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ARTWEEK

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LETTERS

University Book Shop
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EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ ——— LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK

To the Editor

I am writing in response to the article Student Reports "Outrageous Abortion Experience" published in the Critic 23/4/22 about 'Grace's' experience of trying to get an abortion at Dunedin Hospital. I want to express my concern for 'Grace' who clearly had a traumatic abortion journey and to provide context about how abortion care is provided in New Zealand and why urgent change is needed.

The Abortion Legislation Act 2020 decriminalised abortion changing the way abortion care could be provided. Abortion can be provided by a range of suitably qualified health practitioners. Thus abortion could legally be available from your practice nurse, midwife or family doctor. Under 20 weeks a person can have an abortion with no reason. However, as there has been no change in funding there have been minimal changes to the predominately siloed abortion services.

'Grace' describes trying to access her abortion through the gynaecology service at Dunedin hospital. The abortion service is a separate service. Many gynaecologists lack training in abortion care. The Royal Australian New Zealand College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists only made abortion a compulsory part of specialist training in December 2019. International literature demonstrates a lack of abortion education in undergraduate health practitioner degrees. These factors have resulted in abortion being segregated rather than an integral part of healthcare.

People living in the Otago Region seeking an abortion or who want to talk about their options can contact the abortion service at Dunedin Hospital directly on 0800 TOPSDHB (0800 867 7342).

Hi Critic,

Just wanted to write in a bit of encouragement after reading that UoO post about Critic being Whinge Central. This is my fourth year in this ungodly establishment and I, for one, am decently impressed with the balance being struck this year between artsy stuff/shitposting/actual investigative journalism. I particularly enjoyed last week's issue. Dunedin gig venues in verse? Fantastic. Rating the showers? Inspired! Code for a free vibrator? Simply, amazing.

My only request would be up the art, please. I remember clamouring to see the centre fold page and now there are just some leaves/slug looking things on my wall. Apart from that, good mahi this year Critic – don't let the haters get you down!

Cheers, Critic of the Critic Critic

Designer's note: Please note most of our centrefold art is submitted by local independent artists, who we work hard to support. That said, my inbox is always open! Feel free to send your art submissions to teched@critic.co.nz.

Dear Critic,

In-person lectures are starting up again, however I won't be attending. This isn't out of laziness, but because I am living with an immunocompromised family member. The University has decided that mask wearing will be optional either out of apathy or blatant ignorance for how masks actually work. While I am able to catch up on recordings this week my concerns remain. We continue to gaslight ourselves by thinking that we are "going back to normal" when people are dying every day in this country. Experts have forecast that more people will die, too. There was already an issue about accessibility before the pandemic with the availability of recordings. Many lecturers failed to understand that there are students who aren't upper middle-class yuppies.

Even before the cost of living crisis, some students relied on recordings for University because of commitments such as part time work to support themselves. Therefore, it's not a massive leap in logic to think that future availability of recordings isn't a certainty. While the OUSA is allegedly a "union", they do not advocate for stricter Covid protocols, despite it being in the students' best interests. If the University continues to be complacent about implementing the most measures like mask wearing, tertiary education in the future may only be for the privileged and able-bodied. During this time, we should try to be mindful of the students in our community who won't be able to attend live lectures, and for God's sake, wear a mask.

Sincerely, H.

Dear Critic,

We desperately need some updates to the map in University of Otago and surrounding areas. As a regular pedestrian NPC that roams randomly, there are just not enough footpaths to get to some of the programmed destinations. Having previously walked to Portobello with another pedestrian NPC, we decided the next destination and part of the map to explore would be Mosgiel. Obviously, we could use the fast travel network, but this means many Easter eggs are missed and is a waste of important resources. So we checked the map to see how long it would take and set off. We were about three quarters of the way there when something truly disastrous occurred. At first, I thought it was just something wrong with my render distance settings, but as we approached, it became clear. The designated track just ended. There was simply no way to safely travel further on the journey. Please convey this message to the developers so they update the map quickly.

Thanks, Frustrated pedestrian NPC.

Ps: Anyone know how to complete the "Find love" achievement? I have had a constant struggle with it.

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY
12 MAY

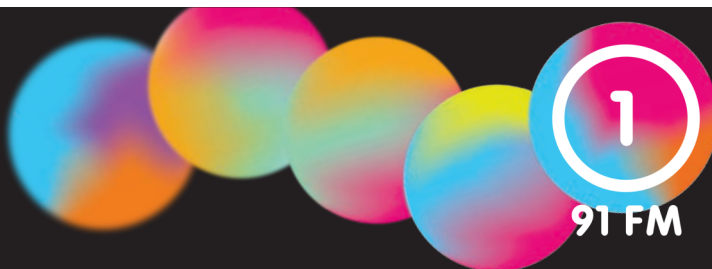
Sam Bamberg and Neive Strang
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

FRIDAY
13 MAY

Robots In Love
INCH BAR
8:30PM / KOHA ENTRY

Imperial Slave - Vinyl Release Tour
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Dance for Ukraine feat. Jamie Green,
Lucy, Sio, M2MYU, RADAR, Bass
Intrusion, & Oblisk
DIVE
9PM
Tickets from humanitix.com with
proceeds going to the UNICEF & Red
Cross Appeals for Ukraine



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Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary: info@mediacouncil.org.nz



Editorial: What is Art, Really?

By Fox Meyer

Someone once told me that art is like porn: you know it when you see it. And I think that's true.

Of course, art is subjective. You might not like it, even if other people do. Most of our art comes from our art team, and quite a bit of it comes from student submissions, who want to see their work printed and celebrated. This magazine is a great way for local artists to do that, and you're always welcome to submit your work to teched@critic.co.nz - Art Week or no. So when you see art in here, just know that it came from people like you. And if you don't like it, that's okay - maybe it wasn't your taste, or maybe you want to submit something of your own.

This week, we've really pushed the boundaries of what "art" is. We've got art that's obviously art, like our student submissions and the Ngāi Tahu art in the local gallery. But we've also got the art of Dunedin campus buildings (Richardson won a design award in the 80's??), we've got the art of being a full-time goth, and we've got the art of cooking a meal with ingredients from the campus shop, which is as much an achievement as it is an art piece.

Is this art? I'd say so. Art is about the process, the passion that goes into the product, and the progress made by the professional behind the scenes. If we can consider the art here to be "art", then I think we have some criteria for what "art" is, and that brings me to a question I've been pondering for a long time: are "sandwich artists" artists?

Remember when Subway tried to rebrand its minimum-wage employees as "artists" to try to

distract from the fact that they're getting shafted by the corporate system and try to give them some sort of greater purpose just by changing their job title? Turns out you can't actually solve the deep-seated uneasiness that comes from being a corporate pawn, but hey, they tried. But it's made me think, ever since, about what it would mean to truly be a sandwich artist. What does that look like?

I think it's possible. I think that if somebody truly had passion for what they were doing, if they honestly loved making Subway sandwiches and grew as a person throughout the process, then yes, they would be a sandwich artist, and they'd probably make an absolutely bangin' footlong. But I doubt that the majority of Subway employees feel this way. Instead, you have a staff made up of people who are genuinely just there to work and get paid, labelled as "artists", which seems to undermine the idea of what "art" is about in the first place.

When you mix art (which comes from a place of genuine experimentation, of passion) with paid labour (which comes from a place of exploitation and restriction), is it really art? No, I don't think so. Not unless the workers give themselves the title of artist, which means they've been able to exploit the labour system to pay them to pursue their passion, in which case, good on them. But sandwich artists didn't give themselves that title, it was handed to them by a corporation to distract from the fact that they're more part of an assembly line than a gallery. I'm sure there's a true sandwich artist out there, though. And I'd love to find them. Because, just like in porn, you know a good footlong when you see it.

University's Art Club Overcomes Challenges, Brings Artistic Minds Together

"Art is an important form of connecting with people who have a similar human experience"

By Anna Robertshawe
Contributor

The Covid-19 pandemic, the fast pace of uni life and a lack of a Fine Arts programme at Otago Uni are all challenges for Arts students here. Despite these barriers, the Otago University Art Club continues to make space for creative expression and facilitate connection through art.

The club organises monthly 'sketch crawls' which involve students meeting up in a different area of Dunedin and spending a few hours sketching and connecting with new people. This month's crawl was at Buster Green's, because there is nothing like an overpriced iced oat latte to fuel the artistic juices.

The club was founded in 2019 by students who wanted to create a welcoming space for like-minded creative types to connect through their common interest in art. Gina, the club's VP, acknowledges the challenges that Covid has brought to the function of the Club. "It was hard to keep people engaged online," she said. The turnout to events like the sketch crawl is never guaranteed, but the Club has bounced back since the pandemic, and so far they have been a success.

Some Arts students also feel they have faced neglect from the University. Gina recently took a year off to study art at the Polytech, which has a more robustly-funded Fine Arts programme. The University does not actually have a Fine Arts programme, but does teach performing arts like theatre, music, and voice, including Māori performing arts. Polytech offers Fine Arts. A lot of Arts students at Otago are "pretty pissed off", said Gina, as they feel neglected by a University which she said tends to prioritise the sciences over art, which is "a bit of a shame". She said "art is connected to enjoying life. In modern society, where everything is industrialised and commodified, art often gets pushed to the wayside." Gina would like to see the University acknowledge this, and thinks it could do a lot more in supporting Arts students.

Kenny, a participant in the crawl, studies medicine. "There is an unlikely connection between science and art," as he finds his abilities useful in anatomy drawings. Art allows him to "study without a degree". He said he often learns just as much from the canvas as he does in the lab. If the University put more resources into

supporting students of the arts, Kenny reckons that students of these supposedly opposite fields could benefit from one another.

Art holds a world of different meanings to Dunedin students. Selena, the club's media manager, describes it as "expressive, peaceful, and a way of sharing unique perspectives on the world". She appreciates the importance of art in maintaining a balanced life as a student, allowing her to create mindful moments in which she can connect with the beauty of the world around her. Newly joined member Sakura says "art is an important form of connecting with people who have a similar human experience. Meaningful art can make you reflect on yourself."

The club wants to encourage more students to tap into their artistic side. Gina says the club is not exclusive to expert artists, but it is open to anyone. "It's OK to think that your art is shit. We are our own worst critics. Art is meant to be fun, it is not just about being good." To hear about the all upcoming events, the club can be found on Instagram @otagostudentsart and on Facebook @Otago University Art Club.

SHIFT HAPPENS

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Mysterious Naked Tree Not So Mysterious Now

Blood Oath Taken Between Three Students Swearing themselves to Secrecy

By Keegan Wells

Staff Writer // keegan@critic.co.nz

A little over a month ago we reported on a mysterious tree that showed up in a student's bed on a Saturday night. Our crack detective team turned up no leads until the case was blown wide open by an anonymous online confession.

Seth reported finding a large tree branch in his bed after a night out, with no other signs of forced entry and no clues as to why he was the target. After an initial investigation, Critic Te Arohi's lead detective could not find any clues as to who committed this crime of opportunity, or maybe even this crime of passion, because we don't have a fingerprinting kit or a lead detective. However, after seeing a UoO Confessions post, Critic was able to locate the self-proclaimed "tree planter". They proved their identity with a time

stamped photo of the tree waiting for Seth to come home.

Magnolia* and her two friends had finished a night flat hopping on Castle. When they were on the way home, the group saw a guy dragging a branch around. "We decided it was ours and stole it from him," Magnolia said. While dragging it away with no real plan in mind, they saw the glory that was Seth's room. This is where the trail gets spicy. It turns out that the tree planters do, in fact, know Seth. "Not super well", they said, but they do know him. Was this a crime of passion?

While Magnolia has only had "great experiences with Seth" in the few times she has met him, she and her mates "drunkenly decided that Seth would love

this branch on his bed." After finding the front door locked, they snuck around back as stealthily as three people could sneak while dragging a gigantic tree branch. Magnolia hopes Seth and other students take this as a lesson to not leave flats unlocked because "we could have done so much worse."

After seeing the Castle St Facebook post and the previous article, Magnolia's group swore to secrecy, saying "We can't tell anyone, it has gone too far." For now, they have gotten away with what could be described as North Dunedin's perfect crime. Critic is hoping that Seth and the tree planters will be willing to meet face-to-face for a televised interview. Watch this space.

Mysterious Castle Street Shitter(s) Strike Again

Subsequent shits shock students, suspects still subvert surveillance

By Anna Robertshawe

Contributor

Castle Street residents have been confronted with the emergence of human shits on their cars and driveways. Little is known about the identity of the culprit(s), or their motive.

The first incident occurred on Saturday 10 April, on what had been a seemingly normal night of debauchery on Castle. Coffins were sunk, music was blared, road cones reappropriated, and party-goers embraced in the loving arms of their drunken peers. The next morning, Elaine from Hooters (the flat) awoke to find two human shits neatly nestled on the windshield of her car, garnished with a single green leaf.

Racking her brains to get to the bottom of this dysentery mystery, she thought

back to the previous night, when she had seen two boys standing on her car. She told Critic Te Arohi that: "I thought they were just pissing off my car, so I didn't really think anything of it," demonstrating the monk-like tolerance Castle residents must maintain to continue a somewhat peaceful existence. "It was super random, I just found it funny," she said. While she couldn't figure out "why anyone would do it," she simply suspected they were some ballsy freshers doing a challenge or having a laugh. "It's just part of the weird and wonderful place that we live in. I don't think this kind of thing would happen anywhere else."

On Wednesday 27 April, Olivia from 8 Man was on her way to the library when an amazing sight by her letterbox stopped

her in her tracks. The shitter(s) had struck again, leaving a neatly coiled shit smack bang in the middle of her driveway. The immaculate case study in healthy bowel movements left her "so confused," and her flatmates were equally bewildered. The shit lay in that driveway for several days, reminding Olivia and her flatmates every day that the excretory culprits were still at large.

Castle Street: a place where the excretion of bodily fluids in public areas is no more than a laughing matter, and the event of finding an anonymous shit shines as a beacon of a bloody good night. As Dunedin's most notorious street continues to live up to its name, the score stands: Mysterious Shitters: 2; Castle St Residents: 0.



WEEKDAYS 11-12
ON RADIO ONE 91FM — r1.co.nz



BAN LIVE EXPOR



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Protest Demands Immediate End To Live Animal Export

You don't have to be vegan to realise this is cooked

By Zak Rudin

Chief Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

On Saturday April 30, around 30 people gathered in the Octagon as part of a nationwide protest to call for an immediate ban on all live animal exports. People held signs with images of animal abuse amidst a number of speeches and chanting. Despite high-profile announcements that the practice would be banned last year, according to protest organiser Gaylene Smith, the Government is only in the process of "winding it up". The Ministry of Primary Industries have said that live animal export will only be prohibited from April 30, 2023.

Gaylene told Critic Te Arohi that "It's great to have this support and seeing like-minded people who want this industry to stop." She wished, though, that "farmers would come along as well." "Mental health issues are big amongst farmers," said Duke McLeod, a PhD student at the protest. "I don't think anybody should have to work in those conditions," but, "they're reliant on that money to feed their families," said Duke.

Live animal export has a long and controversial history. These exports primarily involve beef and dairy cattle transported by ship, largely to China for farming and breeding there. Already this year, an estimated 25,000 beef and dairy cattle have been exported. Over the three-week journey, cattle are often forced to stand or lie in their own excrement, with many dying due to exposure to heat, cold, hunger, thirst or injuries. Sometimes they will be left for over four days before they are disembarked from the ship. The SPCA has condemned the practice, saying that it has "decades of repeated evidence of suffering and cruelty," and that "Current live exports of farmed animals both compromise animal welfare and damage New Zealand's reputation."

The suffering does not end when the animals arrive. The New Zealand Veterinary Association's chief veterinary officer, Helen Beattie, said that "It is more difficult to guarantee all the physical and mental needs of our animals are met once they leave New Zealand shores." For example, in China, a lack of pasture and weaker animal welfare protections means that

cows exported from Aotearoa are kept in indoor concrete factory farms, where they are milked three times a day and artificially inseminated every month. The cows are then slaughtered when they no longer generate any profit: capitalism at its finest.

The irony of the situation is that even if you are pro-dairy, live export could help overseas buyers cut out New Zealand dairy entirely in the longer-term. This is because exporting locally-bred animals means giving away one of the New Zealand dairy industry's key strengths: its genetics and selective breeding programmes. This may not be all bad, though, seeing as an estimated 90-100% of East Asians, and 80% of Central Asians have an impaired ability to digest lactose. According to Duke, the aggressive marketing of dairy to South-East Asia reveals the "inherent racism of the industry".

"There's suffering that we inevitably bring into the world, and then there's suffering that we can completely avoid [which] I think we have the moral obligation to avoid," said Duke.

Activists Blockade Bathurst Takitimu Coal Mine

Did somebody say climate emergency?

By Zak Rudin

Chief Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

Activists from environmental group Extinction Rebellion (XR), including multiple Otago students, blockaded a Southland coal mine and suspended their production for a day. They hope to stop plans to expand the mine, which lists Fonterra as its biggest customer.

On Monday May 2, around 30 activists from XR blockaded the Takitimu Mine in Nightcaps, 60km north of Invercargill. Owned by Bathurst Resources, Aotearoa's largest coal-mining company, the mine has been operating for over 140 years. In 2020, Takitimu produced 209 kilotonnes of coal, translating to 505,780 tonnes of CO2 when burned – equivalent to driving a Suzuki Swift over 4 billion kilometres.

Bathurst estimates the Takitimu site has up to 9 years' worth of coal remaining, but are hoping to further expand the mine into a spot currently occupied by a Southland District Council forestry block. This move, which has been given the green light by Southland District Council, would unlock enough reserves to mine coal for another

20 years. This is despite the Government's hopes to end coal use for electricity generation by 2030, and phase out coal boilers completely by 2037.

Hoping to fight the move, the activists chained themselves to mine entrances and conveyor belts. Some have occupied the lake, dressed as pirates on inflatable boats, while others commandeered giant puppets, or put up giant banners saying "Keep Nature, Quit Coal". Despite having liaisons to engage with members of the Nightcaps community, Stuff reported that police had blocked off entry to the mine after the occupation began, preventing anyone from entering.

Otago University student, Alfie, said that "The decisions being made now about how we move from coal to renewable energy affect me and my future". He spent over 12 hours as a "pirate" in an inflatable raft. Alfie described his situation as presenting a "complex problem" for the police when they came to remove him. Critic Te Arohi

reckons we can all learn from Alfie's dedication (on a Monday no less) but maybe without the scurvy.

According to XR spokesperson Erik Kennedy, this action was taken "because the Government and local councils don't have the courage to put an end to coal mining in Aotearoa." He asked: "The Government declared a climate emergency in 2020 – when are they going to step in to close coal mines? When will the government promise coal workers the option of good clean jobs instead?"

The activists left peacefully at around 5:45pm that day, after they were trespassing from the mine. In a statement on their Facebook page, XR re-emphasised their goals, urging the closure of the mine and for the Government to support coal-mining communities like Nightcaps in a "just transition" for new opportunities. "Coal is not the future – not for Aotearoa, and not for Nightcaps," they said.

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Clash of Clubs

"We're just happy to be here" – ODA, probably

By Keegan Wells

Staff Writer // keegan@critic.co.nz

The first annual Clash of Clubs happened on April 29, with several Otago Uni clubs duking it out in a variety of sports. At stake: honour, glory, and the ability to rub sweet victory into the faces of inferior clubs for a whole year.

Six clubs participated in football, volleyball and dodgeball matches: the Tramping Club (OUTC), Ski Club (OUSC), Disc Golf Club (ODGC), Ultimate Frisbee Club (OUUC), Canoe Club (OUCC), and Dance Association (ODA). Reid, one of the head organisers behind the event and a member of OUSC, told Critic Te Arohi that the event was intended to help bring clubs closer together, both this year and in the future.

"It exceeded my expectations," he said. "Every club [that participated] dressed up and came out in full force." One OUSC member and self-proclaimed "hero," Peter, scored the only goal against ODGC, winning their football game. He told Critic Te Arohi that: "It was a great feeling playing the sport I love, but let's not forget what

it's all about: shitting on Disc Golf Club." The Disc Golf Club did not respond to this thinly-veiled threat.

After a hard-fought competition, OUSC emerged as victors. Reid acknowledged the fact that his club won the competition he helped organise, and the fact that the trophy that he made now sits in his lounge, "might seem biased. Maybe it is, but when it came down to it, OUSC outperformed everyone and didn't lose a single game." Critic could speculate on potential ways the competition may have been rigged, but the conspiracy issue was last week, so we'll leave it for now.

Taking out the silver medal was the Ultimate Frisbee Club, with the decider coming down to a fiercely-fought volleyball game. Even though the Ultimate Frisbee Club was the only club that actually did a proper team sport there, OUUC President Abi said that: "being a team sport didn't give us that much of an advantage, we didn't know how to play volleyball at

all." Despite the setback, she remained confident in her team, telling Critic Te Arohi that: "OUSC better watch their backs, we'll get them next time."

In an incredibly upsetting and shocking turn of events, the Tramping Club finished dead last. Katie, an OUTC exec member said "unfortunately our ability to mountain climb doesn't translate to hand eye coordination but OUTC had a great time despite the results on the board."

In the end, despite the stiff competition and roasts flying in all directions, the first ever Clash of Clubs turned out to be a stunning success. All the participants seemed to have a great time, from the various club members to the random rugby boys that abruptly decided to join the Dance Association's team. Reid is hoping that this will be an annual event, laying down a challenge for any clubs game to take on the reigning champions next year. Just as long as he promises not to rig it again in 2023.

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EER**

ousa *student support*

Uni Spent \$3 Million on Travel in 2020

Would've been more if it weren't for those meddling viruses

By Denzel Chung

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Otago Uni spent almost \$3 million on travel expenses in 2020, including airfares, accommodation, taxis and car rentals. While these numbers were significantly impacted by Covid-19, the Uni is hoping to keep air travel to a minimum even as borders reopen.

University data received by Critic Te Arohi showed that in 2020, the Uni spent a total of \$2,954,626 on travel expenses for staff. These included \$1,004,476 for domestic flights, \$241,447 for international flights, \$1,219,291 for accommodation and \$489,412 for taxi and car rentals.

Particularly painful from both a financial and environmental perspective are premium airline seats. The Uni has a policy whereby Uni-paid airfares must be flown in economy class, but figures provided in the Uni's sustainability report showed that about 3% of the distance travelled short-haul, and 5% of the distance travelled

long-haul, was spent in Premium Economy, Business or First Class seats. According to a Uni spokesperson, the Vice-Chancellor can provide exemptions for the Uni's economy class-only policy: these include when "the flight is on-charged outside the University, where the funder has approved a higher-class of travel and medical exceptions, [and] where the employees are not able to travel in economy class."

According to Craig Cliff, the Uni's Net Carbon Zero programme manager, these numbers already represented "a dramatic reduction from 2019". This was mainly attributed to Covid-19, with widespread border restrictions preventing almost all international travel from March 2020 onwards. The \$1 million spent on international travel was largely attributed to the first three months of 2020 "as the year began normally," he said. According to Craig, the total distance travelled on

international flights in 2020 was only about 12% of that in 2019. These numbers may be even lower, as "some of these figures were based on flights that... did not go ahead due to the pandemic."

Craig is hoping that these numbers stay low, with the Uni targeting keeping air travel to below half of pre-Covid numbers. "The long tail of the pandemic, the ongoing climate crisis and the continuing need for significant financial savings mean that we will need to keep new tools such as online and hybrid modes of delivery for conferences, meetings and work... We cannot return to the level of air travel that we saw before 2020." He admits that "in-person events [help in] building networks, cementing and progressing collaborations, and disseminating the excellent work that we do," but was adamant that "this cannot always be the default mode."



ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

Te Āwhina

Kia Ora!

My name is Te Āwhina, my friends call me Awhi, and I am proud to be your OUSA Political Representative for 2022. I'm from Kerikeri in the sunny Bay of Islands, but I also whakapapa to Ngāi Tahu, here in Ōtepoti Dunedin. I'm in my fifth and final year of a BACom majoring in Pacific Islands Studies and Management.

A major part of my role as Pols Rep involves writing submissions to local and national government on behalf of OUSA and the wider Otago Uni student body. We try to focus on submissions that speak to student-related issues and lobby for improved outcomes on anything that impacts students during and/or

after studies. This year we have our DCC Local Body Elections, so keep an eye out for what we have in the works around that! The student vote is huge in Dunedin and we want to make sure our students have their say on what kinds of things go on in and around our campus.

Feel free to reach out via my OUSA email address if you have any political concerns or kaupapa you would like to see OUSA address and support. What matters to you, matters to us! Ko te tangata te mea nui!

Ngā mihi, Awhi x

Political Representative

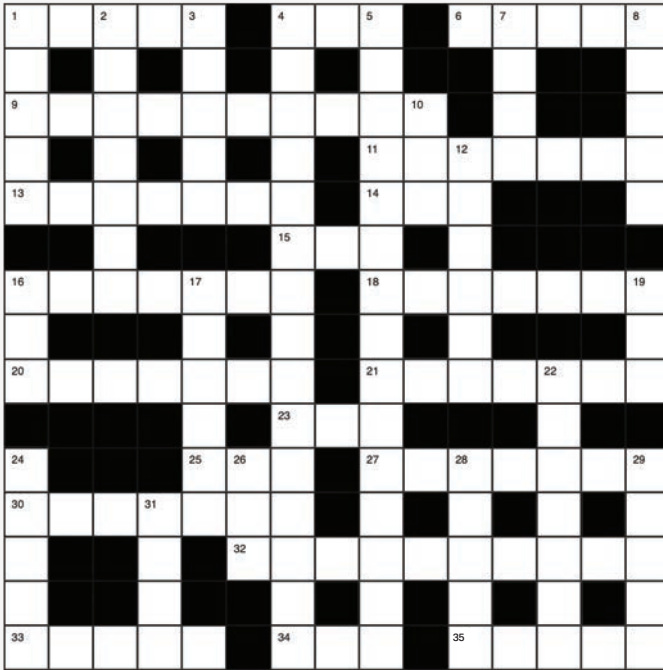
ousa
EXECUTIVE

PUZZLES

Mazagran
ESPRESSO BAR
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

BROUGHT TO YOU
BY MAZAGRAN
KEEPING CRITIC
CAFFEINATED

CROSSWORD



ACROSS:

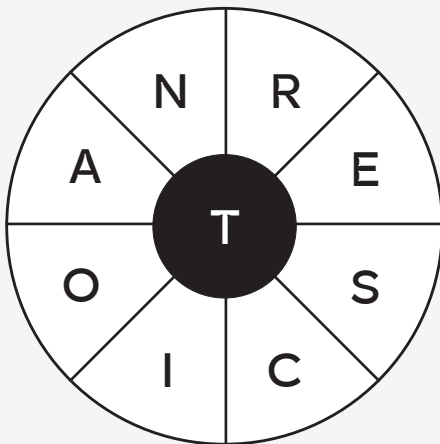
1. Animals with a corkscrew penis (5)
4. Our Heavenly Father (3)
6. Sweet-talk (5)
9. 2012 Lana Del Ray song (5,5)
11. Teenage witch (7)
13. "Boom, _____!" (7)
14. Reddit abbr: are you the asshole, or ___? (3)
15. Explosive in Minecraft (3)
16. Fast cat (7)
18. "Cool", in the 80's (7)

20. Anne Frank: _____ a Young Girl (5,2)
21. Soft (3,4)
23. Pull (3)
25. Samoan-born boxer David _____ (3)
27. Kidnaps (7)
30. Car slogan. "Love: it's what makes _____, _____." (1,6 1,6)
32. Jet fuel can't melt (5,5)
33. Soviet leader (5)
34. Actor _____ Kilmer (3)
35. Peaceful clearing (5)

DOWN:

1. White European cliffs (5)
2. Star Wars animated villain with a cool hat (3,4)
3. Not tall (5)
4. Video game formerly remade into a Critic cover (5,5,4,1)
5. I'm not familiar with that" (6,4,1,4)
7. Slow-moving watch hand (4)
8. Intense music genre (5)
10. American college admissions exam (3)
12. Burglar (6)
16. Not THC, but... (3)
17. Hilux maker (6)
19. Chap (3)
22. Bacteria (7)
24. Holey bread (5)
26. Only _____, sex toy destination (3)
28. Fix code (5)
29. Girl from Calvin and Hobbes (5)
31. Indonesian resort destination (4)

WORD WHEEL



Make as many words as you can using the central letter and without repeating any letters.

6-15 good / 16-20 great

WORD LADDER

Change one word into another by only changing one letter at a time. The shortest solution should fit between the rungs of the word ladder.

ROCK

HARD

WEEK 09 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. BONG 5. SMUG 7. AFTERGLOW 9. KALE 11. OASIS 12. GAGA 14. DEFECT 16. ALIENS 18. AMISH 19. ALIBI 21. ADVERT 23. AZALEA 24. COUP 26. NINJA 27. BOYS 29. SCORCHING 30. NALA 31. SINE

DOWN: 1. BULK 2. GAPE 3. ATEOUT 4. PLASMA 5. SWAG 6. GAZA 8. RASCAL 10. ALEJANDRO 13. GENUINELY 15. EXILE 17. IBIZA 20. IRONIC 22. TENDON 23. ANAKIN 24. CAIN 25. PISA 27. BUGS 28. SAKE

WORD LADDER SOLUTION: CHIP-CHOP-CLOP-CLOT-SLOT

SUDOKU

sudokuoftheday.com

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

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

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

J	E	R	O	T	H	K	O	J	T	T	V
W	G	R	E	O	A	P	V	A	S	X	D
P	M	N	T	H	I	I	O	B	R	S	E
I	O	E	W	C	G	Y	U	E	E	U	G
M	R	Z	A	A	E	O	S	Q	H	G	A
E	V	S	L	N	R	S	G	Z	S	N	S
R	S	T	K	K	I	H	D	N	O	A	G
O	W	C	L	T	O	M	O	V	A	R	B
O	O	I	A	I	N	D	A	L	I	V	A
H	M	M	O	K	E	E	F	F	E	E	Z
T	K	X	I	P	R	H	O	P	P	E	R
C	E	Z	A	N	N	E	K	A	H	L	O

WORDFIND

ANGUS

BASQUIAT

CEZANNE

DALI

DEGAS

HERST

HOCKNEY

HOPPER

HOTERE

KAHLO

KLIMT

MATISSE

MONET

OKEEFFE

PICASSO

RENOIR

ROTHKO

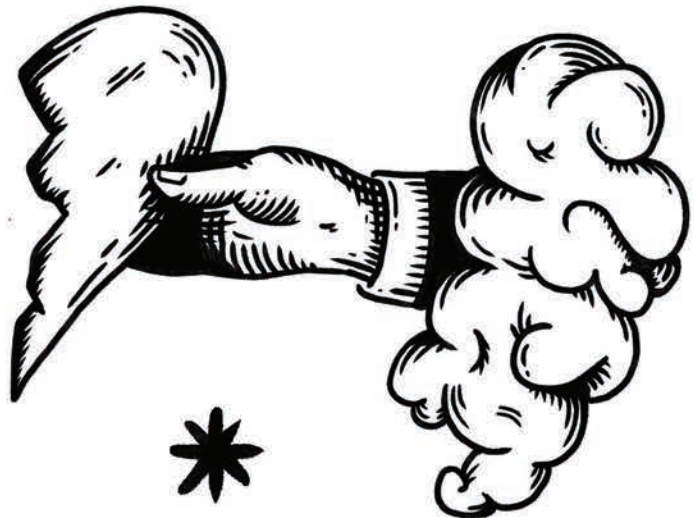
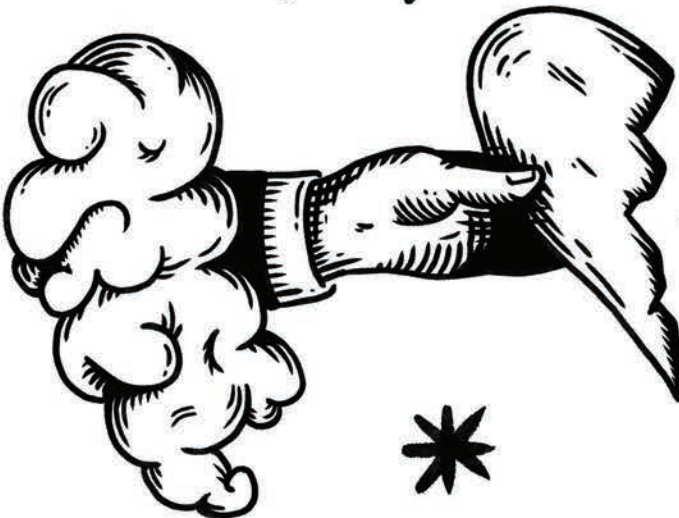
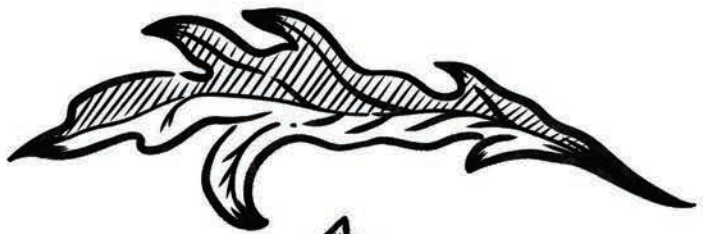
VANGOGH

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



@moorchild_





\$10 • DUNEDIN, OTAGO GOTH FOR HIRE –

Want to impress your friends? Terrify your neighbours? Summon an ancient force of evil previously lost to the shackles of time?

Solution: GOTH FOR HIRE!!!!

Okay, look: dunners is critically low on goths, and I am low on boot money and dopamine. This is unorthodox but I am bored and entirely serious, so for the low, low price of only \$10/hr I will come to your party/function/BBQ/child's birthday in my most extravagant outfit and silently lurk in the background. Platform boo... [See more](#)



Message Local Goth

I'm interested in this item.

Is this item still available?

What condition is this item in?

Do you deliver?

Please type your message to the seller

Do you do birthdays?

Cancel

Send Message

BY LOTTO RAMSAY

Silly Hijinks ONLY

Hi, just wondering what sort of price it would be to come to a flat, sneak into a room and stand in the corner with the dagger and sheep heart until the flatmate wakes up. Would be around 5am.

I'll do it for \$50 and a couple drinks

nvm im bored as shit so I'll do it for \$20 and a bottle of wine



cbk to sacrifice a virgin under moonlight

sweet, I'm down. so where and when am I killing you?

Daniel

Are our kids safe with you cause at \$10 an hour that's super cheap babysitting. Also they'd be scared as F\$@k of you.

5w Love Reply Message

8 🤔❤️

Charlotte Ramsay

Daniel PM me and I'll introduce Ur kids to the concept of mortality

5w Like Reply

18 🤔👍❤️

For such a wonderfully gloomy city, it's surprising that Dunedin has less of a goth scene and more of a goth single frame. As a goth that crash landed in dunners I felt an immense sense of duty to my newfound home, as well as a burgeoning megalomania. In a sea of Glassons and Dickies, I made it my mission to be the most gothic, genderqueer, chaotic-evil burnout with dry skin in all of Dunedin-nay, the Otago region. This seemed easy enough at first, but my inner Ebony Dementia Dark'ness Raven Way cried for more. After all, I had a service to provide, and not just a funeral one.

Have you ever had to take a long, hard look at yourself and wonder what your worth truly is? Not in some kind of self-acceptance metaphorical way, no—I mean when you reach the final step of your mortal coil and Anubis weighs your heart on a scale. What are you worth in gold? How can one ever truly assign a price to a human life? After a lot of self discovery, I assigned myself the price of ten dollars an hour. My product? Goth.

Armed with a chemical addiction to Facebook Marketplace, I realised the relative dearth of goths, punks and alt kids in the local scene left open a crucial niche that I could financially exploit. Let's face it—anticapitalism is great and all, but a bitch loves money. Feed me to the pigs in the revolution, I don't care. So, as the money-grubbing shill I am, I uploaded some pictures to the infamous Facebook page 'Otago Flattening Goods', captioned the listing "Goth for Hire - \$10/hr" and let the comments roll in. It got zucked in less than 12 hours because of systemic goth oppression, but I sure had my fun until then, and even found myself some clients.

My first serious inquiry appeared within minutes. It was dangerous, sure, but being bloodbound by the gothic code I was forced to accept the job. The location: riceball hotspot Tokyo House. The target: local funny guy, Reid. The mission: crash his party and sing him happy birthday. I took some creative liberties and decided instead to scare the everloving shit out of him or get banned from the venue in the process.

In full murderous-Victorian doll apparel, scythe in hand, my mum (bless) dropped me off outside Tokyo House. I psyched myself up to once again make a grown man cry. As promised, Reid's back was facing me. I fumbled with my scythe and began, regrettably, to sing Happy Birthday, which – little known fact – is the longest song ever written, probably. "She wasn't here for my company, she was here to strike the fear of God into me", Reid later said, after recovering both physically and emotionally. My last minute decision to sing was solely so I could deliver the line: "Happy birthday, Reid. What a shame it'll be your last" as I drew the scythe from behind my back and held it against his chin. The silence was deafening, eventually broken by confused laughter and murmurs of "What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck."

After awkwardly laughing it off, I used the element of surprise to swing a spiked boot onto the table, whip a hunting knife from my sock and flick it out to start sawing off his costume. I admit I went a little overboard, but I was prepared to sacrifice a lifetime of riceballs in return for the clout of being banned from Tokyo House. Sadly, my knife didn't make the cut. I was only able to partially make my way through the fabric, but that's what you get when you go for the budget goth option. "I didn't care," Reid later said, "you pay a certain price for love. Overall 10/10." He continued to say "I've been waiting at that establishment every day since, hoping to catch a glimpse of the one who made me feel something I hadn't felt in years: erotic fear." The job was a success, albeit one I needed a stiff drink after. As long as there were horny people having riceball-filled birthdays, there would be a place in Dunedin for Goth for Hire™. I was unstoppable, and I was just getting started.

To my surprise, another clientbase soon opened up: cool librarians who just wanted to hang out and piss up with me. Whether this was out of pity, curiosity, or camaraderie, I didn't care. I was up for the challenge. Colleen thought Goth for Hire was "just a joke" at first, but her "girlfriends thought it was awesome and begged to meet". I prepared for my one-hour job by spending two hours shoving myself into a corset and spiking my hair – the flaws in my business model quickly becoming apparent – to arrive fashionably late at the house of our gothee. Colleen recalled that "spectacles and studs flashed in the light of my hallway... opening the door, she swept past on the bloody wings of ravens and silent screams of the damned." No ravens were harmed in the making of this article.

I looked the part for sure, but my extremely gothic and sexy social ineptness was making me anxious as fuck. What could possibly lie ahead? Murder? An orgy? Murder orgies?

I looked the part for sure, but my extremely gothic and sexy social ineptness was making me anxious as fuck. What could possibly lie ahead? Murder? An orgy? Murder orgies? I could not have been more adjacent to the truth. Colleen greeted me and led me up the stairs to where her friends waited patiently with bottles of moscato and... the unmistakably translucent yet attractive face of Kristen Stewart on the big screen, like a bowl of plain porridge,

but one that you want to fuck. It was a Twilight drinking game. Not just any drinking game – one designed for adult women with substance abuse issues BY adult women with substance abuse issues. "I said a silent prayer," Colleen later said, "and the night was on." Whenever a vampire hisses, drink. When Edward is a creep but it's romanticised, drink. When Bella touches her hair, drink. If a vampire sparkles, fucking chug. You didn't need to be a diehard Twilight fan to know that this level of rark won't make you Team Edward or Team Jacob: it'll make you Teeming with dead liver cells and bisexuality. You could see my skin flushing under the kilo of makeup I was wearing. The rest of the night was a blur, but I have vague memories of eagerly making plans to do a full moon blood ritual together. "Worth every cent and more!" said Colleen. Another rave review.

Just as it looked like the Goth for Hire sensation had died down, Tāmaki Makaurau spaghetti-western surf-punk noise band Jang happened to be touring in Dunedin. Frontman Paddy hit me up on Instagram and we brainstormed ideas for my next job. Unfortunately, most of our ideas were unpublishable, and some were straight up illegal, so as far as Critic is concerned I did not go ahead with them. The best option, then, was to hire me for door duty for their gig at the Crown, which was not illegal, unless I got drunk and creative. But for the low, low price of \$10 an hour, who wouldn't want a 5'4 easily distracted gothic bouncer (gouncer)?

Jang specialises in the kind of loud fast-paced chaos that makes my ears go brrrr, so I was more than happy to also provide the service of being the spikiest person in the mosh, as well as working the door in between. This was highly appreciated, Paddy said, as "The street cred added through increasing the goth/breather ratio is indispensable in this line of work, especially at this price... Not very good at door duty, but [they] did bring their own weapon so that's a plus." All entrepreneurs have their hurdles, and mine happens to be the fact I'm an absolute munter. I forgot to charge some people and may have insulted others, including some adoring fans who recognised me from the Facebook post. Jang's goth highlight of the night was me (allegedly) vandalising something containing hate speech, and the second gothest was when I "whipped out the butterfly knife the FIRST time". Everyone knows goths get stabby on RTDs. "I was like 'am I in over my head here?'" said Paddy, who ultimately decided that "I'll be recommending this service to friends and whānau."

Paddy ★ recommends this goth.

The street cred added through increasing the goth/breather ratio is indispensable in this line of work, especially at this price... Not very good at door duty, but they did bring their own weapon so that's a plus.

5 stars

With that job done, I was hungry for more. Enter Tama: Comedian. Metalhead. Fresher. Incidentally, three social groups possibly even more polarising than goth. He was keen to hire me to take some cursed candid photos of him, but after a healthy amount of peer pressure this evolved into paying me to straight-up stalk him for shits and giggles. Not just around campus, no no; to truly ensure the Goth for Hire metric of quality, he wanted me to test the limits of his personal security to find out where he lived and worked. "The 'Goth For Hire' business fulfilled the dream of any loser fresher: to be followed around by a goth girl," said Tama. He saw it as some lighthearted fun he'd get a story out of later, I saw it as an opportunity to become a cartoon supervillain and instill genuine terror. Armed with two weeks and the sparse info I'd picked out from our conversations, I was ready to trespass (consensually).

I've always suspected that if I were a boy-crazy teen instead of an outpatient-crazy one I would have made a good stalker. My natural state is lurking, and what little empathy I have, I use for evil. I don't go to art exhibitions, I only go to art voyeurisms (jealously watching Polytech students from afar). It wasn't just about the money, anymore. No. It was a deep-seated, primal need to max out on gothic clout (glout) by hunting a fresher for sport. "I became the envy of all anime dweebs on campus," said Tama, after I ducked under the ChaTime tables to ambush him in the Link. I tracked down his Facebook friends and interrogated them mercilessly, and to be honest, they were concerningly eager to sell out their friend for nothing in return. One of them gave me Tama's timetable, which would have been useful if I could physically bear to be around the Comp Sci buildings. Soon I was able to narrow down his location from a city to a suburb to a block. By going to his neighbourhood when I knew he had band practice and listening out for live music, I found his house. Within a week I held his whole schedule in the palm of my hand. Luckily for Tama, and for mankind as a whole, I have raging ADHD and cannot commit to my own schedule let alone the schedule of others, so he was safe. Still, this received a "10/10" from Tama. "Scared my friends, and scared me a little too. Stalker goths are truly no joke." And with that, I buried the hatchet. And scythe. And butterfly knife.

Tama  recommends this goth.

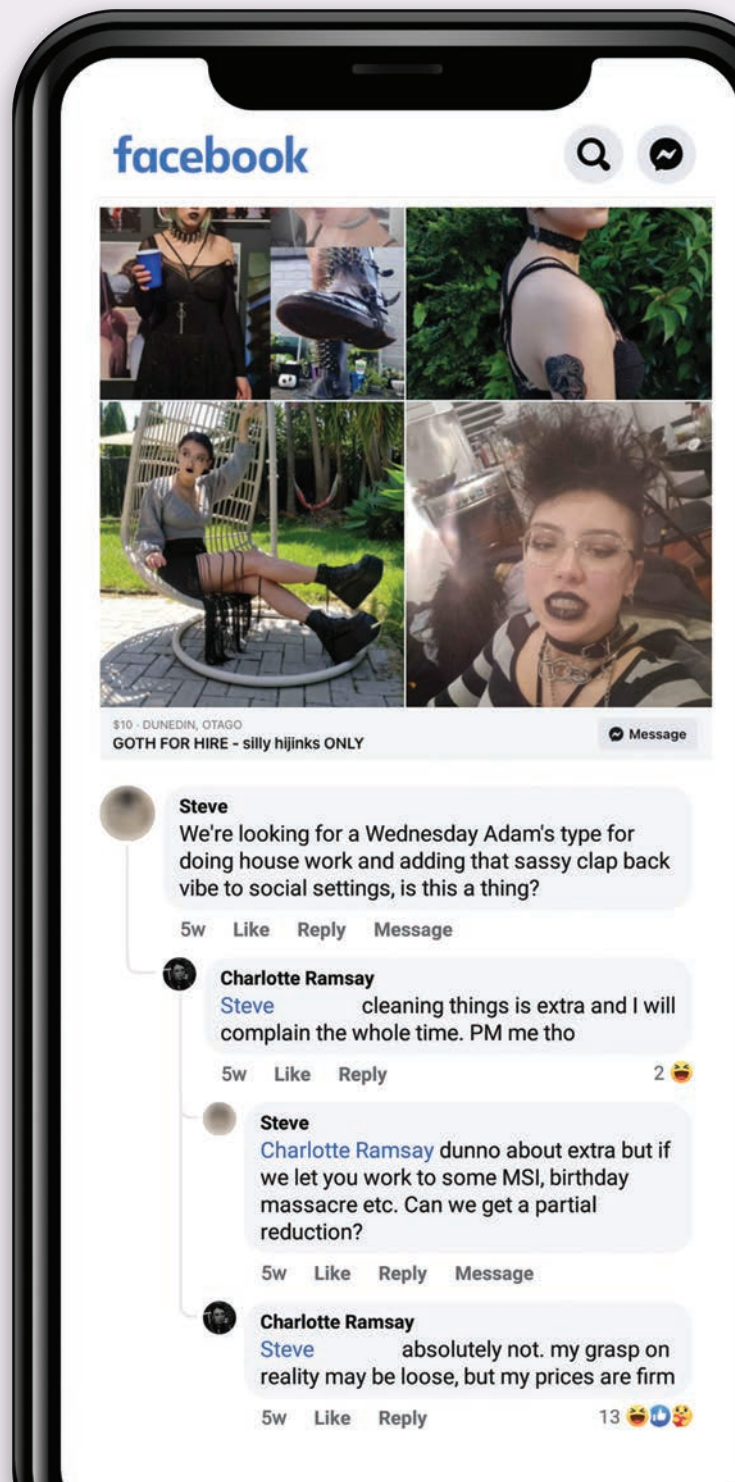
Scared my friends, and scared me a little too. Stalker goths are truly no joke.

4 stars

Dunedin is a city of Gothic Revival architecture, but its people are in desperate need of a gothic revival, too. As proven objectively by the groundbreaking Goth for Hire™ phenomenon, goths are a crucial part of the local economy, cycling student loan money to fancy platform boots, which trickles back down when the boots are later sold secondhand to other students, probably. While I could take this opportunity to talk about the current state of

goth culture on the whole and the fetishisation of femmes in alternative subcultures, I'd much rather declare myself a Gothic Revival landmark and therefore protected under heritage legislation. So if you ever see goths scrubbing black lipstick off their teeth or feeling each other up in the art gallery, just know that you are witnessing a historical event.

And as for myself, I learned a valuable lesson: I may have been a Goth for Hire™, but to be goth at all is to be free. Amen.









The Art of Science

By Fox Meyer

Art and science are usually displayed as two ends of a spectrum, but each field is incredibly important to the other. Being a good artist is an integral part of communicating your science accurately, and being a good scientist is key to creating the best art possible. Critic Te Arohi sat down with artists and scientists at Otago to discuss how science is important to their art, and how art is important to their science.

Continued on page 26 >>>





James Croft-Bennett is an arachnologist based in the Botany Department here at Otago, because spiders love plants and James loves both. Last year, James participated in Wild Talks Dunedin, and was given seven minutes to talk about what happens when art and science meet. James used his photography skills to humanise spiders - a group of animals traditionally vilified by people everywhere.

"Photography not only captures direct form but can also catch emotional state," said James. "It helps to humanise that which we don't understand." James told us that lots of people have an inherent bias against our eight-legged friends, and see them as "single minded, cannibalistic automatons", much in the way we view lawyers, except the bias against spiders isn't entirely deserved. James said that "Science has fed the hysteria that spiders are quick to bite and often without warning," and clarified that "This is not true. If you annoy a spider, or a wasp, or any other invertebrate that can defend itself, they will let you know you are scaring them, if you take the time to read their body language."

James's photography is a way of communicating the body language of these invertebrates, showing us what we might not see without squinting our eyes. He opened his presentation with a "shot of a giant female Uliodon albopunctatus covering her recently exposed eggsac before flashing the classic attack pose spiders are famous for: the classic front legs raised, fangs exposed... communicating that she is ready to throw hands." James said that "by communicating the context of child endangerment and maternal protection I hope I was communicating the scientific desire to protect progeny that humans like to take a lot of credit for."

"It helps bridge the splintered world of science and the ignorant but willing world of everyone else."

"Art is very important in the biological sciences, everything's so exceptionally complex in form and scientists are already known for being terrible at communication as it is, so being able to visually represent form is super helpful," said James. "That extends past scientific drawings and photography of animals (or natural phenomena of any kind really) [and it] helps bridge the splintered world of science and the ignorant but willing world of everyone else."

TJ plays a handful of instruments, and he lives in the 660 flat, so he must know what he's talking about when it comes to music. He also studies physio, so he has an appreciation of science. TJ told Critic Te Arohi that while art and science may seem separate, they can end up working towards the same goal. In TJ's case, that

goal is healing. "Music and healing are synonymous", he said, and his "goal as a physio is to take everything I've learned about healing and put it into music. I feel lucky to be connected to both [art and science]."

Kenny just finished his third year of medical study at Otago. He was doing the honours programme, but dropped out because "it didn't work out". He then decided to become "almost a full-time lab demonstrator" in the dissection lab, which he said "is a privilege and an important part of becoming a doctor". When he was younger he wanted to be an artist, and was fascinated by Da Vinci's anatomical sketches. He said that art is important to anatomy for a few reasons, one of which is memory.

"It's a lot to learn in medicine, so diagrams and illustrations can help," said Kenny. "Diagrams can reinforce the memory of structures" better than typed notes. "A picture's worth a thousand words, especially in anatomy." But because "art takes time to do, and medical students don't have a lot of time," Kenny said that simple diagrams are good enough to learn the concepts without going full Da Vinci. But he goes full Da Vinci, because he loves it.

"You don't need to do an art degree to do art. You need a medical degree to practise medicine."

"Being doctors, it's a different type of art, the art of human connection," said Kenny. When it comes to surgery, "it's a very detailed procedure, like making a sculpture. You look under the microscope and say "wow, that's very impressive", just like art. But you can't make mistakes, like you could with a sculpture. With a scalpel, you can't make mistakes." Making mistakes is part of what makes an artist a better artist, but surgeons don't have that luxury. With real, living patients on the table, perfection is everything.

If artists were held to the same standards of perfection, if sculptors weren't allowed to make mistakes, Kenny said "their creativity would be severely limited." He said that "In art, you can afford to make mistakes. Any mistakes, it's free to your form. But not a single mistake in surgery." When he expressed interest in art, "People suggested 'why don't I just do an art degree' if I wanted to become an artist," said Kenny. The answer was simple. Kenny chose to study medicine over art because "you don't need to do an art degree to do art. You need a medical degree to practise medicine."

Lastly, Kenny said that he's planning on selling some art as an NFT, "but I don't know anything about marketing", so if anyone out there does know about marketing, Kenny said to shoot him an email at choke027@student.otago.ac.nz.

TJ's been walking the line between art and science for about as long as he could walk. He was four years old when he committed Micheal Jackson's songs and dance to memory, and a few years later, he saw his musical fascination blend with the world of science. "In year two primary, we played with that stuff that gets hard when you whack it - oobleck, I think it's called. Anyway, the teacher had this giant subwoofer and we put the oobleck on a white sheet over it, and you could change how the oobleck moved based on the frequency coming out of the subwoofer." TJ said that as a kid, this blew his mind. "That was my first visual representation of sound, and as an artist, being able to visually represent your sound is so important - like how Billie Eilish describes wanting a song to sound 'dark' or 'black', even going further and making music videos and things, you can transform these musical frequencies into something more universally accessible. And that's all through science."

He said that music, at its core, was a scientific venture. "I'm well aware that some genius somewhere out there had to do all the maths just to make sure that my piano will play in F... Things like the piano and drums, it's all physics. They're all made and tuned using physics, choosing the type of wood, all that comes from physics. It all comes from sound dynamics."

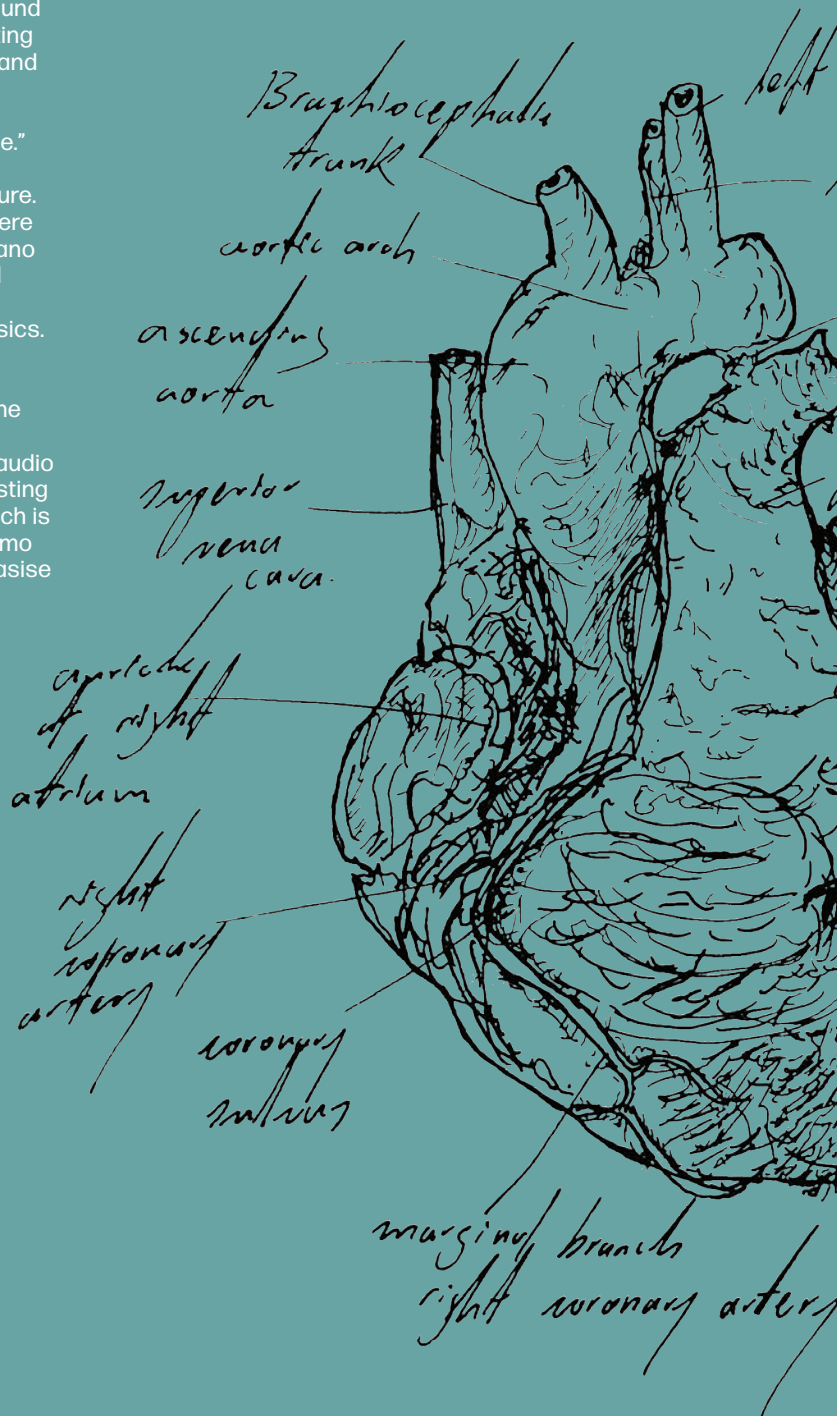
"Through science we have EQ," which TJ said was one of the most important tools in a musician's belt. EQ (equalisation) "means I can get a horribly sounding audio and through manipulating the frequencies, and boosting and filtering, I can make something sound good, which is what mixing is, which is what makes every rough demo sound like a top hit single. I just really want to emphasise how important EQ is." EQ lets artists tailor their sound to their tastes, and it's all science. And speaking of taste in music, TJ pointed out one major difference between arts and science: being able to back up your claims with data.

"I won't lie, they do require two different brains. Physio requires such a practical way of thinking, very in the box, whereas there's no stats in music. In science you can back things up with data. Like if I say 'the earth is flat', someone can say 'no it's not, here's the proof'. But if I say this Drake song is the worst (or the best) in the world, you can't disprove that, it's opinions."

Art and science are different things. They require different brains, but they ultimately make each other stronger, and being well-versed in both makes you better at either field. But they're not the same. They work together, with art working to communicate science and science working to facilitate art, but TJ outlined the difference most clearly.

"[Art and] music are opinions," said TJ. "Science is fact."

"Art and music are opinions. Science is fact."



Ōtepoti's Street Art, according to

Pokémon Go

By Ruby Werry

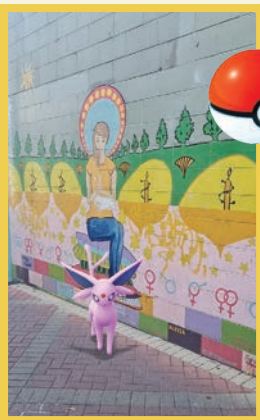
Pokémon Go will slingshot many back to the last time they were happy, full of purpose and with a sense of fulfilment: December 2016. Easily identifiable by portable chargers and narrowly avoided car crashes in their wake as they desperately tried to catch a Venusaur, most Pokémon Go players fell off the map around 2017. But for those who stuck around and made it to level 38, the developers awarded the privilege to submit PokéStops and gyms. Accepted submissions were meant to include "an interesting piece of art or unique architecture". So, Critic Te Arohi set out to answer the definitely-still-relevant question: what art do the gamers of Dunedin consider worthy of being a PokéStop?



Alleyway Creature

This gentleman is instantly a winner, with the PokéStop description of "Mural by Phlegm." Phlegm is a globetrotting street artist from Sheffield, London, and has had a few large pieces in Dunedin over the years. Tucked into a dark alley on the Octagon outskirts, this creature does have Kakapo-esque features, but ultimately gives sleep paralysis energy. Honestly, the creature probably represents landlords, with the rat referencing the many infestations in the surrounding flats.

Available around this Art PokéStop: Minus, which took several great balls to catch. Not making electric easy to access? Fits the landlord theme.



Albion Place Mural

An absolute classic, one that will be familiar to anyone else who has been on a mission to cut through George Street to New World on the other side because the flat is out of toilet paper, or just anyone who wants to go to the shops that are also down this shortcut street. With Amnesty International candles and many pride symbols littered throughout, you'd think there would be a lot of diverse Pokémon to be found along this mural, but unfortunately it was populated by almost entirely Staryu, which isn't actually very helpful.

Available around this Art PokéStop: A wholesome message and a single Sylveon.



Butterfly Mural

Descriptively and verbosely described as "Artwork" on the Pokémon Go app, the horror this butterfly mural would have seen in the car park corner of Clyde brings a tear to the eye when imagining the carnage. However, the Butterfly mural also will have seen some sick kick flips, as the parking lot behind it is where local skaters attempt to fine tune their ollies and manuals, and inevitably, endearingly and ever so entertainingly eat shit. These horrors and hilarities all even out beneath the gentle gaze of what is undeniably "Artwork".

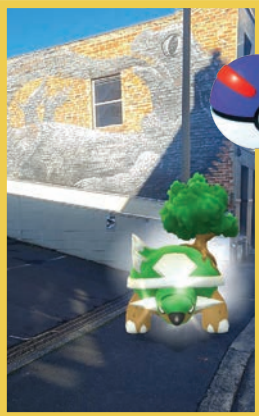
Available around this Art PokéStop: Just Poké balls, the motherfuckers. Where are the great balls? Ffs. At least Joltik didn't take much to catch.



Monkey Skeleton Shadow

Technically private property, but the ghostly monkey skeleton was far too tempting to not search out. The item haul from this PokéStop? Exceptional. The catchphrase "GET BETTER WORK STORIES"? Aspirational. How it connects to the shadow of a monkey skeleton is up for interpretation, but most likely this monkey perished from having heard about customers folding jeans wrong at Glassons 100 times. You can only nod in sympathy for so long.

Available around this Art PokéStop: Purrloin, but she had a vague aura of foreboding and fomo.



Tuatara Ouroboros

One of the many murals from the Dunedin Art Crawl, the Belgian street artist ROA painted his signature spin on Dunedin's streets using country specific native animals; In this case, a tuatara. Down the side of Bath Street, ROA has created a mural forever ingrained in the memory of anyone who has ducked into this side street to puke after a lively BYO at Alley Cantina. The all-seeing eye of the tuatara has judged, and is judging, those students.

Available at this Art PokéStop: Toterra, as well as a disposable with a single hit of juice left, probably already used by a wandering student by the time of publishing.



218 George St Art Block

Positioned at the private back entrance of McDonalds, the smell of grease and the graffitied dreams of the sixteen-year-olds past and present that work the golden arches accompany the George Street Art Block. Yet it somehow only adds to the energy and fun. "ART!" Shouts at the player from the PokéStop description, and "ART!" it is. Versatile and compact, the Box technically has 5 art pieces in one installation. Perfect for the art lover trying to consume as much as possible in one go.

Available at this Art PokéStop: In true Pokémon Go fashion, the opportunity to be almost run over by a Jeep while you try to catch Skitty.

Tauraka Toi:

The Ngāi Tahu artists behind the Dunedin Public Art Gallery's most recent exhibition

By Annabelle Parata Vaughan

Paemanu: *Tauraka Toi* was one of the most recent exhibitions held at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. The exhibition worked with over 40 Ngāi Tahu artists, presenting them with the opportunity to display their art and personal journeys in a collaborative way which facilitated connection with their whakapapa and history. Critic Te Arohi sat down with two of the featured artists (Madison Kelly and Moewai Marsh) to discuss the exhibition, their creative process, and the importance of Māori representation in creative spaces.

Tauraka Toi was conceptualised by Paemanu, a Ngāi Tahu visual arts collective led by several of the senior artists. Paemanu was interested in both the history and trajectory of the art gallery, and how Ngāi Tahu visual art and culture could be incorporated within the space. The exhibition was sprawled across the entire second floor, and was supported by two other shows, *Hurahia ana kā Whetū* and *He Reka te Kūmara*. “*Tauraka* refers to a landing place, and *toi* our art,” said Madison. “The show reframed the gallery as a kind of anchoring for Kāi Tahu, and how it is held in our knowledge systems, histories, and expression.” Moewai noted that the collaboration also gave artists the opportunity to form

important relationships with other artists. “Relationships began to form quickly as people were a huge contribution towards this show, it understood that as this whakawhanaungatanga was developing, whakapapa was being discussed in conversations, and this is when ideas started to transform in so many different ways,” she said. “It felt like a big opportunity to connect back to Ngāi Tahu culture.”

Both artists noted that the exhibition was incredibly important when it came to facilitating Māori voices within creative spaces. “There is nothing more special than being able to be Māori and be proud of your own culture,” said Moewai. “Art is an amazing way to speak without saying anything. Whenever you work with someone who is Māori, the first thing that happens is you ask where that person is from, then it becomes a conversation to form a relationship, because we are all Ngāi Tahu in this space,” she said. Madison agreed. “It’s important from so many angles, it evidences years of mahi, and it has brought together Ngāi Tahu from across the country, but it’s also supported new and emerging artists in a way that is not always available to us,” said Madison. “Hopefully, it will also influence further institutional change.”





Both artists touched on how colonisation has impacted the ability of Māori to share their work, saying that this exhibition is a major step forward in regards to accessibility. “Colonisation and its impacts are steeped in institutional art spaces, even in accessibility of resources for those trying to create space outside of institutions,” said Madison. “The way we can research, learn, or express Māoritaka in our own country is constantly impeded by discrimination and the whittling down of Māori identities, having a show in a public gallery about that city’s mana whenua should not be a unique event, but it is,” she said. Moewai agreed. “Creative spaces can feel quite intimidating... I love art galleries, but there’s still that anxiety that comes over me where I feel like I shouldn’t be in this space,” she said. “What was powerful [about this exhibition] is they transformed the gallery so when you walked in, it didn’t feel uncomfortable as it was covered in artwork I recognised which was my own culture.”

Moewai also highlighted the importance of relationships when it comes to not only the exhibition, but also forging productive relationships to make real change. “It’s incredible what can happen when relationships are solid and meaningful, it can be challenging when relationships are harder to form. Not every creative space is going to understand Māori tikanga, art, or culture which can make it difficult to fit in, as there’s this feeling of ‘I don’t belong here’.”

The stories which the exhibition grapples with are vast but overlapping, addressing themes such as tūpuna (ancestors), landscape and the environment, as well as whakapapa. “There are multiple mediums of art in this exhibition from film, to paintings, sculpture, weaving, textiles, mixed media works, and photography” said Moewai. “A lot of the concepts around the works were personal connections to people and places, and they respond to one another which is incredible, we all connect to somewhere or someone.” Native materials were also incorporated into the exhibition, including kōkōwai, harakeke and tōtara, further emphasising cultural connection.

Both artists said that the opportunity was a fantastic way to challenge themselves in a creative and personal way, while also making connections with their culture and other Māori creatives. “I wanted to push myself with my practice, which comes from a painting background, I got to connect back to my local Rūnaka and make more amazing relationships” said Moewai. “It was so special to me to actually be on the whenua my tipuna walked on gathering pigment and plants to make my work, I gained so much from the whole experience... It was affirming, being so stuck into our whakapapa, even before the exhibition opened. It is the best you can hope for, to talk, and get excited about your Māoritaka with your family,” said Madison.

Both Moewai and Madison’s art can be viewed in various spaces around Ōtepoti. You can find Moewai’s art at moewaimarsh.com, or @moewaimarsh_art on Instagram. Madison can be found at madisonkellyart.com.





campus shop suey

Discovering the delicious delicacies that the campus shop supplies

By Keegan Wells

The campus shop is filled with wonders. The ratio of sweets to fizz to pies is usually fantastic. However, there are those items that really make you question what place they have in a campus shop. Fried noodles? What do they expect students to do, munch through a whole bag while studying? The absolute bizarreness of it sparked the idea of cooking an entire balanced meal using only items found within the campus shop. The goal was set, the shop was open, and I was ready to create the best dish I could with incredibly overpriced ingredients. Watch out Skuxx Food, I'm coming for your job.

Now, there is an important art to cooking that will be discussed later on, but as students we like quick and easy meals. This meal is constructed for the laziest among us who can't even be bothered to go to Veggie Boys or the supey. You're leaving Central after a long hard day of mediocre work, so why walk a whole block away to get fresh food when there's a pseudo-dairy right there?

In order to challenge myself as much as possible, this dish was going to be vegetarian, so I couldn't cut corners by just grabbing biersticks. No. This was going to be proper. Also I was only allowing myself to use oil and salt from the flat, no extra ingredients. I scavenged the shelves for healthy-ish ingredients, pondering what could be repurposed to get me my 5+ a day. I acquired the following: a pre-made sandwich, two vegan pies of different flavours, a vegan sausage roll, fried dried noodles, nuts for topping, and a bowl of instant noodles. Bringing the grand total to \$22.50, the lovely person behind the counter gave me some small fish soy sauce packets for free. Queen.

I got back to my flat quickly, as I didn't have to stop by the big fancy supermarket with its disorientingly bright lights. Time was saved by this, but money was certainly not. I set my timer and got to work. The dish to be prepared was my take on chop suey. When I say chop suey, I mean any dish that has noodles and veggies. Honestly, I only chose the name because it resembles "shop". However, chop suey is thickened using a starch sauce which had to be incorporated somehow.

First step: prep the pre-made sandwich bread to be made into croutons. Croutons are incredibly easy to make by tearing up bread and adding a bit of salt and oil (olive preferably, canola last resort), and chucking them in the oven until crunchy. This is a perfect way to combat food waste if you have stale bread (hint hint). Once those were popped in the oven I started committing what can only be described as a war crime.

I took a fork to the pies and saussy roll to aggressively dismember the filling from the dough. The fillings went straight into a pan with oil to get refried. The instant noodles got put in boiling water to pre-cook a bit as I made the sauce. The sauce was made from the packet that came with the noodles along with the fish soy sauces and water.



For my second war crime in less than ten minutes, I swirled around and mashed a pie crust into hot water. The gluten from the crust would be transferred to the hot water, and so when added to sauce, it would condense into a nice sticky consistency.

Once the pie guts were fried up a bit, I added the cooked noodles and the sauce. But, as you may recall, a chop suey requires a starch-thickened sauce. For my second war crime in less than ten minutes, I swirled around and mashed a pie crust into hot water. The gluten from the crust would be transferred to the hot water, and so when added to sauce, it would condense into a nice sticky consistency. After straining the remaining chunks of pie crust, the gluten water was added and it was all coming together.

This wasn't a one course meal, though, was it? The third, and final, war crime of the evening was committed when I took the leafy greens off the premade sandwich and turned it into a salad. Luckily, they were pre-dressed with mayo so I didn't have to worry about making a salad dressing. With the addition of some relish that was on the sandwich, I was ready to plate.

The chop suey was plated with the garnishes from the instant noodles, along with crispy noodles, chopped up peanuts from the nut mix, and seeds from the top of the pie. The salad got the almonds from the nut mix, the same seeds, and the freshly baked croutons. Told you, Skuxx Food should watch their back.

Was this any good, you ask? Not really. I found the flavour profiles of the veggie pie clashed quite a bit with the hot and spicy soy flavour of the sauce. This may have been because I am a frequent dusty Friday morning pie connoisseur and know the taste quite well. However, upon giving my creation to my flatmate, he said it just needed more salt and proceeded to eat the entire rest of the pan. "I thought it was a proper meal, you've done well," he said, while scarfing down a meal that I honestly could not take another bite of.

The salad was most definitely the best part. It was crunchy from the fried noodles, balanced well with sauce and somewhat floppy greens, but we can look past that. Another flatmate described the croutons as "fancy as fuck" and "better than the salads I make myself". It should, however, be mentioned that neither of these flatmates are particularly picky people and are definitely not the best cooks in the flat. They would eat beans raw from the can, and probably enjoy it.

This whole experience really highlighted the art that is part of cooking. It's about delicate balancing of flavours, textures, and even sizes of vegetables within a dish. The pie obviously had small chunks as you want a diversity of flavour in each small bite, but when cooking a noodle dish they got lost in the sauce. Next time before you cook, think about why you're cutting that into the size you are. Is it because society told you to chop carrots finely? What about grating them, how would that change the water content or flavour profile of a dish? It also taught me that garnishes can add a whole lot to the dish, not just aesthetics. Those crunchy nuts really brought a new element to the plate. This whole experience has changed the way I create in the kitchen as well as the way I look at the campus shop. Maybe it is not just a stop along the way. Maybe, just maybe, the campus shop is the destination.



IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

BY LOTTO RAMSAY

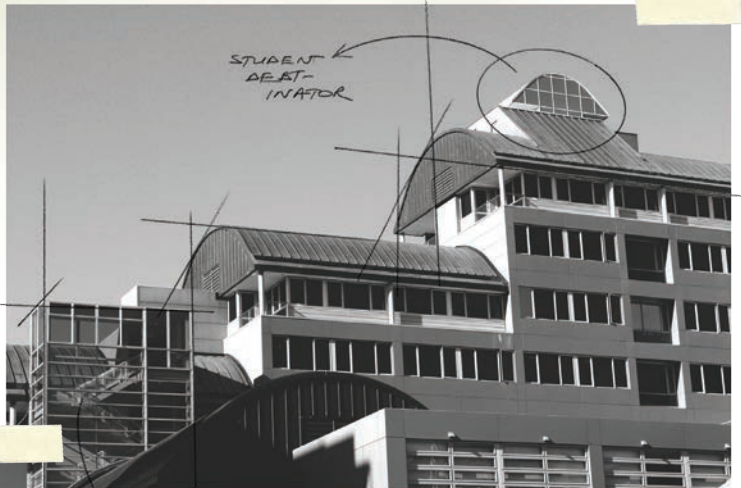
ARTISTIC INTERPRETATIONS OF CAMPUS ARCHITECTURE

The Otago Uni Campus contains a remarkably anachronistic blend of architectural styles and movements, truly putting the “camp” in Campus. Luckily for all you plebeians, Critic’s resident team of expert architecture historians have compiled a guide to the unspoken symbolism of campus buildings.

BUSINESS SCHOOL

Otago Business School is campus’s resident attempt at modernism, and asks the question “what if an airport motel fucked a greenhouse?” A fusion of mortar and glass, the business school building is unforgiving yet transparent – much like the students within. Sources say that Doofenshmirtz Evil Incorporated was a direct inspiration, and a knowing eye can infer that the Business School is analogous to the studentdebt-inator. The spacious atrium and the sculptures within are all carefully disguised traps for Perry the Platypus, or any other invasive incognito vertebrates. Cobalt blue detailing on the interior symbolises voting National because your parents do. Stonks.

FIG 1: DOOFENSHMIRTZ EVIL INCORPORATE ATM



RICHARDSON

The modular and utilitarian appearance of the Richardson building quite literally cements it as brutalist architecture. The term ‘brutalism’ also refers to the goings on inside, as students engage in the sadomasochism known as “studying Law”. The height of the building is also significant, symbolising the towering, oppressive nature of student debt. A little-known fact is that there are no bathrooms in Richardson, as lawyers have ascended beyond the need for such lowly human activities as having bodily functions, or empathy.

• FLORT ZEP
FOR
MABOO!

POINTLESS



OWHEO (COMPUTER SCIENCE & SCIENCE COMMUNICATION)

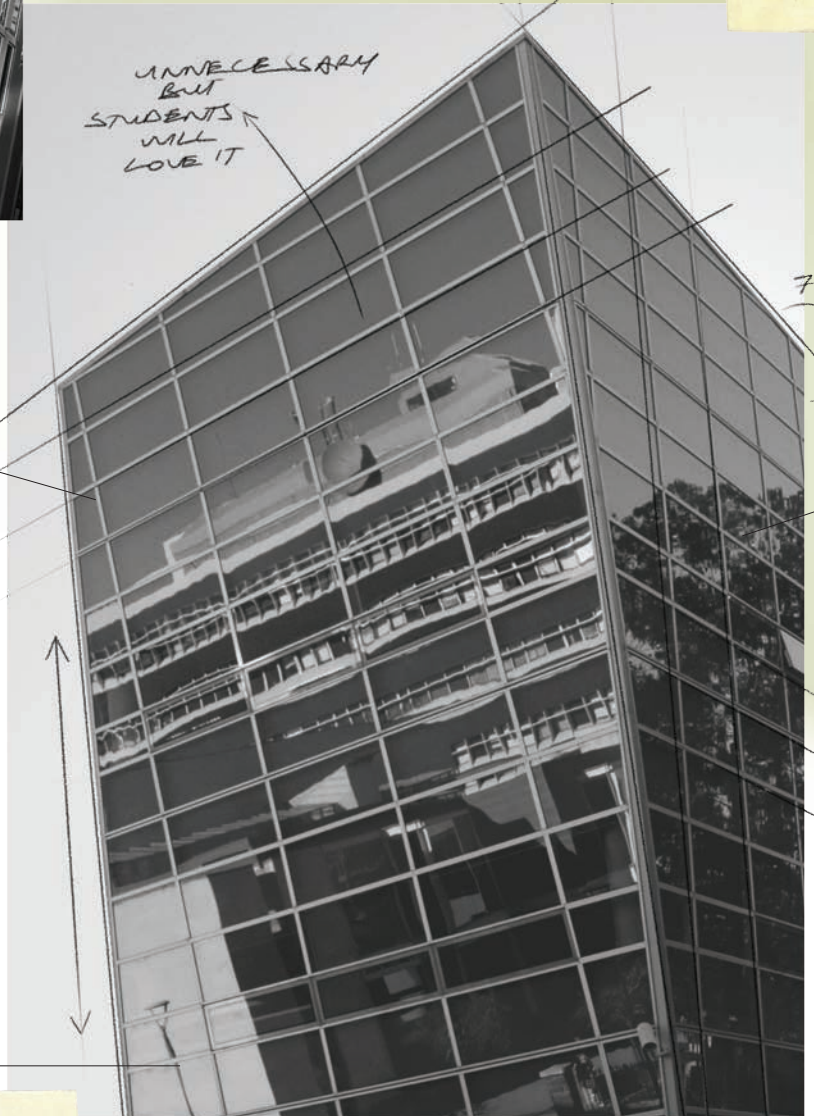
Owheo is a testament to postmodern architecture with Art Deco elements – that is to say it's an ant farm with pointless circular windows. Owheo is the pinnacle of design utilising location, as positioning the computer science building several blocks away from the rest of campus just makes things better for everyone involved. Despite being home to the computer science department, Owheo genuinely looks like it was designed in The Sims 3. Flort zep tor maboo!

UNNECESSARY
BUT
STUDENTS
WILL
LOVE IT

73.8°

CENTRE FOR INNOVATION

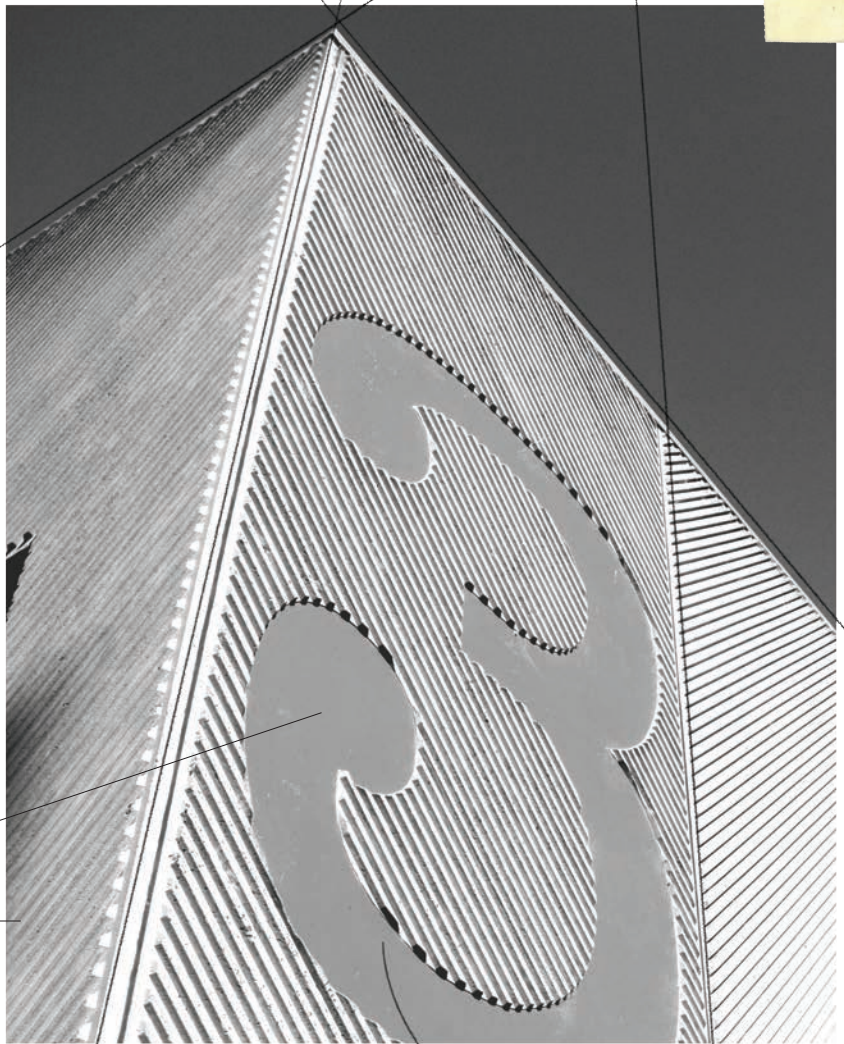
A marketing department's wet dream, the vaguely neofuturist Centre for Innovation is the pride of every UoO pamphlet. Even though it looks like it should be home to some Wolf of Wall Street shit, apparently it's full of research labs. Featuring more unnecessary glass than Castle Street on a dusty Sunday, the CFI has a remarkable aversion to 90 degree angles. The confusing tiled detailing is reminiscent of blacking out on your bathroom floor, which is a style sure to engage with the student body.



ARCHWAY

Much like a Sports Sci breather, Archway is built like a brick shithouse. Taking Constructivism and putting it in a cement mixer with a handful of shrooms, one can really smell the 70s influence. The playful abstract art on the exterior adds colour in a slightly patronising way, and combines with the parking lotesque walls to give the impression of a McDonald's playground under Stalinism. As the proud home of Otago's performing arts, the labyrinthine layout of Archway was carefully designed to make sure the easily confused BA students are too disoriented to wander into the rest of campus. If needed, they can be contained within the Archway maze by luring them in with loose change and promises that they didn't peak in high school.

70'S BRICK SHITHOUSE



→ CONFUSION

APPROX
75%
FUCKABLE

RIBBED FOR YOUR PLEASURE



CLOCKTOWER

A crowd favourite, the Gothic Revival architecture of the Clocktower and its associated buildings is ever present in the background of graduation Instagram posts. It's like going to Hogwarts, in a pre-TERF utopia. The brimstone-coloured masonry beckons to a simpler time, one filled with mead and buxom wenches instead of Cruisers and beezys who will literally rob you. Despite the turrets, Clocktower is by far the most fuckable building on campus: ribbed for your pleasure.



CRITIC POETRY COMP

taurus knows libra

WINNER

By Vega McHaffie

*i would plead that when he saw me
he wouldn't realise; my soul was an idea
scrawled across real estate agent pads
floating amongst reminders to get oat milk,
to vacuum car seats after the beach,
to water forgotten succulents.*

*it was not a sonata for the sage of the moon
written in moleskin*

*not even post-LSD prose written in men's
notes apps.*

*my existence rather bleeds of
complimentary pen ink,*

*the bubbling of black coffee in boys'
stomachs.*

but, then again;

he'd never think to plead

*that i didn't search for the seesawing of
your eyebrows on his face*

*for i still wait for the glue to wash away
from your blushing skin,*

and for the water, fresh,

*to detach my regret for not learning what i
was never taught,*

*for forgetting the feeling that never touched
the futile cotton weave of my intestines.*



Ode to the ODT Watch

RUNNER
UP

By Zach Roberts

Gather round dear friends and lend your ear
As I tell you a tale of what is lost, I fear
A tale of what the Critic got right:
The ODT Watch; our shining knight.
While most were fine, and quite content
To leave the ODT to tell and vent
Our daring ODT Watch plunged right in
To expose the paper's literary sins.
From their outstretched gauntlet, the clippings fell
With scathing commentary we knew all too well
Like the "Santa of Spuds", they'd reach your issue
With weekly blunders, just for you.
"A bird, a plane? No it's a flying digger"
We mocked them for their clumsy vigour.
"Dog ate homework? No, seal blocked way"
To explain the article, they chose this way.
"Snow on ski fields, more expected"
Oh boy oh boy, this weather's hectic.
"Licking classmates is frowned upon"
Some good life advice, if your sanity's gone.
"Like bees to honey", the cellists swarm
We laugh at the way their sentences form.
And like sharks to blood, we students flocked
To see our local paper mocked.
Alas, all brave knights must in time retire
As times move on and jokes expire.
But something truly seems amiss
To leave our Critic with this gaping abyss.
And so I leave you now to sit and weep
About the segment we couldn't keep
Unless some editor hears my pleas
To restore the Watcher of ODT.



LOCAL PRODUCE

By Nina Brown



Te Oraka: Student-Run Thrift Store

The old Unipol weights room on Anzac Ave has been transformed into a sustainability hub for students by the Sustainability Office and their team of tetekura (student leaders), including Maddy, Lizzy, Gerry, Annabelle, John and Jesikah (office team lead). Already open Tuesdays and Thursdays 11-1pm, they plan on launching an official opening for Te Oraka 'The Good Space' thrift store on May 12th with a market day of sorts. The market will feature local student businesses and some groovy tunes. Critic Te Arohi chatted to Maddy about the vision for the space and her personal experience with sustainability as a student.

Te Oraka evolved from the Drop for Good initiative that started as a way to keep old flatting goods out of the dump and into the hands of fresh flatters at cheap prices. "As a student, everyone needs sort of the same thing", said Maddy. So, rather than flatters woefully looking on at couch burnings after competing in Facebook Marketplace for reasonably priced furniture, they would be able to find everything they needed in one place.

The main aim is to build on the zero-waste goals of Drop for Good by selling donated clothing, furniture and homeware. Maddy said that "a behavior change would be the big overarching goal, of people just coming and not having to buy anything new. [To have] a circular economy running where you can come and trade and swap – just being conscious of your consumption... If everyone started shopping with a conscious intention, the change could be massive."

The student leads are also keen to host workshops at the space on all things sustainability, such as a class for menstruators on how to make reusable pads, or repair workshops to give appliances and garments a second-chance at life. "Putting a patch on something makes it cooler half the time," said Maddy, meaning this is your chance to finally mend that hole in the crotch of your K-mart

sweatpants – let's keep it classy. Te Oraka also has a refilling station for dishwashing and laundry liquid bottles, and a bike grab every Thursday, where you can tune up an old bicycle for a small kōha and ride away on your new-to-you wheels. "We sort of want it to be like a Room of Requirement," said Maddy.

Maddy said that for her, it was important that Te Oraka will be a tangible space, making it easy for susty students to get involved. "In first year, I had no idea what was going on on-campus in terms of sustainability or how you could get involved unless I sought it out myself." This is what led her to reach out to the Sustainability Office, eventually landing her role as tetekura for student engagement. "There's five of us in the roles, and we each have our own sort of title but it's also just super collaborative. We overlap a lot in our work."

As an ex-Castle Street flatter, Maddy especially wanted to give students living in the rat-trapped street opportunities to be more sustainable. "Obviously, the waste on Castle Street is a huge issue. There's only so much you can do in that environment, even with the best intentions," she said. "One of my biggest things coming into the role was how do you make it easier for people who do still care." Even after the massive progress that the North Dunedin Street Clean-Up made, mere weeks later the area is back to its former grungy glory.

Looking forward, the group plans on collaborating with more eco-friendly local businesses to have their stock full-time at Te Oraka to showcase as much sustainable Ōtepoti mahi as they can. To stay in the loop, make sure to follow their Instagram (@te_oraka and @sustainability_at_otago) and mark your calendars for the opening day! You can also check out the student run Susty Sussed Podcast for some local sustainability kōrero.

**LOCAL
PRODUCE**
By Jamiema Lorimer

Dollhouse Theatre Company

Dollhouse is a new Ōtepoti-based theatre company, founded by Ryan Hartigan and Jordan Wichman. It was created to fill the space between community and professional theatre, a gap that many recent grads struggle to cross.

Jordan completed her honours year of her Bachelor of Performing Arts in 2020. Ryan Hartigan taught Jordan during her studies at SPA as the directing lecturer. Dollhouse came to be while Jordan and Ryan were having coffee. The company aims to provide performing arts graduates a way to get intensively involved in semi-professional theatre, allowing them the opportunity to occupy theatre company roles such as directing and securing the rights to scripts. At the same time, Dollhouse aims to fill a space that has opened up since the Fortune Theatre closed its doors, not only as a space for performers, but also to fill a gap in the nightlife of Dunedin. Citing Woof as their favourite bar, they suggested drinks then a play is a much-needed vibe for Ōtepoti.

Jordan told us that "Ryan came back from teaching in the US a few years ago and one of the first things he noticed in Dunedin was that there really isn't anywhere for us to go when we graduate unless we want to try our luck in Wellington or Auckland and test our luck finding a sustainable job." In other countries, Jordan said that there's usually a stepping stone: something called 'pro-am', half professional, half amateur theatre. We don't have that here, and Dollhouse is trying to provide that stepping stone.

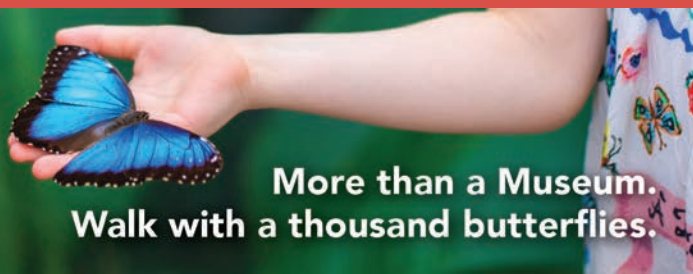
'Matt and Ben' is their upcoming production, which tells the story of how Ben Affleck and Matt Damon came up with Good Will Hunting. Jordan said that "a lot of people were really confused how two young adults with little to no experience produced this really deep and moving movie and won an Oscar," and that it's a good example of how recent grads from theatre programmes like ours can create amazing work when given the chance.

"In order to obtain the production rights", said Jordan, "you have to agree that you will cast two women as Matt and Ben." This is to stay true to the original message of the show, written by two women who were struggling to find jobs in the theatre world and said "you know what, we're just gonna go out and make our own work." The writers, Mindy Kaling and Brenda Withers, have since had quite popular careers, and hopefully Dollhouse will give some local grads a similar chance to strut their stuff, keeping Dunedin talent here in Ōtepoti.

Ultimately, Jordan said "Our goal is to go out there and really impress people and show them what we have to offer as grad students, because at the end of the day we can make really, really good products, and we want to use our incredibly expensive degrees to be able to entertain people." If you want to get involved, buy tickets, or just have a yarn about all things theatre, you can find Dollhouse at dollhouse.org.nz.



**OTAGO
MUSEUM**



**More than a Museum.
Walk with a thousand butterflies.**

SKUXX FOOD

BY ROSIE JOYCE @SKUXXFOOD

ISRAELI COUSCOUS AND ROAST VEGETABLE SALAD



A very skuxx salad that you can make at the start of the week and have for lunches or combine with a meat of choice for dinner. Swap out or add any roast vegetables of your choosing.

INGREDIENTS Serves 6

- 2 cups of Israeli couscous
- 1 bag of baby spinach, roughly chopped
- A bunch of parsley (optional), roughly chopped
- 200 grams of feta cheese (optional), crumbled
- 2 carrots, cut into 2cm cubes
- 2 kūmara, cut into 2cm cubes
- 2 red onions, cut into 2cm cubes
- 2 parsnips, cut into 2cm cubes
- 1 head of garlic
- 2 lemons
- 2 teaspoons ground cumin
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 2 teaspoons oregano
- 2 tablespoons of balsamic or red wine vinegar
- Olive oil
- Salt and pepper

METHOD

1. Preheat the oven to 200°C fan bake option.
2. In a large pot, boil 5 cups of water. Once boiling, add couscous, 1 tablespoon of oil, a pinch of salt and the juice of one lemon. Cook for 5-10 minutes or until the couscous has absorbed all the water, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and allow to cool completely.
3. To two large baking trays, add the carrots, kūmara, red onions and parsnips. Cut the top of the garlic head off, and add the whole head to one of the baking trays. Sprinkle over cumin, paprika, oregano, a good pinch of salt and pepper and around 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Mix well with your hands to combine.
4. Place the trays into the oven and bake for 35-40 minutes, turning the vegetables half way through. When they are golden brown, set aside and allow them to cool.
5. Squeeze the roasted garlic out of their skins and add to a small bowl, mashing with a fork. Zest the other lemon and add the zest and juice into the bowl, along with 2 tablespoons of olive oil, salt and pepper, and vinegar. Stir to combine and then stir the dressing into the cooked couscous.
6. In a very large bowl, add the couscous, vegetables, spinach and feta. Stir to combine.

BOOZE REVIEW:

elDiablo

SUPER STRONG BREW

BY CHUG NORRIS

El Diablos are no ordinary beer. They are an ancient artefact of likely Satanic provenance that hails from a time before creation itself. They appear at random times in random locations throughout New Zealand and prey on unsuspecting souls, drawn like moths to a flame by the sinister patterns inscribed on the can. It took me three separate attempts to review El Diablos because each time I tried I either blacked out or ended up writhing on the floor screaming in garbled Latin.

It is said that El Diablos were placed on earth as a test for those wishing to summon the Prince of Darkness. To complete the ritual, one must:

1. Imbibe the contents of six El Diablos, without regurgitation;
2. Nail the six empty cans to the wall in an inverted crucifix, and then;
3. Repeat the phrase "Satan I hath imbibed the foulest liquor of thine design, bequeath thy dark spirit unto me," six times.

If you complete these easy steps you should feel the presence of Beelzebub in the vicinity of your inverted crucifix, at which point he will most likely grant you a wish with some ironic and sadistic twist.

El Diablos boast a 12% ABV because the high proof is necessary to preserve them for eternity. Without this fortification, the hellish flavour of the beverage could be softened over time, something the Devil would never allow. The instinctual face-screwing when you take your first sip is not because of the foul taste, but rather it is your body's reaction to a demon slowly clawing its way into your soul.

Before you drink these you should definitely steal a Bible from a nearby motel, make as many crucifixes as possible, and possibly smoke a cigarette as a rudimentary form of incense, just in case a demon takes up permanent residence in your body. El Diablos are the filthiest concoction ever to occupy the shelves of NZ off-licence establishments. They are literally diabolical. Purchase them at your own peril.

Tasting notes: pride, greed, wrath, gluttony, lust, sloth, envy.

Froth level: immense.

Tastes like: whatever the opposite of holy water is.

Rating: 6.66/10 beware.



HOROSCOPES



AQUARIUS Jan 20 – Feb 18

If there's one thing you need, it's self control. Make sure to check yourself and reel it in every now and again.

Artistic activity: screenprinting an old item of clothing.



LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22

May's mid-month eclipse could bring you some feelings of anxiety and uncertainty. Be prepared for this, as it may mean you need to let that ego down, baby!

Artistic activity: colouring in, that's all you can do lol.



PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20

Is it hyperfixation? Is it an ego trip? Or do you actually have feelings for that special someone? Instead of questioning and stressing, just let it be and revel in the moment. Only time will tell.

Artistic activity: sketching.



VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22

Chances are, you have taken on too much and are beginning to feel the pressure. Remember to reach out, ask for help, and drop something if need be.

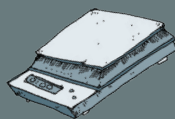
Artistic activity: paint by numbers.



ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19

You need a therapist, not a horoscope.

Artistic activity: design a graphic poster on Canva.



LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22

It's the gaslighting and inflated sense of self-importance for me.

Artistic activity: stick and poke tattoos.



TAURUS Apr 20 – May 20

Shout out to Taurus women. You guys are all icons. Ily, treat yourself today.

Artistic activity: sewing or crocheting a little hat.



SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21

If there is one sign I pray for, it's Scorpio. You guys are about to have a rough few weeks. Try to not take things personally, and don't get too fired up.

Artistic activity: watercolour painting.



GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20

Being hard to read is cool. It makes you mysterious and interesting, which is good, because sometimes you can be quite dull.

Artistic activity: becoming a culinary expert.



SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21

Well, well, well. Here we go again. You are chaotic, unhinged and about to ruin a lot of relationships. Good luck though!

Artistic activity: graffiti art.



CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22

I was probably a bit mean last week, sorry. Everyone needs a bit of tough love every now and again.

Artistic activity: writing slam poetry.



CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19

Your sense of logic and responsibility have gotten you nowhere. Unleash and loosen up.

Artistic activity: sexy self-portraits.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

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Shit happens

It all started on a normal Friday night in North Dunedin. Plenty of drinks deep, and the night started to quiet down. My flat mate and I are the last ones standing, we're chilling in the lounge anticipating our next move. One of her old friends visiting Dunedin arrives with another one of his mates. My flatmate, myself and the two guys decide to keep drinking whatever we can find in the flat, getting considerably drunker. Next thing I know my flatmate and this guy are hitting it off. His friend comes and sits nice and close to me, yarning away, he can see the other two hitting it off and, me being the only other girl around, he was shooting his shot.

We keep talking, I'm hardly understanding this extremely intoxicated boy, and to no surprise my flatmate and co. had made their way to the bedroom. I wasn't too keen on the guy at this point and tried to convert the situation by saying goodnight and jumping into the shower hoping he would just crash on the couch. I return to my room after and said boy had found my room and had already made himself comfy in the bed. No going back now, I jump into my bed next to him. One thing led to another and we kissed briefly but at this point he was too maggot to even know what was going on.

I say good night, turn the lights off and finally get to sleep. After a brief amount of shut eye I wake up to the man standing at my door looking for the doorknob. Still feeling pretty wasted I was extremely confused, thinking I was dreaming. I quickly realised there was a funny smell. I wake up a bit more as he finally leaves the room and something just wasn't right. The most god awful smell I have ever experienced was wafting up my nostrils. I grab my phone, turn the flash on and assess the situation. I look at his side of the bed to find an area of brown/orange coloured substance. I hear the shower turn on which is when I realised what was going on.

Old mate had shat the fucken bed. Not just shit but discoloured, diarrhoea, baby shit, liquid fucken gold covering his entire side of the bed. I sat up in shock to feel a sensation of warmth on my leg, which of course, was shit. In shock I ran to the furthest room in the house, parking myself in my flat mates empty bed not wanting to face this man.

From here I fall back asleep, and wake up around 9 in the morning. Not knowing what to do I lay in bed for a while trying to figure out my next move. I texted my flatmate and the two guys were still in the house. I keep waiting and a couple hours pass and around 12pm I finally hear them leave the house. I run to my flat mate trying to explain what the fuck just happened. I brace myself and go to my room to see what kind of mess has been left behind. He had stripped the bed; no sheets to be found, only a trail of shit stains on the carpet from my bed to the bathroom. I found a sheet in the dryer which was confusing because the washing machine had not been used. The sheet was covered in stains and the poor guy must've tried washing it in the sink, disgusting. I still couldn't find my second sheet. I had a look outside in our courtyard and found his shit covered undies, shit covered towel and my other sheet laying there. He had obviously freaked out, chucked everything out the window hoping it would never be found again. Everything was ruined, and all bedding was chucked including the electric blanket.

My flatmates and I spent the rest of our Saturday gobsmacked to what had just happened. The afternoon came and I received a message from the guy, not apologising or addressing the situation but asking what our plans were for the night. I can tell you now, mate, you will not be coming anywhere near me or returning to my flat, you literally fucken shat my bed.

RIP poo boy, you will not be missed.

Have something juicy to tell us? Send your salacious stories to moaningful@critic.co.nz. Submissions remain anonymous.

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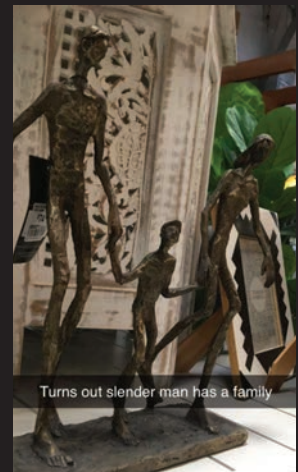
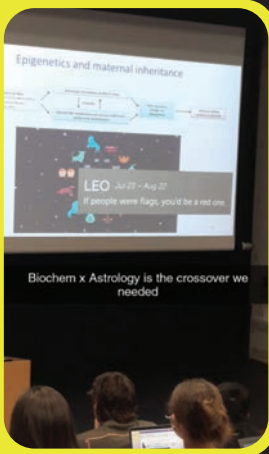
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