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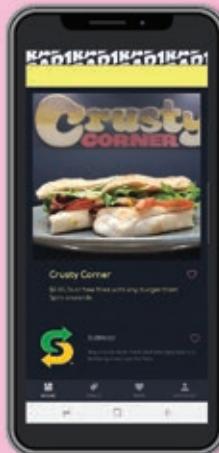
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Sir –

It has come, happily, to my attention that your subeditor is handing over the reins – hopefully to someone whom, for a change, has a competent grasp of the English language, its harsh Anglo-Saxon austerity, its elegant, Latinized cul-de-sacs. Failing that, someone who can actually spell would be nice! Nothing makes my blood boil more than opening up a fresh Critic on a Monday and spotting a spelling error, solecism, or other lapsus calami on literally every page. One waits with one's breath bated for next week's Critic, which one hopes approaches actual literacy.

Yours sincerely,

Matthew Noore

Dear OUSA president,

Don't get me wrong, I appreciate your president's column in the critic but what about the rest of the executive? In previous years other executive officers also wrote their own columns. Seems a tad narcissistic.

Sincerely,

Cares about other executive members too

Complaint about "the which campus cafe are you?"

What the heck guys? Surely you know what this complaint is going to be about. This flowchart is blatant St Davids Cafe erasure. Their coffee might be pretty fucking average but damn they've saved me from falling asleep in health sci. They seem like a super well known cafe on campus so its weird that you forgot them but

you managed to put on Sonder (where is that?) and Fluid (which is at polytech!).

I hope you feel bad about what you have done.

- Betrayed

Get your shit together

Why are the critic stands always empty on like a tuesday? How many mags to yall even print? Or do people just yeet 3 at a time? I swear that castle lecture theatre's stands are always empty.

Yours sincerely,

Bored in class



EDITORIAL

The Business School Lives in Upside Down-Land

I was in the new Otago Business School building recently and it was like entering another world. Where was the dripping, slippery pit I was used to? (Only 2017 kids will understand.) What was this soft, elegant, open-plan palace?

I was in a wonderland, drifting through plush air, spinning past sculptures and tinkling water features and the sweet aroma of sandalwood. A forest of delicate fronds opened up to me and I walked through them like a tree-kangaroo, a fluffy umami spreading through my mouth.

Then things started to get weird, really weird. My interior decorating trip turned sour fast.

I was by the elevators, reading the elevator signs as if browsing a catalogue of the unknown

paradies that awaited me above. I was feeling weird, bad weird, and I didn't know why. Fuzziness was creeping under my skin and I could feel my brain wriggling.

Then I realised. I was upside down. The floors on the elevator sign were around the wrong way. "Lower Ground Floor" was at the top and "Level 9: Department of Information Science" was at the bottom. Yet the text was the right way up. I had travelled to some dark inverse world where up was simultaneously down and directions were tangled.

I got in the elevator and travelled up and down (or at least I thought it was up and down, who knows anymore?), just to confirm that the building did, indeed,

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Te Matai Mōhiohi

L9 DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION SCIENCE
Te Matai Mōhiohi



By Charlie O'Mannin

go vertically towards the sky, away from the Earth's crust, and not down into the bowels of the psyche.

Each floor only exacerbated my mania. Instead of a glimpse of paradise, I was in a shifting world of glass and fibre. I leant against the wall for support and recoiled in horror as I realised it was the floor.

I left a broken man.



OPINION: It's Disappointing Knox Hasn't Changed

By **Georgi Hampton**

The report of Critic's Knox investigation was a difficult read for me. I was a resident of Knox College in 2007 and 2008. I have good memories of my time there, and met some wonderful individuals I still consider friends today. However, the collective culture of Knox when I lived there was truly toxic, and it was a horrible place to be a woman, especially one aged 18 still figuring out life.

It was difficult to read Critic's report and realise so much of the toxic features of the Knox culture I experienced still persist today, despite an independent review in 2011. It was difficult to read your report and remember the jokes about inter-collegiate sports involving the women's teams being the warm-up; to remember the time the notice entitled "Silly Girls" was posted on the hall bulletin board a week before one of the college balls in response to rumours that some women were skipping meals to fit into their dresses; to remember the consistent jokes and rankings of hotness and smartness, reinforcing the idea that as a woman my worth was measured solely on how "fuckable" the second years deemed me.

I was given the Knox Bike award in 2008, which was a strange joke between me and my friend who was choosing the awards. It was not likely that I was the "most promiscuous person," not that it matters. By the end of 2008 I had stopped caring about the negative judgements of others at Knox, so I'm glad that award was given to me and not to an unsuspecting first year woman. However, the memory of the entire drunken population of students I lived with, including the first boy I'd loved (I'd had the relationship end whilst living together at Knox) laughing at my perceived 'sluttiness' was an intense moment of shame I can still distinctly remember. I remember the boy I'd loved sitting a couple of tables ahead of me, turning around and looking at me while laughing and I couldn't stand it anymore, and had to look at the floor and just wait for the next person to be publicly embarrassed.

The fact that the Knox Bike and Bike Lock awards still exist and the current Master simultaneously refutes the idea that Knox culture is misogynistic is honestly so disappointingly laughable in its irony. Here we have a male figurehead categorically stating that the culture of

a hall isn't misogynistic when there's overwhelming historical and continued evidence that it is. There haven't been any women Masters of Knox College. The "Animals" are only ever men. None of the traditions are worth retaining when they cause this much harm. Even if the young men who are and were at Knox are not aware of it, they too are harmed by the toxic masculinity reinforced by Knox culture.

Even writing this is difficult as I have met Graham Redding, Master of Knox, in social situations before and thought he seemed nice. That is really the epitome of Knox culture. Fear to speak out because everyone is connected. However, my personal connection aside, I am so deeply disappointed in the current Master's defensive, dismissive response and denial of the facts of the investigation, which I thoroughly support.

It's sad to me that it has taken this long to make public the toxic culture I experienced in my first two years of university, but equally I'm grateful that it is being brought to light so that future residents of Knox will know its history and hopefully not have to experience what I and many others did.



Radio One FM to Clean up Their Frequency

Less Swears, More Ears

By **Sinead Gill**

In last week's OUSA executive meeting there was an announcement that shocked all except Radio One staff and boomers; Radio One is going to scrub their station of naughty words.

This isn't necessarily because the word "fuck" is pissing people off, but because it's stopping colleges and cafes alike from tuning in at all. In fact, it turns out that this was something that the Radio One staff themselves proposed, according to Radio One's Station Manager Sean Norling and Music Director Erin Broughton.

Up until now the station's content, by and large, has been "free form" or "unfiltered," said Sean

and Erin. They also said that these changes are only expected to affect weekday programmes between 7am and 7pm, and not necessarily all "genres or appointment listening".

OUSA, which owns Radio One, did not respond when Critic asked if they had received any complaints over the language used by the hosts or in music on the station.

William Henry Meung, an independent noise musician, told Critic that the changes were "absurd".

"Is this a reflection of how square the student population is nowadays? They even have cool

stuff on national radio. Who's doing this? A bunch of fucking squares?"

Radio One has begun the process of manually plucking out the especially naughty music, but said that once the playlist software has been conditioned to the changes it will be relatively easy to maintain.

Before the crackdown begins, though, tune the fuck in to 91FM for the final weeks of unfiltered content you fucking fuckeroos.

Two Muslim Chaplains Added to Chaplaincy Team

Muslim students welcome the addition

By **Esme Hall**

The University Chaplaincy Services are welcoming two part-time volunteer Muslim chaplains, one man and one woman, onto their team as of Monday 1st April.

University Chaplain Reverend Greg Hughson said that the role of the new chaplains, Najib Lafraie and Hajjah Salmah Kassin, will be to offer pastoral care and spiritual support to Muslim students and staff, similar to the role of the Christian Chaplains. They will also assist with Chaplaincy organised educational events to "promote greater understanding about Islam, and about all religions," said Hughson.

Hughson said Chaplaincy Services had been planning on adding a Muslim Chaplain for a number of years and said "we were not to know

how necessary and important this would be, given the terrorist attacks on 15 March". Hughson said the Dunedin Abrahamic Interfaith Group discussed establishing a Muslim Chaplaincy as early as 2013, after Canadian academic Dr Ingrid Mattson shared her experience of training Muslim Chaplains at Hartford (Christian) Theological Seminary in the 2013 annual peace lecture.

Hughson said multi-faith Chaplaincy teams have been a growing trend over the last 20 years and have been established in universities in Europe, the USA and the UK.

The Muslim University Students' Association (MUSA) Vice President Naser Tamimi said the presence of Muslim Chaplains will be "very positive, especially at a time like this. Many Muslim

students may still feel scared or worried, so having a Muslim leader they can talk to will be of great benefit. This will also benefit new students who may not know any other Muslims on campus. I and the rest of the Muslim Students' Association are very excited about it," he said.

Other Muslim students Critic spoke to added that it would be very beneficial to them, one said it would be good to get pastoral support from "someone with the same faith as you."

Students can get support from the Muslim Chaplains by emailing muslimchaplaincy@otago.ac.nz or visiting the Chaplains' Room on the first floor of the Union Building, by the Link.



Boozed-Up Breathers Breathe in Law Lecture, Campus Watch Called

Quiet stoned girl in the corner of the lecture making no trouble whatsoever

By James Joblin

Campus Watch were called to the 4pm LAWS101 lecture three Thursdays ago after a group of inebriated students heckled Professor Ceri Warnock mid-lecture.

The boys were observed sitting at the back of Castle One drinking Billy Mavs and brew-filled Pump bottles and calling out, clapping, and shouting excessively throughout the lecture.

After the first lot of noise, Professor Warnock confronted the hooch-filled hecklers from the front of the theatre, but alas the heckling did not stop.

"After they refused to calm down, I went up to them and told them all to leave," Professor Warnock told Critic.

The pissed pesteringers refused to do so and talked back to the Professor, with one questioning why he had to miss an entire lecture of LAWS101.

Eventually the boozers left and were heard making noise in the hallways and lobbies of Castle lecture theatres. Two of them materialised at the front doors of the theatre and continued to harass Professor Warnock.

She says, "one started arguing with me but he was so drunk he could hardly stand up. At that point I went to call Campus Watch".

But as Professor Warnock left the lecture theatre to call on Campus Watch, the bulk of the barking tosspots — "ten" boys, as one Laws101 student observed — exited out the back doors, drinks in hand.

Critic understands the self-ejection by the group was met with satisfaction from those LAWS101 students in attendance and that some counter-heckling was offered to them as they left.

Harry, a student who attended the lecture sober, told Critic, "It was slightly amusing but to be honest more embarrassing than anything for them. They just made themselves look like idiots".

Proctor Dave Scott said the incident "would breach our student Code of Conduct, for which, if the offenders are found to be students, exclusion from the University is a possibility".

He also stated that the matter was still under investigation and a request for reviewing the CCTV footage has been made.



Starters Bar Making Bank

“Is spending money at Starters equal to giving back to the community?”
– woke breatha

By Sinead Gill

The Cook, U-Bar and other student locales beware and be shook; Starters may be on track to being one of the most successful bars on campus following it being purchased by OUSA, despite only having been open for one and a half months.

OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said that Starters' current financial performance is “positive,” but that this is only an early indication of the financial year to come.

Although they do not head count the total number of patrons coming and going throughout the night, Downs noted that the venue is “often

at capacity” and has had to turn people away at the door.

Students Critic have spoken to have said that Starters is “a solid night out,” and only jaded non-freshers said that they “don’t care” about how the bar is doing. One second year did brag to us about how their mate “pulled like two chicks” in one night.

Wednesdays is the Radio One Quiz Night, hosted by Jamie Green, which sees over 70 attendees. Their themed Thursday night parties are also popular, with themes such as a “Traffic Light” party, “It’s Britney B*tch: ‘90s Party” and “Back

2 School,” which have had anywhere from 300 to over 1000 people interested on Facebook.

Part of this success can be attributed to the “significant investment” in upgrading Starters’ decor and building by OUSA – a good ol’ you gotta spend money to make money attitude which seems to be paying off.

The better Starters does, the more money will flow back into students’ pockets, so basically buying a pint is giving back to the community. Just an FYI for any students who are still to check it out.

Uni Replaces Health Sci Papers with Anatomy and Physiology for Physical Education Students

Students are like ‘yep cool’

By Esme Hall

The University has introduced Anatomy and Physiology papers into the first year Physical Education curriculum, replacing PHSE191 and PHSE192, which were based on Health Sci papers HUBS191 and HUBS192.

The change is part of the School of Physical Education Sport and Exercise Sciences' major curriculum change that was initiated last year, said Director of Health Sciences First Year Programme Professor John Reynolds.

Physical Education students Critic spoke to see the change as positive. Brittany White, a PE Masters student, said HUBS was helpful for “understanding the basics but there was a lot of information that we probably didn’t need to know”. In comparison, she said she applied the content she learned in second year Anatomy and Physiology papers throughout her degree. “I think it’s a positive change in the curriculum.” One PE graduate told Critic that “I really enjoyed HUBS personally but I know many PE students

did not feel the same”. She said some things she learned in HUBS weren’t that relevant to PE, but said, “it was a good experience and led us to have a good work ethic”. But overall she supported the restructure, calling it a “great idea”.

Reynolds said all Health Sci First Year papers have also been reviewed and updated. “These will be reviewed again at the next University course review cycle which takes place approximately once every five years,” said Reynolds.



High-Profile Prisoner and Legal Advocate Arthur Taylor's Plan to Study Law at Otago Allegedly Derailed

By Oscar Francis

Ex-convict and self-styled jailhouse lawyer Arthur Taylor has told Critic that his plan to study Law at Otago was derailed by the new University of Otago Faculty of Law Dean. He told Critic he is now preparing to continue his studies extramurally at the University of Auckland.

Taylor told Critic his original plan after his February release from prison was to move to Dunedin and study towards a Law degree. He said that the previous Dean of the Law School, Mark Henaghan, had agreed to provide him with credit for the practical experience he obtained while serving his sentence, including private prosecutions and successful legal challenges to the prisoner smoking and voting bans. However, Taylor alleged that the new Dean, Jessica Palmer, was not prepared to extend the same offer towards him. He told Critic, "She pulled the cob off that".

A University spokesman said information regarding current or potential students' applications is confidential and the University "will not comment on any individual publicly". But, he said, "It is worth noting that the inference ... that a formal application has been received is incorrect".

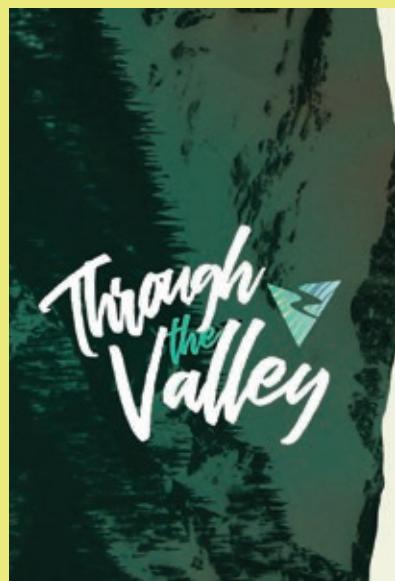
While disappointed about not being able to study on the Otago campus, Taylor said he intends to reside in Dunedin for the foreseeable future and study law at the University of Auckland by distance. He said he has "support from a lot of people" and finds Dunedin more "mellow" than other places.

"I went to a gang pad; they invited me over. There were two different gang factions there. Normally in the North Island there'd be fights breaking out, after they'd had a few beers,

through the middle of the night. But they are peaceful as; it's good to see."

Despite preparing to start a distance learning course, the gregarious man known for outwitting correctional services on a number of occasions, including multiple prison escapes (and smuggling his sperm out of jail) told Critic he is not abandoning what he is best known for: advocacy and holding criminal justice institutions to account.

He also said he has been invited to join the national board of the Green Cross and is gearing up to campaign over the 2020 personal cannabis use referendum.



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Is Good One a Shit One?

Campus watch just want to be invited to parties too, guys

By Sinead Gill

Between the sunset of Flo-Week and the dawn of O-Week, a familiar black and yellow poster quietly returned to the OUSA bollards: the "Good One" campaign.

"Good One" is a party register campaign run by a squad of OUSA, the Police, and the Proctor's Office, and is backed by a number of other community and government organisations. Students sign up on their website by putting in their contact deets, address, and how many people they are expecting to attend. Either the police or Proctor's office will then give you a ring to coach you through responsible partying, and throughout the night will keep an eye on things in case they get out of hand. It also means if a noise complaint gets made, you get contacted directly about it to turn down the tunes. It was launched at Otago last year to very little fanfare, and appeared to struggle to get registrations from the get-go. There were only four parties registered throughout 2018 Flo and O-Weeks and not much more in the months following.

In an OUSA executive meeting in March this year, OUSA CEO Debbie Downs mentioned that she believed around 100 parties had registered in 2018. OUSA did not respond to Critic's request

to confirm those numbers. Before then, "Good One" had not been mentioned in an executive meeting since March of 2018.

The campaign was first launched in Christchurch in 2014 and started as a student community project. It even won an award in 2017 from the "Police Evidence Based Problem Oriented Policing Awards" for "excellence in reducing harm from crime award". The award, despite its very long and specific name, generally reflected the success of the Good One system in the Christchurch student community. Over in Christchurch, over 1000 parties were registered in 2018 and Good One was directly linked to a drop in police and noise control callouts.

That's great for Christchurch, where students are often spread throughout the entire city, unlike the student-crammed slums of Dunedin's North. However, it is unclear how the campaign has been tailored to the Otago student community, whose relationship to and history with authority has been tumultuous, to say the very least.

Out of the two dozen students Critic spoke to, four had heard of the Good One register before. One student said a major drawback is

that parties they host and attend often involve a degree of weed, and they wouldn't want any police "snooping around". A trio of lads said that they had tried to register a party last year but that it "didn't work," and they had only tried because they thought it made their party exempt from noise control (which is incorrect). One girl, once Critic explained what the register did, said she had heard of "registering your party to the police," and she and her friends agreed that they would definitely use it for bigger parties that they did not want to get out of hand. One student said that they "definitely could not be convinced" to use the register, as they did not believe that it offered more than what campus watch's night patrol already did. But his, and the minds of all other unconvinced students Critic spoke to, said that if there was an incentive, they would be more taken by the idea.

OUSA did not respond as to whether they're considering offering incentives, like pizza, for students to register their parties. However, it is clear that the comfort of knowing that the police and campus watch will have their eye on your party is not enough.



Display Name Spoofing Scam Hits University Staff

Avoid suspicious mail from 'charlene.chainz@otago.ac.nz'

By Esme Hall

The University has warned its staff to be careful after a spate of 'display name spoofing' scams.

University staff have been receiving emails where the display name is made out to be that of a senior staff member, while the actual email address has no relationship to the person.

The emails usually contain a request to do something, which may actually involve giving the scammer access to money.

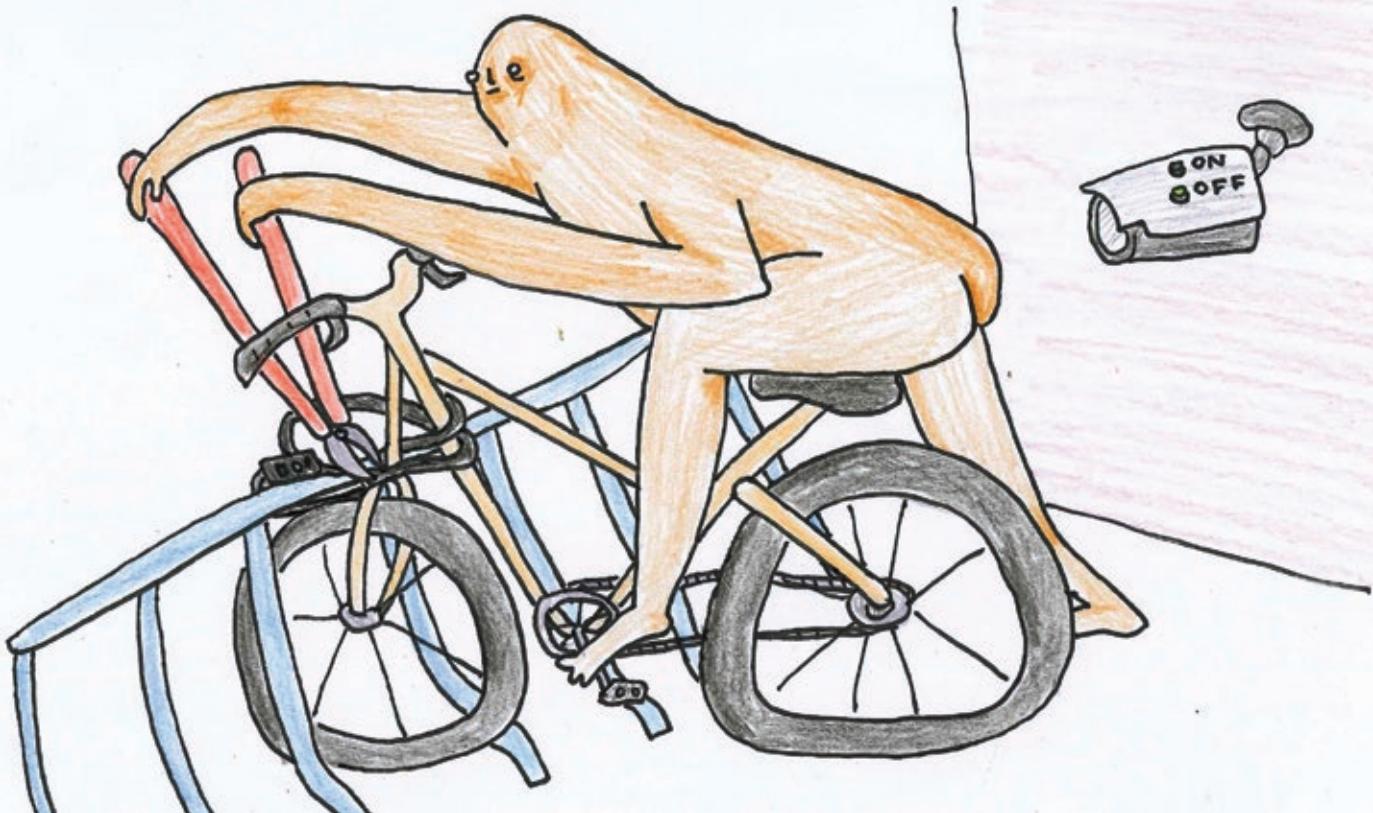
Allegedly some of the emails were sent under the name of OUSA President James Heath.

A University Information Technology Services spokesman said automated detection of the emails is "exceedingly difficult" as they are from valid Gmail, or other free email, accounts and their content changes a little bit each time.

Instead, staff were advised to be wary and report these attacks to IT Services so they can be blocked. The IT Services spokesman said staff were told to reply to emails from a computer, rather than a phone or tablet, where they can hover over the sender and show what the address says. "If it doesn't match what you expect (i.e. a University of Otago email address)

then you should contact the sender via telephone (not email) to confirm them sending. If you continue to receive emails from the scammer, ignore these by deleting them or creating a rule to delete them."

"The University of Otago has not been 'hacked'. It is not the only organisation suffering from these attacks, many other organisations around the world are having problems with these scams," said the spokesman.



Wheeler Dealers Steal Student Bikes From Campus

Someone call the bike police!

By **Nina Minogue**

Several students told Critic that they felt they had misplaced their faith in Campus Watch and the CCTV rollout after their bikes were stolen from campus, despite being locked at bike sheds.

Two students Critic spoke to said their bikes were stolen in the last three months. They were both stolen outside of university hours from the Castle Lecture Theatre bike stand and both had combination locks.

Over the last two years, there have been 13 reports of bike theft to Campus Watch, although one of the students Critic spoke to said they did not bother making a report. One student estimated their stolen bike to be worth \$2000, saying that it was their primary mode of transport and that they didn't have insurance.

After the student spoke to representatives at OUSA Student Support, they were informed that "several students have been coming forward who were really desperate for the OUSA hardship funding" as a result of their bikes being

stolen. "Police then told me there was nothing that they could really do about it," said the student. Another student said they sometimes saw bikes and bike locks broken at the stands due to "opportunist attempting to steal them".

Rolling out an extensive CCTV program last year, the University has invested the most into safety and security out of any university in the country and potentially Australasia, according to Proctor Dave Scott. One student Critic spoke to had kept their bike on campus for the last two years, saying they felt fine leaving their bike after-hours, as they "believed security cameras were installed in the vicinity of the bike stands".

When their bike was stolen, they were told different accounts by three members of Campus Watch. Firstly that if the culprit could not be identified by Campus Watch on camera, then there was nothing they could do, secondly, that there was a camera but that footage from it was not being recorded and then thirdly, that there was in fact no camera at the bike stand at all. The Proctor's Office confirmed that while there are no

cameras inside the Castle bike shed, there are cameras close by that show part of the shed, as they have "had to prioritise resources to where the greatest needs are for camera positions around campus".

The student told Critic, "I want students to know how hopeless the process actually is; it goes to show that having Campus Watch on campus doesn't actually prevent things from being stolen". Campus Watch maintains that they are "totally committed to doing their best towards the safety of all users of the campus and their property".

Campus Watch said the security of personal property is "everyone's responsibility". To reduce the chance of theft, they recommend locking your bike with a good quality bike lock, knowing the make, model, colour and the serial number of your bike and having a photo of the bike on your phone. They said to avoid leaving it locked up for long periods of time and if a bike was stolen, they asked students to report it to Campus Watch and the Police.

Is Hayward Haunted? An Investigation Based Purely on Rumour and Speculation

By **Wyatt Ryder**

It's always been a difficult task to pin down a ghost. Developments in science and technology have led many people to believe that ghosts aren't real. Despite this, rumours of spooky happenings still manage to spread throughout our society, and colleges are hotbeds of rumour.

In a past life, Hayward College functioned as the Queen Mary Maternity Hospital. In 1992 the building was stripped and rebuilt into a residential college. All of the medical supplies and appliances have been removed, but the history remains. This history has led to some fairly spooky rumours being shared throughout the years. I put the Ghostbusters theme tune on repeat and hunted down some of the most promising ghost stories Hayward has to offer.



The Ladies Floor Poltergeist

A number of residents living on the first floor reported odd things happening throughout the night. Blankets flying off beds. Doors spontaneously closing. Shadows moving where they have no right to move. Strange things were afoot on Hayward's all-girls floor.

A poltergeist is a spirit that focuses on disturbances. Possessing objects, flickering lights, creating strange noises throughout the night. Classic horror movie ghost stuff. Historical accounts of poltergeists show that they prefer to prank women rather than men.

An anonymous source shared the story of how one resident thought she saw a ghost. She was lying in bed when she noticed one of her friends was standing at the foot of her bed. The girl then noticed the voice of the person in front of her was coming from out in the hallway. How could this person be in two places at once? The ghost swiftly disappeared.

Something spooky was going on. Can we confirm that this ghost was haunting Hayward? Well there's an issue with these rumours. Every single ghostly encounter Critic heard about was experienced by residents on the booze.

It seems much more likely that all the residents reporting these events had heard these rumours, and the alcohol buzzing around their brains made them consider that maybe they had seen a ghost.

However, another theory is that the ghost isn't malicious at all, and is actually the spirit of a kind old nurse. This nurse only wanted to help the drunk girls get back to bed, where she would watch over them to make sure they were safe.

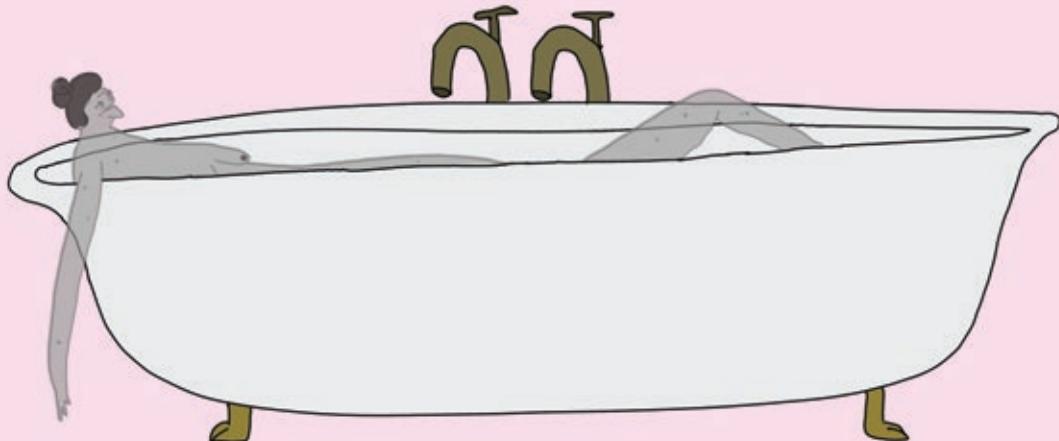
Is the Ladies Floor Poltergeist real? Probably not. It's a possibility.

The Mysterious Bath Woman

Last year several students reported to hall staff that they had seen a strange old lady wandering the hall. Students were coming to RAs with stories like "I saw an old woman, and then she was gone".

The stories of the mysterious woman quickly spread throughout the college. However, when one of the staff members caught her having a bath in the fourth floor bathrooms it quickly became apparent that this ghost was actually just an old lady. She was quickly removed from the premises.

Confirmed: Not a ghost.



The Ghost Babies

The Ghost Babies of Hayward have been a thing for a long time. Whenever anything strange happens someone mentions that it could be the spirit of a baby from the maternity ward days. In my time at Hayward I heard quite a few ghost rumours, and do you know who got all the blame? Ghost babies.

Folk tales of infant spirits being unable to rest are common throughout history. In Iceland there is a saga of a mother who let her newborn child freeze to death. The spirit of the infant was full of spite for its selfish mother. When it heard her complain about having nothing nice to wear to the local dance, the spirit sung a haunting lullaby to her. The woman recognised her child, and was so frightened that she quickly went insane. She spent the rest of her days alone.

It turns out nothing even remotely like this is happening at Hayward. The ghost babies seem to be more of a concept than genuine spooky experiences. People love joking about ghost babies. When I returned to my former hall of residence in hopes of getting myself some spooky leads, I told a group of students what I was doing. Immediately I got the response “oh yeah there’s the ghost of a dead baby in my room” followed by a quick “What? No dude, I

was joking”. Nobody I spoke to even considers these ghosts an actual possibility.

Ghost Babies? Not real.

The Hayward Ghost Award Winners

Finally, we have a real, proven ghost. Unfortunately, this group of ghouls are actually just boring old humans. The Hayward Ghost is an annual award that goes to a resident whose presence is hardly ever felt. Kind of the opposite of what we’re looking for here.

Is the Hayward Ghost real? Yes. Are they a ghost? No.

The Grey Lady

This story goes back to before Hayward was established. The legend goes that just after a young woman gave birth, one particular nurse deemed her unfit to be a mother and took the child away from her. The mother, distraught and in pain, passed away soon after.

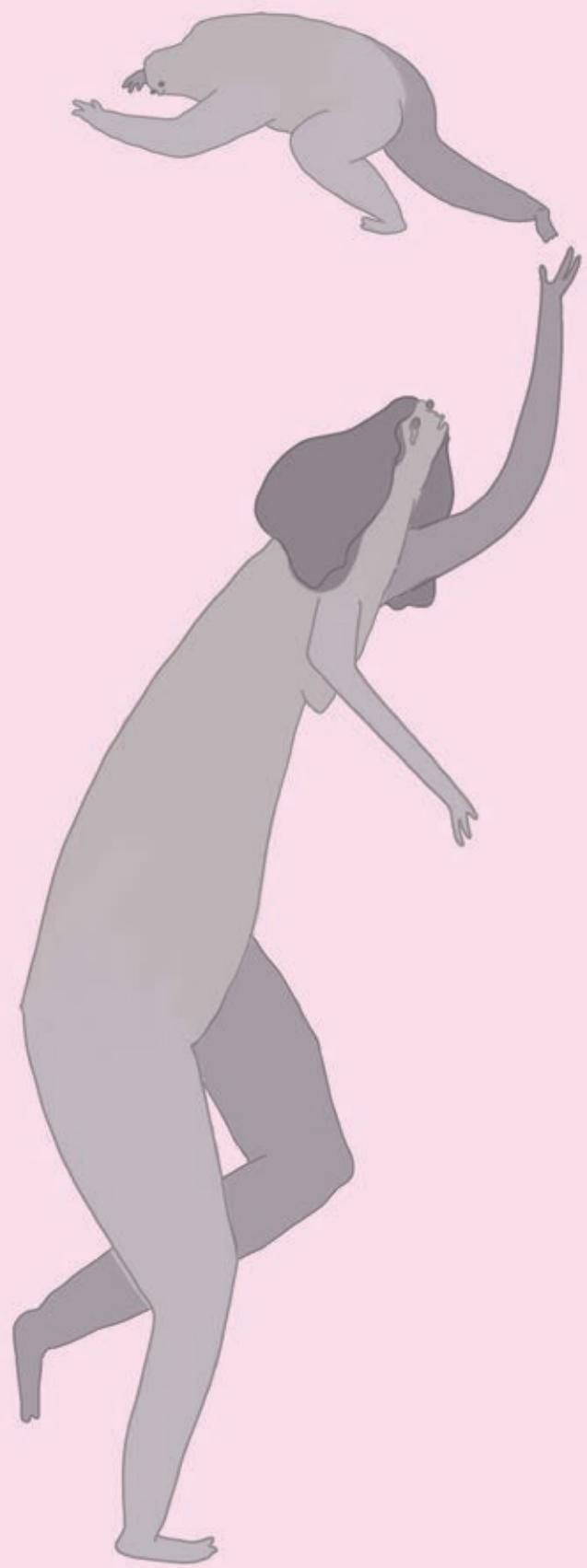
Back in the maternity hospital days, Cumberland College functioned as a nurse’s home. The spirit of the woman is said to have followed the nurse back to Cumberland, where she searches for her child to this very day. This ghost has been sighted several times

throughout the years. Back in 2012 two Health Science students were walking through the college at night when they noticed a disgusting smell. The air suddenly got ice cold. One of the girls then noticed a dark figure standing before her. After a quick gust of cold wind, the ghost was gone.

This was not an isolated incident. Both an RA and a member of the kitchen staff reported similar sightings. The Grey Lady caused such a stir that the story was picked up by several news outlets. The students were so distraught that college staff requested that the University chaplain visit Cumberland to help ease their fears.

Is the Grey Lady real? Maybe. The issue here is that she fucked off to Cumberland. While her ghostly origins are based in Hayward, I think that with her gone, we can finally answer the question.

Hayward College: Probably not haunted.



DON'T FUCK WITH ME!

I learned Kung fu in a shipping container

By Owen Clarke

Shipping containers. “The melting pot of the human condition,” said Nietzsche. The “ultimate proving ground for the spirit of mankind,” said Kierkegaard. Or were both those quotes from my high school weed dealer, Big Steve, who lived in a shipping container himself?

When I think shipping containers, I think of action movies, of gangsters smuggling drugs and money and guns, of the hero sneaking into the dockyard and getting into a brawl, and at some point someone’s head getting smashed into the metal side of a container, making that loud, echoey “thunk” noise.

So, when Chelle, Critic’s Feature Editor, told me that there was a shipping container over on Carroll Street with a cardboard sign taped to it advertising one hour “Wing Chun Kung fu” lessons for \$5 I leapt at the opportunity. Yeah, that’s right, \$5. I could use that fiver and go to “pint night” (and get my toes stepped on by a thousand sweaty 18-year-olds in a dimly lit basement just to order a pint of Speight’s) or, I could go learn Kung fu. So I went and learned Kung fu.

When my flatmate Delaney and I showed up at the rusty container on Carroll Street, tucked within a small lot alongside a few beat-up car husks, my first thought was “Damn, I’m about

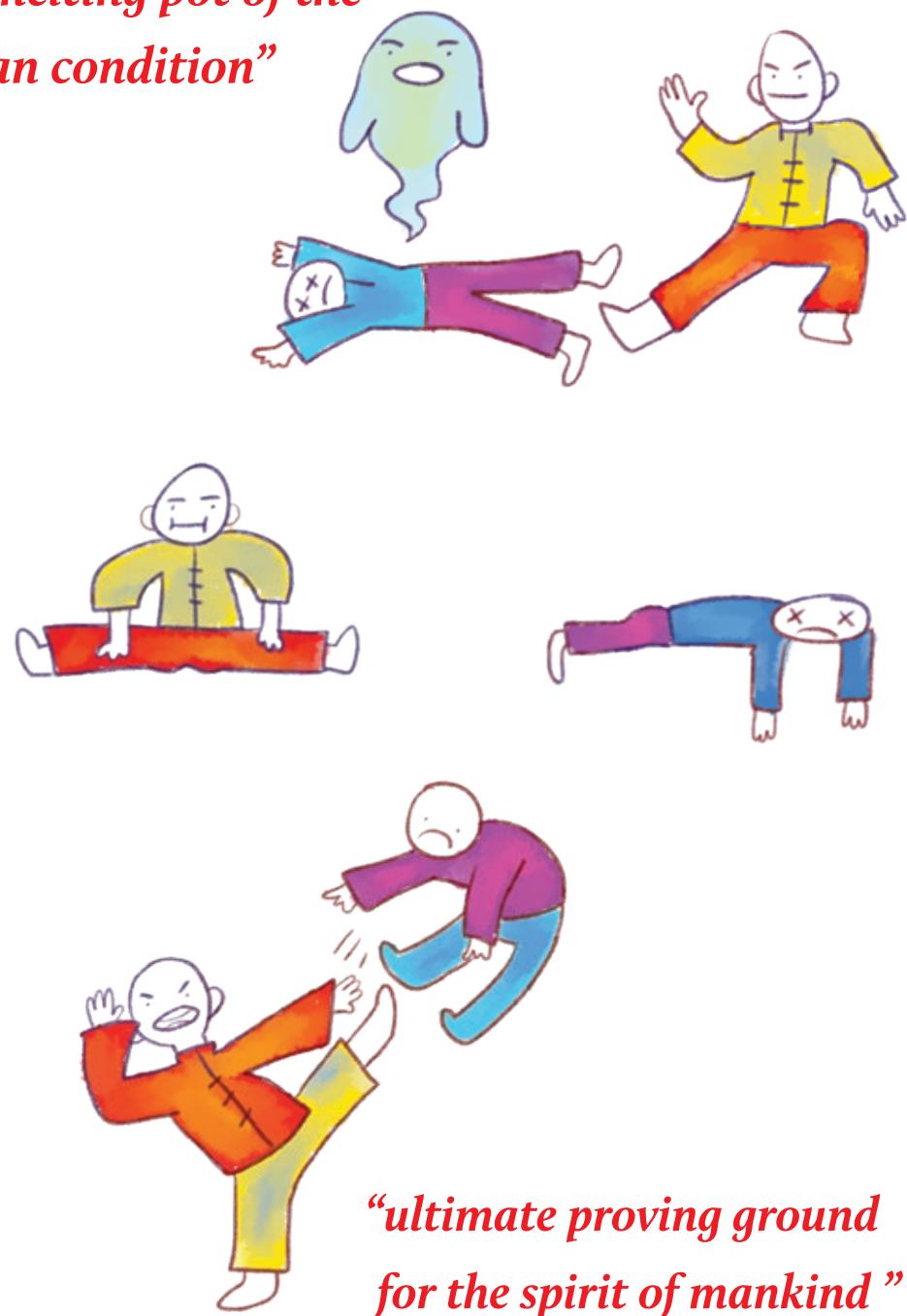
to be sold to human traffickers.” But then, out came Chris, the instructor. A smiling red-bearded man with glasses, wearing a plain t-shirt, Chris was tall and beefy, but not overweight, basically a normal-looking guy.

He introduced himself and took us inside, where, as they say, the trafficking magic happens.

I wish I could say that, upon entering the shipping container, I was astounded, because lo and behold, it was actually a clever front for a top-notch training academy. But honestly, it looked exactly like what you would imagine a shipping container Kung fu academy in an abandoned lot to look like. Basically, Napoleon Dynamite’s secret lair. We’re talking posters of Dragon Ball Z and Wu-Tang Clan, pictures of Bruce Lee and Ip Man, random burning candles, a weird wooden fighting dummy contraption, a Kung Fu Panda figurine, and a large colored pencil drawing of what appeared to be someone getting into a street fight with a glass bottle. There was also a bottle of canola oil on the ground. Not sure what that was for.

We were joined by two veteran students, a father and son named Bruce and Jim. The four of us spent the first portion of the evening standing in front of Chris, mimicking him as he progressed through a series of slow (and I mean really...really, fucking slow) arm movements.

*“The melting pot of the
human condition”*



They were reminiscent of the “wax on, wax off” Mr Miyagi training, and Chris said they were meant as a meditative exercise, focused on centering the mind and relaxing the body. Unfortunately, I couldn’t concentrate very well, and became embroiled in an elaborate daydream involving a bank robbery in Italy, a motorcycle chase, Kate Upton, and a slightly-tanner version of myself with bigger biceps and whiter teeth.

**“I’m not worried
about any of that
'bow to your sensei'
type shit”**

After the meditative movements and my imaginary sex with Kate Upton, we practiced punching, then blocking punches, and then punching and blocking punches, in addition to a few other things, like how to get out of various holds. We did all this from a specific Wing Chun stance, with feet slightly pigeon-toed and arms at rest, elbows bent in front in a triangle formation. Chris had one of the students (often me) attack him, and would demonstrate various movements to control the attacker, usually by using his own weight against him.

I wasn’t exactly sure when this occurred, but at some point during the night the age-old adage “don’t judge a book by its cover” was broadcast in front of me in neon lights. Yeah, there were Dragon Ball Z posters on the walls and this place looked like the den of a 30-something stoner nerd, but Chris could have had My Little Pony posters on the walls and it wouldn’t have fucking mattered. The dude was a certified, Grade-A badass. He briefly mentioned at one point that he’d been training for over twenty years, and it showed. He might not have had the six pack and biceps of The Rock, but he could see 99% of attacks coming and 100% of the time he knew exactly what to do to stop

them. I would bet on that dude in a bar fight any day of the week.

At the end of the session, Chris and Jim sparred together in a strange, grapple-like encounter, where they remained in constant contact at the arms and each attempted to immobilize the other. This, Chris explained, was a more advanced form of training that helped a fighter to anticipate movement and preemptively disable attacks. Then Chris brought the session to a close, and asked us for our \$5, which I gladly relinquished. Unfortunately, although I was lightly thrown into the side of the container a few times during demonstrations, I didn’t get to see anyone’s head smashed into it and hear that “thunk” noise from action movies. I did, however, feel (sort of) like a badass for an hour.

Humble and unassuming, Chris left me with the words, “I’m not worried about any of that ‘bow to your sensei’ type shit. We’re just a fun Kung fu club, man. Hope you learned something useful”.

Then I walked away and he shut the door of the shipping container and we all went home. I tried to remember what he taught me, but I’m pretty sure I forgot most of it, because later that night while we were walking, Delaney shoved me and I couldn’t even pull my hands out of my pockets to catch myself ... so I fell face-first over a fence post and into a thorn bush.

But what can I say? Rome wasn’t built in a day. I’ve got some training to do.

I would say that everyone should go to Carroll Street and learn Wing Chun from Chris inside the shipping container ... but then I wouldn’t be able to whoop y’all’s asses when I see you around Dunnars. So stay away.

In the meantime, if you see me on the streets, back the fuck up. You’ve been warned.



*He could see 99% of
attacks coming and 100%
of the time he knew exactly
what to do to stop them*

FOR THOSE OF US LEFT BEHIND: HOW TO GRIEVE

By Esme Hall

Content warning: suicide, Christchurch shooting

My best friend committed suicide in 2017. When I started working at Critic the following year, I wanted to write about grieving that irrevocable loss. I wanted to do something with my pain. Scrape it off me and mould it into something useful. Maybe I could help someone, I thought. Maybe a suicidal person could read it and remember how their life ripples into others. Maybe a grieving person could realise they weren't the only one waking up filled with sorrow, and feel less alone.

I interviewed a few people. I spoke to Jean Balchin, the Otago Rhodes scholar who, after losing her brother to suicide in 2014, has volunteered for LifeMatters and talked about her loss publicly. I spoke to Cam Haylock, a Christchurch-based youth pastor who lost his flatmate and fellow youth worker to suicide in 2016, and then supported scores of teenagers through the loss he was feeling so strongly himself. These people were years further down the track, going about life, doing amazing things. I wanted to know how to get there, learn the tips and tricks, 'How to Get Over Grief in Ten Easy Steps'.

But the article never got further than being a bunch of notes on my phone. I realised I wasn't interviewing them for a hypothetical audience, but for myself. I was going to have to actually take time to face my grief, rather than just writing an article about it.

I'm in a better place now. Starting another year of Uni, another year of work, I feel clearer. Over the last few months, I have only reflected on my memories of my best friend with joy, something I could never have imagined at the beginning.

But the Christchurch shooting reacquainted me with feelings I was getting used to living without. I'm sure I'm not the only one. The heartbreak of waking up and remembering what happened. Trying and failing to understand how the human mind can be overcome by lies, and how the human hand can create such pain and death.

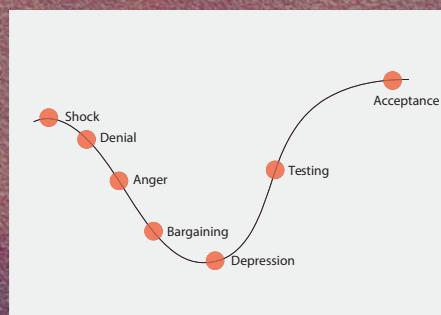
Thankfully, I have learned a few things as I've trod the grief path, or rode the rollercoaster, or faced the waves – whatever cringey metaphor I've internalised from counselling. And it feels like the right time to share. Every grief is different but, from one grieving person to another, whatever grief you're facing, here are some things that are good to remember.

1. We grieve because we love

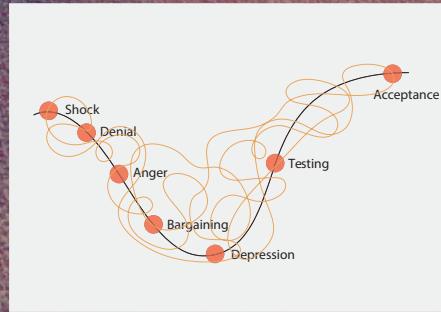
Humans have an amazing capacity to love. But when we are separated from the things we love – be they people, places, pets, dreams for the future, physical abilities or something else – we grieve. And it's an important process to get right.

In 1969, Elisabeth Kübler-Ross wrote a book called *On Death and Dying* as she was frustrated by a lack of instruction in medical schools on the topic. Her book formed the basis for the pre-eminent grief model that describes stages of shock, denial, anger, bargaining, depression, testing, and acceptance. It's a pretty good basis for understanding grief, but you can already see that those stages can be very general.

*One counsellor described it to me like this:
Here's the model*



Here's what it's really like



Even if your stages don't match the Kübler-Ross model exactly, the reason the model has stuck around is because it reminds us that we progress through different feelings of grief. We need to watch if we're getting stuck in one emotion, especially anger or depression. It's okay to feel angry for days, even weeks, throughout the grief process, but when it turns into months or is holding you back from experiencing joy, you should seek some help to shift your thinking. Give yourself

time to face each emotional change as it comes, see it for what it is – grief – then accept it, and let it pass.

Sometimes I forgot that my thoughts were linked to grief. I would have anxiety and dark thoughts or fixate on things like my relationship with my boyfriend or what my friends or flatmates thought of me. I would freak out, until I remembered or (more likely) was reminded by loved ones, that it was tied to my grief. Our brains are really weird, that's why it's good that:

2. You never grieve alone

It's clear that our whole country is grieving the Christchurch shooting. If you're heartbroken by that, or something else, don't forget that people will get it. Everyone's lost someone, or knows someone who has lost someone. In my experience the more you open up, the more empathy you will encounter.

It can be hard to share. If you've lost a loved one, especially to suicide, you may not be at the point of talking about them yet. Words are hard to find when your heart feels empty. Other people might not want to bring your loved one up because of how they died, or because they don't want to upset you further. That can make it tough when you get to the point where you do really want to talk – people's silence can make it seem like they don't care. That isn't true.

People might not know exactly how to help, but that doesn't mean they don't want to. Often, they're taking cues from you as to how to treat your grief, so it is okay to tell them what to do. Cam Haylock said he instructed his friends to ask him about how he was doing with his friend's suicide whenever they saw him. I felt the most isolated about six months after my best friend died, and that was when I tried this too. It helped. Sometimes I was really sad and needed someone to ask me how I was doing so I could share with them. Other times





I was fine but I was always glad they'd asked.

3. You're going to live through this

When I first found out, I didn't know what I was supposed to do. I tried to go to class as normal, but all I could hear was white noise. It started to almost physically hurt me that the sun was out and people were going about their lives. How could they carry on when such a precious, creative and loving person had left this earth? The next day, I just cocooned. I didn't leave bed all day.

It is okay to cocoon and avoid everything. Sometimes you need a good cry. It won't be this bad forever. Those intense feelings will subside if we give ourselves space to experience them. You will get to a point where you can look back with joy, and have hope for the future. Don't rob yourself of that by holding your grief in and not facing it.

4. Grief brings up other grief

It is very important that we let ourselves grieve because, like most things in life, it doesn't go away if we ignore it. If we just bottle everything up, it's going to come out eventually, usually when an-

other traumatic event happens. As one counsellor said to me, new grief brings other unprocessed grief up to meet it.

After my best friend died, I saw our friends process other trauma they hadn't faced from the past. Things like sexual assault, questions of belonging or their own mental health issues. I realised I hadn't fully grieved the loss of security I experienced as a teenager facing the Christchurch earthquakes. The tragedy of the Christchurch shooting can bring up other tragedies we're grieving. That's natural. Don't feel like your pain is not valid because you think it's not 'as bad' as the pain

5. There's no rush

The stages of grief are not assessment criteria you need to whiz through as soon possible for extra credit. Grieving can last a long time because the people we lose are never coming back. That won't change as long as we live. As we pass birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, significant political events, start new relationships or face break-ups, get married, change careers, have kids or age without the ones we love, we may experience feelings of grief again. That's okay. It takes as long as it takes.

I couldn't write this article a year ago because it was too soon. I was measuring myself against people who were years into their grief, wanting to get to the acceptance stage when I was really still in shock. So, know your limits and take care of yourself. There's no rush.

6. Counsellors aren't scary, but they're also not 'one size fits all'

Counselling is very helpful. A good counsellor can

It is very important that we let ourselves grieve because, like most things in life, it doesn't go away if we ignore it.

help counter your painful feelings with truth and give you tips to keep going. But not every counsellor is going to work for you. I think I've seen ten different counsellors. Some of them offered help, others not so much. Weigh up their words and methods and see if it works for you. If not, don't panic. There will be someone else that is better suited to you.

7. When things are good, it doesn't mean they'll go bad

Sometimes, when I feel good, anxiety convinces me everything's going to turn bad. Part of this is

because before my best friend died I was feeling so hopeful. She'd been seriously mentally ill for five months but we all thought she was turning a corner. I was starting to not worry about her

you're involved in. Humans are relational creatures and the best way to grieve is with others. It's all very well for the dead. Wherever you believe they are, it's not here. It's the ones left behind who

Humans have an amazing capacity to love. But when we are separated from the things we love – be they people, places, pets, dreams for the future, physical abilities or something else – we grieve. And it's an important process to get right.

all the time, letting myself relax. Then, she killed herself. That out-of-the-blue shock has made it hard for me to settle into feeling safe and comfortable since.

As life in New Zealand starts to go back to normal after the Christchurch shooting, and we get back into our everyday routines, fear will linger on. This act of terror was unanticipated, unprompted. We might feel like we need to be constantly on edge, prepared for the worst. But that's no way to live. Even if bad things happen when we're in that state, did feeling constantly fearful help us prevent them? No. Obviously, as a country we need to make, and are making, changes to prevent this kind of hate erupting again. But that change shouldn't be to enter a state of constant vigilance and fear. Instead, we need to embrace light and life.

8. Let light in

When we lose people in tragic or violent circumstances, it can be easy to let the darkness of it all engulf us. But the best way to honour those we love is to let light and love win – not death and darkness. Spend time doing things that bring you joy. Relax with friends, make some art, sing, exercise, work hard at your study, make new friends, spend time alone, cook, go to the beach, travel overseas, talk about your lost loved ones, learn something new, help someone else face a tough time. Lean on the community that understands you – whether that is your church or mosque, your family, your friends or a student group

have to try and make sense of it all and keep living. That can be messy and exhausting, but grief is the best process humans have got to keep going. And, the best part is, we're never alone.

*If you think someone is in immediate risk, please call:
Emergency Psychiatric Services - 03 4740 999
or Police - 111*

If you, or someone you know, is experiencing mental distress or just not feeling quite right, get some professional support. There is funding available via StudyLink to access a subsidy from WINZ to cover the costs of private therapy for students if you can't afford it.

Student Health staff can provide same-day appointments for those in urgent mental distress:

Student Health - 03 479 8212

Other services include:

*OUSA Student Support, 5 Ethel Benjamin Place.
Open 9:00am - 4:30pm, Mon-Fri. 03 479 5449,
help@ousa.org.nz*

Mirror Counselling Service (for ages 3 to 19) - 03 479 2970

Thrive Te Pae Ora (for ages 12 to 19) - 0800 292 988 1737 Helpline - free call or text 1737

Youthline - 0800 37 66 33, free Text: 234

Kowhai Centre - 03 477 3014

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

Suicide Crisis Helpline - 0508 828 865 (0508 TAU-TOKO)

Healthline - 0800 611 116

Samaritans - 0800 726 666



An Interview with Milpool

By Hennessey Griffiths

Have you ever wondered what it would sound like if Kate Bush covered Modest Mouse in a semi-ironic emo way? That is how the Dunedin band Milpool best describes their sound. Comprised of Adelaide Dunn on vocals, Tom Monaghan on guitar, Josh Howley on bass and Hamish Morgan on drums, Milpool has been creating moves in the Dunedin music scene following the release of their EP 'Down' in late January.

Tom, Josh and Hamish came together by coincidence. As Tom explains it, "Milpool formed drunkenly, as literally all of the bands I've been in have". From there, the three-piece released singles like "Yr Side," "Chads," and "Sea Foam". They competed in OUSA's Battle of the Bands in 2017, and came in second place. However, they all believe their style and composition has changed since Adelaide joined the band in late 2018. "We've gotten more competent with writing songs since Battle of the Bands. I was lis-

tening to our earlier stuff and it's very disjointed. It's a lot more natural and organic now; you can tell we're all more comfortable with each other."

Milpool as a four-piece released their EP 'Down' at the end of January, featuring the tracks "From Beyond," "Mydriasis," and "Thoroughbred". As described by Adelaide, "Down is very bloody and dark sounding, as opposed to our next EP which will be quite golden. Our sound changes a lot". The fluidity of Milpool's sound creates a space to become more experimental. As Tom says, "We're all getting a lot better at playing our instruments. It's more technical, natural and palatable. When we started we thought every song should be in a different tuning and a different time; it was so obvious and forced, but now it comes together naturally".

For Adelaide, being a part of Milpool has increased her self-confidence. "Milpool is my first ever band, and it's been life-changing for me. I've had a lot

of women come to me and say seeing you as a female front singer is inspiring. I've talked to three girls who are starting their own band because of me, which is amazing to see."

However, the future for Milpool is short as Tom is leaving the country in May. Before their eventual break, they plan to record and release two more EPs, and play more shows. "Hopefully I'll go away for a bit, and people will start to miss us, so we can build more hype for when we get back together," Tom says. But for now, they will continue to play shows and release more music in the upcoming months.

You can listen to Milpool on Bandcamp and Spotify, and check out their Facebook page for when they're playing next.

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re-sell?

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ODT WATCH

By Ray B.R.

FOR a city celebrated as one where literary pursuits are valued, Dunedin has its fair share of idiots.

And most of them work at the ODT!! Bazinga!!!

The award for the juiciest piece of low-hanging fruit this week goes to:

Watchmaker 'winding down'

Don't tell me what to do, ODT:

ON a first date it's best not to turn up drunk, or claim you are "dangerous", or fight with police, or feign unconsciousness.

Finally,

"I don't get any butter anymore. They spread it on your bread sometimes, but it's not much... oh, lovely butter."



DUNEDIN NEWS

To the woman who went diagonally across the lanes on the one way, tried to get into my lane without looking for cars. If I hadn't of braked and laid on my horn, I would have crashed directly into your drivers door. Watch where you are going people!

On bus hub. 8.31 bus to sawyers bay just pulled in to pick up at 8.43 Totally unreliable

Hi Dunedin folk. On a recent trip to Invercargill me and my daughter spent some time in the parks finding painted rocks and hiding them again. We aren't sure if people do it round Dunedin but we have painted some rocks and hidden around Woodlough gardens. They aren't masterpieces - she is only 5 but if your kids like to find things then they might like the hunt! Oh yeah... not news but.....

Can the admin who deleted my post pm me please?

why are the birds still awake don't they got church in the morning

Dot has been found safe and well. Thanks everyone.

Not news but... just bought a Samsung watch paired with my Galaxy S9+ how do I make it if I answer my phone I don't need to turn bluetooth off. And the other way round as well? Kinda making what I answer the call with as what I talk too. Thanks

WARNING: Do not put a box of chicken nibbles in a microwave to warm up..... without removing the foil wrap first. I thought (wrongly) that it would be ok if enclosed in box but it just set the box on fire. No have to put the smoke alarm back up, and start wiping the soot off everything, plus the nibbles were ruined. My kids will be looking to put me into care.

Fuck white supremacy.

The Critical Tribune

Peeing in Sinks Saves Enough Water to Grow an Almond

Seriously, I did the math. 1 sink pee saves about 13.36 liters of water. 1 California almond requires about 12 liters of water to grow. That's 1.1 almonds per sink pee. Otago Uni has 8,565 male students. Assuming that A: lasses aren't gonna do this whole sink-peeing thing, and B: each guy pees 3 times a day, that's 25,695 flushes per day. Switching to sink peeing saves 343,285 liters of water, enough to grow 377,613 almonds PER DAY. One almond costs \$0.041 at Countdown. If my math is right - and it is - we'd be producing enough almonds to rake in a tasty \$15,820 PER DAY. These numbers get even crazier if you do what I do and just pee out the window.



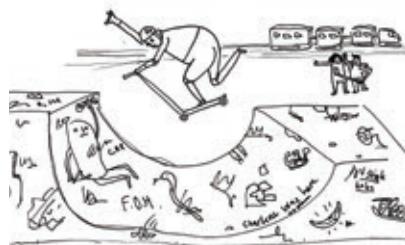
Tribune Editor Keeps Trying To Fire Chief Reporter, Fails

The clash of two Tribune titans continues as Chazza O'Mazza continues to look for a loophole through which to fire Chief Reporter, Sinbad. According to a Tribune insider (me), Sinbad has been engaging in nefarious activities such as actually engaging with students for news sources, and generally being a helpful and delightful person to work with. This, naturally, goes against the Critical Tribune's no-serious-journalism policy, which has been in place since the Tribune was established in 2018.



Dunedin Scooter Kids Stoked Their Passion Has Found Mainstream Acceptance

Critic caught up with a group of five ScooterN'SkateKids found loitering at the skatepark. They had 2 skateboards and 3 scooters between them as well as a packet of Marlborough reds. When asked if they would be moving towards the electric version of their hobbies they demurred. Frightened by the cost, either of hiring a Lime or saving up to buy their own, all the ScooterKids stated unequivocally that they would not be abandoning the "bones" of the sport. "It's just not right," said Jean (18). "Companies shouldn't be coming up and profiting off of what we've known for so long and held so dear." The group reported feeling unimpressed by a man with Brylcreem in his hair posing for photos outside the train station.



Octopus "Honestly, a Fucking Sketchy Ass Animal," Reveals Otago Marine-Bio Lecturer

When Finn McGill burst the door open to the Tribune offices, soaked from head to toe, he stole the attention of the entire staff. What came next was a summary of the very true and terrifying story of the sketchy ass octopus that lives by the OUSA Aquatic Center, just off the Dunedin harbour.



"So we're talking, like, ten feet long tentacles. And eight of them. This cunt is huge," he panted as someone draped a dry blanket over his shaking, wetsuit-clad body. He immediately threw it off to wave his arms madly around him to mimic said tentacles. "He HEAVES my mate from the balcony of the aquatic center. YEETS the dude across to the other side of the harbour. Then, and only then, did the octopus go for what he wanted that whole time. The tuna sushi platter from uni catering."

Finn shuddered, then added, "the worst part is he then tried to explain why the aquatic center was a good use of OUSA money, and he actually sounded serious about it".



Emily and Sophie Martin

AKA the Tasty.Twinsss

Emily and Sophie Martin are two third year students at Otago. However, most people know them best as popular food Instagrammers **Tasty.Twinsss**. In their first year of Uni, Emily and Sophie created an Instagram account to share their love of food and places to eat around Dunedin. Now with 7,000 followers, the twins have started to explore areas of health and wellness, mainly through creating and sharing their healthy recipes online.

For Emily and Sophie, food has always been a big part of their lives. "We've always loved food," said

Emily. "Aside from being great cooks, our family has always been into food and when we would go away we always had to know where the best places for food were."

The inspiration for creating their Instagram account came while the twins were in a residential hall in first year. "The hall food was pretty gross at times. We were there for two years, and it got better in second year but it's still pretty monotonous. We snuck a blender in our room to make smoothies and raw slices for some variety."

By Henessey Griffiths

As their Instagram started to gain more popularity, the ideas and messages the twins posted about began to change. "It definitely grew from just being about food and cafes [and] creating our own slices and stuff, but it's more than that now. It's more about making sure people have someone to follow that isn't too intense," said Emily. For Sophie, it's about making sure people enjoy what they eat. "Everyone has different ideas of being healthy, and we're trying to show how we personally eat. But just because we do this doesn't mean everyone else has to. You can feel okay with eating normal things without the guilt and eat what you want and enjoy it."

“Eat in a way that makes you happy and don’t cut out foods for the sake of it. Enjoy what you eat.”



Emily and Sophie post a variety of content. As they love sweet treats, a lot of their recipes include how to make raw slices and healthy desserts. Being students, they also emphasise the importance of having a balanced diet while studying. The twins have started to post their

weekly food budget, which Sophie hopes can show others that shopping healthy doesn't have to be too expensive. Emily believes, "There're definitely misconceptions about student diets; everyone expects you just to eat two-minute noodles. I think it's hopefully changing and people are trying to be more creative and make things more balanced".

For both Emily and Sophie, food is only one major key to health and wellness. Exercise plays an important role in the twins' daily lives. Both Sophie and Emily are currently training to be instructors at Les Mills, with Sophie teaching BodyAttack and Emily teaching BodyBalance. For Emily, balancing the right amount of exercise and healthy eating is fundamental. "Balance is such a key theme for us. Just being able to exercise and eat healthy, but also exercising for your brain and mentality and not being so strict on yourself."

Being twins makes the process of running the account together difficult at times. "It's hard as we're always being compared to each other not only on Instagram but in our regular lives," said

Sophia. Emily agreed, "It's important to remind myself that we're separate people".

As Emily and Sophie finish their degrees in Psychology and Food Science respectively, the future of the Tasty Twins is still unclear. Sophie said, "It's going to be difficult since we don't know what we'll be doing next year, and we don't know where we'll be. But no matter what we'll still keep posting". For now, they both want to try and make their message clear.

"Live your life with balance. Exercise for the right reasons, so both mentally and not just physically. Eat in a way that makes you happy and don't cut out foods for the sake of it. Enjoy what you eat."

You can follow Emily and Sophie on Instagram: [@tasty.twinss](https://www.instagram.com/@tasty.twinss)





A SHITFEST ON WHEELS

I went for a ride on Te Roopū Māori's Party Bus

By **Tukukino Royal**

Soon the days of being acceptably trashed on a bus will be gone. According to my shit sources (Whatu and Zaine), these shitfests on wheels may be served the same fate as law camp. For years Te Roopū Māori (TRM, the Māori Students' Association) have been running their bus trips in secret, away from the prying eyes of the Clock Tower and its henchman. Last Friday was no exception, a bus full of nitro-fueled hamps, 6 stops and five hours of Tour by Macky Gee playing on repeat. Was I in The Good Place?

Literally hundreds of people try to acquire tickets every year to this event and only 40 lucky little kiddies get to ride the shitfest on wheels. Mostly run by the current Exec, the night is mainly watching all your mates go from leaders of the future to dusty tarts in a matter of hours.

After a few dirty funnels and a couple shots of Jägermeister, I was ready to enter the home of

the first year mouth breathers, Starters. The task was simple, compete in a dusty tower boat race and don't look like you can't handle your liquor, easy right? Yeah nah, two stops later and I'm flat on my ass in the middle of Unity Park looking for my shoes after losing my box in the bushes and rolling like a higglytown hero down the hillside.

At the strike of 11 we were dropped in the middle of the Octagon, within minutes I passed out watching Josh Smythe fire dancing. I felt like I had literally come down in the world, as I haphazardly got into a taxi and headed home to vomit out yet another successful mystery bus.

Hei aha a Waitaha ki a hāhuru?
Tuahine
Nā wai a Waitaha i ārahi?
Ngā Tohorā
Kei hea te wāhi i u ai a Waitaha?

Otara Muturangi

Inā hea a Takitimu i whai i ngā Tohorā?

Whai muri i te āwha

Ko wai te tohunga o Takitimu?

He aha tāna mahi ki Te Māhia?

He whakatō i ngā pakake

I a Tainui e haere mai ana, ka ahatia ngā ngaru e te Tohorā?

Nā te aha te tohunga i tango ai i tetahi o ona makawē?

Hei tohu i tana tiaki i te wak^a

Nā te aha tēnei tikanga i puta mai ai?

"It's a
Tuesday
thing"

\$2 CHURROS
Every Tuesday in April

Upgrades available, go hard or go home
Limit one per person. Terms and conditions apply.



KETAMINE

You are a friend. A somewhat confusing friend. Your effect brings me everything and nothing, both the riddle and the answer for every question I never asked. You are different every time and every line, but in all these differences I find one similarity. The feeling I was searching for.

Two big lines act as my ticket for the ride I've ridden a hundred times. Today I don't want the beginner's course. I plummet in a masterclass and I hope I plummet hard.

I lie on my bed, the room is dark. Darkness blocks distractions. Waiting for the first wave to hit. I close my eyes and calm down, I know exactly what's coming. First the warmth, then the shapes, then the lights, then the confusion, then the nothingness. And here it comes, I am off. Hello, my friend.

A box replaces my room I was just in. It's bigger than anything I've ever seen. I am still myself but I'm not where I was a minute ago. Has it been a minute? Where am I if not in my room? "Is this my room?" I see myself think the question but receive no answer. I see where I am, but how can I when my eyes are closed. My thoughts are projected onto my eyelids with stroboscope lights. Bright flashes filled with geometric patterns.

I am in complete control.

A vivid lucid dream I have induced. The ceiling starts to move down. Maybe the box is shrinking or maybe I am floating up. Is the room spinning or am I? Who can tell at this point. "Am I moving?" I see myself think the question but receive no answer. Doesn't matter. I didn't come here for answers. It's too late for answers, anyway. My mind turns and I fall. I fall fast and deep to the center of the dream.

To the center of my mind. My thoughts pass me as I fall down. Or is the world moving up? I can't tell.

I am in control.

I am still me but I don't know where I am. The room is long gone. I am inside my mind, in the middle of my thoughts. I am lost and I am exactly where I want to be. I am falling deeper and harder. Floating through the geometric world. The patterns flash before me, around me, inside me. My vision is gone, but I see everything more clearly than ever before. I become one with the patterns. I am part of the dream. I am the dream.

I have lost control.

I am no more. I am inside my mind and that's all there is. I have left the reality I once knew behind. Reality was never real in the first place. We are one. We are confused by a full understanding of everything. We are the molecule and the universe

at once. We are everything and nothing. If questions would exist, we would be the answer to each one of them. What we are doesn't matter, what matters most is that we are in motion. Everything moves. Synchronized. Everything aligns and is part of the same flow. Ride it out, follow the flow. I am the flow. There is no reality, there is no time, there is no more me.

I am slowing down.

The flashes become less bright, the patterns less complex, I start to remember an understanding of the reality I once knew. I am human. I remember my name. That's a start. I see the box around my room as I float towards it. Float inside it. I look down on my bed and see my body. I need that for later, so remember where it is. Try and open my eyes and see what happens. Patterns flashing on the ceiling. The stroboscope is still on. I am in my room. I am me again. On my bed, like I never left. An hour has past in this world, while an eternity happened in the previous one.

The ride is over.

Goodbye, friend.



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Crusty Corner Cafe



Crusty Corner Cafe



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Too Ruff Too Tuff: Dunedin's Bootleg Toy Maker

Abram Hunter has always been drawn to sci-fi and fantasy, and has been a collector of toys and action figures his whole life. But being a collector while studying is no cheap thrill, given the amount of money that figures can cost. He was at a crossroads. "Do I want to be one of those dudes who fills out a whole man cave with action figures, or do I want to do something with it? I thought 'fuck it, might as well smash some up and make rip offs.'"

Under the name Too Ruff Too Tuff, Abram started to make his own bootleg toys out of his parents' basement in 2017. Now after making over 100 toys, Abram has his own studio space, and an upcoming exhibition of his products.

"Pop culture like Star Wars and comic books were my first proper love; it's all shared nostalgia and that's communicated in material culture. I like doing it, I've always wanted to do it, and once I knew you could that's when I got really motivated." By using parts of other toys to create his own, Abram creates subversive toys that twist recognised nostalgia and pop culture. Abram was able to find out the proper techniques to create his own toys online. "I always knew there were people making bootleg toys, so I kept my eye out for particular creators. I realised I could do it better than some of the people making them. So I learnt how to make moulds from Instagram and jewellers."

Although it has been a long process with a lot of refining, Abram's toy making skills have grown exponentially. Each toy is made with a silicone and resin mixture for the mould, and finished with hand-painted detailing and self-designed packaging. His toys have grown from being simply moulded derivates of other toys to original detailed toys with moving and detachable parts. But to Abram the most important part of each toy is its backstory. "I really like the idea of a backstory and I try to describe it through the packaging and using quotes on my Instagram. This is my way of telling a fucked up story, with the end goal to make a world which they all exist in." Each toy is interconnected with the others; they're all fighting on a tranquil planet, within a universe Abram and a childhood friend created in intermediate.

Some of Abram's most recent works include "Single Wolf Dad," "Void Viper," and "The Robot



Each toy is interconnected with the others; they're all fighting on a tranquil planet

That Could Not Love". These works were featured in the [In]Action Figure 7 exhibition at the Clutter Gallery in New York, after Abram was approached by fellow toy makers through Instagram. "The aim of the exhibition was to elevate pop art, street art and bootleg toy making into an art form, and making some money and respect. It was such a crazy experience." Now, Abram is hosting his own show at the XXX/YYY gallery here in Dunedin, which is still a hard concept for him to grasp. "For ages I haven't thought of it as art, but now it's weird that I'm having an art show; it's gotten ahead of itself. My family are all artists, and it's

cool I get to be a part of this in my own way. I mean, how are my toys different to a sculpture? But in saying that, I don't classify myself an artist."

For Abram, the future holds making more bootleg toys, as well as his own originals. But at the end of the day, the joy in toy making lies in the nostalgia. "I wasn't alive when most of these toys came out, but I receive most of that nostalgia. It's not my nostalgia, but these are mine and they didn't exist without me. I'm engaging with a vague idea of what someone else's nostalgia was."

"At the end of the day I want to tell a story with

them all. In the long run I take it quite seriously, but now it's about the fun. I want everyone to have a good time".

You can see Abram's toys and purchase them at his show Astral Assault at XXX/YYY gallery, on 407 Princes St from Sunday the 31st. Otherwise, you can follow Abram on Instagram at @**too_ruff_too_tuff_**.

Photography: Aiman Amerul Muner



"I thought 'fuck it, might as well smash some up and make rip offs'"

Ko Roimata, ko Hūpē ngā kaiutu i ngā patu a Aituā

By Tama Tū

Kua heke iho a Roimata rāua ko Hūpē, kātahi ka puawai te aroha ki runga i te whenua nei. Ehara i te mea, he māmā noa te wiki kua pāhure mai nei. E tahaina ana āna kino, āna hūngeingei, āna mauāhara e Hātana i waenganui i te hunga ora. Kāore e kore, kei te whakaae tātou ki ngā whakaaro kino, ki ngā kupu kino, ki ngā mahi kino. Heoi anō, i rangona te mauri o te manaaki, o te tiaki, o te āio o te whakaminenga ki Forsyth Barr. Ka mau te wēhi! Kei te tangi tōku ngākau ki te kite i te manomano e whakatuku ana i ngā mate o Ōtautahi.

Nō reira, me pēhea tātou e pakeke anō mai o tātou hāpori? Ae, kaua hei whiu ā kōrero kino ki ngā Muhirama, ki ngā Haina, ki ngā kiripango. Heoi, ka aha atu? E kī ana a Haeata. E toru ngā mea, ngā mea nunui.

- a. Kaupapa (purpose, aim, goal)
- b. Tikanga (rituals of encounter, guidelines, protocols)
- c. Kawa (principles, values, morals, ethics)

Kaupapa: Ūhia mai ki tētahi kaupapa e whakakotahi ai tātou. Kei te whāia ngā hononga whakautuutu ki ngā tāngata, ki te whenua, ki te Atua e mātou ko ūku hoa, arā, e aro atu ana mātou ki te kaupapa o te manaakitanga.

Tikanga: mā hea tātou e haere ai ki te kaupapa? Whakaritea ō tikanga kia ārahi ai tātou.

Ānei ō mātou tikanga i raro i te manaakitanga.

1. Kei te tunu kai maatou maa mātou anō, kei te horoia ngā paruparu ki roto i ō mātou whare, kei te whakatikatika ō mātou kupu.
2. Tiakina te whenua e takoto mai nei ki te mahi māra, ki te whakatō rākau, ki te rapu kaimoana.
3. Whakakaha ana i ō mātou taha wairua ki te inoi i mua i te kai, ki te haere ki ngā whare kārakia, ki te whāngai i ngā momo kai hei oranga mō ō mātou tinana, wairua anō hoki.

Kawa: Whakataketongia ō kawa hei taunaki i ngā tikanga me te kaupapa. Koinei ētahi tauira ō mātou: āio, aroha, tiaki, manaaki, whanaunga, whakapapa. Ehara i te mea nō ināinei ēnei kawa. Nā te Atua i tuku iho mai ki a mātou ngā tāngata katoa.

Nō reira, rarangahia tō tira ki te aroha, ki te whakapono, ki te rangimārie. Arahina mai tātou ki te kaupapa kōtahi kia whakatau ai te maungarongo ki te whenua.

HOROSCOPES



Aquarius Jan 20 – Feb 18

Powerful energies will come from within you late in this week and you will give yourself bangs or a new piercing or change to a humanities degree.

This week's Amazon E-book: Unbelievable 100% Real Time Demo of Making 100% Gain Per Year from Stock Market is Going on in Face Book. By Rabin Kumar Ghosh. \$116.79.



Aries Mar 21 – Apr 19

Uranus has prolapsed; a dog will chase you home.

This week's Amazon E-book: Military Bratz Collection: I Miss My Dad. By Jhoskesia Manigault and Hedrick McBride. \$3.99.



Gemini May 21 - Jun 20

Powerful energies midweek could inspire you to exclaim to your gullible friend "TWO DOLLAR TUESDAY!" and watch them get really excited and then really sad because it's Wednesday and they're stupid.

This week's Amazon E-book: Handsome Sentient Food Pounds My Butt and Turns Me Gay. By Dr Chuck Tingle. \$5.99.



Leo July 23 – Aug 22

Try to get to your 9am this week. Mars has moved into Gemini, and, you guessed it, the lecture won't be recorded due to technical difficulties.

This week's Amazon E-book: Complement & Cuddle: The Beta Male Method To Getting Laid (Single). By Roosh Vorek. \$6.99.



Libra Sept 23 - Oct 22

This week you will experience an ailment and consider going to student health. You know the rule, 3 is the magic number. Wait until two more things really hurt before making the call. You're not made of money.

This week's Amazon E-book: Why Wash Your Hands? (Whimsical Rhyming Bedtime Story/Picture Book About Valuing Your Hands). By Sally Huss. \$2.99.



Sagittarius Nov 22 - Dec 21

It's time to beautify your room and really make it feel like home. Decorate it with things that really scream "you". Perhaps a string of fairy lights along the wall, and, ooh, a photo board.

This week's Amazon E-book: Cheese Problems Solved. By P. L. H. McSweeney. \$244.22.



Pisces Feb 19 - Mar 20

With Venus having moved into your sign last week, you are currently very fertile. Please use 2x protection.

This week's Amazon E-book: Chosen by a Horse: How a Broken Horse Fixed a Broken Heart. By Susan Richards. \$4.98.



Taurus Apr 20 – May 20

This is a nerve-wracking time for you and your beau. Venus is moving into your social sector and you need to introduce your new secret love to your close friends. Little do they know, the answer has been right in front of them this whole time. Or, at least from 10 to 10:50am on Wednesdays.

This week's Amazon E-book: Gay Bigfoot: A Mouthful of Sasquatch. By Jack Leatherman. \$2.99.



Cancer Jun 21 – July 22

Today's planetary alignments will allow your natural talents to shine through. If you are in a new relationship, now is the time to show off those magic tricks you've been working on, ideally during a romantic dinner out. If you are not in a relationship, go to the karaoke bar and sing, sing, sing.

This week's Amazon E-book: Castration: The Advantages and the Disadvantages. By Victor T. Cheney. \$18.95.



Virgo Aug 23 - Sept 22

You may be feeling a difficult internal conflict today, Virgo. Flip a coin. Heads for samosa, tails for rice ball. Also, clear your calendar, Virgo; this Thursday is International Speak Like an Italian Day for Virgos.

This week's Amazon E-book: 50 Ways to Use Feminine Products in a Manly Manner. By B. Koz. \$3.95.



Scorpio Oct 23 – Nov 21

This week you will get inspired to bring your own lunch. Make it a fun routine by coordinating your meal days, e.g. Marmite Sandwich Monday, Tin of Tuna Tuesday, Whoops I Forgot My Lunch Wednesday, Three Slices of Plain Bread Thursday, and Fries Leftover from Last Night's Macca's Run Friday.

This week's Amazon E-book: Big-Stamp Two-Toes the Barefoot Giant: Spring Tales of Tiptoes Lightly. By Reg Down. \$9.95.



Capricorn Dec 22 – Jan 19

The cosmos encourages you to hold off on getting a dog. Your time will come, Capricorn, but now is not that time.

This week's Amazon E-book: Microwave Recipes For One. By Annette Yates. \$0.00.

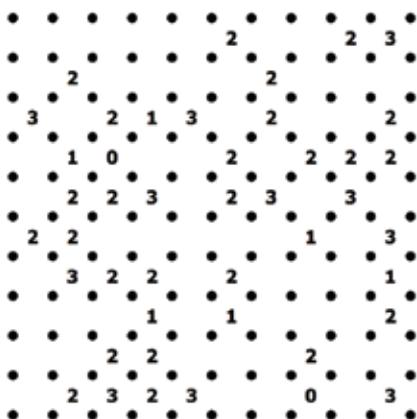
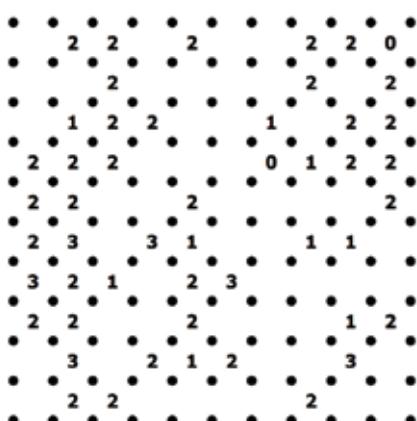
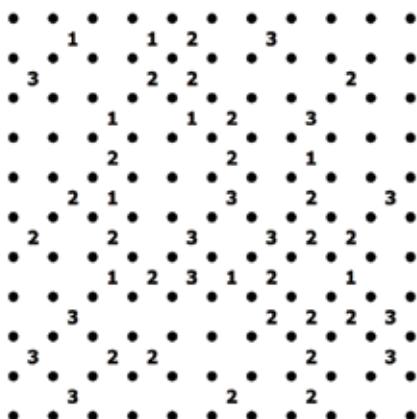


HOP TEN

Conspiracy Theories About Harlene Hayne

1. That her alter ego is rapper Charlene Chainz.
2. That her last name is actually spelt Haynes.
3. Harlene is actually from Canada.
4. Her first name is actually Vada (according to Wikipedia this is her first name. Seriously, look it up).
5. She personally founded the discipline of Psychology.
6. Harlene donates all of her salary to Otago Uni scholarships.
7. Dave Scott is actually her son.
8. She is a vegan but only for the aesthetic.
9. She still uses an old school Nokia phone.
10. She's the one who knocks over your rubbish bins on a Saturday night.

pUZZLES



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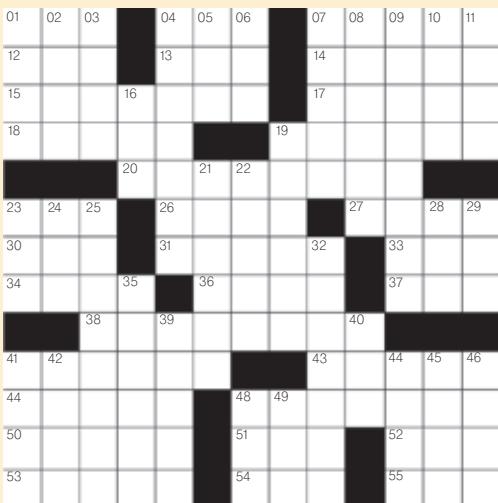
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ARROSS

1. Rhyming boxer
4. Sis's sib
7. Sings alone
12. Time unit (abbr.)
13. Yet, Poetically
14. Moved upward
15. Gardening implement
16. Ready for use
18. Cave dweller
20. Singer Willie _____
21. US Natives
25. Matrimonial
26. Domesticated
30. Blade part
31. Dunk
33. Rod's companion
34. Loch _____ monster
35. High military rank
37. Saint Paul's state
39. Mob scene participant
43. Sneaky shape
44. Removed clothing

ARROSS

1. "You there!"
4. Cheerleader' shout
7. Epsom _____
12. Bride's vow (2 wds)
13. Get by
14. Goodbye, in Paris
15. Motorcycle adjunct
17. Lugged
18. Gaze steadily
19. Pet
20. 747, e.g.
23. _____ loss for words
(2wds)
26. Physical discomfort
27. Humorist _____ Barry
30. Negative word
31. Laid bathroom
33. Paving material
34. Revolving _____
36. Identical
37. Vane letters
38. Treat with drugs
41. Sailor
43. Hen's perch
47. Musician _____ John
48. Grove products
50. Upper crust
51. CBS rival
52. Track circuit
53. Marathons, e.g.
54. First Aid _____
55. Raised railways
- DOWN**
16. Distinctive period
19. Movie house
21. Dried grape
22. Purple flower
23. Common conjunction
24. As well as
25. Fragrant
28. Movers' vechicle
29. Poetic "before"
32. Divert
35. Far off
39. Copenhagen natives
40. Long period
41. Clairvoyant person
42. Jazz's _____ Fitzgerald
44. Eye suggestively
45. Embossed emblem
46. Recipe measures (abbr.)
48. Hardwood tree
49. Baseball stat


ARROSS

- W./ JOEL C AND JESSIE JONES
Starters Bar
8pm
- HOOT - 'HEARTBURN'
EP RELEASE
W./ NEIVE STRANG BAND
Dog with Two Tails
Free Entry
8pm
- LAWRENCE ARABIA'S SINGLES
CLUB ALBUM RELEASE
The Cook
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz
8.30pm.
- SKINNY HOBOS - LUCIFER TOUR
W./ CORIDIAN AND KOIZILLA
U-bar
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.
7pm

- LEE MVTTHEWS
TOUR

- w./ Koizilla and Lacuna.
The Cook
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.
8pm.
- PEARL STREET AND PHIL
CORFIELD BAND
Dundee Folk Club
7pm.
\$10
- SATURDAY 6TH APRIL**
- NZSO PRESENTS ENIGMA
Featuring pianist Joyce Yang performing Brahms, Richard Strauss, and Elgar with conductor Edo De Waart
Dundee Town Hall
Tickets from nzso.co.nz.
7:30pm.
- SUNDAY 7TH APRIL**
- WOMEN IN HARMONY
AQUAPELLA CONCERT
Dundee Folk Club
7.30pm
\$10 members / \$15 non-members



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FOR MORE INFO

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

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RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS:
QUIZ NIGHT WITH
JAMIE GREEN
Starters Bar
6 - 8pm.
Get the crew together and sign up at Starters on the night. Spaces are limited so get in early. There will be giveaways on the night!

AN EVENING OF BIG BAND JAZZ
Featuring The Big Bad Big Band (from Logan Park High School) and the Dunedin City Jazz Orchestra with Calder Prescott.
Logan Park High School Auditorium
Entry by donation to raise funds for the Big Bad Big Band's upcoming tour to Australia.
7:30pm

THURSDAY 4TH APRIL

FINN ANDREWS (THE VEILS)
W./ REB FOUNTAIN
Hanover Hall
Tickets from banishedmusic.com
All ages
8pm

FRIDAY 5TH APRIL

LAWRENCE ARABIA'S SINGLES
CLUB ALBUM RELEASE
The Cook
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz
8.30pm.

SKINNY HOBOS - LUCIFER TOUR
W./ CORIDIAN AND KOIZILLA
U-bar
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.
7pm



HOW TO BE A LESS SHIT COOK

The **ULTIMATE TOAST TIME TOASTED SANDWICH**

By **Gordon Oliver**

Toast time is a sacred ritual, a time-honoured tradition dedicated to wasting time while you pretend you're looking at those CHEM191 notes.

150 years ago when Otago University was founded, the dark wizard Salazar Selwyn concocted the ULTIMATE toast time toasted sandwich. Fearing the power he could wield with this new weapon, the other Hall founders banished Selwyn to the harsh wastelands of South Dunedin.

Several years ago after getting on the wrong bus I found myself wandering through an abandoned industrial estate as the light was fading. Underneath an old hot water cylinder I found a small trunk containing a toasted sandwich, still warm to the touch. As I took the first bite I knew what it meant to be at complete peace.

While I chewed that sandwich time ceased to exist and became a golden flowing liquid, which merged with the sunlight, forming a substance of pure energy.

I believe that what I ate was the blueprint for Selwyn's secret sandwich. When I awoke I found the walls of my dorm room covered in scrawlings in my own hand. It took many attempts to try and recreate the recipe, but I believe I have come the closest us mortals can achieve, using only the ingredients you can get at toast time.

Grab two slices of bread. If you can nab some fruit bread, this will lead to a pretty dank sandwich.

Slather margarine or butter on one side of each piece and slap some peanut butter on the other side.

Grab a banana and slice it into rounds and top one of the bread slices with it. Finally get some runny honey and drizzle it over the banana. Close the sandwich and whack it in a toasted sandwich maker. Grill until properly browned. If you've done it right the banana will have lost some of its shape and be kind of mushy.

This sandwich requires a tall glass of milk to wash it down with. You might be tempted to try and have a hot chocolate with this, but the human body can only take so much of a beating. Trust me, I learned the hard way.

A couple of these sandwiches and you'll be sure to achieve your fresher fifteen.





Fat Bird Sauvignon Blanc

By Sinkpiss Plath

Whilst you fuckers are losing your shit over NZ Bird of the Year, the real bird of the year was here all along, tucked nimbly in the aisles of your common supermarket. Fat Bird Sauvignon Blanc is a weapon, an icon, a twinkle in your father's eye.

Do you have commitment issues? Are you a sweaty, gross human being that feels terrified at the thought of intimacy with another sweaty, gross human being? Well, Fat Bird says "I love you" without words. It shows your partner that hey, they might not be better than your ex-girlfriend but they're better than Clearskin. Let's face it, we're all better than Clearskin. Apart from those people who give me filthy looks in lectures for going on Facebook. Yeah, go fuck yourselves.

With a crisp, comforting note of citrus and whatever the fuck else goes in white wine, Fat Bird is drinkable. That's about it, but fuck, is that a hard ask these days. I was beginning to think that vineyards were mixing bleach with grapes (if so, up the bleach dosage please: I have a 40% assignment due this week).

We can all relate to the idea of Fat Bird; as that annoying girl on your Facebook newsfeed would say: "Honestly, same". A bird – that's fat? Everyone's put on winter weight, it's okay babe. The gentle curves and caresses of that supple bird body calls to me, begging me to bury my face in its feathery chest. Fat bird, I want your folds, I want your stretch marks, I want your plump booty. I want you, I want all of you. Screw using a condom, I want to feel you inside me.

Taste Rating: 9/11. Never forget.

Froth Level: A non-toxic, healthy relationship where you both grow as individuals and better each other.

Pairs well with: Making love with the lights on, reassuring your partner that their body is beautiful, wholesome memes.

Tasting notes: The comforting, tingling smell of used underwear. You know you secretly love it.

STARTERS
WHAT'S GOOD

- WED:** QUIZ NIGHT
UNDER THE COVERS: THE SHITZ | 8PM - 12PM
- THUR:** ANYTHING BUT CLOTHES (ABC)
BIN LINERS CAN BE DRESSES TOO | 8PM - 12PM
- FRI:** BASS 101: LEE MVTTHEWS
W/ JOEL.C AND JESSIE JONES | 8PM - 1AM
- SAT:** HEAT 006: JACK BERRY & FRIENDS
SUPPORT FROM GA\$ PRODUCTIONS | 9PM - 1AM



MAMACITA
TAQUERIA

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

STEVE

Turning up to a restaurant which I didn't even know existed, I had no idea what to expect for the night. After being shown to my table and having to wait over 10 minutes all I could think was I've been stood up, feel like pure shit, just want Sarah back. But eventually my date turned up and we ordered from the (far from exotic-looking) menu. After a while of talking about our experiences overseas and our family pride, someone caught my attention through the corner of my eye. Looking out the window you won't believe the sight I saw. At first I recognised his face and thought is that an old teacher, but no. It wasn't until after a few seconds I realised who it was. It was the gaffer, the boss, the big man himself, Stevie boy. Walking up the street looking a little off balance, there was Steve Hansen with a chicka under each arm. This weapon of a man had been watching too much mother daughter on the good ol' hub, he's thought "righto, Imma hit up dirty Dunders and grab me a fresher and her mum". Unfortunately this experience was the most exciting thing to happen for me that night. The chat was so good we were the last people to leave the restaurant, but sadly an early meeting the following morning meant I had to end the night prematurely. One day I strive to be as big as Steven and not need to rely on a blind date to find love.

SHONA

It was beige sex, no hair pulling, no choking and certainly nothing that made me want to yell daddy and dig my nails in his back. He pulled the classic 'horror movie' card, which somehow always seems to work, and we got snuggled in. Lads listen up, if you're going to make a girl watch a shitty horror movie don't make her watch the entire thing without touching her pussy, get amongst that shit early on because no one really wants to watch Carrie in a strangers bed that smells like coffee cause he lives too close to the Greggs Factory.

After the 100 awkward minutes of movie and no action, to say my expectations were dwindling would be an understatement. We then moved on to a bit of a spoon and as I felt his package growing, there was a tug at my shorts. Here it was, finally, some attention where it's due. No. He was just resting his hand there while I got my vertical bump and grind on. It was time to take it up a notch, and with a very graceful manoeuvre, I had cock in my mouth. Starting slowly, I kissed down one thigh and up the other until I was right by his balls, sucking each one. I licked from the base of his dick right to the tip, looking into his eyes as I took his entire length in my mouth. After deciding that I would have to take the reins on this I eased myself down and went to town. A little too ambitiously one might say because my ride was over before it had even really begun. At which point, he pulled out, shot his load into the back of my throat, rolled over and went to sleep.

Fast-forward two years and he was not the guy I was expecting to see waiting for me at Mamacitas. Moreover, I thought he would at least remember me and not pretend we'd never met. Well played Blind Date, well played.

Thanks for the wine and dine Critic, but do we think I could try again considering it's not a blind date if you've already slept with the guy?

**\$50 COUPLES
DEAL**

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

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
TAQUERIA

Vol Moaningful Confessions

Strap on your motherfucking dildos because do we have a story for you.

Back-track to Flo-week, my mate and I were ready to lower our standards and fuck anyone in a Patagonia shirt. Luckily for us, a group of our mates brought down a Patagonia poster boy for the week and you've never seen two girls graft harder in your life I swear to god.

Set the scene; we're on Castle Street after white party, and my mate gets a sneaky "wot u 2 doing" text. First of all, terrible grammar; second of all, yes.

Keep in mind, this was our second rodeo together this week and this man had a big storm coming. Got him back to ours, now to the sex.

Man didn't know how to use his hips, but that's okay cos he was cute af. Got thrown around from taking turns with him on top, to both getting hammered

from behind, to our party trick; one of us sucking him off while the other sucking the ol' testes. Works a treat, ladies take note.

Not gonna lie; best part for us was sitting on the other side of the bed doing shit all, having a wee break and checking Tinder. Then to the grand finale because this was starting to drag on and we were keen to head back to Castle. Hitting me from behind wasn't working fast enough (good though, thanks babe), so to speed up the process my mate started choking and dirty talking me and it made him cum faster than Josh Smythe sliding into your dm's.

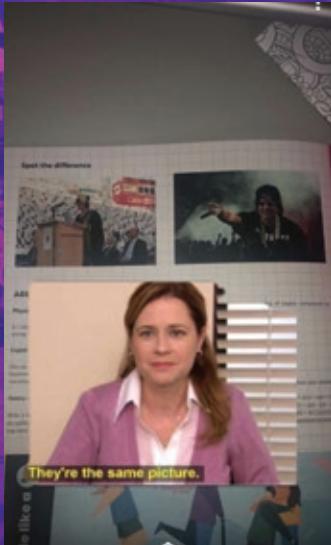
You're welcome for the "best night of your life", love from your local non-lesbian lesbians xoxoxo

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

Snap crack and popple us!



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



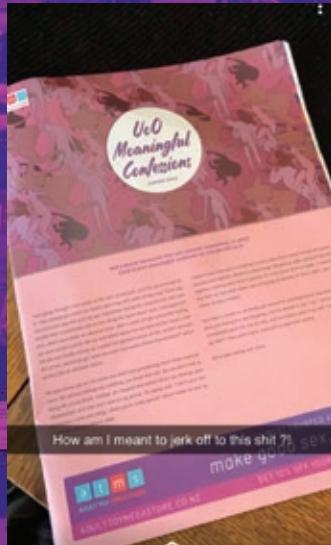
They're the same picture.



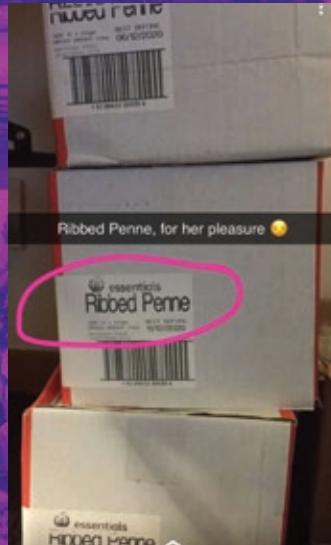
25/03/19

post office was closed so had to get creative with this envelope

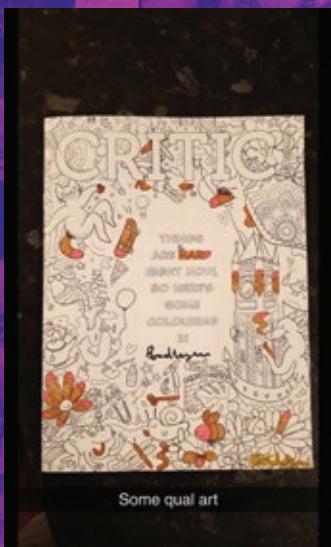
thanks critic



How am I meant to jerk off to this shit?!



Ribbed Penne, for her pleasure 😊



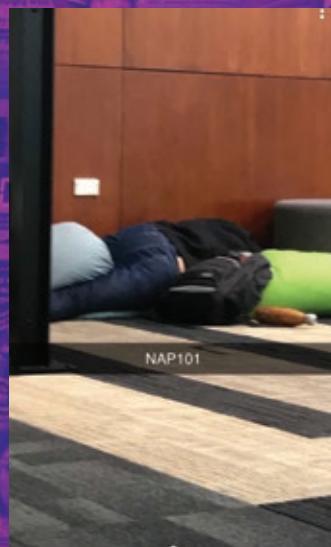
Some qual art



The biggest shlong I've seen all year



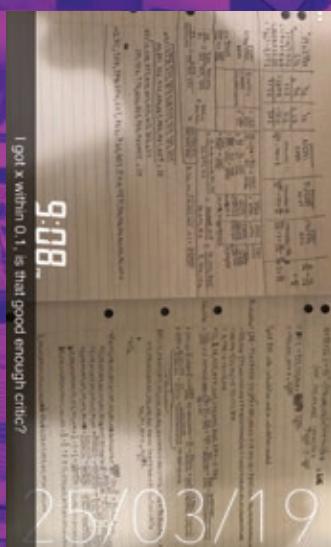
When you're day 97 on the rark



NAP101



is this what you wanted Critic!! So long to hours of study time :-(
CHAT



25/03/19



Critic is giving me body image issues,
my dick looks wrong



Muesli
Toasted
45626
Mushrooms
WHITE BUTT
Me tho

Feeling attacked
45630
Onions Bag
1.5kg

President's Column



السلام عليكم

As the dust begins to settle and things return to "normal"...it is important to remember that we get to decide what that normal gets to be. The events of on the 15th March are still fresh in our minds but, as we begin to go forward, it's important not to forget our commitments to work towards an inclusive and loving community.

The aroha sparked from tragedy cannot be snuffed out by complacency.

Here at OUSA we're starting to look at how we can bring our communities, from all walks of life, together over the coming months and we encourage you to do the same. The day of writing this article I've had meetings with brilliant students wanting to organise concerts around diversity and food drives for our recent refugees - let's keep them coming, let's keep on the same page, and let's keep going forward. There's also no rush. There is no end date.

"I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

- Maya Angelou

This week we've also started to see responses building from Critic Te Arohi piece into Sexual Assaults in Knox College. As this story begins to develop, it's important for me to emphasize that OUSA is a voice and support for all our students – we are here. Critic Te Arohi has started a wider conversation that our community needs to have and we are here to empower, but not take away from, the voices of our students.

This week I will be reaching out to leaders in our community to work out how OUSA can continue to work towards making our campus a safe place for all. We also can't, and don't want to, do this alone - so reach out to me or Kerrin, our Welfare Officer, if you want to get involved or share your thoughts. I also encourage any students to reach out to our Student Support team – they are trained, anonymous, independent, understanding, and ready to be there for our students.

This is what OUSA is here for.

Need support? Come in and see us or email us: help@ousa.org.nz

James X

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

THURSDAY 11TH APRIL, 12-2PM

QUEEREST TEA PARTY

12:00 - 13:20: CUPCAKE DECORATING COMPETITION

13:30: JUDGING/PRIZES

Raising the profile of Queer identities and culture on campus.



ousa | queer* support

MARKET DAY!

Wednesday 3rd April
Union Lawn | 10am-3pm

Apply for a stall at
<https://www.ousa.org.nz/events/market-day>

ousa

