - what more could you really want? Clubs don't beat around the bush; they're just a simple dart for you to corrode your lungs with.

Flavour notes: Nicotine.

Pairs well With: A shitty black coffee.



Wests, \$26.50

Whenever I think of the humble West Red, I immediately think of a group of tradies on smoko. Wests are some of the most derelict smokes you can buy, which only adds to their charm. These bad boys are sure to stain both your fingers and teeth yellow with their overpowering nicotine. Smoking these feels like you're working a minimum wage job at 3am with no breaks. It's an emotionally taxing smoke. You can taste the self-deprecation with each inhale but, sometimes, that's what you need.

Flavour notes: A tradie called Mike, the taste of my Dad leaving again.

Pairs well with: Misogyny, a cold Speight's.

Rothmans, \$26.90

Now we're getting into the big leagues. Rothmans Blues are some of the nicest smokes I've ever had. The filter is as smooth as your legs after you've shaved with a fresh razor. The smoke itself is mild enough to not be overpowering, but still hits the lungs at the right spot. There is a smooth blend and consistency in this tobacco that really lends itself to the smoking experience. This is not a throw away dart to chuff when you're pissed, this is one that needs to be savored.

Flavour notes: Mild yet rich, smooth, consistent smoke.

Pairs well with: A cold gin and tonic with your Tinder date.

Dunhill Switch, \$30.90

Now here's where things get wild. Dunhill Switch is one of the most versatile ciggies in the game. You feel like switching up the smoking experience? All you have to do is click the filter and it becomes a menthol.

You're literally getting two ciggies in one, what a bargain. The tobacco has a lingering taste of mint even without clicking the filter, which is something you have to get used to. But overall, these are a fine ciggie to chew down.

Flavour notes: How it feels to chew Five Gum, deep throating a whole tube of toothpaste.

Pairs well with: Not brushing your teeth in three days.

Marlboro, \$30.90

This is the 2016 Karen necklace of darts. If you want to truly flex that you're a real smoker without finding a pack of Camels or Lucky Strikes, then Marlboro is the way to go. If Marlboro Gold is the basic white girl of ciggies, then Marlboro Reds are her flaky boyfriend who leaves her on seen at 3am. Marlboro Reds are not for the faint hearted. They're harsh, strong, and oddly arousing. Marlboro Golds are smooth, mild, and you don't feel as bad for finishing a whole packet of them in a day. Although they are expensive; you truly do pay for quality.

Flavour notes: Crisp, harsh, sensual.

Pairs well with: A decent living wage salary, being from Auckland.

Port Royal, \$62.90

I always remembered thinking that I would never be a true smoker until I learnt how to roll my own ciggies. Once I made the migration to rollies, I never looked back. If you're committed to the smoking game, pouches are a lot less strenuous on the ol' wallet. Plus, you get the ability to roll darts as big or small as you want them. While

there are many fine pouches out there like Capstan or Park Drive, there's something about a freshly unzipped pouch of Port Royal Original that gets me going. The aroma of rum and wine is such a delight on all the senses.

Flavour notes: Rum and wine, soggy filters, a yellow zig zag you found at the bottom of your bag.

Pairs well with: The finest bottle of Cleanskin outside of an Indian BYO, not having to give one to people on the piss unless they can roll.

Space Man, \$0.90

A sweet tasting ciggie with high coolness factor. Suckin' on one of these bad boys will up your street cred by at least 12 points, particularly if you remember to pretend to blow smoke out every few minutes. The most disappointing part of Space Men is when you've sucked away too much of them to be able to pretend to smoke them anymore and have to throw the whole thing in your mouth, crunch it up, then reach for the packet. Ah, addiction.

Flavour notes: Sugar, glucose syrup, gelatin, vegetable oil, flavour.

Pairs well with: Being the only one in a social situation who's not going to die of lung cancer.



Here's the Quitline number again 0800 778 778

WINDOW \$HOPPING

Seasoned professional Phillip Plant takes to the grimy windowsills of campus to review the best windows to stare out of pensively at Otago University, for the next time Uni causes you to die on the inside.

Harry loves Sally, Oprah loves bread, and I love windows. There's something quite special about staring somberly out of a window, pretending you're in some kind of indie movie where you say you hate your parents, but you secretly love them, and you can't wait to lose your virginity, but it's really disappointing when it finally happens. If there's some rain and maybe a bit of thunder and lightning, then all of a sudden you're the misunderstood protagonist of a heart-wrenching drama.

On a good day of bad weather I can sit and be melancholic for hours. Of course, you need the right kind of window in order for the whole thing to actually feel right. There's just something completely unsatisfying about staring out of bathroom windows, it's probably the smell or the impatient fucks trying to hurry you along.

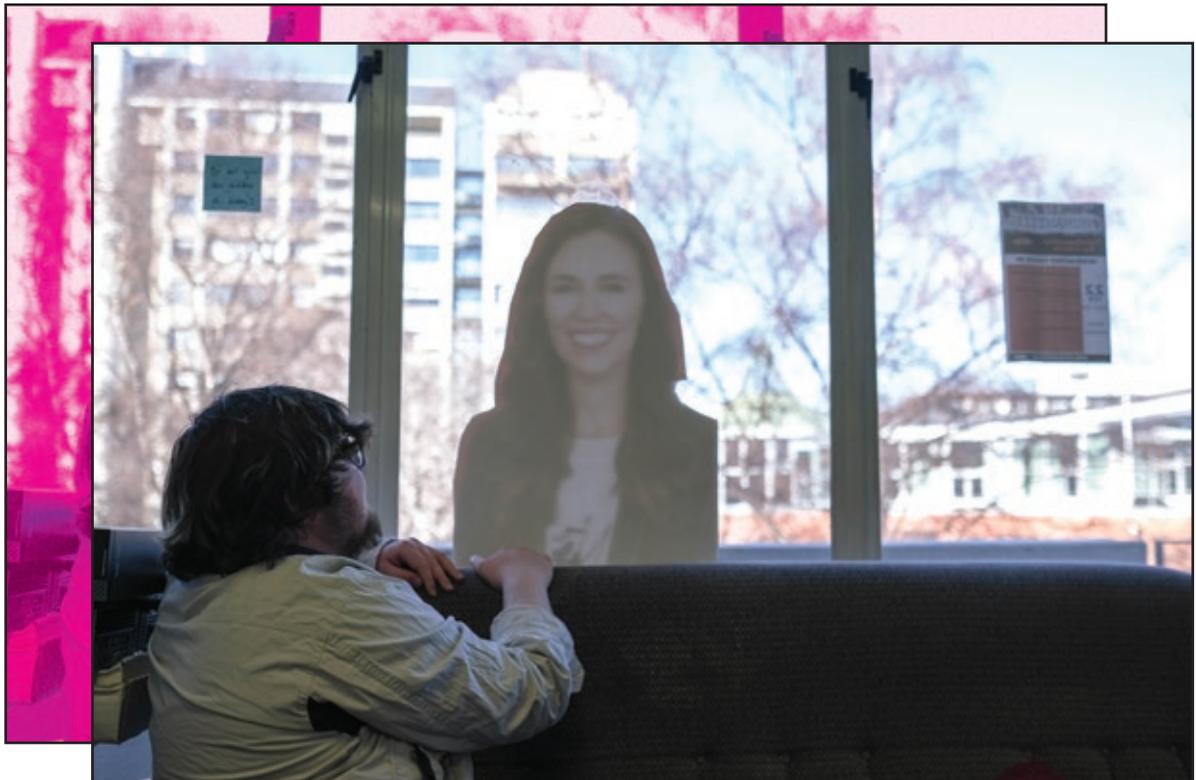
Anyway, as a highly skilled and highly trusted reviewer, I decided to review the best windows at University to stare out of. As with any proper review, there needs to be a guideline of qualities to consider. For windows it's all about the touch, the taste, the smell, the vibe of the area, and the seating arrangements. Everything has to come together in order to provide the authentic Wes Anderson experience.

Richardson Moot Court

It especially nice to come here after you didn't do so well on an assignment. You can look down at all the little people, and then remember that you too are also a tiny human being, or human being adjacent. The windows themselves didn't have much of a taste when licked, but they sure felt like misplaced anger caused by severe daddy issues. There's not really any comfy seating, but sometimes standing is better, so you can dramatically collapse on the floor. The only downside is that the window on the right side of the room looks out on to UniCol. So I'd stick to the left if I were you. Also, don't go when there's a lecture on, apparently the people find it weird. I'll never know why.

Window rating: 4/5 Björks





Photography by Aiman Amerul Muner

Critic Office

This may seem like a shameless plug or a sad attempt to prove my 'loyalty' to Critic, but it isn't. I have no loyalty to faceless corporations and I'm only there for the free food and luxury holidays to Twizel. That being said, the windows in the Critic office are something quite special. They have a taste that lies somewhere between exhaustion and desperation, which really sets the tone for a breakdown. Plus there's always something fascinating to watch going on in Union Lawn. One day it's the hippies doing 'circus skills' the next day it's freshers 'studying'. Absolutely WILD. As for the seating arrangement, it's quite special. There's something really emotionally fulfilling about being able to sit on a comfy couch next to a cut-out of Jacinda Ardern. I fully suggest that any and every person come to the Critic office, sit next to Jacinda, and stare out of the window. That's what I did, and now I'm writing articles, lol.

Window rating: 4/5 Junos

School of Business Café – Te Mātiti

The café is pretty good, the pies are tasty, and it's the Business School, so there's already an aura of sadness to get you in the mood for a pensive day dreaming. The window tasted like window, which was really unexpected. But the real catch is being able to sit by yourself and watch the Leith go by from a safe and comfortable distance. The flowing water is a great metaphor for the passing of time, or something like that; all I know is that in high school we were taught to avoid using the 'pathetic fallacy', but I was more concerned about a pathetic phallus. I know, I know, it's a bad joke, but I'm only a Critic writer, I'm not that creative. We'll leave the 'wisdom' to the people at Salient.

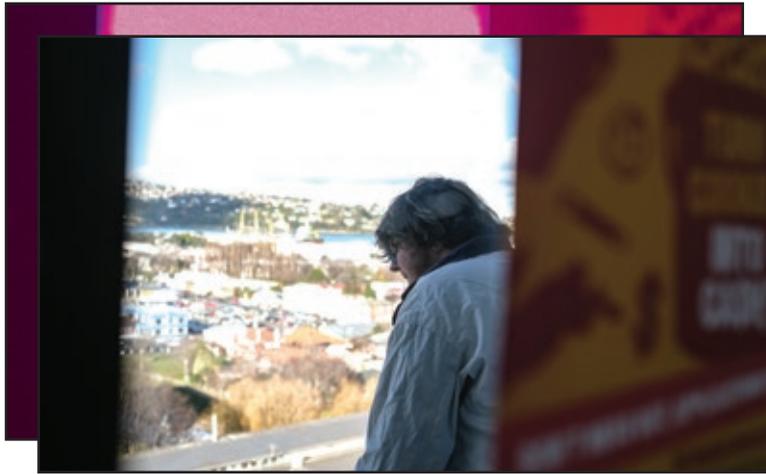
Window rating: 4/5 Manic Pixie Dream Girls

Staff Club

There's something kind of weird about this place. The building itself is pretty

cool with the architecture and the way it overlooks the Leith, but I couldn't help but feel an ominous energy as I entered the building. I felt like everyone was watching me, trying to sniff out whether or not I was actually a member of staff. I felt like at any moment I would be hunted down and mounted on the wall - or worse, expelled. That being said, if you're a staff member and you're actually supposed to be there, then it's got some great windows to stare out of sadly, for example, after realising just how stupid the students are. They taste pretty good too, like broken dreams and lifelong debt - tasty! The seating is also pretty comfy, so all those with retentive assholes should be fine.

Window rating: 3/5 Wickermen



Centre for Innovation

This place was a bit confusing for me. Usually when I'm going to scope out a location I like to look in through the windows to see what awaits me. But this place had tinted/opaque windows and I had no idea what lay within. However, me being the intrepid adventurer I am, I decided to bite the bullet and go in anyway. What I found was a terrifying place called "The Lab", which is apparently a café. It was actually kind of nice in a cute rustic sort of way. The view was nice, lots of trees and some cool brick buildings. Not sure why but it made me think of 80's Birmingham (the UK one, not the American one). I

could almost taste the Thatcher regime. The seating inside the café was nothing special, but outside there were some really cool benches and tables, all in various colours. Sadly, this review is for the inside of places so outside chairs don't count.

Window rating: 3/5 Ladybirds

Allen Hall Turret

I really didn't know quite what to expect from this place, since I didn't really even know it existed before now. But it really is without a doubt a very special place in the Uni. The building itself is full of character and made me feel like I was in some sort

of period drama, except without the gross lack of human rights. The taste of the place was an interesting mix of excitement and melancholy. I can't help but feel like this is a place where dreams have been both fulfilled and shattered. The window also has a great view, overlooking the Quad. It's great rain or sun. There aren't any seats next to the window. But sometimes sitting, or lying, on the floor is an experience in and of itself. I honestly can't think of any downsides, except perhaps the tiny stairs, but anyone with at least two brain cells should be fine on them.

Window rating: 5/5 Moonrise Kingdoms





Okay, now you can start talking about flattening.

It's a scary prospect, leaving home for the first time. You were probably quite anxious when you packed up your belongings and kissed your dog goodbye, venturing to a three-hundred something college with none of your friends. It's something we all go through. I remember that exact feeling, and I remember the same anxiety creeping in when it came time to start looking at flats and not knowing what to look out for. Here are some tips to help you navigate tenancy and move in to your new flat confidently.

1. Choose a good flattening group. Your flatmates should be the people who celebrate you at your best and support you at your worst - these may or may not be your best mates! Your BFF might be the best person to take a snap with, but that doesn't necessarily translate to the person whose best at doing their own dishes.
2. Finding a flat - there are lots of Facebook groups where landlords and property management companies promote their flats, check those out then visit the flats that catch your eye.

3. Check the doors and windows! Flats with gaps for heat to escape through are expensive to heat, plus double glazed windows are worth their weight in gold. Plus, landlords are now legally obligated to meet MBIE's insulation regulations. Ask the current residents of the flat what it's like to live in, and follow up on any issues with the landlord before signing anything.
4. Rent is negotiable, so negotiate! If your flat is cold and damp, it doesn't matter how ideal the location or how famous the flat is - it's not worth a year of financial burden..
5. Get help if you need it! OUSA Student Support has so many resources to help you and your future flatmates out, so reach out to them or check out their website.

JACK MANNING x

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MEG GOODMAN

By Wyatt Ryder

University
Book Shop



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PRESENTS STUDENTS TO WATCH

Meg Goodman started baking around the same time she started to walk. In high school she was nicknamed 'Cake Girl', and she had queues of people eager for birthday cakes. Now she's started her own business where she can put her skills towards good causes.

Goodman Goodies has raised hundreds of dollars for charities like the SPCA and the Breast Cancer Foundation. Her latest target is the Mental Health Foundation, which she is combining with the profits earned from the Dunedin Cadbury Marathon,

which Meg is running in with her team Easier Said Than Run. In the past, Meg has made 150 cupcakes for each bake sale, but is raising that number to 200 for her bake sale on Tuesday.

How long does it take for one person to make 200 cupcakes? Meg spends about 12 hours straight just on baking (provided everything goes to plan). This might seem a little extreme, but that's just how Meg does things. She once woke up every 30 minutes throughout the night just so she could knead the perfect sourdough. Why? Because baking is Meg's ultimate stress relief. As she puts it: "I could take drugs to get high, or I could just bake."

Goodman Goodies isn't just Meg though. All of her flatmates play a vital role, whether it's taking the pictures for Instagram or just licking the bowl. According to her flatmates, she's very territorial over the kitchen. Hands must be

washed, and absolutely no loose hairs allowed. But they all enjoy the business and relish all the baking they get to eat. Meg said, "they've all been really supportive of the business. They pushed me to start it, and I probably wouldn't have without them."

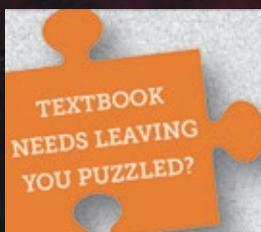
Meg's Instagram account is only a few months old, but has been gaining a steady stream of followers. She posts pictures of all her best cakes, as well as cakes she has on offer. Meg has also recently become a Griffin's Superbaker, where she gets to trial unreleased products and make them into delicious creations to share on her Instagram. She was one of a select few chosen from over 150 applicants around the country.

All of Meg's creations are vegan, and she wants people to realise that vegan baking is just as good, if not better, than baking with animal products. It just takes some simple, yet creative

solutions. "You'd never tell the difference. If you disagree, then you'll just have to try my cakes and find out for yourself." She offers one hot tip for anyone looking to try baking vegan; instead of egg, you can use either apple sauce, or mashed banana. "The rest is a baker's secret."

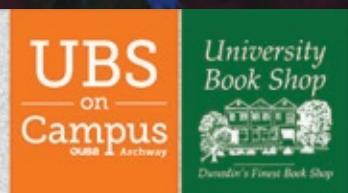
After graduating from her Human Nutrition and Food Service Management degree, Meg plans to pursue her business at a higher level. Her dream to one day own her own café, but in the short term she's aiming to just be able to bake at least one cake per week. Meg also plans to one day have her own stall in the Otago Farmer's Market. Currently, any profit she makes goes straight back into the business.

You can find Meg on Instagram at [goodman_goodies](#), and outside the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre this Tuesday raising money for the Mental Health Foundation.



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"I could take drugs to get high, or I could just bake."



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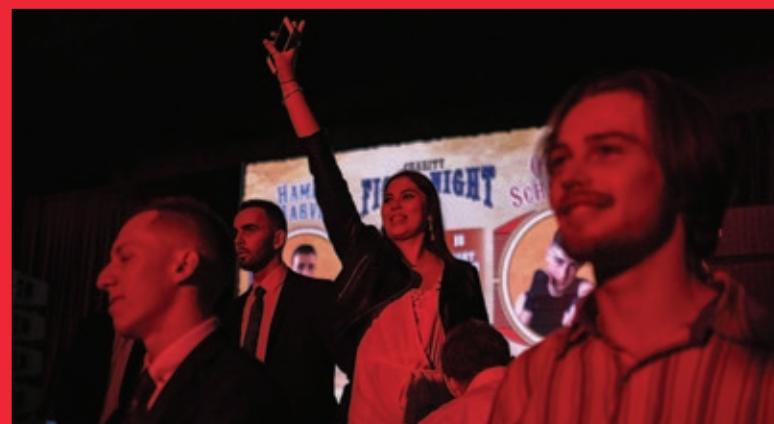
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Photos taken by the 'wonderful' Aiman Amerul Muner

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CRITIC REVIEWS MORE DRUM AND BASS By Alex MvKirdy

Sachi (NZ)

10 July, Union Hall

Sachi, named for that noise where you try and say 'sup' but end up sneezing, are an Auckland-based duo who have mastered melding groovy synth melodies with upbeat vocals. Possibly not the right concert for someone as old as me, which was a feeling validated once I found out Sachi are a year younger than me.

The DJs to open were local legends Melt, one half of which is best known as that f*** that tried hacking Critic. Montell2099 followed them up with some harder hitting, meatier beats, backed up with some anime-inspired imagery on the display behind him. The sound and lighting were smashing, thanks to a completely satisfactory Christchurch-based road crew. Sachi rocked on to stage around 11:30, decked out in some space-age all-white clothing. The audience was on their best behaviour when Worst Behaviour was cranked out; Teenage Craze put them in a Teenage Craze, and Sparking My Fire was accompanied with some pyrotechnics along the front of the stage (there, that's my quota of song based wordplay). How was the crowd? A bit more fresher-cum-breather than I would have liked (Editor's note: that means fresher AND breather). A quick glance around the crowd showed some familiar facial expressions – some people a bit too 🙄, plenty of 😊, and the poor bastard that 🤢 right in the foyer. Outdoors was a pleasant scene, where one could chuff a dart and be entertained by the Fire and Circus Club. Forgot your lighter? You've come to the right place.

All up, a solid gig which provided a nice 'welcome home' present to start Re-Orientation with.

Lee Mvtthews (NZ) + Upgrade (Israel)

11 July, Main Common Room

Critic didn't send a reporter to this gig. Nonetheless, we could hear it pretty clearly from the office. It was loud. Hope you wore earplugs. FOMO aside, this would have been a stunning gig for any substance aficionados out there.

T>i (UK)

17 July, Catacombs

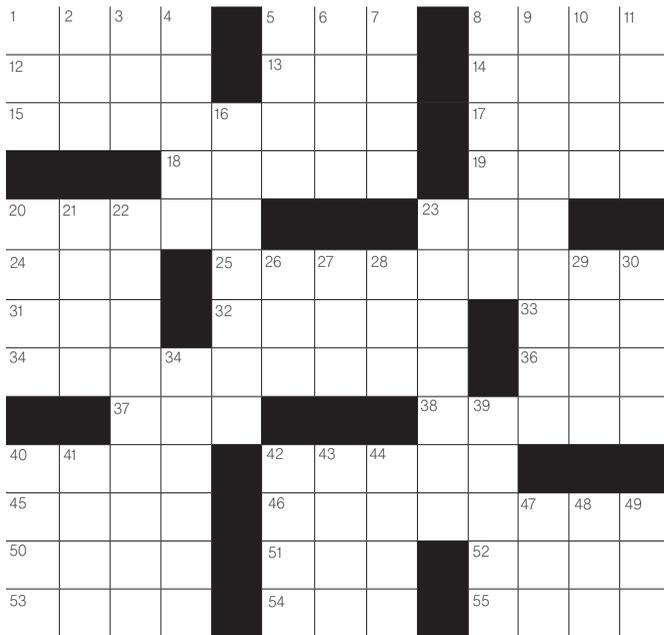
T>i is probably named after the American rapper T.I., best known for the 2008 hit Live Your Life featuring Rihanna. Unfortunately, this makes using Google to gather article facts kind of difficult. He's from Norwich. Norwich is a town which rhymes with Sandwich. T>i's set was nicely sandwiched between the opening acts (a back to back set with DC and Switch, followed by Dislocate), followed by the closing act (Zoombox). Zoombox finished off by doing a shoey. The shoey was well executed.

While most of T>i's discography on Spotify sounds like dank edits from the sounds of a dial up modem (fuck, am I that old?), the set at Catacombs was dirty enough to fit in at Castle Street on a Saturday night. The crowd wasn't too dense, which I thought was an improvement over the normal 'wall of flesh' feeling I expect from Catacombs. More audience interaction that way. The audience took on a slightly animalistic theme; I joined in with a few girls howling like wolves, one person had unhinged their jaw like a python, and my personal favourite would have been the guy walking the dinosaur while only semi-conscious.

Other gigs coming up which could be worth a geeze are Technimatic at Catacombs this Thursday (more liquid and flowy over face-melting chonks), and Document One at Starters on Thursday August 1 (quite chonky).



CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
1. Dirt
 5. Pigpen
 8. Distinct times
 12. Occupied with
 13. Garden Implement
 14. Unescorted
 15. Rose Bowl city
 17. Complexion woe
 18. Rubbish
 19. Now and _____
 20. Wash
 23. Laughter syllable
 24. Belonging to us
 25. Without purpose
 31. Train depot (abbr.)
 32. Newswoman _____ Shriver
 33. Moreover
 34. Made more compact
 36. Goof
 37. Knight's title
 38. Shopping frenzy
 40. Bride's head-piece
 42. Passover dinner
 45. Mental image
 46. Wobble
 50. Mailed
 51. Swiss peak
 52. Farm structure
 53. Poker term
 54. Recipe unit (abbr.)
 55. Indefinite number
- DOWN**
1. Drink slowly
 2. Stop _____ dime (2 wds.)
 3. _____ a girl!
 4. Reluctant
 5. Citi Field predecessor
 6. Heavy weights
 7. Slang assent
 8. Pleases greatly
 9. City in NY
 10. "The Diary of _____ Frank"
 11. Perceived
 16. Idealist
 20. Pear type
 21. Detroit product
 22. Temporary
 23. Earphones
 26. Bond creator _____ Fleming
 27. Mr.'s mate
 28. Fib
 29. Folk knowledge
 30. Olden times
 35. Expand
 39. Printing _____
 40. Passport endorsement
 41. Genesis garden
 42. EMT's word
 43. Slithery swimmers
 44. Johnny _____ of "Edward Scissorhands"
 47. _____ de Janeiro
 48. Stately tree
 49. Stag's mate

TOP 10 (NAUGHTIEST) THINGS HEARD THROUGH THE DUNEDIN MUSEUM WHISPER DISH

1. A lady asking to speak to the manager because of the service she received, but it's actually Harlene Hayne asking to speak to God.
2. "You and your sister need to cut it out. The neighbours are getting concerned."
3. Adolf Hitler's speech to the Reichstag on 30 January, 1939.
4. My bank account number, the name of my first pet, my mother's middle name, and the name of the road I grew up on.
5. The reading of a yet-to-be-picked-up manuscript called Susan's Sudanese Sonnets. The story follows Susan, the young, wild, and adventurous mistress of the historically relevant Earl Bottombury in rural, Victorian England. Following Susan's dismissal by the Earl, she leaves to find treasure in Sudan but only to fall ill with a terminal case of typhus soon after beginning her adventure. Therein her last days, the young mistress spends her time writing romantic sonnets to Earl Bottombury who only replies with vicious insults like 'slatternly' and 'gibface'. (Word around the whisper dish is that Keanu Reeves is a shoe-in for the role of Earl Bottombury.)
6. The laugh track from the Big Bang Theory.
7. Dunedin's Mayor Dave Cull's ceremonies, read by Dave Cull.
8. Leviticus 11:3, "Whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is clovenfooted, and cheweth the cud, among the beasts, that shall ye eat."
9. The sound of massaging flesh generated by a young lad discovering himself in the night.
10. A polemic written and read aloud by Simon Bridges, detailing what he actually thinks about Jacinda Ardern's child



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RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

Check out r1.co.nz for more info

WEDNESDAY 24TH JULY

RAPTURE

U-BAR
8.30PM
FREE ENTRY

THE OCTAGON POETRY COLLECTIVE

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
POETRY OPEN MIC FEATURING GUEST POETS SUE WOOTTON AND KIRSTIE MCKINNON WITH MC NICOLA THORSTENSEN
8PM
FREE ENTRY, ALL WELCOME

ALEX RAINERI

MARAMA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
1PM. \$3 STUDENTS / \$7 NON-STUDENTS

THURSDAY 25TH JULY

NADIA REID & HER BAND

OROKONUI ECOSANCTUARY
W./ MOTTE.
TICKETS FROM EVENTBRITE.CO.NZ
7.30PM

NOEMIENOURS, FRANCISCA GRIFFIN, AND MARYLAND

LAUREL STUDIOS
7PM
ALL AGES

OWNGLOW (USA)

U-BAR
W./ MELT, B2B TOLLO, LIAN, AND MYLEN.
TICKETS FROM COSMICTICKETING.CO.NZ
10PM

TECHNIMATIC

CATACOMBS
TICKETS FROM TICKETFAIRY.COM
10PM

FRIDAY 26TH JULY

THIRD LAW

SUBURBIA
W./ KINA, GASH, AND MANTIS.
TICKETS FROM THETICKETFAIRY.COM
10PM

CRUDE, L&D FUNDRAISER, MUD DEATH, AND MURDABIKE

THE CROWN HOTEL
9PM

ENO X DIRTY

STARTERS BAR
TICKETS FROM UNDERHERADAR.CO.NZ
9PM

SOUND CHECK

U-BAR
FEATURING AL PACINO CITY, OUTER LAYER, EFFLORESCENT, MOLLY AND THE LIGHTER THIEVES, HOME FOR FALL, AND THE INDOOR KITES
9PM
FREE ENTRY

HOOT ALBUM RELEASE

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
W./ NEIVE STRANG
8PM
FREE ENTRY

SATURDAY 27TH JULY

REPULSIVE WOMAN - 'RELIEF'

ALBUM RELEASE
THE COOK
TICKETS FROM UNDERHERADAR.CO.NZ
8PM

CRUDE, JACKSON HARRY, AND WOLFSKULL

2 JUTLAND STREET
8PM
FREE ENTRY

THE JO LITTLE & JARED SMITH BAND

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
W./ GLAD RABBIT

8PM

THE DUNEDIN ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCH BAR
9PM
ENTRY BY KOHA

2019 SCIENCE COMMUNICATION STUDENT FILM PREMIERE

REGENT THEATRE
7.30PM
\$10

DAILY J

STARTERS BAR
W./ THE RADDLERS. TICKETS FROM UNDERHERADAR.CO.NZ
8PM

SUNDAY 28TH JULY

PUKU BELL

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
2PM
FREE ENTRY

OPERA HERE

OTAGO MUSEUM
W./ LOIS JOHNSTON, RIDGE PONINI, AND MARK BEVIN
1PM
FREE ENTRY

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE (5)



BY-ELECTION EXECUTIVE NOMINEES



Georgia Mischefski-Gray
Administrative Vice-President

Hello, I'm Georgia and I want to be Admin Vice President for the remainder of 2019.

Otago is a place about so much more than just study. It is about fun, the great outdoors, our diverse culture and pushing for change. I want to make the leap into AVP from campaigns so I can continue supporting, collaborating and helping protect our culture while making sure we make progressive decisions.

I will work closely with all the executive members on their various projects, continue my work on sustainability, as well as improve OUSA's policy.

Vote Georgia Mischefski-Gray for AVP.



Daniel Stride
Administrative Vice-President

The Admin VP oversees OUSA's policy and legal requirements. With over two years of Executive experience (in Recreation and Financial roles), I am the ideal person for the role - I have also been admitted to the bar as a lawyer, and am a current and founding member of the Policy Committee.

I fiercely oppose VSM, and believe that OUSA needs to hold the Government's feet to the fire, together with promoting better access to allowances (especially post-grad). \$15+ billion student debt is obscene.

I also support the restoration of an OUSA Environmental Committee, and the restoration of Executive divisional representation.



Mathew Schep
Postgraduate Officer

Postgraduate students are an often neglected community of students that need strong representation from OUSA and to be better listened to by the university, particularly international postgraduates.

As your Postgraduate Officer, I will fight for a better employment deal for tutors and clear up the payscale inconsistencies, make OUSA services and events more accessible and relevant to postgraduates, and strengthen and formalise OUSA's relationship with the Otago Postgraduate Association to provide more cohesive postgraduate support. I will listen to and respond to your needs, and aim to reach out to and connect with every department.

Vote Mathew for Postgraduate Officer.



Patrick Manning
Campaigns Officer

Hey! I'm Patty and I want to be your Campaigns Officer for second semester 2019.

I'm a third-year Politics and Music student and I'm passionate about student advocacy and participation in the political process. During my time here, having served on a college executive and been part of the Capping Show, I've really come to appreciate Otago's unique culture.

As your Campaigns Officer, I would seek to uphold and expand upon that culture, primarily by contributing to the Local Body Election campaign and furthering Georgia's work on sustainability here at Otago.

VOTE PATTY FOR CAMPAIGNS!



Benjamin McCook-Weir
Campaigns Officer

Kia ora! I'm Ben, and I'm running for Campaigns Officer. With just one semester to go, the Campaigns Officer needs to be engaged and willing to work hard. We need to make sure more students are enrolled and empowered so more student issues are being heard in the Local Body Elections. I will ensure that students are given the opportunity to hear from candidates themselves on campus. I've directed the Capping Show and have always been interested in representing the student voice creatively. And if nothing else, I will bring the Scholastic Book Fair to the University of Otago.

Thanks,

Ben McCook-Weir



John McWatters
Campaigns Officer

Hey! I am a founding member of the Otago Computer Science Society, currently the secretary, I sit on OUSA's Education Committee, and I will make a great Campaigns Officer. In the next few months I'd like to work with the exec members to run great initiatives, like the former Campaigns Officer's work to eliminate single use items around campus. Continuing this campaign and others is important to ensure Otago always a great place to be. I would personally endeavour to work with the Education Officer to overhaul the class rep system, which does not support students enough. Vote John McWatters!



Adam Currie
Campaigns Officer

Kia ora tātou & ko Adam tēnei - he climate/social kaiwhakahē ahau kei Ōtepoti tōku kainga inaianei.

I've run successful campaigns for organizations such as Generation Zero, Greenpeace, and 'Voice. Treaty. Truth.'/Climate Voter in the recent aussie election, and as OUSA campaigns officer I'd focus on the ORC & DCC elections (yes we have two councils wtf), profiling student issues, and getting concrete promises from both council and mayoral candidates so that critic can say mean things about them if they don't follow through. I'd also put hours aside to tautoko the exec members whose mahi takes up more than their allotted hours.

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*Average 2018 Christmas Cookies seller earnings, \$9,300 before tax and business expenses

CookieTime
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AQUARIUS

JAN 20 – FEB 18

If you think about it, the bit between your lips and your nose is the taint of your face.

This week's power move: When the automatic doors open after the 10 minute time allocation in the public toilets outside the supermarket, don't let it phase you. Keep pooping, and if people are staring, stare back.



PISCES

FEB 19 - MAR 20

You or someone you know would look much better with a beard.

This week's power move: Sit in the the very front seats of the lecture theatre, laugh mightily whenever the lecturer makes a joke, and snap your fingers at them, yelling a supportive 'NICE' when they show you a geriatric meme in the focus break.



ARIES

MAR 21 – APR 19

Fortune favours the bold. Italic is for losers.

This week's power move: Take a bite out of everything in the fridge and then call a flat meeting to tell a flatmate you're incredibly disappointed in them for doing so. Extra points if it's only the two of you living together.



TAURUS

APR 20 – MAY 20

It's the kind of week where you should wear all different shades of beige.

This week's power move: Cultivate a beehive in your backpack.



GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUN 20

If you spit up blood this week but you feel much better afterwards don't bother going to the doctor.

This week's power move: Ride into your lecture on a horse.



CANCER

JUN 21 – JULY 22

This week you're going to see a mannequin who looks just like you and you'll do a double take.

This week's power move: Stroke the nurse's hand while the doctor is inserting your IUD.



LEO

JULY 23 – AUG 22

As the sun enters your sign from Tuesday onwards, you will wake up many nights with sweaty legs and dry mouth.

This week's power move: Change your name to the name of your enemy and in doing so become the better version of them.



VIRGO

AUG 23 - SEPT 22

The seasonal depression may get worse before it gets better. Prepare for the worst now by cooking up a big sad soup and keeping it under your bed. Install the microwave on your bedside table.

This week's power move: When your boss has a good idea, wink and say "that's why we hired you".



LIBRA

SEPT 23 - OCT 22

Start producing bumper stickers that say 'West Dundas Rulez' and 'Down with East Dundas'.

This week's power move: Get a tattoo of yourself peeing on a cop.



SCORPIO

OCT 23 – NOV 21

Get yourself a thicc Greek yoghurt with honey, you deserve it.

This week's power move: Open jars for other people whenever you get the chance, even when they didn't ask you to and had no intention of opening it themselves. If you cannot open it, tell them 'just loosened it up for ya'.



SAGITTARIUS

NOV 22 - DEC 21

The planets are fucking with your shit. Pull yourself together. They're not the boss of you.

This week's power move: If you catch a delinquent spitting in public, grab them by the ear, pull out your reusable collapsible metal straw and make them watch as you slurp it back up off the pavement.



CAPRICORN

DEC 22 – JAN 19

You will meet the love of your life in the pet shop when your hands touch on a package of your goldfish's favourite fish food.

This week's power move: Get in front of whoever is in the elevator and look into their eyes until they reach their floor.



BOOZE REVIEWS

BACARDI WHITE RUM

Fuck me, but Bacardi White Rum can get it. It being my glazed doughnut genitalia, of course. This smooth, succulent motherfucker of a drink is more jam packed with accents of vanilla and almond than you can shake a baby at.

It's flavour-town, my dudes, and we're going straight to the ghetto of spice delight. White rum feels wrong but so right, like paying \$25 for eggs on toast from Buster Greens. You know you shouldn't, you know you should stick with dark rum: the original, the manlier,

the more opulent flavour. But you let your pinky finger delicately twist the bottle open and pop goes the weasel (much like finding your prostate for the first time). It looks like vodka - but it's not. It smells like gin - but it's not. It's white rum, and you're heading straight for the rollercoaster of drunk euphoria as you sink money-shot after money-shot.

Not to mention, the history of Bacardi is shit cock rad. Emilio Bacardi Moreau actually risked his life to fight against Spain for the Independen-

By Sinkpiss Plath

dence of Cuba, eventually becoming the first democratically elected Mayor of Santiago de Cuba. Politics and alcohol? Don't mind if I do. All I need now is for David Seymour to do a funnel and my time on this earth will be complete.

Overall, Bacardi is one of the only spirits you can genuinely scull without needing a chaser. The taste of alcohol is so fleeting that, like your brief sexual encounter with your cousin, you'll forget it ever existed. So if you're space strapped, or cash strapped, consider cutting the 99 cent lemonade chaser and instead bring this cool monkey along to the party. Life is too short for distractions; just drink straight spirits and save on single use plastics.

Taste Rating: 9.999/10

Froth Level: Anal play and Cuban revolutions. Pairs well with: Noooooothing. Just me, myself and I.

Tasting notes: A little bit of this, a little bit of that. I don't like to ask questions man, I'm not paid enough.

Don't ride like a

Slow down and keep your distance.
Look after your fellow Dunedinites!

DUNEDIN | kaunihera a-rohe o Ōtepoti
CITY COUNCIL

Safer Journeys

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

PART ONE:

His Superdry shirt made me Superwet, so our entree was a footjob (with toes). The main was an epick fuck-crawl of North Dunedin. The Mamacita's bathroom sex was sad and vanilla at best.

I'm an exhibitionist/group sex girl, and my friend who came to make sure I wasn't going to get serial killed had already seen me naked in too many non-sexual contexts to want to fuck me so wasn't an option. To make matters worse, I accidentally left my vibrator at home - how sad. We sculled our cocktail and headed straight to Peaches and Cream. I found out he was a virgin - not a virgin virgin, but a sex swing virgin, and that's pretty much the same as being an actual virgin. Because Critic paid for our dinner, we felt like we could justify the cost of a Lux Fetish Quality Love Swing (rrp \$344.99). We choose the most expensive sex swing for political reasons.

Because I'm a narcissist, obviously we needed to fuck in front of the mirrors in the first floor central bathrooms. Being able to see myself in action was a bit better than the boring Mamacita's experience, because it felt a bit like someone was watching, but honestly by this stage I was just starting to get sick of tame bathroom sex, and was ready to engage in some real exhibitionism. The Regent Night n Day has always been a major turn-on for me. Cameras, interestingly shaped hygiene products and the smell of mediocre deep fried food: Yes. I'm not going to say what happened in the deep fryer, because I don't want to be the reason why the Night n Day closes. With burnt nipples we headed off, excited about my big plans for the Leith.

PART TWO:

We were about to cross the bridge when she said, "I've always wanted to fuck in the Leith." In true Trump fashion I grabbed her by the pussy and led her underneath the bridge. I reached into our goodie bag, pulled out the swing and started attaching it to the railings above. I felt a warm breath of air on my abs and then a familiar tug at my Harley Davidson belt as she greedily swallowed the entire length of my shaft and held it there, only pulling off for a brief moment to get a desperate gasp of air while I firmly cinched the straps around her wrists and legs. Restrained and suspended in the air, she knew I had all control and submitted as I pulled the belt from around my waist and slid the thick leather strap across her body starting at her neck, dragging it across her collarbone and down through her thighs. I put her ankles up on my shoulders and she gasped as I slid myself all the way in stretching and filling her simultaneously. Her eyes widened and I felt her grip on my shaft tighten as I took her to pound town.

She was making too much noise so I made a makeshift gag by stripping off my shirt. I shoved one sleeve in her mouth and blindfolded her with the other. I then repeatedly whipped her perky ass from below as she writhed in pleasure. I pounded her harder and harder (with technique). With each thrust she pushed back on me with more force, I could tell from her heavy breathing that she was close. She started quivering as she let out a moan that even the gag couldn't stop. I felt the point of no return arising so I went as deep as I could and grinded against her clit as I felt my load shooting deep inside impregnating her.

Catching chlamydia and a child on the way aside I had a great night. Cheers Critic, Mamacita and Peaches 'n Cream for the good night.

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MAMACITA
TAQUERIA

UoO Meaningful Confessions

As a gay man, it is always known that there is some "risk" involved when someone wants to ride the Hershey highway. This story from a few years ago always haunts me back when I began being a pretentious slut. I was browsing the guys on more than one app looking for someone to have some fun with. Bingo, my eyes found the perfect man. After hitting it off on the app, we decided to meet and go out for a drink. Once this was done I was on my way to town. Meeting up with him, he was one of those rare specimens that are actually better looking in person than they are in photos. I thought to myself that I had scored. From here, all the slightly boring small talk turned

into more drunken chat which ended up with him asking me if I wanted to go back to his place. I willingly accepted and we were on our way.

After a few more drinks we decided to go to bed and finally I got to see this beauty in all its glory. Of course he was hung like a horse, as well as looking like a God. Boy I was in for a good time. After him sliding it in, with me sitting on top, we got going. It was amazing, potentially the best sex I have ever had... until the smell came, the smell of regret, the smell of the butt truffles. It was horrid. The smell wafted around the room and I instantly went silent and stopped. Embarrassingly, I had to

get off, clenching my buttocks as hard as I could, hoping that there was nothing, but expecting the worst. It was the worst. Soft serve. Although it wasn't everywhere, it was on him. He quickly ran to the bathroom and cleaned it off with me directly behind him doing the exact same thing. Luckily for me, he wasn't that mad and said a saying that will always stick with me. "It comes with the territory of being gay." However from now I always rigorously clean out the junk in the trunk before having sex, and we actually ended up seeing each other for a few months which was great because dick in this town is few and far between.

- **A power bottom**

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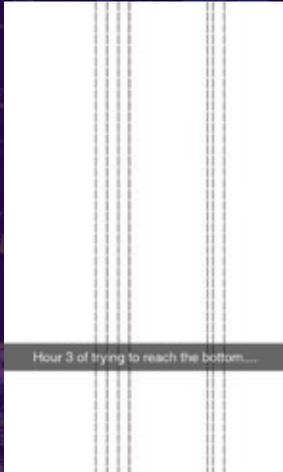
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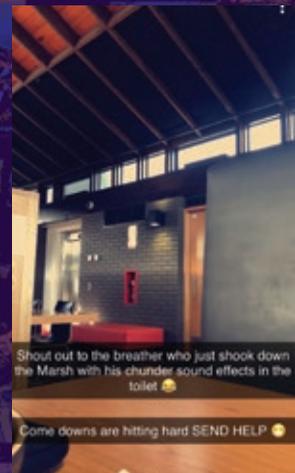


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