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1
91 FM



DEAL OF THE WEEK:

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LETTERS

EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ — LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$25 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK

In response to the Pequeno article

I have been a regular purveyor of Jazz Night for the past three and a half years, and being a hospo (albeit part-time) girlie for many many years, I have an innate appreciation for the work that goes into making Jazz Night so fantastic. In 2020 (pre covid), Jazz Night would be a mingling ground for everyone, with no line, door charge, or bouncer. It would take 20 minutes to order a drink and there would be such a crowd that it would spill into the carpark. Needless to say, it was fantastic.

Now, everything changed one fateful Jazz Night in late 2021 when a bartender went to escort an intoxicated patron out of the building. He punched her in the face. She punched him back (good on her). The police got involved and, get this, there were over 200 people on site, Pequeno's legal capacity is 88. Needless to say, they got in a LOT of trouble. This is when the one-in-one-out policy began, the venue didn't really have any choice.

The first Jazz Night with a bouncer was really unsuccessful. When the owner approached us, I was standing next to the bar with my espresso-tini (classy) with two friends drinking tequila sodas (less classy). He was exasperated "less than \$100 has gone over the bar in the last half hour," he said, "I've got to pay the band! What are you two drinking? Water?"

He was definitely rude, don't get me wrong, but the point I'm getting at is, you can't expect to go to a venue and not contribute in some way. When you go to a gig at The Crown or at Dive you pay a door charge, why should Pequeno be any different? At the end of the day, there wouldn't be a door charge if students spent money on drinks, and students would spend money on drinks if it wasn't for this goddam cost of living crisis. And to be honest, I don't mind spending \$20 on the door when it goes towards a \$15 drink inside.

AH



Dear whoever writes the horoscopes, Who hurt you? Whoever is writing the horoscopes this year needs to lay off Sagittarius. What did we do to you? Most of us Sags are just trying our best and don't deserve to be attacked week in week out. Maybe it's on me for expecting to get some kind words of affirmation or sage advice for once, but this feels targeted. We don't deserve to be grouped in with whatever Sag ex broke your heart. Hurt people hurt people, and your words have power.

A hurt Sag.

Editor's response: you could always reach out to orb@critic.co.nz for astrological advice on this matter.

dearest critic

I used to enjoy doing the crossword. However these days I find that it is very American. This would be fine if anyone knew or cared but know one knows anything about the place. cheers

AH

Editor's response: you do be kinda right tho. Starting in sem 2 I'll be revising the clues to make them less American. In the meantime, this week's clue is about North American ice hockey teams, so good luck lol

Correction: the KnowYourStuffNZ stats we published were unconfirmed - we'll confirm them once KYS sends final data to OUSA. The numbers we got came from an OUSA meeting, but it looks like these were preliminary.

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THE TL:DR

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ETIN ROUNDUP

There are now finally more female CEOs in the world than there are ones with the first name John.

Supermarkets in Auckland will soon only be able to sell alcohol until 9pm, two hours earlier than before.

Auckland flooded again, oops.

Sky News coronation presenters chuckled after author Kathy Lette quipped that Tuvalu "had to go underwater, put their snorkels on!" Tuvalu's foreign minister, Simon Kofe, said that the remark was "beyond comprehension and completely unacceptable."

Queen Camilla walked straight by a pōwhiri held by Ngāti Rānana London Māori Club at the coronation. Performers stood barefoot in the cold to welcome Camila, who gave them an over-the-shoulder glance before heading inside. King Charles stopped to watch.

The ODT reports that the DCC will "ease up" on freedom camping enforcement patrols. Their schedule will be cut in half.

The Simpsons made a joke about rugby and it warranted a TikTok by the AllBlacks. "Whatever rugby is," Bart said, "Wellington sucks at it."

Donald Trump is officially a sexual predator, a civil case in New York State finds.

DnB record company RAM hosted an orchestral drum and bass cover night in London, featuring songs by Wilkinson, Sub Focus and others, all played live.

A group of Timaru duck-shooters dressed in blackface and Jamaican costumes because their mate went to Jamaica instead of going duck shooting. Nice one Timaz.

The outgoing Finnish Prime Minister has filed for divorce. Sources say that she called things off by saying, "I'm Finnish."

The Otago Polytech has just unveiled a Nicholas Cage statue, which you can see on campus. We think. Not sure though bc we just kinda eyeballed it from across the street.

Select AirNZ flights will offer bunk beds at \$400 for a four-hour snooze, which means there's more room for activities, but less room for the working class.

The Grim Reaper at the coronation was revealed to be a verger, which is really boring, so we're gonna say that it was in fact Diana. Confirmed, you read it here first.



50 YEARS OF STUDENT PROTESTS IN TWO PHOTOS

ABOVE:
Otago student Felix Geiringer is run over by cabinet minister Bill Birch's limousine during a protest. (1972? Photo from Gerard O'Brien, ODT)

LEFT:
An imported luxury car parks at the Clocktower during a student protest. (2023)

OUSA, TEU Protest Uni Cuts

A day of protests targeted Clocktower and governmental reform

By Hugh Askerud
Staff Writer // hugh@critic.co.nz



“Write to your MP, write to your Government... Tell them you care about this university!”

In a day of dual protests, OUSA members marched on the office of local Labour MP David Clark and Tertiary Education Union (TEU) members headed to the Clocktower. University admin received plenty of blame for their current financial woes, but most critiques and calls for action were directed at Government.

OUSA launched a protest at 10:30am on Tuesday, May 9, calling for better funding for the Uni and support for students. With the Uni's \$60 million deficit and impending staff cuts, and nine days ahead of the NZ budget announcement, their attention turned to a Government that has failed to match Uni funding with rising inflation.

Quintin Jane, OUSA President, openly criticised the efforts of the Government which, in his words, were “not good enough.” Speaking to the student psyche, Quintin said, “We're sick of being told that it could be worse.” With these words at heart, around 100 students marched alongside OUSA's student executive team to the office of David Clark who, in the eyes of protesters, has failed to deliver on promises to support tertiary education.

The march was spurred on by chants such as, “Without the University, Dunedin's just a town.” While students were the central force driving the event, protestors were escorted by two police officers who blocked off the road as students crossed, and a myriad of passing cars beeping in whole-hearted support. Dunedin's deputy mayor, Sophie Barker, was also in attendance.

Protestors were disappointed upon arrival to find that David's office was closed for a “staff training day.” David himself was apparently sitting as an MP on the day, but the lack of other staff in the building was noticed by students. Still, spectator comments ranged from “Who is he supposed to be training?” to “How cowardly can you get to be scared of a bunch of students?” to “Yeah, okay, fair. But this still looks bad.”

David is expected to be seen around campus a lot more often, as he's actually just taken a job in the Clocktower as registrar. The former registrar will stay on the payroll, though, in a newly-created position. An OIA for the salary of the registrar position and the hiring process has been submitted.

The fact that David wasn't present did little to dampen spirits, and in fact bolstered student resentment towards the Government. One said that it showed their “continued efforts to stay

ignorant.” In a true David and Goliath story (though David represented the Goliath in this case) the battle's victor could be determined at the unveiling of the nation's budget announcement. Without adequate funding from the Government, the University's financial woes could turn from bad to worse, affecting hundreds of careers.

At approximately 11:15am, Quintin formally disbanded the protest, not before urging students to “Write to your MP, write to your Government... Tell them you care about this university!” At noon, a protest organised by the TEU rallied several hundred University staff in another march to the Clocktower. Academic staff said that the decision to cut jobs and an inability to weather Covid's financial storm suggested that managerial mistakes had been made, and they felt like the burden of those mistakes was falling on the wrong shoulders.

Multiple staff members in attendance did not want to be named in this article, citing fear of repercussion from the Clocktower if they were to criticise it openly. “How can you over-budget in the middle of a crisis? In the middle of a pandemic? That's living completely outside of reality,” were comments made by one staff member, with another saying that “the University has options, and cutting staff is the worst of those options.”

Students at the morning's protest agreed that staff cuts and resulting paper cuts did little to entice new enrolments, a sentiment echoed by prospective students just a day earlier. “It feels like every year I come back and there's one less paper in my course,” said Jack, one of the students at the morning protest. “The Government definitely needs to step up and provide funding.” OUSA Welfare and Equity Representative Kaia agreed, “As an OUSA executive I'm concerned for the future of the University, and as a second-year student I'm concerned with the impact these changes will have on me personally.”

Kaia was reminded of the 90s Clocktower protests, which came after the introduction of Uni fees: “Look at how much worse it's become.” Kaia's words hark back to a pre-neoliberal dream state in which students who attended University were not forced to shell out thousands for an average-sized piece of paper. Due to the privatisation of tertiary education across the country, the University of Otago's fate now rests in the hands of unpredictable enrolment numbers and staying competitive in a declining market.



Students take over Pequeño

Don't worry, there will still be jazz nights

By **Nina Brown**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Your local speakeasy vibe has come under new management. As of Monday, May 15, student couple Jaz and Alex are taking the wheel of Pequeño.

The pair want to acknowledge the "heritage" of Pequeño while bringing a "bit of love to it", as the bar has been open since Alex was just five years old. He told us that managing the new business venture on top of study is "pretty full on" and that he "wouldn't be able to do it without Jaz", who takes care of logistics. Alex tends to "do the fun stuff like cocktail menus" while completing third year Law at Otago Uni.

Alex found his passion for mixology during his time working overseas, taking him from the Arsenal Stadium in London to a party island in Greece (in his Mama Mia era). Inspiration came from having to reform the entire cocktail menu at a random bar he worked at with "big dogs... which was when I first kind of learned that this is fun and I actually have a passion for it." Pequeño patrons can expect Alex's passion for mixology to translate into the new menu - candy floss, meringue, bubble machines and smoke guns were mentioned.

"With that being said, when you hear things like that [on the menu], you kind of expect prices to go up," said Alex, "which pushes students out. But that's not our intention." He said that you can expect prices to remain the same, with the potential for a cheaper, more select cocktail menu to be on offer on jazz nights "cause we know that it's so student-focused." They also know that jazz nights get fucking jam-packed, so having a slimmer menu means they didn't need to hire a veritable army of bar staff or start training octopus to shake cocktails.

Alex and Jaz agreed that their signature cocktail would have to be the Woo-Woo: a vodka, peach, cranberry and lime cocktail topped with candyfloss. "I think we did over a thousand of them at Beer Fest," said Alex, "which is crazy."

In the spirit of catering to the younger generation, the couple have been brainstorming different ideas for Saturday events and hours. At the moment Pequeño doesn't open until 7pm on Saturdays which they think is "just a bit too late", even just for things like pre-dinner or gig cocktails. Our ears perked up at the mention of quiz nights, cocktail classes, or make-your-own-cocktail bottomless brunches (enthusiastically endorsed by Critic).

This isn't the couple's first business venture, having already set up their own portable premium cocktail bar, The Alchemist, which they take around the country catering events such as Beer Fest and various race days. The couple opened the bar three years ago and said that since it has started to "run itself a bit more", it was perfect timing when they "heard through the grapevine that Pequeño was for sale."

For Jaz, experience working under trash management in a pub in England taught her "how not to treat people" as a manager. Alex agreed that they both learned a lot from their own experiences as hospo staff: "We were tainted by that and we would never want our staff to feel like that." Alex said that they "really want the message to come across that it is under new ownership and that we are trying to make it better... We're young, too, so we know what it's like."

Their first official opening night will be Thursday jazz night this week, May 18. While the couple will be retaining all current staff who are keen to stay, they will be looking to hire as well! You can contact them via their Instagram page @pequenomixologydunedin.



Prospective Students Deterred by Staff Cuts

Unless they want to do dent or law

By **Nina Brown**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

If you were on campus last Monday, chances are you tripped over a highschooler gawking at a map of the Uni with their mum. Critic Te Ārohi took the opportunity to ambush prospective students (prospies) to see if the incoming staff cuts had influenced their uni decisions.

While most youngsters hadn't heard the news, the few that had were concerned. One mentioned that a couple friends of hers who were interested in studying humanities had reconsidered enrolling at Otago after hearing the news. And we alarmed one pre-breath planning on studying Law and Chinese by telling him that languages and cultures had already been subjected to cuts, with German as the most recent casualty due to low enrolments. Exchanging glances, he and his mum said that the news would definitely impact their decision on whether or not to enrol at Otago. Whoops.

We continued to peruse stalls in the Link spreading the good news. The humanities end was much quieter than the sciences on the opposite side, and the English and Linguistics table was completely barren when we dropped by. Surely we just caught them at a bad time. The prospies we bothered at the science end generally were unbothered by the news, many hearing it for the first time. Those we spoke to were keen on oral health, SPEX and HSFY - still with life in their eyes, we noted. And fair enough that they weren't that concerned upon learning about the Uni's budgeting issues since the humanities have historically borne the

brunt of budget cuts.

The main concern for these students was that Arana College, a fave among health science freshers, isn't taking applications for 2024 as it is set to undergo earthquake strengthening upgrades. They were originally planned to happen later this year, with current residents set to migrate to the new hall Te Rangihīroa around the corner, but (even more) financial woes have delayed the hall's construction by six months.

We bumped into one mum, Leanne, who went to Otago Uni in the 90s and was part of the 1993 student fees protest that saw students clashing with police in riot gear at the Uni Registry building. Leanne informed a surprised Critic that there used to be a Russian department at the Uni, and that the humanities department has been slowly chipped away at since neoliberal reforms of the 80s which pushed universities across Aotearoa to "run as a business." Her daughter, however, didn't think it affected her.

These prospies are an important group. The University has cited declining domestic enrolment rates as a key factor in their budget crisis, a combination of lower NCEA pass rates and a lower-than-anticipated interest in attending university nationwide. Their decision to attend Otago or go elsewhere will be hotly anticipated by the Clocktower.



WEEKDAYS 11-12
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Nine Streakers at "Most Cooked Game Ever"

Spectators were disappointed they didn't get their cocks out

Nine streakers blessed spectators of the Highlanders vs Chiefs bout on Friday, May 5, who roared onto the field during the game (fully clothed) on three separate occasions - before being promptly clobbered by an ostensibly brutish security force. Though motives for the streaking remain a mystery, one thing's for certain: the event provided a bloody good laugh for students lucky enough to be in the Zoo to witness it.

For those of you who haven't heard the glorious tales of streakers past, streakers caught at the Forsyth Barr Stadium can face a \$500 fine and a two-year ban for their sins. And if these rascals hadn't been fully clothed, they'd have been slapped with a more serious fine of \$2000 for public indecency. One breatha, Robbie, however, was disappointed in what he saw as a lacklustre effort on their behalf: "If you're going to streak, you've got to do it right. Get your cocks out."

Despite the hefty consequences, there is the (alleged) glimmering hope of escape lying in wait at the corner opening at Gate

G. Ex-student Ben told Critic Te Ārohi that "what they don't tell you about the corner opening [at Gate G] is that there is actually another group of security waiting there for you. So really there's no hope of making it." But the streakers at Friday's game weren't even lucky enough to make it that far, bless them, with most being pinned down by security just 10 metres into their run - well before they could pull off any real flair.

Cosplaying cops and robbers with security is the name of the game when it comes to streaking at the rugby. "The show must go on," as the saying goes. But many students were quick to criticise the brutal nature of security as streakers were allegedly "pummelled" to the ground, even after having given up. Despite the Auckland-based security company Platform 4 Group (P4G) claiming to foster a "safe and secure environment for staff and the public," many spectators suggested this was not the case. One student, James*, reckoned that "none of the streakers deserved what they got." A full video of the escapades is on TikTok (pictured).

In the background of these antics, a seemingly rejuvenated Zoo was incensed at the sight of a (somewhat) resurgent second-half performance from the Highlanders. Get fucked, Chiefs. In the immediate aftermath of the event, self-proclaimed Zoo analyst Charlie posted on CASTLE23, "Seemed like my last post did some magic #thankyou." Charlie was spotted at the game by the Critic Te Ārohi video team shouting, "Stand up!" repeatedly, at dumbstruck spectators. The general mayhem Zoo also saw cheese slices thrown, a number of strip-teases, and enough people fawning over Damian McKenzie to fill a bus.

While the Highlanders ultimately lost 52-28, the entertainment value of the streaking incident and other hijinks ensured that the crowd remained engaged. The only question now is whether the Zoo will continue to make headlines for the rest of the season.

*Name changed.

By Hugh Askerud

Staff Writer // hugh@critic.co.nz

New 'Rat King Landlord' Just Dropped

Tabloid-style paper uses satire to discuss rights, rats

By Zak Rudin
Chief Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

A brand-new issue of 'Rat King Landlord', written by Murdock Stephens, hit the streets of Ōtepoti on Friday, May 5. Originally published in 2020, the novel-turned-tabloid-newspaper is a comedic satirical story about a rat that becomes a landlord.

But behind the layers of satire are the very real issues of housing inequality and renters' rights. Murdock teamed up with Renters United to hand out copies to students completely free of charge and host a launch party at Yours, the anarchist café on Moray Place.

Rat King Landlord discusses the housing crisis in Aotearoa through the "dumb fantastical idea of a rat that inherits a house and becomes a landlord," said Murdock. The fresh tabloid copy is filled with colourful art from 16 illustrators. Jordie, President of Renters United, suggested students use the art as posters to "make your landlord feel

uncomfortable." Just be sure to put it up with pins, not blue-tack (subject to your RTA contract).

Students' initial reactions to the novel were mixed. Second-year student Arlo was already a fan of the novel, having read the original. Another student said, "Fuck yeah... landlords are rats," while another pointed out that "landlords are people too, trying to make a living [from us]." Murdock was quick to point out that, contrary to what the title implies, "not all landlords are rats." As for the perspective of landlords: "Who cares what [they] think about it," said Murdock.

Murdock, along with Jordie and Sven from Renters United, have been travelling across the motu to promote the book and give out free copies. But, though the copies are free, they weren't free to print. Murdock and the team behind Rat King raised around \$10,000 from around 300 sponsors, three of which funded 10,000

copies at around 73 cents a pop. Around 600 copies were given out to students on campus in just two hours last Friday. But if you missed out, you can pick one up from Yours.

And it wasn't only students that benefited. "Every single Member of Parliament has received a free copy of rat king landlord," said Jordie. Meanwhile, some sponsors provided the address of "class traitors" who were sent a free copy of the novel along with a targeted letter.

Murdock described the project as "one of the most successful, positive and uplifting kinds of things I've ever done." As depressing as the housing crisis can be, Murdock set out to create a positive vision of change. "I wanted to experiment with what radical change looks like," said Murdock. Conveniently, the last two pages include a 37-point plan across four categories on "how to fix renting."

Rachel Brooking

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Capping Show's Round the Corner (Again)

No, it doesn't have anything to do with grad or gear

By **Nina Brown**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Capping Show is back this week for its 129th year. Critic Te Ārohi chatted with Tucker, one of the four directors of this year's show.

For those who don't know, the Capping Show is the longest running student review in the world (allegedly). "It's gone through both World Wars, it's gone through Covid," said Tucker. He described it as a student-led and run show "that has a whole lot of heart."

According to Tucker, this year's show is a "real melting pot" of pop culture references, including *Star Wars*, *Rick and Morty*, or *Back to the Future*. "There's really something in here for every flavour of nerd. And even if you're not, it's just well-written."

Tucker first got involved in the show in 2019 upon arriving in Dunedin. He arrived

at an odd time in the year, meaning that he had "nowhere to sleep" until he was taken in by a mate who he'd met overseas under the condition that he audition for the show. "And here I am five years later."

At a rough estimate, Tucker said the cast consists of around 20-or-so students, not including light and sound. "We've got law students, we've got archaeology students, we've got business and commerce students, we've got teaching students," he said. "And it's all student-led."

While auditions are typically held in the second week of the semester (probably around the same time you stopped attending lectures in person), for the directors the process leading up to show-day has been a lot longer. The theme for this year, 'Back to the Flat', was chosen "maybe a month or two after the last show."

Tucker said that it's been a handful juggling his director duties with teaching placements for his degree, "but I guess who isn't juggling things." He also said, "At this point I'm going slightly insane." Mood. All worth it in the end, though. "It's amazing seeing the audience's reaction to all of the hard work that we put in," said Tucker. "It's months and months of work and it really shows."

There will be seven shows in all at \$20 a ticket. Opening night is this Thursday, May 19, and the final night will be on the 24th. For anyone tossing up which night to go, "final night is when the most memorable moments happen," he said, with actors given full creative licence to switch up the skits. One such moment last year was when in a Wiggles skit, rather than saying "wake up, Jeff", Jeff was in fact the recently deceased Queen Lizzy. Lol.

ODT WATCH

It was going so well, until . . .
Second year

Police apologise for harm caused by 'systemic racism'
Police apologise for 'racially profiling your kids'

'How do I get some meat for my family?' she said.
Me and my girls after a long dry spell

A witness said a trail of tobacco products was visible outside the dairy following the robbery.

But the robber is me and the dairy is my flatmate's bedside table

Perfect weekend for Duncan

Slept in till 11, brunch and a mimosa with the besties, a dip in the ocean, home for an afternoon nap, ending with a beer while chilling on the couch :)

A MOSGIEL-BORN man says winning a national art award felt fantastic — and could not have come at a better time because he was broke.

Name a Mosgiel-born man who isn't

Would anyone attend (and enjoy) a family occasion and then announce he or she might abandon this family. Who does he think he is?

Royalists be normal for a day challenge: hard mode

New advances in artificial intelligence offer advantages but may also raise ethical questions,

Right as it starts being able to draw Minions porn... Coincidence?

ABOUT one in 10 young people were identified as having a mental health condition in 2018, and new research shows it may be being caused by living in areas with high numbers of fast food, alcohol and gambling outlets.

Hey that's us!

The flat also had a rat, which Mr Stephens killed in an ugly incident. Six months later, he became a vegetarian.

Unusual choice for a children's author's blub



Your team No matter where you're from.

SATURDAY 26 MAY
FORSYTH BARR STADIUM

7.05PM Highlanders v Reds

GET YOUR TICKETS FROM **TICKETEK**

THE ZOO REGISTER YOUR ZOOPER PASS AND GO INTO THE DRAW TO WIN A \$500 AIR NZ TRAVEL VOUCHER

ousa OTAGO HIGHLANDERS

Club Yu Mei
(Dunedin) Archive

27 May 10AM—5PM



10AM—1PM
28 May

Seconds, Pre-loved, Ex-Display
AYU Community Space, 7 Crawford St, Dunedin

OUSA AGM

HAVE YOUR SAY!

Annual General Meeting

TUESDAY 23RD MAY
5.30PM - AUAHI ORA

followed by a **Quiz Night!**

ousa.org.nz

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OUSA Clubs & Socs Clubs & Societies

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OUSAs Clubs & Socs- 84 Albany Street Dunedin

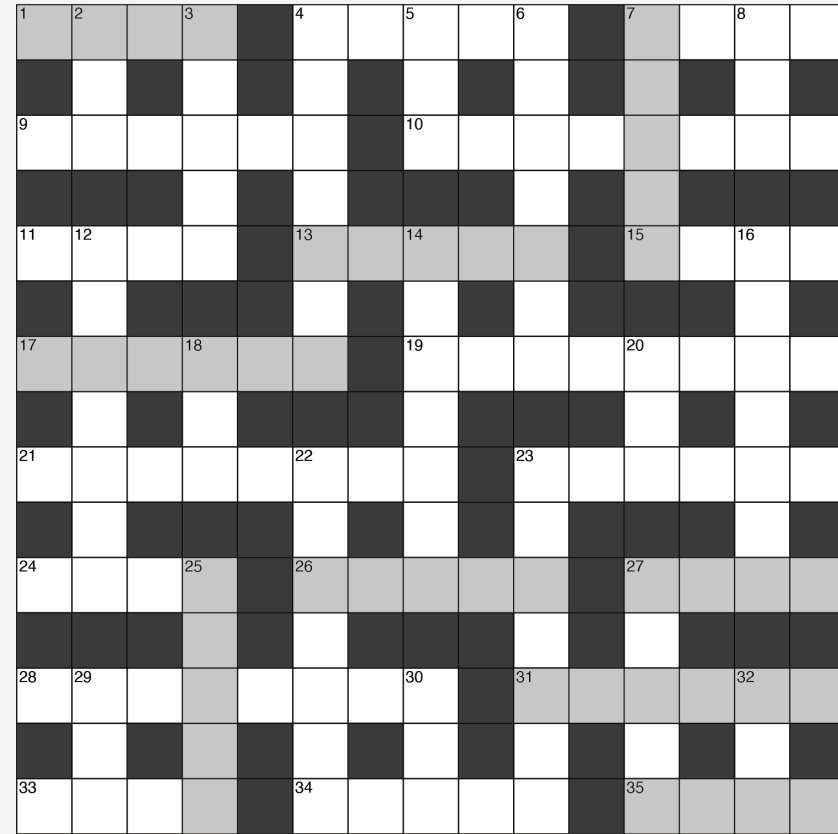
#COMEPLAYOUSAs
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

Clubs & Socs ousa

PUZZLES

Mazagran BROUGHT TO YOU BY MAZAGRAN
 ESPRESSO BAR KEEPING CRITIC CAFFEINATED
 36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

CROSSWORD



The (#) tells you how many words are in the solution. If a clue doesn't have a (#), it's a one-word answer. Answers in the grey boxes are all connected by the bold clue.

ACROSS:

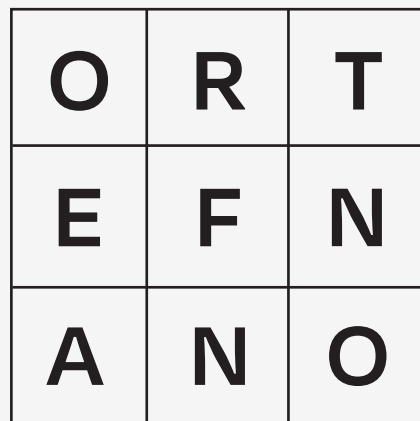
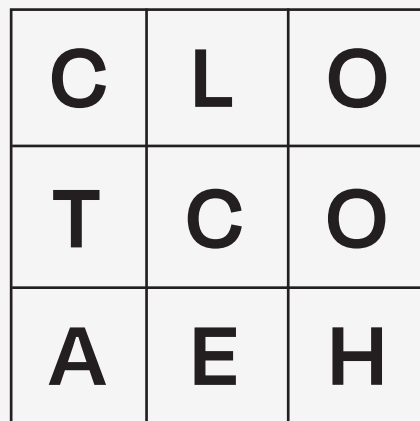
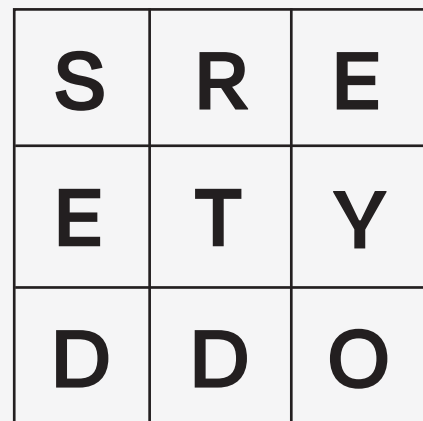
- 1. Wall Street optimist
- 4. "The Hunger Games" nation
- 7. Of the garlic or plain variety
- 9. Over the moon
- 10. A reason 16D might have a problem with you
- 11. Requests
- 13. Ambergris source
- 15. ___ and flows
- 17. ___-mode, Oxford word of the year
- 19. 34A, but as a bone?

DOWN:

- 2. Web address
- 3. National flower of India
- 4. Jedi-in-training
- 5. Manhattan school, abrv
- 6. Like some elections or exams
- 7. Sip slowly
- 8. Letters on an All Blacks jersey
- 12. Searched high and low
- 21. Vegetable
- 23. Find, as a spy
- 24. Revise
- 26. Fruit on the pokies
- 27. Check for ID
- 28. Got a bun in the oven
- 31. San Jose ice hockey team, OR, the connection between the highlighted clues**
- 33. Practice, as a boxer
- 34. Foolish
- 35. Source of interest
- 14. State of disbelief?
- 16. 27A, but as a job
- 18. Fro-, Phal-, or Pub-
- 20. Go off
- 22. French city that you can put a "new" before
- 23. Succession of rulers
- 25. Hobbes, for one
- 27. Go on all fours
- 29. Tear
- 30. Car-, Ho-, or Pas-
- 32. Cheeky parrot

WORD BLOCKS

Make up the 9-letter word hidden in these blocks, using every letter once.



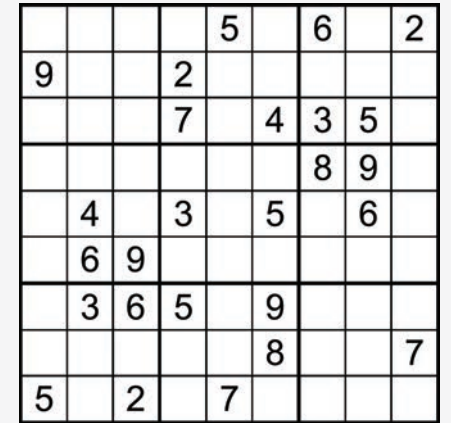
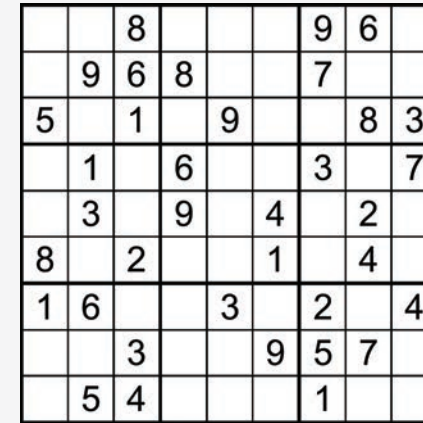
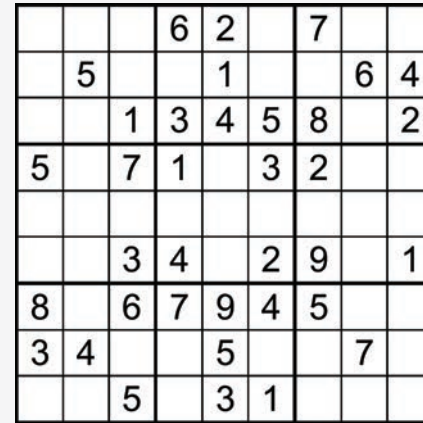
ISSUE 09 PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. SAND 4. STOIC 7. PLAN 9. EMBRYO 10. ENTHALPY 11. STREAMED 12. THEORY 13. (SAND)CASTLE 16. YANKOVIC 18. GLUTTONY 21. CYPRUS 23. SAFARI 25. HIPSTERS 28. OPULENCE 29. PUERTO 30. GEAR 31. LOSER 32. THOU(SAND)

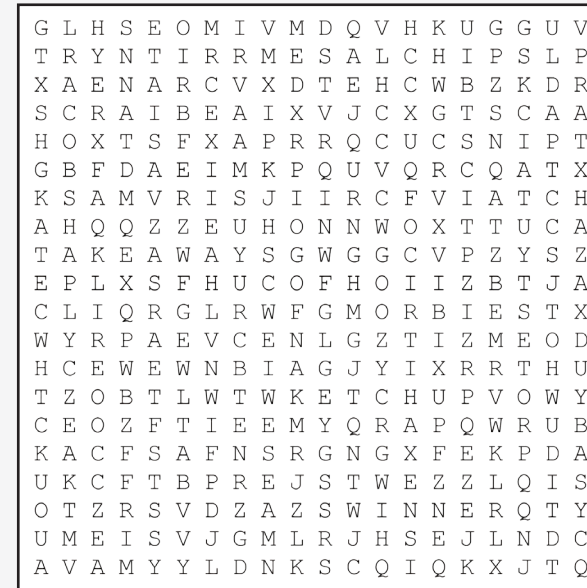
WORD BLOCK WORDS: EARTHWORM, DEODORANT, COSMETICS

DOWN: 2. ADMIT 3. DARKEST 4. (SAND)STORM 5. ONEADAY 6. CATATONIC 7. PLACEBO 8. AMPER(SAND) 14. ACL 15. EMOTIONAL 17. ICU 19. TRAILER 20. (SAND)YCHEEKS 22. PATIENT 24. AMPLE 26. (SAND)PAPER 27. RETRO

SUDOKU



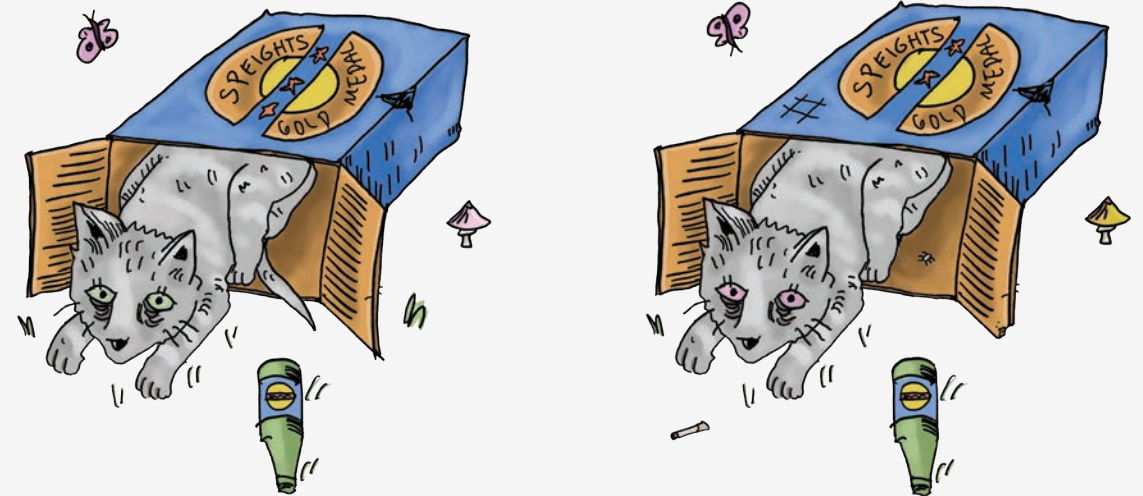
WORDFIND



- PIPELINE
- ICKS
- CAPPING
- PROTEST
- RENTERS
- SECURITY
- FISH
- CHIPS
- WINNER
- TAKEAWAYS
- ORB
- STREAKING
- SOGGY
- GREASE
- TARTARE
- KETCHUP

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



How to Know if You've Got The Ick

By Anna Robertshawe

Art by Justina King

Part 1

Part 1 of 2: Understanding the ick



1. Understand that getting the ick is not your fault. Society often stigmatises the ick and those who suffer from it. This means it can be easy to believe that you are a bad person. And maybe you are. You might be super judgey and perhaps also co-diagnosed with chronic self-sabotage. But it's not your fault! If you have the ick, it is the result of circumstances outside your control. Remember that you cannot control the actions of the other person. If they choose to wear socks in bed, or hoodies that (God forbid) actually fit them, that is their decision. You. Are. (Probably). Not. The. Problem.

2. Understand the possible risk factors and causes. There are two possible ways one can contract the ick:

- *From another person.* You may really like this person, and there may be nothing wrong with your relationship/situationship/whatever you guys are doing. It might just be that they have done something that has revealed their inner ickiness. If this is the case, you must not judge them. Some people can't help being icky. Even though they have made the decision to play frisbee competitively, or pretended to know the lyrics of a song when they in fact didn't, you must remember that they are helpless here.
- *From yourself.* You just might not like them. You may be giving yourself the ick in order to justify the fact that you don't actually have feelings for them. It's always easier to blame the other person! Just remember that this is a form of self-sabotaging behaviour and could result in future regrets. Potentially the reason why you get so icked out seeing them at AskOtago (like, why don't you know how to connect to the Uni WiFi?), or using an umbrella (just get wet?) could have something to do with the fact that you just don't like them.

3. Recognise the warning signs and symptoms. If you think you may have contracted the ick, there are some tell-tale symptoms to look out for. If you have symptoms that persist, consider seeking help. Warning symptoms include:

- *Chronic cringe.* Does your face metaphorically or literally contort into a grimace when you picture their ickiness in your mind? Did you see them running with a backpack on or chasing after a ping-pong ball in beer pong? Did that fill you with an overwhelming and long-lasting sense of cringe? If so, you may be suffering from the ick.
- *Physical rejection of touch.* Does their once electric touch now feel akin to that of a weird uncle? Would you literally rather be alone forever than hold their hand? These are common physical manifestations of the ick.
- *Nausea.* Think of something they may have done that might be icky. Perhaps they had to do an awkward little run to cross the road, or perhaps they stopped mid-root to have a hoon. Does the very thought induce feelings of nausea? If you relate to these symptoms, ask your doctor if you have the ick.

4. Determine the nature of your symptoms. It is important to understand which type of ick you have contracted in order to identify the best coping strategies and whether there is a cure. If you have identified with any of the above symptoms, read on to see how you can seek help.

Part
2Part 2 of 2:
Coping with the ick

1. **Accept your condition.** If you have contracted the ick from the other person, you may be in denial. You may really like this person, however seeing them tie their shoes in public or wear no-show socks has made you question whether you want them to be part of your life. The first step to recovery is acceptance, so it is important to recognise your symptoms and know that it's going to be okay. The longer you stay in denial, the less space you are giving yourself to mitigate your symptoms and potentially find a cure.
2. **Avoid judging yourself.** It is common for people suffering from the ick (especially those with self-induced ick) to feel as though they should be able to just "snap out of it". However, just as you wouldn't expect yourself to "snap out" of a hangover or an existential crisis, you shouldn't judge yourself because you're struggling with the ick.

3. **Recognise your part to play.** You may be feeling as though you have a pattern of doing this. Perhaps it has something to do with your commitment issues, or perhaps you continue to get the ick from people in order to avoid commitment and thus subjecting yourself to the risk of heartbreak. If this is the case, then maybe you should snap the fuck out of it. In a totally non-judgemental, understanding way, of course.
4. **Avoid self-sabotaging behaviour.** If you have contracted the ick from another person, this may not apply to you. But if you have self-induced the ick, stop self-sabotaging, respectfully. Just because she determines her mood by the alignment of the stars (Mercury always seems to be in retrograde) or unironically used the term "grindset", this doesn't mean you have to have to completely give up on the relationship. Set your issues aside and realise the self-sabotaging element of the ick.
5. **Establish a support network.** Talk to your friends. Tell them what's going on and how you're feeling. Maybe they will be able to help you see reason, that boys should be able to go to AskOtago, or that they should be able to wear a raincoat when it's raining. Or maybe they spoke in baby talk unironically, in which case your friends should absolutely not support this going any further. If they do, consider finding some new friends.
6. **Keep a journal.** Sometimes mindfulness is key. Journaling can be a good way to organise your thoughts and see how ridiculous they may look when written down on the page. For example: "I saw him waiting in line at the supermarket and I got the ick" sounds dumb as fuck when written down. And when said out loud. And in general. This one is genuinely dumb. Stop being dumb.
7. **Separate the ick from the source.** Consider it similar to separating the art from the artist, if you will. It's not impossible; people still listen to Michael Jackson. And watch Miramax films (ick). So try and view the person as separate from their ick. Just as you wouldn't define someone by their diabetes or heart disease, you shouldn't define others or yourself by the ick! See if you can create some space between the "icky" version of them and the "real" version of them.
8. **Consider talking to the other person.** As hard as it is, perhaps the most effective way to cope with the ick is to communicate with the one who gave it to you and let them know how you are feeling. It's important to be honest with all your partners, and to get regular ick tests if you're seeing multiple partners at once. They may be able to explain to you why their mum still does their washing for them, or why they wear shorts that go down to their mid-calf. Just give them a chance. Unless they've paid for the blue tick on Instagram. Then you may have to accept that there is simply no hope; there are just some things you can't explain away.
9. **Know that you're not alone.** The main thing to remember is that if you have the ick, you are not alone. Thousands of people experience the ick every day. As a species, we are generally becoming ickier. Living in Dunedin, you are more likely to encounter the ick due to the simple fact that Dunedin culture is a thing that exists, where people unironically wear crocs and everyone thinks they're a DJ. Let's be real, you've probably given someone the ick. No one is safe. No one. Avoid judgement, accept help from friends, and, if you've chosen to get the ick to avoid commitment, acknowledge your part played in contracting the ick. But find solace in the fact that you are not alone, and that "icky" is just one P away from "picky".

CORRELATION

OR

CAUSATION

OUR GENERATION'S GREATEST PIPELINES

BY ANNABELLE PARATA VAUGHAN

According to Gen Z, "pipelines" are no longer what Big Oil puts in the ground. Rather, a pipeline is an ominous way of understanding the correlation or causation between particular people and their tendencies. There are a few pipelines which are specific to Otago and greater student life, and it's about time we delve into them so you can recognise if you're in a pipeline yourself and, if so, where your future is heading.

AUCKLAND NEPO BABY

INSUFFERABLE LAW STUDENT

Starting off strong, we have the Auckland nepotism baby who inevitably arrives at Otago to pursue a career in Law. Not because they want to help people, but because Daddy is the head of AndersonWankerServingCunt commercial law firm in Ponsonby and it's their utmost duty to carry on the family legacy of intergenerational wealth and bail out corporations. You can identify an Auckland nepo baby by their Rodd and Gunn three-quarter zip-ups, Birkenstocks, and conversation points that include hating on alternative entry pathways because they're "unfair" and that poor people should just "work harder." Chances are they also went to Arana, Selwyn or Knox and got up to some weird, culty shit on the weekend.

MARKIST POLITICS MAJOR

GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRATS

There is perhaps no pipeline more ironic than the raging leftist, anti-establishment, Marxist Politics major who becomes a glorified government bureaucrat paying half their income to live in a Thorndon shack. You can spot this particular breed of Politics major as they generally wear Doc Martens, vape outside Dispensary, and will corner you at parties to unpack niche political opinions that you literally couldn't give less of a shit about. But come winter break these folks will abandon all their political opinions and radical anarchist views to apply for all the government policy analyst roles available in attempts to get that sweet, sweet sense of civil servant superiority. You might call it hypocrisy, but they call it "changing the system from the inside."

HIGH SCHOOL THEATRE KIDS

There is something so unique and special about the incredibly delusional yet emotionally vulnerable nature of the high school theatre kid. While you can most definitely question their talent, there is no questioning their relentless enthusiasm and insufferable noise levels. Upon flocking to Otago University, most theatre kids continue down the pipeline of drama and scandal by enrolling in our Performing Arts program. Upon realising most other students find them just as insufferable as their high school classmates did, they begin the inevitable journey towards joining the Capping Show. There is an air of exclusivity to the Capping Show, being an audition-based event that only allows certain people in. Perhaps this is to make up for the “exclusive” high school groups the humble theatre kid was once excluded from?

CAPPING SHOW CULTIST

COMPETITIVE NETBALL PLAYER

Perhaps a controversial pipeline, but an important one nonetheless. The correlation between chicks who played netball in high school and the most intense, psychotic flatmates known to mankind is as strong as their grip strength. Chances are they went to an all-girls school where netball was all the rage, and their social status was dependent on which grade and position they were. Fast forward a few years, and suddenly the chick you met in your hall who just so happened to be a netball player is now the worst flatmate you've ever had. They're the kind of flatmate that has insane cleaning rosters and calls flat meetings over who “stole” their oat milk because the cartoon “feels” lighter than it did last night. They start every conversation in the flat chat with “I hate to be this person” or “I can't believe I have to say this again lmao x”, and hate your sneaky link for absolutely no fucking reason. These psychotic netball girls can usually be spotted by the fact they have a NPC high school boyfriend who you can tell actually kinda hates them, as well as their awful fake tan and affinity for brunch at Buster Greens. Last, but certainly not least, they tend to have the most terrible regrowth but INSIST that they're natural blondes.

PSYCHOTIC FLATMATES

ENVIRONMENTALISTS

Even though environmentalists hate pipelines, they sure have a pretty strong one. The pipeline between raging environmentalist and flying around Europe is undeniably strong. I'm talking about the environmentalists who, while at university, won't shut the fuck up about the fact the world is on fire and how we're all going to die because you're still eating cheeseburgers and occasionally use straws. They're Green Party stans, and would never shower again if Chlöe Swarbrick asked them not to. They're usually aggressive vegans who hate farmers and manage to survive on chickpeas and a raging superiority complex. They also probably major in Ecology or Marine Science, and orgasm over Instagram infographics and the fact they can plant trees by using a server that's not Google. However, once they graduate all these principles go out the window, and you suddenly find yourself watching Instagram stories and reading Facebook “life update” posts about their jet-setting, emissions-burning, six-month vacay across Europe in pursuit of a “hot girl summer”. Slay, I guess.

GROWING UP AFTER 9/11

If you think about it, for our generation 9/11 happened and then just nothing good sort of ever happened ever again. This does explain why members of Gen Z seem to be nihilistic, take nothing seriously, and tend to have a pessimistic outlook on society as a whole. We had 9/11 followed quickly by war and an intense political climate, which finally culminated in the Global Financial Crisis of 2008. While most of us were just little rascals, chances are we had parents who went through economic hardship during this time, and this probably impacted us in some way, shape or form. After that, things just kept going downhill. A few more wars, a couple more times of economic crisis, natural disasters, climate change and then a global pandemic. It's no wonder that we feel a little sad and burnt out. Not to mention the prospects of carrying staggering levels of student debt, low-wage grad roles and crippled housing market doesn't make the future look like rainbows and sunshine. This isn't exactly a pipeline; it's more of a motorway.

FREQUENT FLIER

JUST BEING DEPRESSED



TAX
THE
RICH!
FUND
THE
PUBLIC



STANDING TO ATTENTION

Adapted from an original poem by Brian Hannam

Standing tall, throughout the Motu,
protecting me and you, it's true.

Dressed to impress in safety orange,
reflective stripes, they've each adorned.

Perfectly distanced, Covid-compliant.
They line up proud and tall, defiant.

On corners and bends, their watchful eyes
keep us safe, no harms can rise.

It seems dull, this life, I know.
But when darkness falls, and all is slow,

They come to life, they start to spawn.
They spread their seed amongst the lawn.

Have you ever tried making love
with no feet below and no hands above?

Pristine condition, hard to maintain.
24/7 upkeep in vain.

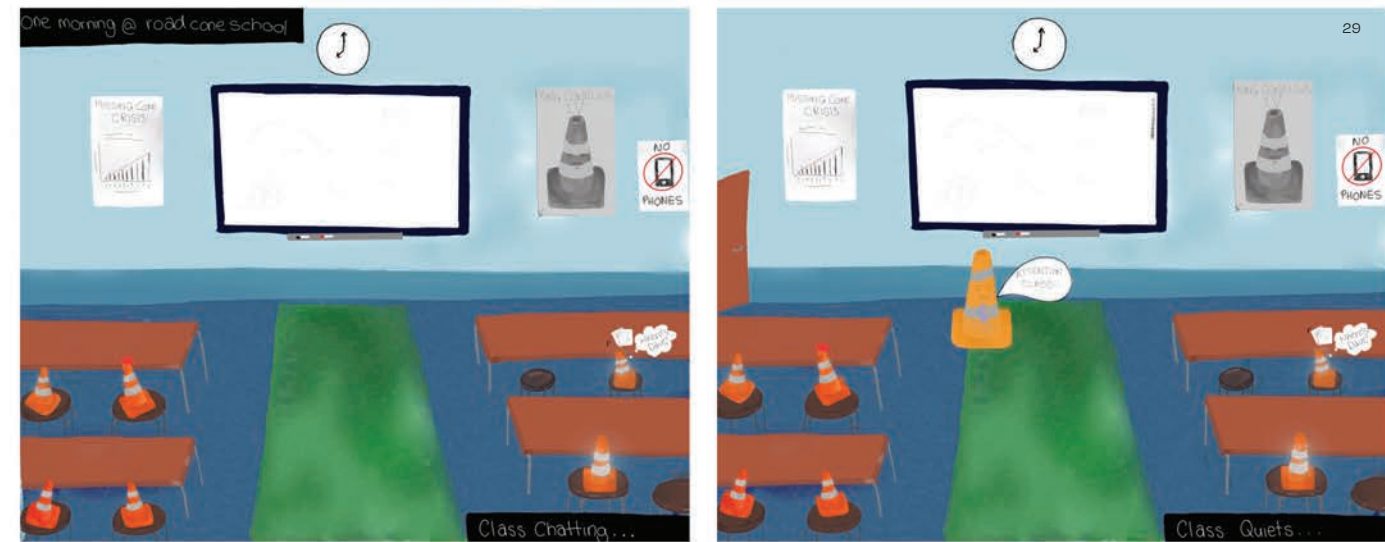
Faithfully, they guard the main,
through gravel, mud, and heavy rain.

Sheep and cattle trucks are foes,
bad drivers tip and rip their clothes.

And larrikins, they toss them up
on trees or roofs or poles they're stuck.

And if you try to climb them down,
another cone will soon abound.

And though the sight may not look pretty,
take the time to take some pity
on those who do the nitty-gritty
to keep us moving,
here in Road Cone City.



THE 22nd ANNUAL

CRITIC TE ĀROHI FISH AND CHIP REVIEW

By Hugh Askerud & Critic Staff
Art by Dan Van Lith

It's time for the annual Critic Te Ārohi fish and chip shop review. Need we say more? Actually, we do, because this year we have decided to revolutionise the review system. One look at the infamous 'Dunedin Fish and Chip Shop Review' Facebook page suggests that North D is actually home to the most despicable forms of fish and chips, so this year we are looking at fish and chip shops all over Dunedin: from North D to Port Chalmers. Ingenious! Why didn't we think of it before? Perhaps because the old guard of North D fish and chips has been, up until this point, faithful to our every desire.

Yet rumours now stir. The team at Critic Te Ārohi have deigned to figure out if these rumours are true by pitting the champions of previous years against challengers from across the city. Only then will the hordes of fish and chip shop analysts be appeased, both in stomach and in spirit.



MEI WAH

Frustratingly nice

Fatty Lane is in my ears and in my eyes. At the head of this cornerstone is Mei Wah, a fish and chip shop that has become synonymous with big feeds on a night out. Despite its cult status among the student populace, Mei Wah does not cook very good fish and chips. The chips were small and bleugh, the fish was cardboardy, and everything tasted like potatoes. The fact that only 2/7 of our staff touched the fish at all is most definitely a testament to Mei Wah's shitness. Nonetheless, it's hard to hate Mei Wah. The lady who served me was frustratingly nice. Plus, the shop acts in direct opposition to the McDonald's across the

road which peddles a form of fast food unworthy of review by even the desperately hungry staff at Critic Te Ārohi. Mei Wah may be the only thing preventing that fucking clown from destroying us all.

Chips: \$2 a scoop, 4/10

Fish: \$2.50, 2/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Adam Sandler. Wildly disappointing, but a classic nonetheless. I also suspect that Adam Sandler's skin would taste similarly potato-y.

BEST CAFE

A memory of the divine

Goddamn, Best Cafe slaps. For those of you who aren't aware, Best Cafe is a joint nestled in the heart of town, right across from the railway station. Though it may be a stretch to get over there, the trip is most certainly one that'll be worth your while if you really need to treat yourself. The fish is the standout here; one bite will leave you in tears as you reassess your life based on the contents within the light, crispy batter. A squeeze of lemon on the side abruptly brings you out of this trance, yet a memory of the divine remains. To complete this inner journey, the chips snap you back to reality as their crunch alerts your senses to the dangers inherent in this world (gravity). At the end of it

all you're left blissful. Best Cafe's goods are truly The Shit™ if you can afford it. Think of the experience like a line of gear, perhaps? Leaves you wanting more.

Chips: \$5.50 a scoop, 7/10

Fish: \$8, 10/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Jason Momoa. Undeniably attractive, no matter your orientation. Only thing is that your mum (who can actually afford Best Cafe) is way more keen than you. She might need to get a hobby, tbh.

TAKK EAWWAYS AN MARLOW

Hearty girth

A new contender for this year, Marlow fish and chips is located in South Dunedin a mere three minute walk from Tahuna Camp Store (the beef is real). Something of an underdog in this competition, Critic Te Ārohi staff were pleasantly surprised at the meal with one staff member stating, "Those chips fuck." As to whom the chips fuck, no one was quite certain, but if they felt so inclined I'd probably go there. The key was in their hearty girth along with a translucent tint which signalled a healthy oil supply at the chips' core. Alas, every rose has its thorns, and in the case of Marlow it was the fish which donned a "batter condom"

that hung loosely around a piece of extraordinarily average fish. Still, Marlow definitely fucks (with protection, that is) and is one to watch in years to come.

Chips: \$3.50 a scoop, 9/10

Fish: \$5.50, 6/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Daniel Radcliffe. Sexy, an ally, a little bit out there. Slightly translucent-looking, but that's very much part of the appeal.

Average at best :(

SQUIDDIES

Oh, how the mighty have fallen. The fish and chips we sampled from The Flying Squid were average at best and utterly embarrassing at worst. Despite having won Critic Te Ārohi's review in years prior, Squiddies was not up to champion standards. Let's start with the fish. Though one Critic Te Ārohi staff member claimed that the fish had improved marginally, it was still obviously reheated from frozen. Even the chips failed to impress as they were shoestring. Another blasphemous form of chip variety, shoestring is the form a potato takes when it simply does not have the flavour capabilities to impress

on its own. When you add on the price, it creates an overall unsatisfying experience which Critic will not soon be reliving unless we're piss drunk and it's the closest thing to home, which it usually is. Know your niche, I guess.

Chips: \$4.90 a scoop, 5/10

Fish: \$3.80, 2/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Whichever one is getting cancelled next. Take your pick.



PORT TAKEAWAYS

Aggressively fishy

Another new challenger, Port Takeaways sadly failed to uphold the myth of Port Chalmers as a seafaring town. Upon opening the grease-infused packaging, we were surprised to find that the chips and the fish looked exactly the same: a diahorrea-ish poo colour. Appearances proved to be a bad omen. The fish was aggressively fishy, and the flaccid chips were not the soggy salvation that I needed. The chips were also crinkle-cut, which is frankly blasphemy and also a crime. It's a turn away from the tradition which has made fish and chips the institution that it is in Dunedin, but also the transit time from Port to office didn't do them

any favours. Chalk it up to a bad set of circumstances, but you can't win 'em all.

Chips: \$3.50 a scoop, 3/10

Fish: \$4, 3/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Danny Devito. Look, there's a subset of people who genuinely are into it. A penchant for the squat and greasy, perhaps. Maybe Port Takeaways should try becoming crab people next.

CAMP STORE

Tastes like the ocean

Camp Store has become something of a star in recent years. Hailed by many on the 'Dunedin Fish and Chip Shop Review' FB page as the city's unequivocal champion, the Camp Store cleans up in overall sales and general mystique. Yet, something seemed off this year. While the dish was a masterpiece aesthetically, chinks did seem to appear in the giant's armour: too much batter and slightly-soggy chips were the only critiques that Critic Te Ārohi could muster. But at the end of the day, it's Camp Store; it's going to be great. One writer mused that the fish "tastes like the ocean," while others duly noted that it was the fastest dish to be gobbled up by the staff (and this was after five other orders).

As an added bonus, the meal came with salt packets, t-sauce and a splendid dill pickle tartare which only made the tongue hunger for more. Camp Store has become an ingrained aspect of Dunedin culture and if it ain't the finest example of fish and chips done right, well heck, I don't know what is.

Chips: \$3.50 a scoop, 8/10

Fish: \$3.50, 9/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Keanu Reeves. The nostalgia factor is a huge part of the appeal, but modern performance is a bit soggy. Also, the fanboys are the worst.



Great Wall has been on a downward spiral in recent years, and it seemed this year was to be no different as we unwrapped the shoddy paper tainted with half a litre of grease. The fish-to-batter ratio was noticeably poor and created a significant amount of “batter snot” which oozed in the gaps between the fish and crust. At one bite of Great Wall’s fish, Critic Te Arohi realised we had reached a new low – and that’s fucking saying something. Thankfully, the chips proved marginally better, yet many heads were hung low at the sight of a classic CBD

shop fallen ill. The chips were noticeably skinny, allowing for a flaccid composition which enabled us to spell out Critic with the leftover chips. Simply put: the Great Wall has ostensibly crumbled.

Chips: \$3 a scoop, 6/10

Fish: \$3, 1/10

If it was a male Hollywood heartthrob: Jared Leto. Like, what the fuck is going on these days?

After eating this many fish and chips, you begin to empathise with the hordes of seagulls who eat this stuff on the daily. A desire to sit outside a dairy and yell at people was rife amongst the staff after we had finished. Yet, against all odds, we screwed our heads together and found a winner. Keep in mind, winners were ranked on exclusively quality of fish and chips - not location, not price. Make of that what you will, but don’t come crying to us when we inevitably crush your gingerly-held beliefs. Without further ado, here are results:

The 2023 Critic Te Arohi Fish and Chip shop review champion is... Best Cafe! Tahuna Camp Store was knocked off its perch into second place with Takeaways on Marlow coming in at a respectable third. Down the bottom we put Portside Takeaways who failed to champion the fish-frying spirit of Port Chalmers. For the best fish, go to Best Cafe. For the best chips, go to Takeaways on Marlow, and for the best deal, head to Camp Store. It's as simple as that. The full rankings are as follows...

1. Best Cafe
2. Tahuna Camp Store
3. Takeaways on Marlow
4. Mei Wah
5. Squiddies
6. Great Wall
7. Portside Takeaways

Coming out of the review, Critic Te Arohi staff were left unbearably full and stunned by the toppling of Tahuna Camp Store from its throne. Though bear in mind, good reader, the prices: two pieces of fish and a scoop of chips from Best costs twice as much as the same order from Camp Store. And while the quality is marginally better at Best, it’s definitely not twice as good. On the other hand, Best is in the Octagon, and Camp Store is on St Kilda. Food for thought. We’ll leave that for you to ponder as you conduct your own review, always in service of Dunedin’s admirable fish and chip culture. Until next year!

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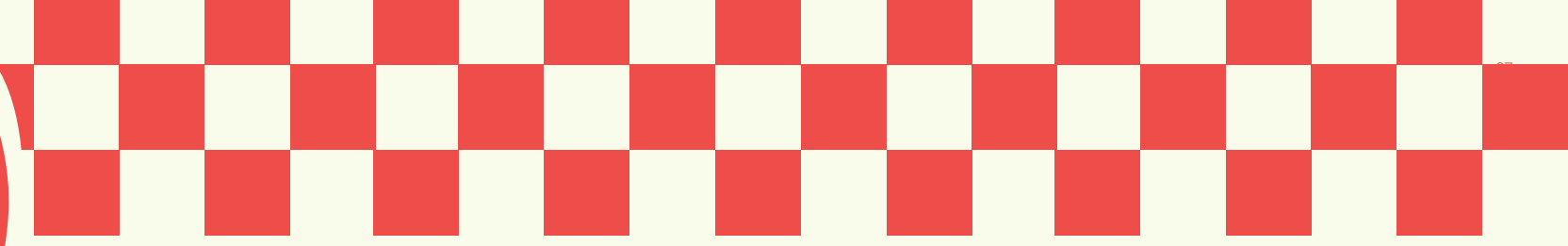


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Takeaways

weekly
Specials



SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



NPR's 4-ish minute segment on popping a balloon in the Hagia Sophia

The whole story is about acoustics in architecture and how old buildings were built to amplify voices, and they test this out by recording the sound of a balloon popping in a normal setting and then in the grandest of acoustic designs: the Hagia Sophia. It'll change the way you think about sound, and it's super cool. There's a 15-second YouTube video by Kenneth Udut that'll do ya.

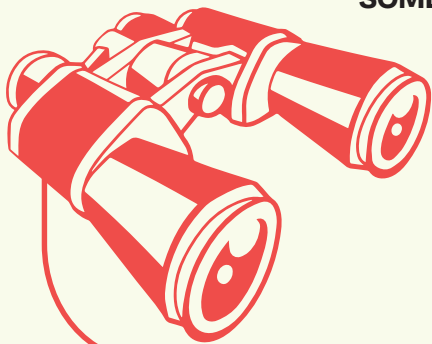
SOMETHING TO GO TO



Your local Pokémon gym

Pokémon GO is BACK and it's good for your mental health. I've actually been going for silly little walks to go catch my silly little Pokémon and it has genuinely increased my quality of life so much. Like I don't really care about Pokémon from an objective point of view, I've never been a gamer girlie, but this has given me something to hyperfixate on that also gets me outdoors and makes that special part of my brain go brrr. Plus it's kinda cute being a poké-girl. So slay.

SOMETHING TO WATCH



Unedited Footage of a Bear

It's a 10-minute Adult Swim video from a while ago and it's not what you think. I don't want to spoil too much about this, but if you're up late after a few cones and you want something to watch, this is well worth it. It's freaky, it's well-done, and it's a valuable critique of the American healthcare system and the opiate crisis that Purdue left in its wake. It's timely, as those opiates begin to pop up in Aotearoa.

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



The first ice hockey games of the year for the Dunedin team

Tickets are super cheap and there's a bus that drops you off right outside. The rink in Dunedin is the best in the country, and if you've never watched ice hockey, go find out what it's about. The first games are on May 19 and 20 - against Queenstown, though, so it might be a bit of a bruiser. But fun! Heaps of piss, seats right next to the ice, and the fastest professional sport in the world. Check it out.

SOMETHING TO READ



'I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream' by Harlan Ellison

You can Google that and a free pdf comes up. Plus, the title sounds like what we're all feeling, so surely give it a go. The crux of it is that our reliance on tech and our obsession with war has led us to dark times indeed. No spoilers, but in this world there are only a handful of people left alive, and they're being tormented for all eternity by a resentful AI. This piece is an unsettling slice of life, much like a key lime pie that's been sitting in the sun for way too long and isn't meant to be quite that green. If you know what I mean. You have to read it, it's fucking cool. 5/5 knowing stares.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



All your inbox spam

Every time something comes in that's not what you want, Gmail has a handy "unsubscribe" button at the top of the email, and there's always one at the bottom if that's not there. Most people just delete spam which is useless because (like my herpes) it just keeps coming back. So make sure that you actually cancel those emails because they will last longer than your health.

THE BEATNIKS



The Beatniks are named after the track 'Beatnik' by OG Dunedin Sound band The Clean, which itself makes reference to the Beat Generation subculture of the 60s. Although what The Beatniks do is different to what happened in the 60s, they're part of a subculture of their own: the Dunedin sound and student scene. Critic Te Ārohi caught up with the band amidst a busy month of shows.

The Beatniks are Seth Sinclair (drums), Ollie Charlesworth (rhythm), Alex Kendall (bass), Logan Edwards (lead), and Sam Charlesworth (vocals/guitar), and they came together in 2021. Sam had already been performing and recording as a solo musician, under his own name, for three years before he moved to Ōtepoti. He met Logan while at Selwyn, who had been keen on performing together from the get-go, dropping hints that he too played guitar. "Ever since I started listening to his music I was like, 'Right, this is the guy to know,'" said Logan. Luckily for him, Sam had been asked to open for local band Man Ray and wanted to put together a band for the occasion, also enlisting Kendall at the time. Ollie, who is Sam's older brother, had never played music before but this proved a good chance to get involved. Ollie: "I asked if I could play three songs." Sam: "I taught him a couple of chords on the guitar and he jumped up halfway through the gig and started playing." Seth joined the band earlier this year.

Initially, they were performing Sam's original music and performing under his name for around six months. But, eventually, they chose to pursue their own sound as well. Sam: "[We thought] we should just turn it into its own thing, really. I'm still doing my own solo stuff, as well as The Beatniks." They're currently working on a new album full of fresh material that they've created as a band and all of which

is being recorded and produced by Sam. "We've got a little bedroom studio that we do everything out of," said Sam. "We're doing it all DIY."

Their most recent release is 'Wake Up Jane', a grungy-pop-rock number whose namesake came from it sounding a bit Brit-rock in its creation. It began as a few lines Sam had written down as potential lyrics or a poem that he brought to a jam. The whole group expanded on those lines lyrically and musically, ending up with a complete product. Their music, thematically, is a pretty mixed bag, with descriptions such as "lust", "romance", and "the stage of life where everything is rapidly changing." Simply put: they make music about their current experiences in their early twenties. Sam: "It's hard to fake it and be real. That's one of the main things we strive for."

You may have caught The Beatniks at the Hyde Street Party, making this the second time they've played the event. At last year's party, they were the first band lined up to play on the day and Alex was the first in line, bass in hand, dressed as Jesus Christ. The rest of the band were already in for soundcheck, but since he arrived separately to the others, security would not let Alex in ahead of the masses. It's not the first time Jesus has had trouble with authority.

If you were one of the unlucky ones who did not get drawn in the Hyde Street lottery, no fear. You can catch The Beatniks playing Pint Night at U-Bar this Wednesday. 'Wake Up Jane' is available to stream online and you can keep up with them on socials (Insta: @__the__beatniks__).



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THAI PUMPKIN SOUP

Winter's here, so it's time to get warm from the inside out. Soup is slept on so hard, until you have it again for the first time in years and you get to dip a chunk of hearty bread into a thick bowl of saucy goodness, feeling like a medieval peasant after a hard day's toil in the fields. Be transported back in time to the days of serfdom where your wealth is siphoned off to the elite, where class mobility is moot, and where the only true source of warmth and joy is a nice bowl of soup. Because that's not a familiar feeling at all, for any of us!

INGREDIENTS:

1 medium pumpkin
Oil
1 brown onion, diced
2 Tbsp Thai red curry paste
1 can coconut milk/cream
1 tsp of curry powder
1 garlic bread loaf

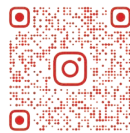
DIRECTIONS:

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees. Cut the pumpkin in half, scoop out the seeds, and cut the pumpkin into medium sized chunks. Drizzle with oil and roast for 30 minutes or until soft.

On medium heat, cook the diced onion in oil in a large pot until it's see through. Add the curry paste, cook for a couple of minutes until fragrant and add the coconut milk/cream. Stir in.

Add the cooked pumpkin into the pot. Simmer for 5-10 minutes and use a spoon to try and squish up the pumpkin. Add a tsp of curry powder and stir through. Turn off the heat and leave to cool, then add to a blender or use a stick blender until smooth and creamy.

Serve with garlic bread, garnish with pumpkin seeds, and tuck in. Feeds 5-6 medieval peasants, but can stretch to 12 if it's a plague year and everyone's bedridden anyway.



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BOOZE REVIEW:

ROCHDALE APPLE CIDER

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

Rochdale Classic Apple Cider is an economical drop for breathers that want to piss off their beer-loving friends. Why is it that every time cider is brought up in a public conversation, some tradie in a mucked-out ute drives past to tell you that you're soft? As if fermenting fruit is only for compost and children. There's more alcohol in my cider than there is in your Summit, so fuck off Trev. Go back to yelling at your kid's Year 6 rugby team.

The greatest challenge for any cider is the balance of sweetness. A lot of ciders are so overly-sugary that it negates the refreshing quality of the drink. To turn fruit into a concoction of refined sugars seems like a sin, which is why I don't trust jams. With no added sugar, Rochdale Cider is terrifically sweet while leaving room for its crisp flavour to shine through, a great balance achieved by New Zealand's oldest cidery. A spoonful of sugar may help the medicine go down, but Rochdale doesn't need any help.

At \$23.99 per 12 cans and 4.5% alcohol, Rochdale rivals most beers while offering a greater number of standards. Any student majoring in Breatha Science (shout out) can budget for a night out on these. Incredibly easy to drink, I find I tend to swig

my way through these boxes in consistently record time, allowing me to maximise drunkenness before heading to the rugby or a mate's shitty gig. Also, the fact that the box opens up like a treasure chest is pretty cool.

While I appreciate that cider may not be everyone's cup of tea, at its core it's just an apple. If you're turning your nose up at this cider without giving it a go, you probably have some deep-seated fruit-phobia, and are the kind of person to take onions and tomatoes off of your burger. Two hundred years ago, you would've been dying of scurvy. Until writing this review, I did not realise how much angst I had built over the years because of the abuse I faced for my proclivity towards cider. Appreciate turning old fruit into something that gets you fucked up and stop nit-picking.

Tasting notes: Apple. Pairs well with pork. Yeah.

Chugability: 10/10. Right down the gullet.

Hangover depression level: 4/10. Pretty light, pretty fruity.

Overall: 7.5/10. Solid cider.

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O Orb,

By God, I am failing my business papers. At this rate I just want to know if it's even worth pursuing a career in Commerce or just give up and be a stripper.

Birth date: October 1, 2004
Location of birth: Invercargill

SUN: LIBRA

Sun determines your ego and identity.

Having a Libra sun means you are a fun, flirty, sociable person who can never turn down a good time - for better or for worse.

MOON: TAURUS

Moon determines your inner emotions and subconscious.

Having a Taurus moon means you're stubborn, determined and set in your ways. You also have a conservative streak, and enjoy luxury or material goods.

RIISING: SAG OR AQUARIUS

Your rising sign is your outward persona and how you express yourself to the world.

Your rising is either in Sagittarius or Aquarius, as both of these signs indicate adventure, individualism, independence and freedom. I can't actually tell which exactly you are as I don't have your exact birth time, but this seems right.

Let's get straight to business: you should be a stripper. Sure, education is important and business is a 'safe' option, but life's too short to not capitalize on the ASSETS you already have. Studying business will only get you into more debt and depreciate your value. But stripping? You've already got a resource to exploit, and according to capitalism, that really is all you need to find success and happiness. So I say drop out and get that WAP out, and put your pre-existing knowledge to the test. If you're worried about your reputation, don't be. Studying business and being from Invercargill made you cringe enough already. Can't get worse!

XOXO, Orbtago

Want answers to the burning questions and troubles in your life? Send your query, birth date, time, and location of birth to orb@critic.co.nz

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HOROSCOPES

AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18



Aquarius, it's easy to feel alone in this world. But don't worry. A new, special someone is on the horizon for you. Don't give up on love and comfort, it's just around the corner.

Snack of the week: Spring rolls.

PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20



It's normal to feel frustrated and unheard. But next time someone tries to shut you up or question your intellect, simply rip their head off (with words, of course.)The time for politeness and peace has passed.

Snack of the week: Hummus and carrot sticks.

ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19



Time to get back in tune with your true self, Aries. The facade you put up is not an accurate depiction of who you are, and we can all see through it. The best thing you can be is your obnoxious, problematic and feral self.

Snack of the week: Coconut flat white.

TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20



Taurus, this week you should buy a mirror. Not for the purpose of looking at yourself, but for REFLECTING upon yourself. Your actions affect others, and it's time to take some responsibility for the trouble you may cause.

Snack of the week: Cereal.

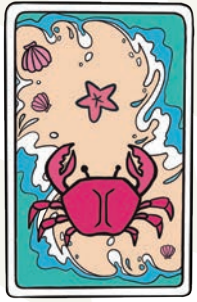
GEMINI May 21 - Jun 20



Life sucks? Well, surprise surprise. Welcome to the universal human experience. You can't be a flourishing, gossiping socialite all the time. Sometimes you need to be in the pits.

Snack of the week: Green onion chips.

CANCER Jun 21 - Jul 22



It's time to get your shit together and build a life away from your comforts. Try a new food, fuck a new sneaky link, set a radical boundary. Familiarity is boring, and it will turn you into a sack of a human.

Snack of the week: Raisins and trail mix.

LEO Jul 23 - Aug 22



It must be exhausting being the most beautiful and special person to ever walk the face of this earth. Keep up the good work of setting the bar unattainably high, and making those around you insecure as fuck.

Snack of the week: Fish tacos.

VIRGO Aug 23 - Sep 22



You deserve to ROT this week. There is no time for perfection and hustle. Order yourself UberEats every night, wear the same hoodie 4 nights in a row, pick your acne, and hoard cups in your room. Live a little, embrace the rotting experience.

Snack of the week: Spicy McNuggets.

LIBRA Sep 23 - Oct 22



There is no task more debilitating than being the smartest and most articulate in the room. It's not your fault everyone around you is a raging, uninformed idiot with no emotional intelligence. Just keep doing you, and rewards will follow.

Snack of the week: Sparkling water with lemon.

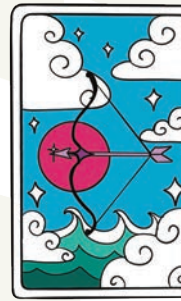
SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21



You need to stop thinking everything is a personal attack. Not to burst your bubble, but most people don't actually give a flying fuck about your opinion and every emotion you feel. Hit a joint and take a breather.

Snack of the week: Ice cream.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21



You have a tendency to over exaggerate, which is going to do more harm than good. While it's fine to embellish the truth to random people at bars, you might want to watch how those lies add up, or trouble may arise.

Snack of the week: French fries.

CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19



Your lack of ability to feel emotion actually makes you a major piece of shit. This week, attempt to feel something inside your dark and decrepit soul. Those around you can feel this energy, and no one likes a party pooper.

Snack of the week: Prunes.

Moaningful Confessions

a t m s
ADULTTOYMEGASTORE

Get your story featured and win a sex toy with thanks to ATMS

Not Begging for Moa

Music has the ability to bring people together. So do taxidermied moa. And blowjob. As it turns out, all of the above can also tear people apart and sow weeks of exasperated sighs into your everyday life. Let me explain:

It was midnight on a Friday. I was single and "ethically" non-monogamous, which meant that I was sending the same snaps to my current top 5 Tinder matches. "Caleb" was one of them, though slightly lower in the ranks. He was attractive and we had good chemistry, but he was a musician and had the ego that comes with it. I can't name the band, but they're very popular in their niche genre here and have international acclaim. I hadn't heard of them, and didn't really give a shit either way. I told Caleb, the frontman, that I gave them a listen but had to skip through the boring parts. He seemed into it.

We had no real plans to hook up as he lived up north and was always on tour. And then he snapped me: "I'm playing a private gig in your town. It's at this random rich lady's house and she's hosting us after. U should come thru." I replied: "Can't. Work tomorrow." But then he hit me with the: "She's got a really nice house. Some kind of collector. It's like a museum in here. There's a moa."

"Wtf fr?" I say. "It'll be like a \$50 Uber tho so mb cebs. Send proof of moa" Caleb replied with a selfie of him in front of a wholeass taxidermied moa. It was well over 5' tall and displayed in a glass cabinet. In the background I could see rows upon rows of curated glass display cabinets. I was immediately soaking wet. To top it off, he sent

me \$50 for the Uber. I had a moment where I thought to myself, "Am I really gonna ho myself out for \$50 and a moa?" And then I got in the Uber.

He was staying in the guest wing of this lady's house—some kind of rich super-fan—and sure enough, there was a moa. I took a moment to stare into its glass eyes and take in every detail. It was beautiful. I could get up close and breathe all over the glass and no one could stop me. I took a shitload of pics. It was so magnificent that I almost forgot I was horny. Almost.

Caleb takes me to the bedroom, and I have to stop thinking about massive chooks and start thinking about regular-sized cocks. We chat, make out, he goes down on me, and I go to return the favour and... he cums almost immediately. It took me by surprise a little, but I suck it up (literally, sorry) and tell him that it's all good. Caleb seemed relieved, but a bit defensive. "Oh, it's probably because I haven't smoked weed in ages," he said. Aight, dude.

After a bit more small talk, he seems ready to go again. I blow him to get started, but don't bust out the power moves. I ask him to go down on me, and he does, but he seems to think he's way more skilled than he is. Doing all that overly-complicated tongue stuff, button-mashing like he's playing Street Fighter. I get a bit sick of it, and coyly tell him I want him to fuck me. He puts the condom on, shoves my legs back behind my head, we finally get to it. He lasts for eight strokes, max. Again, he blames it on weed. I joke that I just have god-tier pussy and I'm flattered if

anything. He goes on about all the drugs he's tried. Cool, bro.

This played out several more times throughout the night. Each time he got more and more defensive, and each time I got a little less sympathetic. He'd bust early, and then almost immediately feel the need to talk about all the strippers he fucks, or the groupies he had an LSD orgy with in Amsterdam, or how he fucked this one girl that could do this or that—the entire time I'm just lying there, cleaning cum off of wherever, occasionally saying "Oh, okay, cool" or "Damn, that's crazy."

I silently finished myself off a few times (he made no offer), but the scoreboard for the night was him at about 5 orgasms and me at 3. I was there until about 4am, and we had maybe 10 minutes of intercourse over several occasions. The chemistry we had to begin with completely evaporated, as we both got bored and frustrated. I left, but not as soon as I should've.

The only thing about having a bad sex story with a semi-public figure is that it's really easy to find pictures of him. Which my flatmates did. In abundance. They printed out hundreds of tiny photos of Caleb and hid them around the flat. For the next month I'd find them stuck to the microwave, in the cutlery drawer, on the back of the TV—and every time, without fail, I would be disappointed all over again. He kept trying to hit me up for a while, too, but I'd tell him to bring me a moa or fuck off.

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

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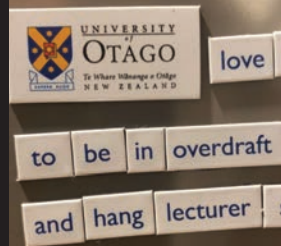
SNAP OF THE WEEK

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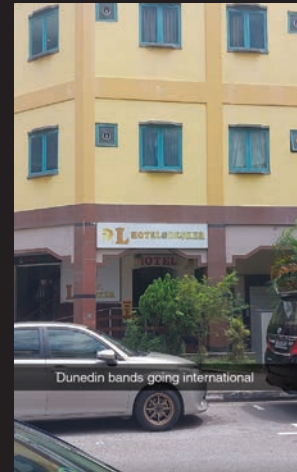


SNAP OF THE WEEK

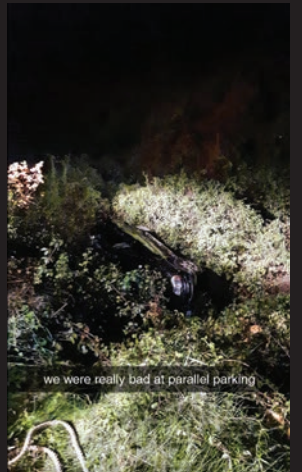
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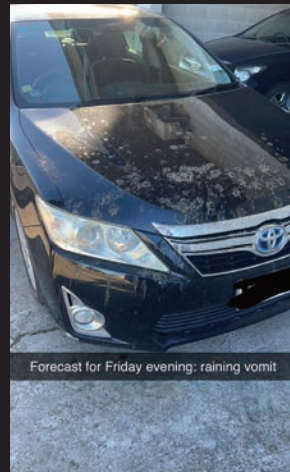
the magnets speak the truth



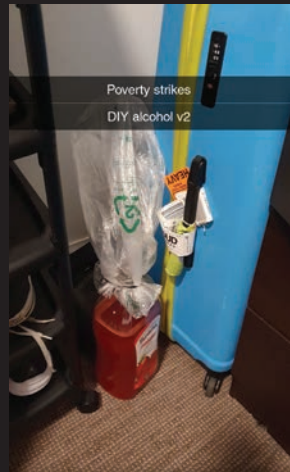
Dunedin bands going international



we were really bad at parallel parking



Forecast for Friday evening: raining vomit



Poverty strikes
DIY alcohol v2



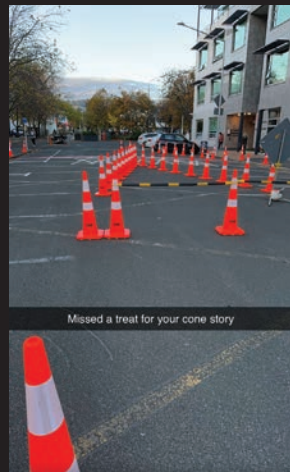
I hate being a student



great ad placement



bro got spawn clamped



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Oops! Exec column not found.
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THURSDAY
18 MAY

Stone Temple Pilots And Nirvana Tribute Show feat. The Dead Circus and Tom Grant Disciples w/ Sunflower Scent
U BAR
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

FRIDAY
19 MAY

Robert Scott
INCH BAR
8PM
Matt Joe Gow and Kerryn Fields w/ We Mavericks
MOONS
6PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

DUNEDIN DEATHFEST 2023 feat. Imperial Slave, Extorted, Autonomy, and Goats Az
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Double Parked - 'Lost In The Groove' EP Release Tour w/ Hot Sauce Club
U BAR
9PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

SATURDAY
20 MAY

Höhā, Francisca Griffin, and Ro-RG
INCH BAR
8PM

Tiny Pieces of 8 w/ Music Sucks
MAGGIES
8PM

For more gigs happening around Dunedin, check out r1.co.nz/gig-guide

THE CAPPING SHOW



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