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### **EDITORIAL: CRITIC, THE COLLECTIVE**

The Crown has refused to admit it, but Critic turned 100 last Wednesday. As promised, we've done our best to be as annoying about celebrating and commemorating ourselves as possible. We've bothered countless alumni repeatedly for favours - contributions and direction for the birthday issue, donations to the centenary book, and advice for how on earth to encapsulate a century of continuous content creation. Suffice to say this may have been one of the hardest issues to collate, knowing we would inevitably miss something.

As the generation of Critic to be charged with birthday celebrations, we've felt the pressure. 100 years is a long time. I haven't seen this much creative block among the team since that one time last year where we turned our struggles into a halfassed culture piece of our strategies to get around it. But regardless of what's made it into the pages of the birthday issue, it's been the process behind the scenes that's been most valuable.

Locked away in the office on the Critic grind, it can be easy to tunnel vision into the magazine of today. What's been incredible is the push that the 100th has given present-day Critic to learn our own history and tug on the capillaries of Critic alumni that lead back to the beating heart of Dunedin. We've run back and forth from the Hocken Library countless times, and there was one night spent parked up on the floor of the office with a box of old issues each, yelling over each other in a showand-tell of our finds: "Dude, they had a 'Queer of the Year' award in 2000." One writer remarked that it was crazy to think she was reading an issue put together the year she was born.

The underlying theme of the entire celebration has been Critic as an identity. It's more than a magazine: it's a collective noun for the revolving door of people who have poured a part of themselves into it. Whether they've submitted a poem about drunk freshers typed with annoyance in the middle of Catacombs, doodled a cartoon about a post-lockdown orgy in the middle of the street, or sacrificed their grades on the altar of student journalism, trading lectures for door knocking Castle Street (again) - they're one of the many to have contributed to the institution we call Critic and have an instant point of connection to others who have, too.

The gravitas (and pressure) of the 100th year has been reinforced through working with the Hocken, who have been wonderful. Their intellectual interest is infectious and having academics pour over past issues of the magazine that you're still actively contributing to puts a certain perspective on the weight of responsibility. It's like continuously adding to a time capsule knowing that future iterations of

Critic will refer back and wonder what you meant by a certain turn of phrase or slang. While firstyears will always be called freshers, the scarfies of old (millennials) and breathas of today (Gen Z) will probably adopt a new name at some future

What we have learned is that Critic has always been, and will always be, dominated by sex, funny stories about "freshers", stupid letters to the editor, one too many - and also never enough - em dashes, snarky quips in brackets (fuck you, it's a great way to frame a joke), apathy about student elections, antagonism for the ODT and Salient, and cannibalised content from our own archives - like the stolen guips in this paragraph.

An important note is that while Critic's 100th is a celebration, it's also a chance to reflect on what Critic hasn't done so well over the years. Our Etita Māori found a gaping hole in the archives in our Māori coverage and more than one alumni said they wished they'd lived up to the name 'Critic' more. Whilst telling stories of defending articles almost to the point of fisticuffs, they still think they could have done more to print a magazine with as much bite as Hagrid's class textbook.

These are lessons we'll take under our wing. And as the temporary custodians to the name, we've also done our best not to be the ones to finally get the magazine cancelled for good (they gave it a good go in the naughties) or burn down the office when we considered trying to light a hundred candles on the birthday cake.

There's only so much we could squash into 60 pages (up from the usual 48) so anything "historical" is a skim. Head along to the Hocken's exhibition or start saving for the book pre-orders for an official history. In the words of 2000 editor Fiona Bowker in her 75th anniversary recap: "I'm hanging out for the glossy covered book, the real blood and guts history of Critic."

In honour of our oldest living editor's instructions to the 80th editor in 2005 - "I hope and pray that you and your gang will get together to celebrate the first century. Speight's will still be the best drink" - crack open a cold brew and cheers to another hundred years of occasional accuracy. Cheers to a magazine that has sparked so much passion, so much delicious debate, so many careers, and so, so many memories. Lest Critic ever die.

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Critic Te Ārohi is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association

THIS PUBLICATION IS AI FREE.

#### NEWS

**ISSUES! 100 Years of Critic Opens in Central Library** 8

**Opinion: The Government Hates** 

#### **FEATURES**

Paying Homage to Critic of Old: 100 Years of Editors 16

#### CULTURE

Te Ārohi: A "Critic" In Name **Only** 34

Tell Us How You Really Feel: 100 **Years of Hate Mail** 40

Make Your own Clong 42

**40 Ways Critic is the Worst Student Magazine in the World** 

#### **COLUMNS**

**Critical Tribune** 13

**RAD Times Gig Guide** 48

**Local Produce** 50

In the Cage 52 **Debatable** 53

Mi Goreng Graduate 54

**Booze Reviews** 55

**Exec Column** 56

Horoscopes 57

Snap of the Week 58

## CONTENTS

#### **LETTERS POLICY**

Letters should be 150 words or fewer. The deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Get them into Critic by emailing us at critic@critic.co.nz. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific group or individual will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances as negotiated with the Editor. Critic Te Ārohi reserves the right to edit, abridge, or decline letters without explanation. Frequently published correspondents in particular may find their letters abridged or excluded. Defamatory or otherwise illegal material will not be printed. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a letter writer looks stupid, it's because they are.



#### **LETTER OF THE WEEK**

Dear Ms. Editor

-- Will you graciously extend to me the hospitality of your columns to make widely known among all students a little gathering held on Wednesday evening, at which students are made very welcome, and where for several years now many students have had some very happy companionships?

After the last of the lectures on campus, there is held in Ubar, near the link, opposite Auehi Ora, what we call a pint night, where all strangers to the city-- all of the more or less respectable "vagrant" class !-- gather together to have music and beer, and then for a few short moments a "family" hoon. It is a very informal little gathering, and I would like every student to feel that they will always be welcome any time they care to

I hope many students will take advantage of this hour of free-and-easy discussion,, and come and unburden their minds of all their intellectual difficulties. -I am, etc., Tulloch Yubar,

Minister of Clyde Street

Editor's response: Hark! My curiosity is piqued

Send letters to the editor to critic@critic.co.nz to be in to win a \$25 UBS voucher.

#### Dear Critic,

I was concerned by the decision to publish the opinion piece last week on Chlöe Swarbrick.

The piece attempted to justify political violence from a place of frustration. The author argued for "burning society to the ground" because reform takes too long, and claimed that the historical precedent is that all political revolution "means an uprising from the disenfranchised that results in violence."

I find this to be a highly dangerous claim.

I thought I would offer another argument that democracy requires us to accept the process before the results. That everyone deserves a voice in how things are run. That we must work out our differences at the ballot box, not with bullets. An attack on this, is an attack on all of us.

Political violence undermines the very freedom we seek to defend. It must never be excused, no matter what.

Sincerely,

Logan Chalmers

Student and SciGreens Network Executive Member, Green Party

**The author's response:** I believe that when our government employs police to harass homeless people or mistake 11 year olds for 20 year olds, does not condemn the actions of Destiny's Church, does not call for a ceasefire in Gaza or raise rents on low income houses which leads to further poverty – they are the ones who are perpetrating violence.

#### Dear Mrs. Critic,

A trip to get a Monday morning sweet treat

between lectures quickly turned into a ruined day. Heading into the Link to visit the walls of vending machines, I quickly made foot to the snack machine. Sitting in the bottom row sat a CookieTime cookie, it would soon be mine.

Clicking the buttons of the machine, tummy grumbling, looking forward to a sweet treat to be followed by a caffeine boost from a vending machine further down.

Payment approved (yes!), Machine Whirring, yet no cookie has been dispensed.

I shake the machine, nothing, just looks from other people thinking I am insane, I will be without my sweet treat.

The overpriced CookieTime cookie stares at me, do I buy another one to force the stuck one out? Can myself, a broke student afford another \$3.90, to risk the chance that the next cookie gets stuck, and I only get one cookie? I walked away from the machine, sweet treat less, and disappointed. Some lucky student is most likely laughing at my misfortune as they've just gotten a second cookie for free, all because I'm too cheap to pay another \$3.90 to dislodge the cookie.

An energy drink is sure to cheer me up, but the machine is left bare, only the crap flavours are left. Liust wanted a sweet treat on a Monday morning but now have to drag myself to the rest of my lectures without.

This is a warning to all students craving a sweet treat to not trust the vending machine, and to the student who got two cookies for the price of one, I'm glad someone got something out of my

From someone who just wanted a cookie

Editor's response: As someone who often just needs a cookie, you're real for writing a 300 word letter in sorrow over your sweettreatlessness

#### **Dear Critic**

PLEASE MOVE OR GET RID OF THE FOOSBALL AND TABLE TENNIS TABLES IN THE LINK. they are fun and exciting until it's lock in time and all you can hear are the balls being whacked around. A suggestion for what you could replace them with is a fun riveting giant chess set - she's subtle, quiet and respectful. unlike that goddamn fucking foosball and tennis table. if proper action is not taken, i will take it upon myself to STEAL the balls, even if you replace them, they will be stolen again and again. if you want your balls. move it. replace it.

xoxo master of balls

Editor's response: What am I, Property Services?

#### critique,

Does whoever posts your instagram stories not have a personal account

thank you

Editor's response: Yes, and it slays just as hard

#### Dear whoever reads these emails

Far be it from me to be that little shit who rambles on about 'journalistic integrity', I nonetheless feel obligated to tell you about the mistake in your most recent Critic issue. As you can see from the image attached, you have written 'right of passage' when the correct word should be 'rite'. While editors cannot catch every mistake, this is a common misspelling and it is possible that the editor may not have considered it a mistake at all. As such, I am here to inform you that it is, in fact, a mistake, as is the common misuse of 'phased' instead of 'fazed'—thankfully I have yet to see that one.

Regards.

P.S. If this email seems overly formal to you, I am here to assure you that it is not generated by Al. I just write like that.

Editor's response: Fucking gottem

#### Hi madam critic,

Need your help getting a PSA out.

To the freak of nature fresher(s) who live in either Studholme or Arana who likes to play the drums in the middle of the night just know that I hate you, my flat hates you, my neighbors hate you, and your whole hall probably hates you. Why the fuck did I wake up at 1.33 am this morning (Monday) to your drumming. Why were you drumming? I cannot take it anymore.

Sincerely, a hater who hates you.

Editor's response: That's criminal

#### Kia Ora Critic,

I'm writing to share my genuine disdain for

the 'drummers' that occupy Arana's music room. On more than one occasion, my flat and I have been rudely awakened by these 'Drummers' at all hours of the night. On Monday morning, a fresher was blasting away at 4:30am, and to be quite frank, it was some of the most rage inducing mindless bashing to ever grace thine auditory cortex.

A few weeks ago, I actually had to ring up Arana at 2:30am on a Sunday night and ask the security guard to make it stop, the reply was "ahh I can go have a word, but they can actually do what they want" seriously bro!? It's a farken Sunday night!

I don't want to sound like a dick, but c'mon team play the drums at a reasonable time. That's all we ask.

Sincerely

A tired flatty on Clyde.

Editor's response: Looks like we have a serial midnight drummer on our hands

#### Dear Critic,

I've got a bone to pick with the first years (although who doesn't) about their library etiquette. What I've experienced the past week would drive any 2nd year and above up the wall, as we all unfortunately know the soon to be due assignment doom too well (especially if you leave it last minute like me). One incident even made me resort to the Dunedin public library, as I was so desperate to get away.

A message from all of us: we do not want to know about what hyaline cartilage does (looking at you health scis). We don't want to know who's banging who in your hall. We do not care that you can't find a certain building on campus (I mean seriously it's week 6 by now). Learn to read a room, if no one is talking then you shut the fuck up. If people are whispering then keep your whispers to yourself. If there is audible chatter then feel free to talk, or go to a damn study room. No matter the amount of dirty looks shot their way, they are so unaware of how much they are impacting others focus. So please, as someone who's just had two major assignments due in the past week - JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Sincerely,

A very tired third year.

Editor's response: That time of year again,

#### Dear Queen Critic/Boss lady.

I am writing to you in regard to a piece in one of your recent issues. (Not sure which one, cbf looking, sorry)

Protein beer: Truly a masterpiece of investigative journalism. I have recently taken to mixing beer with protein before the gym, as I am a firm believer in the importance of a balanced diet. As a result, I now have the build of prime Arnold Schwarzenegger with 17-inch biceps, and can bench press 12, 24 packs of Speights

(Don't fact-check me on that, just trust me bro)

However, one thing I feel I must impress upon any of your readers who wish to take up this rigorous diet is this: You'll never shit solid again. I'm convinced booze poose mixed with protein powder is what really killed the dinosaurs. Exercise EXTREME

Up the mighty critic,

-An athletically alcoholic breatha

**Editor's response:** I'm so glad it found its intended audience

#### **Dear Mrs Critic**

As one of the current flatties in the Frederick Street LI Hooker flat, can confidently confirm our selling point was the 'Cigarette Butt' poster, and were distraught to find it didn't come with the flat. Heartbroken, top 10 anime betrayals.

We do though consider ourselves lucky, and will gladly continue the tradition given you provide the poster in question \*wink\*. Will accept a framed A3 copy.

Sincerely.

Frederick Street flattie and 'Cigarette Butt' enthusiast.

**Editor's response:** Come by the office sometime, we've got spare copies!

I have been patiently waiting for the next critic issue in hopes that you'd cover the awful event of the wallaby burning on St Patrick's day. As an Australian and a short ginger, St Patties day is my personal least fav holiday and then on top of that there was the burning of a beloved marsupial. So yes of course I am curious about this event and wish deeply to read of it in my favorite newsletter! Even if you don't end up writing about it, I would be keen for any info you got!

Cheers,

A short ginger (with no pot of gold, soz)

Editor's response: Critic opted to stay out of the media shitstorm that surrounded that one, RIP to the wallaby and I hope you managed to avoid being looped into the ranga round-up. Also - "newsletter"?

#### Dearest Nina,

What's the difference between a chickpea and a lentil?

I've never paid to have a lentil on my face.

Have an awesome week.

Editor's response: I should probably make it clear that I know the person who sent this

ALLERGENS



**Massive Magazine** skipped print last week after a large majority of the team took leave to deal with a head lice infestation. an April Fool's prank

**April is International Sexual Assault Awareness Month with** the theme of "Together We Act, United We Change" and TiB focusing on "Safer Campuses for Everyone" - check out @

A user on r/Dunedin uploaded a picture showing that Dunedin Wendy's allergen section is the lorem ipsum default text instead of any actual ingredients.

**OMISA and OBGSA are hosting a** quiz night at 7pm on the 9th of April at the bog, \$3 for members of either club or \$5 for non members. The link to sign up is on

**The Society for Postgraduate** Students' annual general meeting will be held in the Evison Lounge on Thursday, April 10th at 6pm. free pizza! For more info, contact

April 1 marked the dawn of a new financial year, and with it came a "modest rise" to the minimum wage (rising to \$23.15 an hour) alongside benefit and student reports 1 News

**Otago Students for Justice In** Palestine are hosting an open meeting on the 10th of April,

**Baseline had** 5,000 attendees

**OUSA Exec accidentally leaked** confidential documents to Critic in the reading list prior to their meeting last week - one of two. But Critic is nice and loves Secretary Donna too much, so we put our blinkers on and pretended we didn't see [REDACTED]

lawn care team is moo-ving in next

Student Volunteer Army are running a planting bee on **Maniototo Farmland April 26th from 9am to 3pm** – the more the merrier for a day of fresh air, mountains and wildlife! For more info, head to their Insta bio

> Women, a Wild **Dunedin** festival by Carol Brown for her university dance fellowship and students, will be held

**Saltlines for Sealion** dance project created including two current at the Esplanade at St Clair on Saturday, April

**Massey University Vice-Chancellor Jan Thomas** announced her resignation with a year's notice last week

Would you still love me if I was a worm jeopardising the **construction of the Dunedin hospital?** A tiny subterranean worm has parked up underneath the site for the new and "extremely hungry", the ODT reports

> There's a new **Features Editor in** town! As Iris Hehir takes on editing the Critic book full-time, writer Jodie Evans Features Editor role

A belated correction: The original article 'Big Red vs The Admin' Proctor informed Big Red that host. The University has told Critic online article has been amended to correct this inaccuracy.

**Big Cheese** have allegedly purchased a trampoline and are charging \$5 for a bounce fee

**OUSA** is supporting the retention of 18-point papers

> A Free Fares NZ petition calling on the government to stop the increased "private share targets" and fare hikes on public transport was presented to Labour's transport spokesperson last Tuesdav

**Staff in the University of Otago Business School's marketing** department have reported low levels of morale, bullying and racism, the Otago Daily Times has reported

Popular new Netflix TV show *Adolescence* is going to be shown in schools across the UK, having sparked conversations on protecting kids from harmful social media content

**Starters Bar has** been reduced to rubble and by some witty digger operators, who told Critic staff that they were "a little late for the last call." Bye



#### ISSUES! 100 years of Critic Opens in Central Library

(It's about us again)



Not sure if anyone has mentioned it yet, but Critic Te Ārohi is 100 years old as of this April! To celebrate, the Otago University's Special Collections and the Hocken Library have opened a new exhibit paying tribute to the centenary. ISSUES! 100 years of Critic is open now in the deBeer Gallery, on the second floor of Central Library, and will run through to the end of May.

Sharing our centenary with The New Yorker, Critic Te Ārohi is New Zealand's oldest university student newspaper. This exhibit reflects the evolution of student life through the lens of Critic.

Curators Kirstie Ross and Alexander Ritchie have worked tirelessly alongside Critic staff to put this exhibit together over the past months, and are excited to share it with the community. They wanted to "push the space in new and different ways". As Liaison Curator of Published and Special Collections, Alexander Ritchie said, "It's a space to talk about not just 100 years of Critic, or social and political issues, but the social and cultural relations of the media. We hope that some of these conversations can happen."

Kirstie Ross, Head Curator of Published and Special Collections, explained, "Initially we called the exhibit Critic/Conscience, but then we came up with the idea of issues: issues of magazines, issues as in 'you've got issues, I've got issues.' It just evolved - a really creative process."

For students wanting to do something more exciting than studying, the exhibition conveniently neighbours the Central Library's first-floor bathrooms. Visitors can even sit in a vinyl chair and use a typewriter to write a letter about an important issue - which might be published in Critic or displayed in the exhibit (there are rumours of a velvet cushion being involved). Alexander Ritchie added, "We are reliant on you, our community, to come in and go 'what the hell, why isn't this [issue] up here?'. If you're anything like us, you'll have lots of issues, and that's why we named it this."

The exhibit also features a range of items from throughout Critic Te Ārohi's history all the way up to the present day print. One wall is covered in a timeline of issues and events from the past 100 years – from the Great Depression to the Springbok Tour. Another wall replicates our current office, the 'days without crossword error' counter and Editor Nina's cat mug, both on full display. The Critic couch is also on show (we're still missing two cushions. Please, guys - give them back. It's so uncomfortable now).

Past issues of Critic Te Ārohi are also displayed, including the very first issue, and cases of "didactic relics contextualising Critic, especially its birth." Kirstie added, "It's interesting to understand where Critic fits within print media and popular culture in New Zealand in 1925. You've got the roaring twenties, but how roaring was NZ? How roaring was The Critic? Not very... to start with."

Back in 1925, when it was called The Critic, editor Archibald Campbell argued that criticism was crucial as the foundation of "high standards of efficiency, integrity, and progress in national life," and declared that The Critic would "suffer no word or deed to go unquestioned within the four walls of Otago University". Yeah – that's pretty much what we do. Really efficient and integral stuff. We adopted the name Critic Te Ārohi in 1996, and streamlined into the fully fledged, deep-thinking mag you read today.

Kirstie added, "Isn't that the idea of Critic? To question or take on a critical engagement with your life and times? That's what the media is meant to do: be the conscience of society, but a lot of media today is undermined. I think the tenacity of Critic is something to be celebrated."

One staff writer noted that this exhibit "makes you realise that [Critic] is so much bigger than curries on Wednesday nights." We love you, Chilli Dhaba.

Kirstie thanked everyone involved with the exhibit "for the conversations, for the smiles, for letting me be a ricocheting being in the universe for the last few months." Zoe, designer of the exhibition, added, "This has been one of the most fulfilling projects I've ever been a part of. There can be so much beauty in collaboration, and this exhibit really demonstrates that."

As Kirstie said, this was "really an exhibition worth doing [...] It's meaningful for people on campus and students, because Critic is just so iconic." Iconic enough to warrant this blatant circle jerk article! Don't disagree, it's our birthday. You have to be nice to us.

Usually when you turn a hundred you get a letter from the queen or from the king or whoever – fuck that, fuck them\_

#### **Opinion: The Government Hates Critic**

King and Parliament's snubs make Critic cry on our birthday

Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The Crown has spat on Critic's 100th birthday by rejecting our application for a letter from the King and refusing to wish the geriatric magazine a happy birthday. This time, crying on our birthday had a legit reason.

The first blow came from the King himself. Well, by proxy through the Department of Internal Affairs. Critic News Editor Hanna applied through the Regulatory and Identity Services website for a letter to be addressed to The Reverend Critic Te Ārohi in commemoration of reaching a century. "This service is for living humans celebrating milestones of 100+ years of age [...] Therefore, this application has been cancelled." Fuck me, I guess.

Francisco Hernandez is the Dunedin MP for the Greens Party. He's also a former OUSA Student President and certified good cunt, in the eyes of Critic Te Ārohi. Fran suggested to Critic when he visited the office during O-Week on the arm of Chlöe Swarbrick that they could put forward the following motion to Parliament on April 2nd (our 100th birthday wouldn't you know): "I move that the house congratulates Critic Te Ārohi for reaching it's [sic] 100th birthday today and notes it's [sic] status as the oldest student magazine in New Zealand."

Before the House could wheel out the birthday cannons (or whatever prestigious thing politicians do) the motion had to be circulated among the political parties the morning of to see if there would be any objections. Fran warned Critic Te Ārohi (who had already Googled how to stream Parliamentary TV and said with certainty in a press release that the motion was happening) that it might fall over. If there was even one objection from any party, our birthday wish couldn't proceed.

And then at 1pm on Wednesday, an hour before the time Fran had said we might expect to be patted on the back by the Big Beehive itself, the bad news came in the form of an Instagram DM: "There wasn't unanimous support so can't put it forward." What gives? It was like we'd suggested they strip down to their birthday suits rather than don their party hats.

Quite frankly, the red tape was on par with the UN Security Council's veto powers, leaving the question: Who was our USA? Fran's a goofy guy but even he plays by the rules – he couldn't tell us who was the party pooper in the room lest he breach

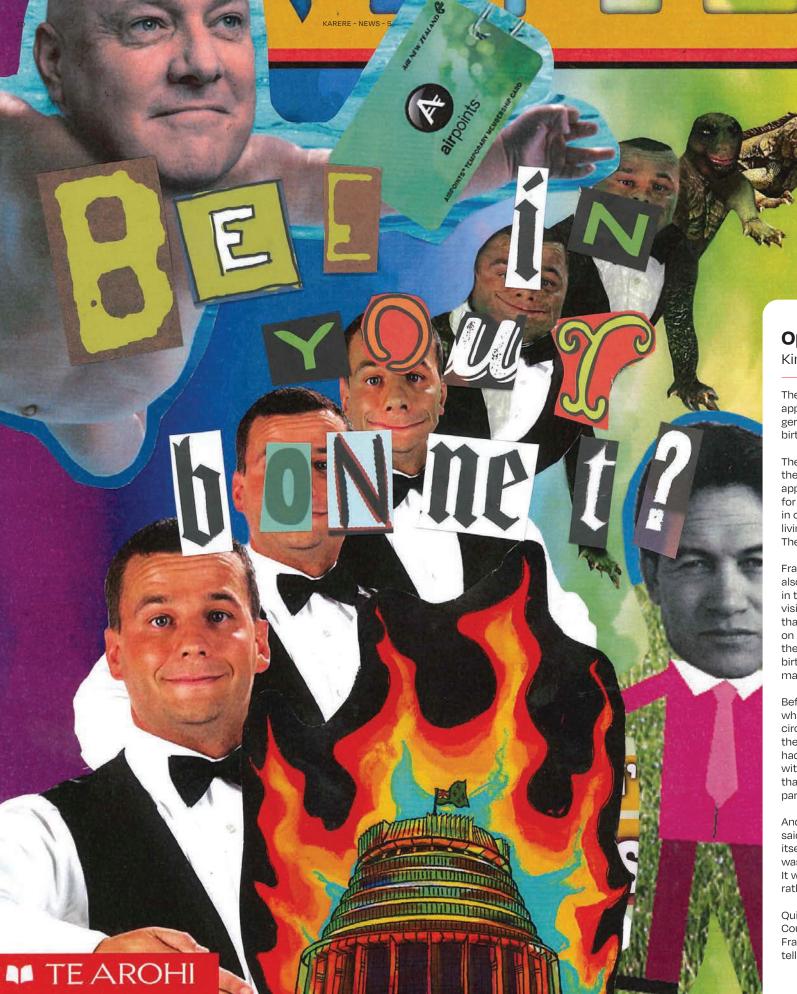
confidentiality. "I am unable to disclose the business who exposed it but that would be an excellent question for you to follow up with each party including our local MPs," he said on the

It was after receiving Fran's message that OUSA President Liam waltzed into the Critic office. He speculated it might have been ACT. Critic Te Ārohi put it to the people, asking through an Instagram poll who our party pooper was. The responses rolled in, and many fingers were pointed at ACT. David Seymour could still have been salty over being quoted by Critic in 2018 saying, "I'm sort of a symbol for awkward sex, like the kind you'd have in your first O-Week."

One responder suggested it was Luxon, saying he may have been jealous that Grant Robertson still has hair. He could have had a bee in his bonnet over Critic suggesting he'd make a fine hardboiled egg brekky last year: "As the top dog, it seems only fitting to eat Luxon for breakfast." Specifically, paired with "sliced and toasted Winston Peters and David Seymour (cutting off their upper crusts)." Then there was also that time we photoshopped his head onto the Nirvana baby album for the 2022 Music Issue cover (we edited the penis out). Heh.

Or perhaps it was NZ First, a hangover from when we said DB Draught was the "Winston Peters of Beers". In the words of Swilliam Shakesbeer (2017): "DB Draught is an old man's drink. A sip on the lips is reminiscence of a hard day fucking sheep and feeding the chickens. It's been around since before any of us could remember, and it will be around long after we die. Just like Winston Peters." And like – were we wrong?

With the Crown failing us on multiple levels, and being no closer to finding a resolution to our dropped lip, we turned to our King – the King of NZ media: Paddy Gower. Within ten minutes of texting him (yeah, we have his number) Daddy Paddy sent a happy birthday video calling Critic an "incredible publication with incredible people. Usually when you turn a hundred you get a letter from the queen or from the king or whoever - fuck that, fuck them." He's a republican and said we didn't need them anyways. He signed off with, "All I can say is you are the fucking news. Happy 100 years, looking forward to the next hundy. Boom \*pulls shaka\*". Sobs with validation.



I FUCKED YOU WITH MY PUSSY **NOT MY HEART** 

Female manipulator OPINION: OUSA Needs Some Fucking Balls

Torture: "Not enjoyable"

We did it so you don't have to!



Choose your fighter: flip phone screen tattoo edition. Check out the new university logo that was predicted all the way back in 2003!



**Saving and waving!** 

## Radio One flashes furry at Woolworths

Fucking Balls? I barely know her!

Radio One has reacted strongly to the release of a Foodtown/ Woolworths loyalty card called the "Onecard," a brand name Radio One believes belongs to them.

Radio One tries not to make everything about them challenge! Level: Impossible.

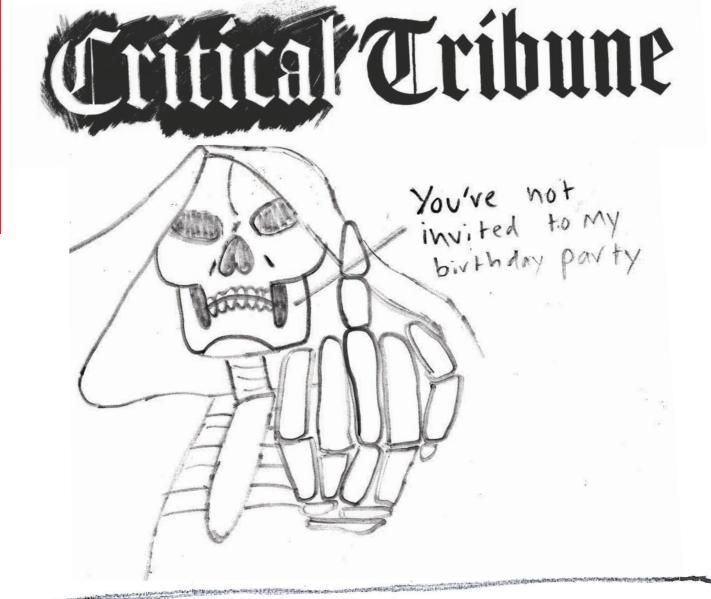
Finally, the campus group KAOS (Killing As Organised Sport) held a battle on the Registry lawn a few weeks ago. Everything went very smoothly and the group even cleaned up after themselves. This week there will be a few minor battles and assassinations around the university so if someone near you dies horribly, don't panic, it's not Al Qaeda extremists.

Thanks for letting us know.



**EXPERTS CONFIRM GRANT ROBERTSON** WOULD BE FUCKING GREAT TO GET ON THE PISS WITH

Grant has 24 hours to respond.



## Many upset after Critic says, "Well, you're not invited to my birthday party"

By Billary Harry Shitposter // criticaltribune@critic.co.nz



Within the past months many readers, staff, University affiliates, and OUSA, have been excited about Critic turning 100 years old, as well as the party that would come along with it.

Editor Nina had been overheard saying there would be "super cute party games" like pass the parcel, pin the tail on Seymour, and "that weird one where you wear a scarf and eat chocolate with a knife and fork." VC G-Rob was particularly ecstatic about the promise of food at the event: "I LOVE fairy bread." The hopes of Grant and many others were vanquished, however, after a series of arguments that concluded with Critic staff declaring: "Well, you're not invited to my birthday party."

The first argument broke out at the recent Market Day when Culture Editor Jordan was selling Critic tote bags and requested Limp Bizkit's 'Break Stuff' to be played by Radio One, who were at the stall next to them. "I would have settled for 'Rollin' or 'Even Flow' by Pearl Jam," said a disgruntled Jordan. After being

denied by all members of staff, the invitation was revoked, resulting in a low morale within Radio One's office. "We have been playing Jeff Buckley all day," said Breakfast Show host Zac.

It has also been reported that many staff writers and contributors have yelled at lecturers, advisers, and group project partners that they would no longer be allowed to attend the event. "I got a B- instead of a B+ so they can suck it," said staff writer Zoe. When reaching out to students about their lack of an invite many replied, "What's Critic?" Critical Tribune can only conclude they are still hurt about missing out.

The party that is set to happen later this month is now expected to have an even lower turnout after disputes within Critic staff. Designer Evie reported that she was uninvited for "using that same font again" Evie expressed her disappointment saying, "Aw shucks."

# PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

## **CROSSWORD**

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#### **ACROSS**

- 1 Home of the Terraces (OG Zoo)
- 6 First-years
- 12 Ngāi Tahu, for example
- 13 Pre-quarterfold Critic
- 14 Viking
- 15 Martin, F1
- 16 Tax-takers (acr.)
- 17 If he wears socks and slides, for example
- 19 Not you 20 Dripped in wax on a
- 21 Greek life 'fit
- 23 Titanic's enemies 26 15% tax (acr.)
- 29 Laptop and cinema
- 31 Mr Miyagi's metaphor
- 32 Francisco Hernandez is
- **34** Bridge to build this
- 35 '90s Critic print nights wax and what (2)
- 38 Historic student watering hole before it took
- 40 "Have fun!
- **41** Professional version of a Unipol fitness leader (acr.)
- 43 '20s students' word for
- 45 Med students' future title (abbr.) 48 Without it, the Earth is
- 49 2004 Editor Hamish
- McKenzie's brainchild
- 52 Critic's boss (acr.) 53 1974 Editor Jim Mora
- paid \$2.50 for it
- **56** Perth state (acr.)
- 57 Avatar: Way of Water visuals (acr.)
- 58 Princess-disturber
- 59 Wanderer
- 62 Ratatouille sous-chef's weapon of choice
- 63 Record player
- 65 Defining period of time
- 66 Pre-Critic uni
- 67 Most famous band

- 11 Facet
- 18 Weight measure
- 24 2021 'Friends' specia

- go well with cheese
- 9 What Nina does 31 Head
- 10 Offend

DOWN

1 Traditional function

2 Rudolph, for example

7 An alternative to Nikes

3 Dunedin student

8 Friendly Khmer

4 Paddle

5 Krustv

- 13 Existence
- 22 Watering hole
- 27 Caught in an
- 28 Green light
- 30 Religion that might

- 25 Graffiti logo tool

- 34 TV show with dragons and white walkers (acr.)
- 35 Unique Starters bar beer vessel
- 37 Guiness-giver
- 38 Murray Webb's

- 33 Off-putting in the

- 36 Artist March sister
- 39 Fig tree is about life's
- 42 Uber Eats

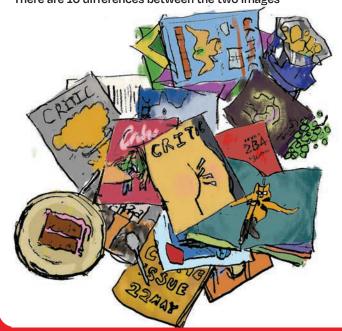
- 44 Fast-tracks chest pain and floppy children (acr.)
- inaugural Critic editor

64 R&V coincides with

- 47 Chiron
- 48 'Hand Maid's Tale'
- 50 Bring together 51 Giant redwood
- 55 The Black Cat poet
- 54 Before Jesus (acr.)
- 60 Cow's is considered

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Jimmy Tannock





www.sudokuoftheday.com

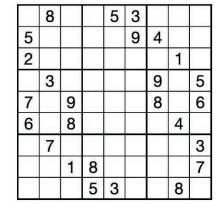
#### **EASY**

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#### **MEDIUM**

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

#### **HARD**



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ACROSS: ACROSS: 1. CANNABIS 5. REM 7. TEA 8. ABLE 11. LAULAU 14. CANCER 15. MEDUSA 17. GANG 18. CORAL 19. MUSHROOM HUNTING



## The 20%

#### Shakespearean Stereotypes and Sexism

Critic was founded in 1925, first printed on April 2nd (notably not April Fool's). Inaugural Editor Archibald Campbell's editorial self-importantly touted 'The Critic' as a "necessary instrument" for criticism, an endeavour that Archibald (imagine screaming that name in bed) boldly claimed should have the "wholehearted support of every student". While the publication itself was a fairly dry newsletter detailing clubs' goings-on – largely penned by Christian sport-loving Med students who debated literature, it seemed – the letters to the editor kicked off within a few issues.

Two letters were especially potent. One complained about how, in the author's humble opinion, "medieval maiden" needed to be reminded of their place; a formerly "divine creature" content to "keep a good man and rear a good family, now ramps and roars on the public platform as a candidate for public offices better filled by men." Other letters predicted The Critic would be a miserable failure like its predecessors, *Review* and *Te Korero*, the latter of which had fizzled out. In an editorial 93 years later, then-Editor Joel MacManus wrote a "big fat Fuck You" to those haters.

# The 30S: Bunny-hopping Through Production

The Critic had a cute new look in the '30s, shifting from its quarterfold (the same it is today) to a newspaper, a look better fitted to the fedora-trenchcoat-wearing aesthetic on campus. Magazines just don't say "Great Depression" like a good broadsheet. Outside of running comics by Peter McIntyre (who would later become New Zealand's official war artist in World War II), launching novelist Dan Darin's career, and a letter to the editor proposing a 'Rhythm-maniacs' gramophone appreciation evening, the 1930s also saw their fair share of controversy. No issues were printed in 1932 for two months after some tongue and cheek coverage of Capping stunts wound up getting the editor expelled. Five years later, the OUSA Exec's radical censorship of Critic saw the resignation of the entire Critic staff. Production ground to halt in 1939, well before the year's end, and did not resume again until 1940. Other than that, not much to report – or people to report, rather.

# The 405: Conscription and Liberation

The first editorial in 1940 stated the newly resurrected Critic's aim (after the topsy-turvy '30s): "To help in the war effort by refraining from subversive criticism and by welding together student efforts and opinions in any campaign or scheme for assistance in the war." While World War II naturally dominated a decent chunk of the news cycle in the '40s, the magazine remained fairly campus-based and insular. There was surprisingly little

coverage of key events – Hitler's death didn't even get a mention.

The war became real for students when the University of Otago encouraged conscription, a stance that attracted a walloping of opinion pieces. Students' political engagement may be more slippery than black ice on Clyde Street – but they were paying attention to this. One issue featured an exploration of the civil rights of conscientious objectors.

As the campus emptied of men, women began to fill previously male-dominated spaces, including newly appointed female acting Editor Diana Shaw who relished in the opportunity to slam men who complained about women wearing pants on campus: "Our ire can no longer be restrained. It is the pettiness and the stupidity and the narrow mindedness of men of your ilk which have caused women to be relegated for so long to the subordinate position from which they are slowly emerging"

If you think modern-era Critic comes with whiplash – where issues can contain both an eight-page deep dive investigating drink spiking and an editorial petitioning for a sexy Garfield illustration to be freely available to students – the 1940s took it to the next level. Amongst reports of former Otago students fighting in the war, extending its sympathies to those who died, there was also a paparazzi-esque gossip column with photos of students about town: on the sauce, pashing for the camera in an age where they didn't have to worry about a digital footprint.

# THe 50S: "The Ultimate Binge-Drinking Era"

Our oldest living editor, Dr Paul Oestreicher, was at the helm of Critic in 1952. In a reflection published in the 80th anniversary edition, Paul recalled that the poetry was great (some by the prolific James K Baxter), the illustrations witty, and the politics controversial enough for the "conservative ODT" (who printed Critic at the time) to refuse to print an article on the Korean War – so the front cover was left blank: "CENSORED!" Paul reflected to 2005 Critic on how student journalism had "matured" in the 53 years since, signing off his reflection by addressing the Editor at the time directly: "I wonder, Holly, what you will think of Critic 2005 in 2025? I hope and pray that you and your gang will get together to celebrate the first century. Speight's will still be the best drink."

What Paul failed to mention was that, aside from deliciously introducing the first "purely puritan" sex themed issue – a move that saw other student publications follow suit – pages of '50s Critics were filled with tales of alcoholism that would rival the modern coffin-sinking breatha. A Critic reporter in 2018 labelled the '50s as the "ultimate binge-drinking era" after unearthing stories of one guy who tried to blow the froth off his medicine in the hospital; a party with 28 beers budgeted per person (which apparently was being stingy); and a club exclusively for binge-drinking. Said reporter cheekily pointed out that clubs nowadays just "use an existing hobby as an excuse to binge drink". The Ski Club's Tour de [REDACTED] would never.

While our esteemed elder Paul reckoned some of '50s Critic's jokes were a bit "musty", taking the piss out of med students is a "timeless tradition" spanning back seventy years: "It has been said that the students wear short white coats to distinguish them from the doctors, but this is quite wrong, the fact being that unlike the qualified medical staff, they cannot afford to buy long coats. The result is they have to get around looking like a cross between a barman and a butcher." Somewhat depressingly, the contested claim that initiations are Otago tradition seems to hold some weight: "The initiation has a soul of goodness precisely because it is a rag [teasing] [...] It brings the senior student and fresher into close contact and acquaintance."

The rest of this article is written in the words of editors over the years. As Critic wrote for our 75th anniversary, "Put every editor of the past 75 years in a room and all you'd get is silence. What have we got in common after all? Our styles are all different, our focus is different, the location of the office and the way we run the paper is different. Maybe we'd drink all the red wine, then whiskey, then every other alcoholic substance available and start long slow arguments over how things should be these days. Or maybe we'd fall asleep slumped in our chairs, or just go home."

Editor's recounts of their times show just that – each adding their own flavour to the melting pot of Critic. These are the giants whose shoulders I stand on, and so while it's typical procedure to – well – edit articles, this felt a bit wrong. I've instead left their words and shown editing notes as a fun behind-the-scenes of how articles come together. It's cute to see that while editors have disagreed

about just how many buttons to push, we've always agreed on one thing: the superiority of the em dash.

THE GOS:

Police Crackdowns and The Beatles

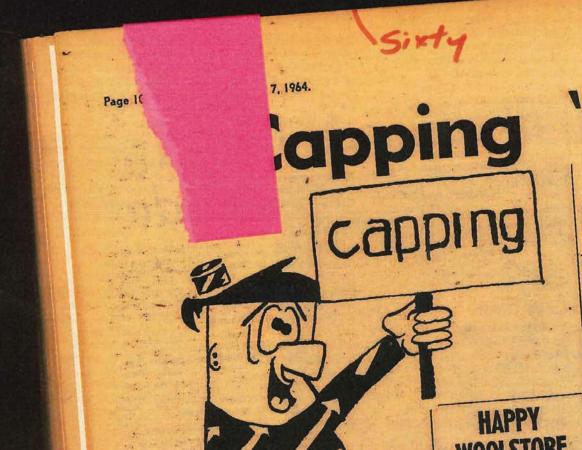
John Harris - 1961-1962

At this time, Critic was printed at the ODT, using linotype and metal blocks. My tenure as editor was marked by conflict with the student association executive who appointed a censor, and over-rode the student council when they voted to distribute the paper free, rather than for sale. Otago University was much smaller than today and it was easy as an undergraduate to know the professors of all departments, and to drop in to see the Vice-Chancellor to argue points of student politics. We had an enthusiastic editorial group and memorable parties; home-made Saki and Raro orange juice laced with lab alcohol would not now meet health and safety guidelines.

John Harris is an Associate Professor in the Department of Physiology.

Don Gray - 1964, 1966

Forty years takes us back to the time when University Councils agonised in public about "mixed flatting", Otago



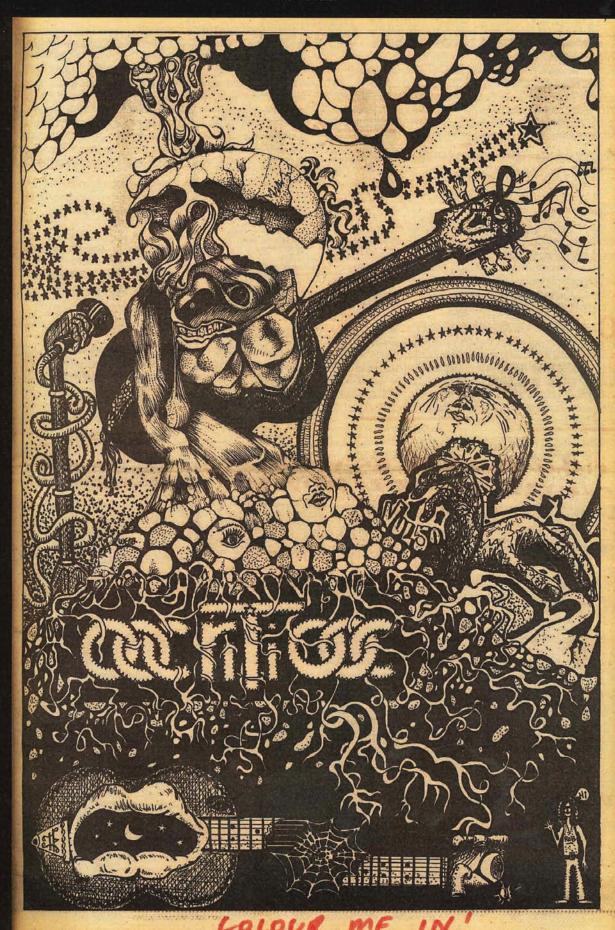
'64

Concert But Balan

Well here we are with concert. Oh boy, what a

Of course we are in the usual pre-concert fluster. In fact how the many individual items in a capping concert can rise from the abysmal depths to a standard which has a fair chance of meeting with the public's acclaim in a few short weeks is a mystery to me but year after year it happens.

This year there is a special air of uncertainty and excitement. Now we have changed the dress, so to speak, of concert.



had only 3,000 students, and it was possible for almost any student to earn and keep a student bursary. Up till this point, Critic was sold out of honesty boxes for sixpence a copy. We introduced free distribution and found that the increased advertising income meant that we could produce a larger and better paper for less money. As for the issues we covered; the war in Vietnam, the Police crack-down on Capping activities, the Beatles' visit to Dunedin, and it was the Sixties after all.

Don Gray is the Managing Director at Thorndon Consultants.

#### Bob Dey - 1967

Critic in 1967 was a professionally produced news magazine, and then I came along. My predecessor used his last issue to campaign for election – with one more issue before the student elections, I declared support for his opponent, who won the presidency. It would have been handy having sub-editorial support for the incoming team, but suddenly it evaporated.

Never mind. We got on with the job of running a newspaper with magazine pages, quite different from all the other student papers at the time, which were turning into arty magazines. Two of the lasting impressions from some of the thicker contributions to the political and magazine pages were that academics (a) thought they were brilliant writers and (b) were more likely to communicate poorly.

Adrian More had got me into the job after showing me

pages from the 1930s – wonderful writing, columns written with superb wit, I loved them and never got anywhere close during my short tenure. Critic introduced me to the 36-hour working day, part of it spent earning a crust at the Evening Star and none of it spent in the lecture hall. The petty cash I earned for putting out the paper went on the Captain Cook bar for the team; you had to be on time for that part of the show because it didn't run to a second round. The team was small, dedicated, and kept the place running after I staggered off, a little earlier than I was supposed to, into the sunset.

Bob Dey is a former journalist who now runs a company and website producing property industry reports in Auckland.

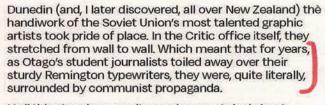
# THE 70S. Flared Jeans and Long Hair

#### John Keir - 1973

The year 1973 felt like the end of the '60s in New Zealand. The previous years on campus had seemed more radical (I seem to remember that – in 1971, my first year at Otago – half the student population had risen en masse and staged a "sit-in" in the Registry Office to protest the powers of the proctor / campus policeman – does this role still exist?). That kind of spontaneous student action seemed less likely during 1973, somehow. The Vietnam

# interviewees in my experience SOME OF THE GRITIC FAMILY





I tell this story because it reveals a great deal about the way ideological systems maintain and reproduce themselves. It also illustrates how important it is that ideology be backed by power. Those posters didn't manufacture themselves; it took the resources of a superpower to ensure that, even at the bottom of the world, Soviet propaganda would be seen and absorbed by the future opinion formers of the nation. I'm uncertain whether Moscow's 'Poster International' survived the Gorbachev era. By the mid-1980s the Communist Party of the Soviet Union had enough on its plate persuading its own people of the benefits of "Peace, Progress, Socialism". All I know for sure is that following the implosion of the Soviet Union in 1991, the flow of packages to Otago's PROLEs ceased forever.

Last time I dropped by, the Critic office walls were covered with posters advertising drientation bands and the latest releases from the music industry. "Peace, Progress, Socialism" was nowhere to be seen.

Chris Trotter is a political commentator and editor of the "occasional" Political Review magazine.

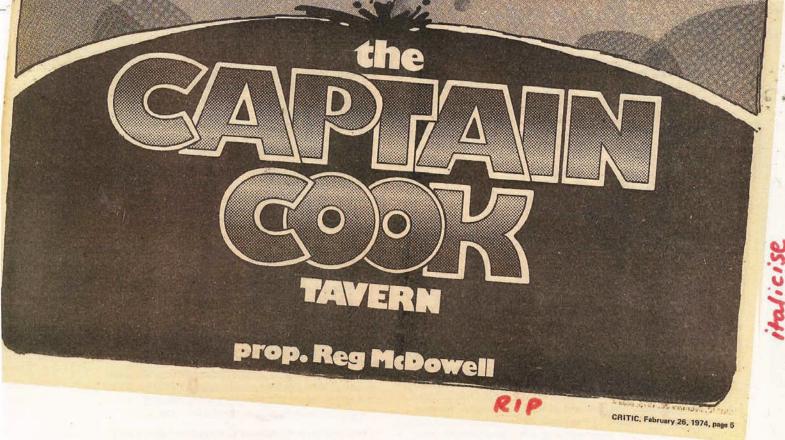
#### Michael Tull - 1988

My year was 1988 – around the time varsity was jumping the gap from "font of new ideas and new political movements" to "breeding ground of indebtedness and career prospect enhancing". I snuck through just before the libraries got too full on Friday nights and the pubs got too empty. High fees were coming in around that time, and suddenly it was becoming less of an option to go to varsity, play round for a few years, then decide to switch courses. Before then you could do that with impunity. At the time, my friends and I marvelled at one chap who came out of varsity with a law degree and a \$12k or so bank debt. He was the source of constant ribbing about his crazily exorbitant lifestyle... how could you possibly run up such a huge debt... it was unfathomable. Mmmm, yes.

Michael Tull is a freelance communications specialist and former Communications Manager for the Capital & Coast District Health Board.

#### Astrid Smeele - 1989

Critic was the starting point for a career in journalism for me – in fact, it all began in the corner bar of the Cook where co-editor-to-be Nickee Charteris and I decided – as a joke – to apply for the job. Things rapidly got out of control when we found ourselves in a full-on and controversial battle-of-the sexes election campaign for the editorship against Ross Blanch – of the then "Gentleman's Club" (does it still exist?). The campus women's group adopted us as their cause celebre – a fight was on, and the rest is history. The women won! Critic has a huge tradition and is a fantastic forum for challenging discussions and debating ideas – both serious



War was phasing down (although the protests continued) but on campus issues like mixed flatting were just starting to be debated.

Memories of that year: "The Fabulous Furry Brothers" comic strip, Bill Gosden's film reviews, movie nights with Richard Weatherley (e.g. he showed the R20 Ulysses to segregated audiences in the café – women on one side, men on the other), and on-going fun putting Critic together at Typesetting & Design Ltd opposite Cadbury's where John Swan and his team of Richard and Leonie were always helpful. Especially memorable were the never-ending jokes from John Noakes (whose artwork can still be seen on the peninsula bus shelters).

It was a fun year to work on Critic but it was also a great time to be a student. Internal assessment was looming but not yet upon us (last minute cramming could always get you through when – for most of us – it was sufficient just to pass); flats in Dunedin were cheap (again, from memory, my room at 589 Castle Street cost just \$5 with another \$3.50 for the kitty); holiday jobs were plentiful and student life seemed a lot less stressful than it does now.

1973 felt like a formative year – both personally and professionally. David Payton and I co-edited Critic that year. He went on to be president of the OUSA and then into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (he is now the New Zealand Ambassador to Holland) while I continued in the media.

John Keir is a film and television producer now based in Auckland.

#### Jim Mora - 1974

I loved my year on Critic. We introduced cartoonist Murray Webb to the world, and the talented Rob Piggott also did artwork, so visually it was a good-looking mag at times. Popular art still owed a lot to psychedelia then, and so did our visual look – fat lettering, especially. We managed to stir up a civic controversy with our investigation of Dunedin City's rates, and where all the money went. The mayor came down and debated us in the common room. Bill Gosden was our film reviewer, and he went on to be Mr Film Festival. George Kay (later a teacher at OBHS) John Gibb (still with the ODT) and Tim Stevenson did lovely writing for us. We ran a lot of satire and humour pieces, from memory.

We (on the newspaper staff, anyway) wore flared jeans and had long hair. Looking back, we were sort of posthippy, but at the time we would have said "hippy" was completely passe. The Captain Cook was THE pub for students, and for trendy staff members. The viticultural industry in New Zealand was nearly non-existent outside the monasteries, and "Cold Duck" was the legendary wine of choice - sweet and white and cheap as chips. The pre-eminent places for takeaways were "Big Daddy's" in the Octagon (where the Art Gallery is now), and "Joe Tui's" - the Chinese-owned Tui Cafe on Albany Street, Drunken students were reputedly fond of throwing Joe's chips back inside his cafe via a large fan that extracted air outside from his kitchen. When the chips managed to hit the fan they would splatter across the inside of the Café, and Joe's ire would be aroused. Students not too drunk were usually quick enough to get away. My flat was where Abbey Lodge is now, and I think they pinched the name off us -Nightmare Abbey, we called it. Rent was \$2.50 per week per room, or am I imagining that? It seems unbelievable now.

In some ways, it was a time of hiatus in student life. The big issues that had motivated students in previous years had gone. Vietnam was pretty well over, and the momentum of the social revolution – engendered by the '60s and culminating symbolically in Woodstock – had

compare to current rent

Chris Trotter - 1981

Editor's note: Chris Trotter submitted a reflection for both the 75th and the 80th anniversary issues of Critic. I've combined the two.

The great issue of 1981 was, of course, the Springbok

subsided. We were pre-punk and pre-disco, rebels without

much of a cause, but enjoying life. We didn't know how lucky we were, really – we had a free, relaxed university

Jim Mora is a New Zealand media personality, currently

working as an RNZ National Presenter and Sunday

education in NZ's prettiest city.

The 'Boks and Soviet Youth

Morning Host.

The great issue of 1981 was, of course, the Springbok Tour. Like the rest of New Zealand, Otago's campus was split on the question of whether or not the Springboks should tour New Zealand. As Editor, I was determined to allow both sides of the issue to be heard. That is why I chose [REDACTED] as one of my columnists – he was one of the leaders of the pro-tour faction on campus and used his weekly column "Dragonfly" to attack the antitour faction. [REDACTED] and his friends also submitted longer articles explaining why they supported the Tour, which were duly published. My fellow student editors around the country were highly critical of this approach, but I believe it kept Critic honest, and meant that all of Otago's students had a sense of the paper being "theirs".

MANY years ago, when I was half the age I am now, I edited the Otago University Students' Association's weekly newspaper, Critic. As Editor, I received a great deal of mail; most of it from the student body, some of it from advertisers, and, every two or three months, a bundle of it from the Soviet Union. It was actually addressed to the "Progressive Left, (PROLE) C/- Otago Student Union", but since there was no such club or society of that name affiliated to OUSA, the Association Secretary - a formidable woman, universally and respectfully known as "Mrs Rennie" - rather mischievously passed it along to me. (In her eyes, I was probably the nearest thing to a communist sympathiser on the Association's payroll.) Inside the Soviet bundle there were many things: drab, badly designed and appallingly printed magazines highlighting the achievements of Soviet "Youth"; earnest pamphlets condemning the latest excesses of "US Imperialism"; and thick volumes containing the distilled wisdom of unpronounceable Soviet ideologues. Most of these, needless to say, were swiftly consigned to the nearest rubbish bin.

What we all looked forward to in the Critic office were the posters. These were vast affairs of considerable artistic merit and beautifully printed on thick creamy paper. They railed against apartheid and nuclear weapons, sang the praises of "national liberation movements" from Angola to East Timor, and passionately enjoined the youth of the world to raise high the banner of "Peace, Progress, Socialism". Whenever they arrived there was a mad dash to see who would be the first to get his or her hands on the best examples. In the flats of student activists all over

current rent they thereas of grassing

and hilarious. All the best for the celebrations, and long may Critic continue!

Astrid Smeele is the Lead Communications Advisor and Engagement and Connections Manager at the Ministry of Business, Innovation and Employment.



#### Victor Billot - 1995

In 1995 we had to paste up Critic late in the evening on big sheets of paper with hot wax, while we ate the free pizzas we got as part of a semi-legitimate advertising contra deal with the pizza joint. By the time we finished we were smeared with hot wax and tomato paste. So was the newspaper. Paul Dagarin claimed he was the Chief Editor and moved in behind the big desk, I opened up his top drawer one day to find a biro but all that was there was a copy of The Captains Verses by Pablo Neruda, and an old toothbrush. Geoff Noller sold ads by the bucketload. One day, a person in a suit came into the foyer looking for the bathroom and Geoff sold them an ad. Then he told them where the bathroom was.

Victor Billot is a unionist, musician, and former co-leader and electoral candidate for the Alliance party. We don't know what he's doing now.

#### Brent McIntyre - 1998-1999

75 years? You think that's impressive? In my day Critic was 100 pages long and came out every three days. Our readership was never less than 50,000 according to independent survey results. In my day we were full colour glossy, with lots of advertising from Microsoft and Massey University. In my day Critic had about a million pages a week on student politics at Otago. As Editor, I had to live with the President, just in case there was a scoop at 2am.

In my day we broke the news of "Fogelberg-gate". In my day we pasted all the ads onto the pages with flue made from Jaimanawa horses. In my day we never got an issue out late, we never had a typo or a proofing error and none of our news items were ever cobbled together at the last minute from an interview with whoever we found who was willing to talk at 7pm (usually Linda the Cleaner). In my day the quality of thought and discourse in Letters to The Editor put Wilde, Greer, Lao Tzu and Gandhi to shame. In my day we wrote out every page by hand, in a neat italic script. In my day Editorials could be bought for the price of one of Lex's double soy lattes.

In my day we always took original and stylish photos for the features, and never resorted to plagiarising pictures from old copies of National Geographic that lay moldering in the back of the office. In my day the staff were always in the office by 8am, even the volunteers. We had regular meetings and everyone thought I was fucking on to it. In my day we never played Pacman for hours while we waited for the Tech-Ed to finish laying out the news. In my day the reviews were pithy and great, and no one was just in it for a free book.

In my day we didn't have any bloody notices and columns.

#### 2000-2001 editor

In my day. Fiona was just an idle-widdle bubba. In my day there was a big sign on the wall that said "pobody's Nerfect". Ha ha! In my day our holidays were spent researching stories and rearranging the office yet again. In my day our coverage of Māori issues was teno pai. In my day every band, every author, every artist, every politician and every bad-arse mofo in town was clamouring, yeah, clamouring to get into our pages, cos we were so hot we were on fire, we were starting fires, yeah, people used Critic to start their fires, and clean up spills... and wipe there... (sob) they didn't care, they'd have read "The Sideways Bit" if we'd stuck 5,000 copies of it everywhere, every week...who am I kidding... In my day we loved Critic.

Brent McIntyre is the Manager for Library Collections and Information at New Zealand Parliament.

# THE OOS:

The Naughties, Indeed

#### Fiona Bowker - 2000-2001

Critic 2000-01 – themes of year were around wanting to establish as a profit making enterprise separate from OUSA and more like The Listener! Hence, we idolised The Listener and wrote odes to them wherever possible. But we were determinedly broadsheet. There were strange advertising issues (including the "burnt pizza letter" guy who couriered letters of complaint and threatened all sorts of revenge. But then he went bankrupt. Because his pizzas were burnt. And there were internecine squabbles among the ASPA members over national advertising). Stephen La Roche picketed commie old us with a banner, but just the once. I miss the review books. And Palmerston North.

Fiona Bowker is an AskOtago Group Leader.

#### Patrick Crewdson - 2002-2003

Young people these days – you're soft, that's your problem. In my day (2002–3), Critic was a lean, mean newsbreaking machine. OUSA might have owned us (as sole shareholders of a limited liability company guaranteed editorial autonomy by charter), but when Critic said "jump" they called an SGM to decide – through due process and provided quorum was achieved – how high. We were young Turks, breaking all the rules (except the rules of syntax, punctuation and grammar). The old guard knew the writing was on the wall when I changed the size of the mag from tabloid to its current quarterfold – a move so revolutionary it would have made Che Guevara wet himself with terror. That was only the beginning.

Here's what your history books won't tell you: we revived 40 Ways one year (very popular) and killed it off the next (less popular); the anonymous author of fashion column Campus Chic was forced from her post by a public outcry that she was "too mean"; we went to Mosgiel; the Proctor threatened to sue for defamation; Stephen La Roche continued his illegible assault on the letters pages; columnist and stuffed toy Duck released the megaselling album, Close the blinds, that Duck is Peking; the inaugural "offensive issue" failed to offend anyone other than a printing technician at the Oamaru Mail who said the internet must have inured me to human suffering; we

launched a website; our fish'n'chip reviewers awarded the golden scoop to Mei Wah two years running; we made OUSA presidents cry; I had great hair; The Wrong Guy in the Wrong Lecture at the Wrong Time pissed off a lot of lecturers; and I think we wrote some news articles.

Patrick Crewdson is a former journalist for the Herald and Stuff, where he now works as Head of Product Development.

#### Hamish McKenzie - 2004

We were accused of endorsing date rape in the first issue of the year. The controversy sparked all of two letters to the ODT. Critic transmogrified into a glossy rag. Students bemoaned the loss of an important source of dunny paper. We made the Critic website hotter. We busted Buttman, a rogue be-socked international student who made a habit of fondling buttocks with his feet, and exposed falsified letters from two married couples campaigning against some obscure student politics issue that no one cared about. Katherine Rich's secretary threatened legal action after we called the MP an MPILF. Newsboy told me Linda Clark had the best breasts in broadcasting, and Steve Braunias called Don Brash a cunt. We touched Mary Lambie in the flesh. For the 31st year running, Critic won nothing at the Qantas Media Awards.

Hamish McKenzie is co-founder of Substack and in recent years a tech reporter, and lead writer for Tesla.

The los

Zane Pocock - 2014

italicise

We set out to be steady hands as we recovered from the past year's editor-ousting chaos, but realised we had overdone it when we were praised by VC Hayne. She corrected that statement by year-end after we took a gonzo foray into a local psych ward. Awards aren't everything but it's nice to remind everyone who's the boss, so we tossed the Deputy Editor position and applied that budget to a Features Editor in a cynical, successful ploy to sweep the ASPA features awards. We went to a single Thursday print night but lied to our meticulous designer/ illustrator and kept him on the Wednesday schedule (when we used to send half to the printers) so we didn't miss the deadline. Despite the gaslighting work environment, one of his Critic illustrations went on to be syndicated by Wired. It was an election year so we were shamelessly biased and I was called a "numbnut" by National MP Michael Woodhouse after spending too much company time trolling him on Twitter. Ever envious of the cool shit Radio One gets to do, we pulled off a Young Back Benches event at Re:Fuel with Wallace Chapman. In the wake of Dirty Politics we discovered a politically active Otago student had been assiduously vilified by Cameron Slater and we drove that story to national attention. I surrendered

- make cleaver

editorial oversight of OUSA coverage after I was outed for fucking the President, with my predecessor calling for my resignation. Steady indeed.

Zane Pocock is an entrepreneur in Oklahoma City, OK, USA.

#### Joel MacManus - 2018

We pivoted hard in 2018 in an attempt to be edgier, local-er and scarfie-r. I got hauled into the vice chancellor's office twice for surprisingly minor gripes about framing and balance - she told me I'd never get a job in "real" media the way things were going. Critic made international headlines when the inaugural menstruation issue (a partnership with the Womens+ club) was removed from stands by Campus Watch because they thought the cover was too graphic. The university never told us it was happening they only fronted up after we went public and asked for more information. A hundred or so students marched to the clocktower in our defense, and stuck up posters of the offending cover all over campus. The story went international - I remember being woken up at 4am by a producer from CNN.







Things kicked off again when we reported that the Proctor had entered student flats while they weren't home and confiscated their bongs. There was another protest this time with closer to 1000 people marching an OUSA meeting with so many attendees that they had to move it into the gym on the top floor of the Clubs & Socs building. I've been a Critic superfan since I picked up a copy in my first week of fresher year. It took me three years to build up the confidence to walk in the door and ask to write for them, but I'm so glad I did. I owe my career and my passion for writing entirely to Critic. I'm so thankful that it exists.

Joel MacManus is the Wellington Editor at The Spinoff.

#### Charlie O'Mannin - 2019

I first read Critic in 2012 while I was in high school and immediately developed a 7-year-plan to become editor, paying my friends and family to jump out at me periodically with ethical dilemmas and improper uses of the semicolon.

Our first big story of the year took months to prepare: a seven-page investigation into sexual assault at Knox college. For the story we interviewed more than 20 people, many of whom had the same depressing, disgusting story of abuse and institutional failure.

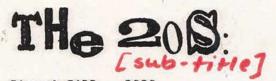
We sent the story to print on a Thursday night and the next day a gunman killed 51 people at a Christchurch mosque. Our photographer, Aiman Amerul Muner, got on the next plane to Christchurch and documented the horror and shock of the immediate aftermath. Later in the year, Aiman returned to Christchurch and wrote a story detailing the slow route to recovery of one of the shooting victims.

In the weeks after publishing the Knox story our phones were ringing constantly with more and more people who had stories of their own abuse at Knox. We ended up publishing two long follow-up stories based on the people who came forward.

We spent the rest of the year systematically pissing off every landlord and property manager in North Dunedin. At one point, after publishing on the front cover an email asking us to "REMOVE YOUR FILTHY STINKING LYING BITCH-WHINING BULLSHIT STORY ABUSING US OFF THE WEBB NOW OR FURTHER ACTION", the uni's CCTV cameras caught the landlord in question stealing large quantities of the magazine from stands. They were subsequently trespassed from campus.

We also accidentally started a nudist orgy club, had our office broken into by an orange-wearing youth gang known as the "Vit-Cs", and were sued multiple times for defamation.

Charlie runs an indy board game company



Sinead Gill - 2020

Covid-19 lit a match to everyone's lives. We made sure to awhi international students who'd missed flights home

because of unclear Uni policy and we worked with our student mag counterparts to ensure someone was at the daily Covid standups in Parliament on your behalf. Years of growing tension between Critic and Uni staff broke in the wake of the pandemic not with formal complaints, but a press release about pulling advertising, ceasing media requests and a declaration that we were mean to them. From where we stood, we were just holding them to account.

But I won't say our controversies were never our fault. I killed the popular Blind Date column as soon as I heard a contributor was pressured for sex - fuck that. A sitting MP revealed she was once busted for cannabis in a live interview - Iol. In our first edition, the cover got banned from Facebook (art is subjective) and my editorial decision to ignore politicians during an election year attracted a swarm of media commentary, landing me on TV with finger-wagging presenters. My argument was fuck the press releases - you can get those elsewhere politicians should front with actual policies for students to get in the student rag.

What you don't know is about 10pm that first print night I got a call from the OUSA CEO pleading to pull our explosive lead story. I'd based my editorial on it and the crew locked in, helping me pick a Plan B. All I'll say is it's hard to stand your ground as a self-trained journo with limited legal knowledge, but the CEO had never done that before - likely hasn't since - and I still trust her judgement.

It was a challenging year but we got your eyes on the news. We covered underpaid student workers, shit landlords, exposed sexual violence allegations against an exec member, and the plight of Bill and Bill, the beloved gay paradise ducks/pūtangitangi on campus that were taken away to find gal pals but eventually flew back to us because love always wins. Hankfully now -10

I didn't go to Otago Uni to study journalism, but I found my calling in this mag and miss hitting send on a publication at 3am surrounded by good cunts. Every now and again someone I'm reporting on throws an old Critic article in my face - I'm a known gay, didn't you know? but I have no regrets

Sinead is a senior journalist at The Press/Stuff

#### Erin Gourley - 2021

The University was sick of our shit and stopped advertising with us. Planet Media were worried, money was tight, but we were happy because there were suddenly many, many more pages to fill with articles. At the start of the year we were out of lockdown and it was great. A few months later we were back in lockdown and it sucked (but secretly helped us save money and print more issues).

The thing that sticks out to me is the many enemies we made along the way. An unhappy landlady took to re along the campus to steal hundreds of copies of the magazine in her rucksack. Multiple professors threatened to sue us for defamation. The admin of Dunedin News kicked out basically our entire staff for stirring up drama in the comments. I misgendered someone in an article and had to apologise with the only compensation available to a student magazine editor: a slab of Red Bulls.



We were doing a lot of news, all the time. The big one was Elliot's six month investigation into neo-Nazi group Action Zealandia - when they made their first in-person contact via a weird Cold War-esque meeting in Anderson's Bay, three of us staff members were standing by just in case they were actually about to be murdered. We investigated Capitalism, and generally stuck our noses where the exploitation of students in orchard work. We wrote about the uptick in conspiracy theories before it was cool. We brought back the Worst Flat Competition to highlight the appalling, definitely not-Healthy Homes compliant state of Dunedin's student housing. We investigated the shocking divorce of Bill and Bill, the gay ducks who had captured the hearts of everyone on campus. We aided and abetted Sign Up Club's first moves into OUSA, the ramifications of which continue to this day. We mourned the sudden and undignified death of Starters Bar thanks to earthquake safety regulations. No one was safe from the wrath of 2021 Critic, except Nando's who stood by us with weekly advertising through our darkest days and provided us with insane quantities of cheesy garlic pita bread.

with a 'slippery pig' ride; and diving headlong into every protest that came our way. We brought back the Critic Bachelor; reported on Palestine protests as the conflict unfolded on the other side of the world; investigated the creeping commercialisation of Studentville dubbed we sniffed a story.

Obviously I hung around for a second year to be the 100th Editor (clout-chasing gone wild) and I'm proud to stand on the shoulders of the giants who came before me. There's a certain kick to witnessing history made in real-time something as dumb as having a couch we painted with the Critic logo in O-Week last year now being part of an exhibition. We'll take Paul's advice and crack into some Speight's to celebrate the past century and salute to another 100 years just as un-boring.

Fox Meyer - 2022-2023

whiskey the juice It was a blur, to be honest. I blame the picklebacks Over those two years we grew as a magazine but lost our free Nando's, we doubled down on the crosswords but still made a mistake or two. It was a strange time for Critic, as my priority was to make sure we got a nice budget from OUSA and could enter the Clocktower without triggering an alarm without changing who we were as a magazine. As the uni system struggled nationwide, very little was left for student mags. I like to think that Critic was a good leader during this time, and could guide some of the other. mags through a really tough few years. We filled a slightly more mature role, both on the page and off. Sometimes this meant turning more of our criticism on you lot, but honestly, you deserved it. But we also felt that media had really reached an inflection point; people don't engage with it like they used to. We have to ask ourselves what our role is in that new media environment. How do we adapt to changing needs and attention spans? We know we have the same good stuff on tap to offer, so how do we best serve our community? The answer, as always, is the horoscopes section. We know that's why you pick up the magazine anyways.

Fox Meyer is a news reporter for The Newsroom based in the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

#### Nina Brown - 2024-2025

I was given a handover doc when I took the Editor's chair in January 2024 that said in bold: "DON'T BE BORING." I'd say we took that and ran with it last year. With a freshfaced team after the old guard of long-standing Critic staff moved out the revolving door after 2023, there was an infectious energy to Critic last year. The 'Critters' pushed the boundaries of what student media could do - and what we can do in the name of journalism - but with a layer of caution that comes with living in the age of digital footprints.

We were game for it all: sneaking into halls to review their food (and then chased out of them); copping free tickets to every manner of event to review, including numerous festivals, a Shrek swamp rave, and a museum hoedown

4 sober, might I add

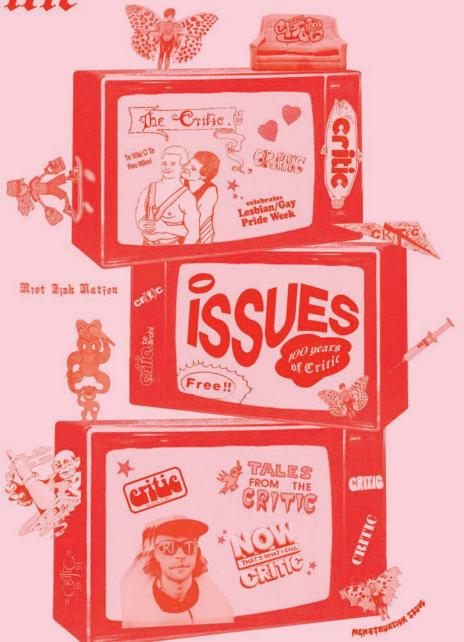




100 years of Critic

Mon - Fri | 9am - 5pm de Beer Gallery Special Collections

First Floor Te Pātaka Kura Pokapū Central Library



Nau mai, tauti mai! Join us as we showcase past issues of *Critic Te Ārohi* and pay them out for being totally f<sup>#\$%</sup>ing ancient.





ĀHUA NOHO - CULTURE - 7

Special thanks to the Hocken Library who house every issue of Critic Te Ārohi extending back to 1925. Without them, Critic's history, beyond our scuffed website, would not have been preserved. Visitors to their ISSUES! 100 Years of Critic exhibition are invited to contribute when visiting the gallery by handwriting or typing a letter. The winning letter of the week will be featured in the magazine and the author gets a free Critic tote bag! Email critic@critic.co.nz to claim your prize.

Dearest Critic, Thanks for being agood and acessible magazine. BTW year typewriter is running out of ink. Might want to get mer The typewriter idea is run. Whoever thought of that should get a reward or something. I have one question: why is the exibit so pine? I thought the lege was red. Perhaps I a colourbaind. a sen who does not know what to write



For most of Critic's century-long run, Māori in the media have either been a headline, the punchline, or nowhere to be seen. When we weren't being ignored, we were being debated, dissected, or dismissed - our language up for discussion, our tikanga misunderstood, and our political movements painted as radical disruptions rather than necessary resistance. The magazine, supposedly forward-thinking, sat silent through it all. Let's also not forget the golden era of Māori caricatures, clueless opinion pieces, and the ever-popular "should te reo Māori be compulsory?" debate (spoiler: yes, and you're already decades late).

Yes, Critic has changed. But has it changed enough? And more importantly, does a century of student journalism really deserve celebration when Māori voices were rarely considered for most of it?

# THE EARLY DAYS: SILENCE SPEAKS VOLUMES

In Critic's first few decades, the absence of Māori voices was deafening. It was as if anything remotely Māori didn't exist within the walls of Otago Uni, despite Māori scholars, activists, and students moving through those same spaces. When we did show up, it was through a Pākehā lens – anthropological, academic, or observational. Take 'The Niue Island Case' (March 18, 1954) as an example.

out the gate While not inherently about Māori, its framing reflected the same colonial gaze that shaped Māori representation in the media of its time. Niueans were spoken of as subjects of white tutelage, with New Zealand positioned as their moral and intellectual custodian, declaring itself responsible for "educating these people to accept white standards of behaviour." Niueans were described as "somewhat primitive and superstitious," with patronising observations about their attitudes toward work and food - deemed "touchy" and irrationally important to their worldview.

For all its talk of being progressive, Critic spent the majority of the 20th century proving absolutely otherwise. Even in the 1950s, it threw around the N-word like casual punctuation (June 11, 1953), scoffed at the idea that women deserved both pay increases and basic respect (March 18, 1954), and – in a truly unhinged take – gushed over Israel's 'successes' as a nation built by sheer determination, conveniently overlooking the terrorism, displacement, and colonial violence that made - and continues to make - that possible (October 2, 1952). Perhaps the writer saw something familiar in that story after all, Aotearoa knows a thing or two about a country 'settled' through the same means.

This selective blindness wasn't just limited to international issues. Even when Critic took a stand against apartheid in South Africa, it failed to connect the dots to racism

ISSUE 1 March 6 1996 AROHIthe news editorial letters features thelma, no louise 10 bailterspace telling it like it is astronomically political te roopu din-uo 19 regular network columns reality bites art effects sport 27

Ko tenei te maramatanga mo te ingoa hou mo 'Critic' ko Te Arohi. This is an explanation of the new Maori name for Critic. Ko enei etahi whakarapopoto o te inoga hou, these are some summary examples of the interpretation of the name, Te Arohi:

Te Arohi - to reconnoitre, to examine, to review

- to look for
- to hover, to quiver
- a shimmering heat

The meaning of the word is derived from the collective understanding of each syllable.

#### 1. Aro

- front, desire, mind, seat of feelings, bowels, face, turn towards, be inclined, be disposed, desire, attend to, favour. for example:

#### **Aronga**

- direction

#### **Whakaaro**

- thought, intention, opinion
- understanding
- plan
- think, consider, plan

#### Whakaroaro

- ponder over, consider

#### 2. Hi - expressing contempt

- making a hissing noise
- to raise up, draw up, to catch with a hook and line
- to lead, as in a song
- dawn

for example: hihi - ray of sun hikaro- to pick out, to extract

Ka hi te ata hou

at home. Throughout 1981, in a year dominated by the Springbok Tour protests, Māori were barely a footnote in Critic's coverage. There was one brief mention of Māori and how they were affected by the infamous Springbok Tour, and reference to the previous tours – mainly the 970 one where the Māori players were classified as onorary whites. Jut otherwise Māori involvement, despite being central to the protests, was erased. And while Critic did their due diligence to report on the atrocities taking place in apartheid South Africa, they failed to make the connection on how it mirrored race relations within their own country. The film *Uproar* captures just how deeply Māori were involved in the anti-tour movement, drawing from the director's own experiences at the time. Even Greg McGee's Foreskin's Lament, a 1980 play that predicted the tour's impact on race relations in Aotearoa, got a Critic review mid-protest, with no mention of Māori

As subjects of curiosity, rather than contribution, there was no platform for Māori perspectives, and certainly no acknowledgment of our political realities. Instead, Māori were a footnote in a magazine that prided itself on being forward-thinking.

#### A CRITIC IN NAME ONLY

For a magazine called Critic, it spent decades failing to be one when it mattered. Even in the last 30 years, when Māori issues were impossible to ignore, Critic largely managed to do just that - staying silent when it could have spoken up, or at the very least, asked better questions. Researching this piece felt like sifting through a black hole - not because there was too much to unpack, but because there was barely anything there. The sheer, overwhelming absence of Māori representation in Critic's archives wasn't just frustrating, it was telling. Critic is great at asking hard questions. Just never about itself.

When Māori did make it into wider media, it was rarely to celebrate our achievements or perspectives. Instead, we became headlines when we were newsworthy in ways that served a Pākehā gaze. Actions were framed as controversies, moments scrutinised, and voices only amplified when Pākehā commentators could dissect them. Protests for Māori rights, such as the 1975 Māori Land March and the 2004 Foreshore and Seabed hīkoi, were framed as dramatic spectacles rather than legitimate acts of resistance. More recently, coverage of Ihumātao and marches against the Treaty Principles Bill followed the same pattern, centering disruption over cause, reaction over resolution. When Māori lawmakers performed a haka in Parliament to oppose the same bill, media fixated on the 'outburst' rather than the build-up behind it.

Māori activism on campuses all across the country whether it was protests, the fight for te reo Māori, or the push for tino rangatiratanga – was painted as radical and disruptive. The 1979 Haka Party Incident is a prime example. For decades, Auckland University engineering students performed a mock haka during Capping week, donning grass skirts and caricaturing Māori culture. The university dismissed these performances as "too trivial a matter to investigate", despite repeated objections from Māori students. The activist group He Taua confronted the engineering students, leading to a brawl in which eleven members of He Taua were arrested. The Auckland Star sensationalised the incident, framing it as violent with

the headline, "Gang Rampage at Varsity Leaves attered," rather than addressing the racism that spark it. Treaty stories were often accompanied by a 'both sides' framing as if the rights of tangata whenua were up for debate - just look at the media coverage of the Treaty Principles Bill. Headlines like "New Zealand rocked by indigenous rights controversy" (GZERO, 2024) implied there was a valid argument against Māori sovereignty.

When Māori students did succeed, we were treated as anomalies, exceptions rather than the norm. The racism faced by Māori medical students was widely covered ("Auckland Māori medical students sick of entry requirement racism"), yet their achievements in the field were rarely given the same platform. That isn't to suggest that Māori excellence stories don't exist; anyone who's scrolled through Facebook comments knows how quickly it gets dismissed as "special treatment" When New Zealand's largest media outlet, Stun, Issued an apology in 2020 for its racist reporting, the headlines focused on media self-reflection rather than the damage done ("New Zealand media giant Stuff apologises for 'racist' past reporting"). These patterns aren't accidental, they reflect an ongoing narrative that positions Māori within the media only when it suits a Pākehā lens.

### BAD COVERAGE, NO COVERAGE

It's a pattern that Critic has followed for years. When it comes to Māori issues, the choice has always sat somewhere between bad coverage and no coverage at all. Even up into the recent decade, Critic's efforts for Māori Language Week have been, at best, minimal. A tokenistic headline here, a surface-level feature there - but never a full embrace of the kaupapa. It wasn't until very recently that te reo Māori or aspects of the Māori worldview have started to be seen as something more than a once-a-year obligation, and even now, there's a long way to go.

The contrast is even sharper when we look at other student publications. Just look at 'Te Ao Mārama', the dedicated Māori edition of Salient magazine – first introduced in 1973 and eventually enshrined in VUWSA's constitution from 1997 onward. It isn't just a one-off effort, but an entire issue led by Māori writers, editors, and artists, creating space for Māori voices. Meanwhile, Critic has struggled to offer even a fraction of that commitment.

## THE SHIFT: MAORI TAKING THE

For a time, Māori content was confined to a designated column, a box to be ticked rather than an integrated voice within the publication. Articles on Māori issues would surface sporadically, usually tied to Māori Language Week or major political events, but a consistent presence was harder to find. Critic's disconnect from tauira Māori was so glaring that they resorted to Facebook callouts, scrambling for Māori contributors specifically for Māori Language Week. It wasn't until 2018 onwards that Māori contributors began to carve out a more permanent space, pushing boundaries and stirring the pot. Prior to that, Critic had been otherwise silent, without so much as a nod to Te Wiki o Te Reo Māori.

The tide began to turn when Māori students refused to stay

ĀHUA NOHO - CULTURE - 7

quiet. Māori contributors started claiming space, pushing back against Critic's history of exclusion and taking control of our own narratives. The renaming of Critic to Critic Te Ārohi in 1996 under Editor Tracy Huirama-Osborne was a beacon of change, but the mahi wasn't done. While te reo Māori found its way into articles, perhaps at first as a token gesture, it soon became an essential part of storytelling. This wasn't just a shift in what was being covered, but who was telling the stories.

Even in the 2010s, Critic's engagement with Māori content remained inconsistent. Māori activism and issues were still largely absent. In 2019, Critic Te Ārohi published Tiana Mihaere's "Why We Must All Protect Ihumātao", a rare and powerful call to action that centered Māori voices in the struggle against land confiscation. The following year, Annabelle Vaughan's "A Seat at Our Table" exposed the constant scrutiny Māori students face in academic spaces, followed by her article "Minorities in Medicine", which tackled the University's proposed cap on Māori and Pasifika medical students – an issue that went largely unchallenged in mainstream media.

By 2020, the new wave of Māori contributors was bringing fresh perspectives to the table. Kaiya Cherrington explored topics such as the isolation of being Māori in a predominantly Pākehā student town ("Māori Migration to Otago Uni") and decentering colonial ideas of womanhood ("Colonisation made periods gross"). Others laid bare the everyday challenges faced by tauira Māori navigating a system never built for them, the lack of Māori spaces on campus ("Why Otago University Needs A Marae"), and the journey to reclaiming the native tongue ("Learning Te Reo Māori as a Māori Student").

These stories weren't just filling a diversity quota – they were holding up a mirror to student media, and shifting the narrative on what Critic could and should be: forthright, fearless, and unapologetic.

### NĀ MĀTOU, MŌ MĀTOU: BY U\$, FOR U\$

One of the most significant shifts in Critic Te Ārohi's 100-year history has been the emergence of the Kaituhi Māori role, now known as Ētita Māori, which was established in 2022. This role signaled a move from tokenistic, sporadic inclusion to real structural change. No longer was Māori content an afterthought or a once-a-year obligation.

Ironically, it was an American editor who finally made it happen. According to Fox Meyer (Editor-in-Chief 2022-2023), the decision was a no-brainer. "My decision to make this position wasn't that deep. I noticed it didn't exist, thought 'wow, that really should exist', and then made it exist," he said. Fox explained that while previous editors had recognised the need for such a role, the magazine's rapid turnover meant no one had the time to formalise it. "I knew it was something that needed to be done when I started running the mag, so I made it happen right away. Some things just need to happen, and this was one of them."

But let's sit with that for a second – it wasn't Critic that saw the gap and acted. It wasn't a long-overdue internal reckoning. It was someone who saw the importance of the Māori voice with fresh eyes and, crucially, had the power to fix it. Until then, Critic barely acknowledged te ao Māori at all. Before 2022, articles about the Māori experience, language, and worldview were a rare novelty rather than a

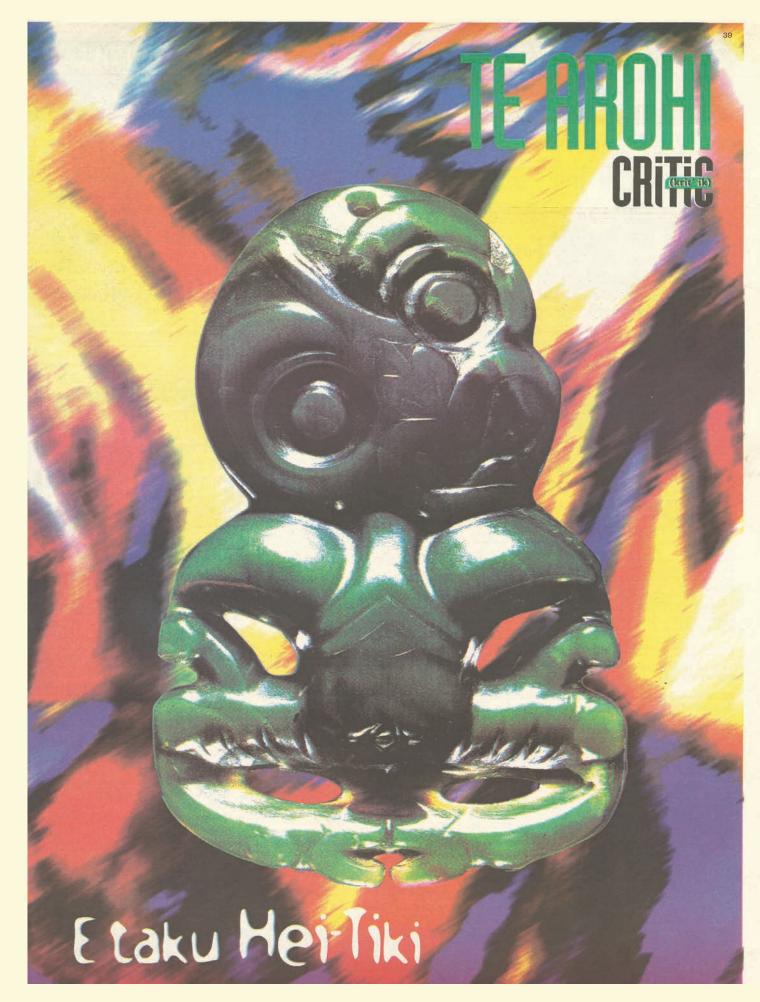
regular feature. No one had time? No, Critic just didn't make the time – until someone finally did.

## WHERE ARE WE NOW — AND WHERE WE NEED TO BE

Critic Te Ārohi is no longer the publication it was a hundred years ago – or even thirty. Māori voices are here, our stories are being told. But let's be real; progress isn't the same as justice. Having a Māori name doesn't erase decades of exclusion or being an afterthought.

It's not just about visibility or consideration, it's about power. Who holds the editorial reins? Whose voices shape the narrative? Is te ao Māori embedded in Critic Te Ārohi, or is it still tacked on when convenient? These are the questions that matter, and yet to be answered. Nearly one in five New Zealanders is Māori. In theory, one in five pages of Critic should reflect that. But here's the thing – Critic has the chance to be more than just a reluctant participant in progress. No matter how many first-place awards the mag wins, it won't mean much if it's still coming second where it really counts. Why not push for a section specifically dedicated to te ao Māori? Why not do a Salient and enshrine the Māori Language Week issue into the OUSA constitution? If Critic Te Ārohi is serious about shifting from tokenism to transformation, it needs to stop following and start leading.

THESE STORIES WEREN'T JUST FILLING A DIVERSITY QUOTA — THEY
WERE HOLDING UP A
WIRROR TO STUDENT WEDIA, AND SHIFTING THE NARRATIVE ON WHAT CRITIC COULD AND SHOULD BE: FORTHRIGHT, FEARLESS, AND UNAPOLOGITIC.





ĀHUA NOHO - CULTURE - 7

#### THE WAR ISSUE: YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND

Dear critic,

I am a man and as a man I found it hard to pick up this weeks issue without my testicles crawling into myself a little bit. I mean come on the "fashion issue" I thought I was about to pick up a copy of womans weekly. I'm hoping for a much more manorientated issue after Easter maybe something like the "Boobs issue" or the "things that make big explosions issue" or better yet "the porn issue."

Yours sincerely

Kindly, Critic sniffer

A Share

(To the Editor.)

term, fucking horrid. This past week when you

thought that including an obvious reference

to how stupid and ill-equipped some people

in dunedin are I could not help but feel as

though this was a very slow news week and

the old adage, "better to remain silent and be

thought of as a fool than to open your mouth

IN short pull your head out of your ass and

and remove all suspicion."

be useful again.

Yours truly

Fuck You try again.

Sir,-To some, examinations mean but one more hurdle passed, but to others, less gifted perhaps, they mean despair and disappointment. Yet in these fast-moving days, to the large proportion of the male (let us hope not the female) students, either effect seems to lead but to the same final

To one who is fortunately a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages, the real purpose of this debauchery is somewhat obscure. Are the successful ones finding a method of enjoyment herein, and their less fortunate colleagues literally drowning their sorrows? Or is it just the same desire that blindly leads on the inveterate drunkard?

Experience alone teaches us, and unless one has actually experienced the sensation it is difficult to say whether there is actually any enjoyment to be derived from this form of dissipation. Nevertheless, an onlooker may venture his opinions. I, sir, fail to see the enjoyment of recurring suppers (?) and uncontrollable hiccoughs. And do those who have attempted to forget their woes feel any less despondent-probably the net result is a splitting headache next morning.

And is it right, Sir, that these students, many of them mere youngsters, should waste their parent's money in this shameless manner? Their parents no doubt would unhesitatingly reply in the



UoO: Meaningful Confessions 23 Apr 2024 · •

Otago degeneracy

Just read the recent critic, and curious as to why it is glorifying drug use, has a section on astrology on every issue (modern day witchcraft), pushing woke ideology's, sharing disgusting sex stories, promoting sex toys and overall degen behaviour. When are we going to come up from all of this filth and bring back tradition morals and faith again.

Anon

WE'RE NOT SURE EITHER LOL Your news section this year is so bad I can't

decide if it is good, or just awful.

Critic,
This may be super niche so just hear me out but why does the Critic smell so

I cannot even describe what the smell is but I cannot even keep the Critic in

Please tell me what kind of paper you use to print this shit and why does it

I hope this is a universal experience and that someone can get to the bottom of this.

Half your articles are clearly fraudulent rambling shit that is variously makes me laugh out loud and want to tear my fucking eyes out. The other half is not so subtly ripped off

from the ODT Campus section. Thankfully at least you rewrite it as the ODT is possibly the only publication on gods green earth worse than yours.

Sort it out. Or don't. I can't decide. Aspiring Journo

Editor: The News Team at Critic is glad to see that we are still rated more highly than the ODT. That about sums up the ceiling of our

UoO: Meaningful Confessions

#520 Save the environment Critic

The Critic isn't that great is it?

admit that a few articles are pretty creative but most times I'd settle for a UoO confession. It's shorter, times i'd settle for a UoO contession. It's shor more accessible and generally less offensive.

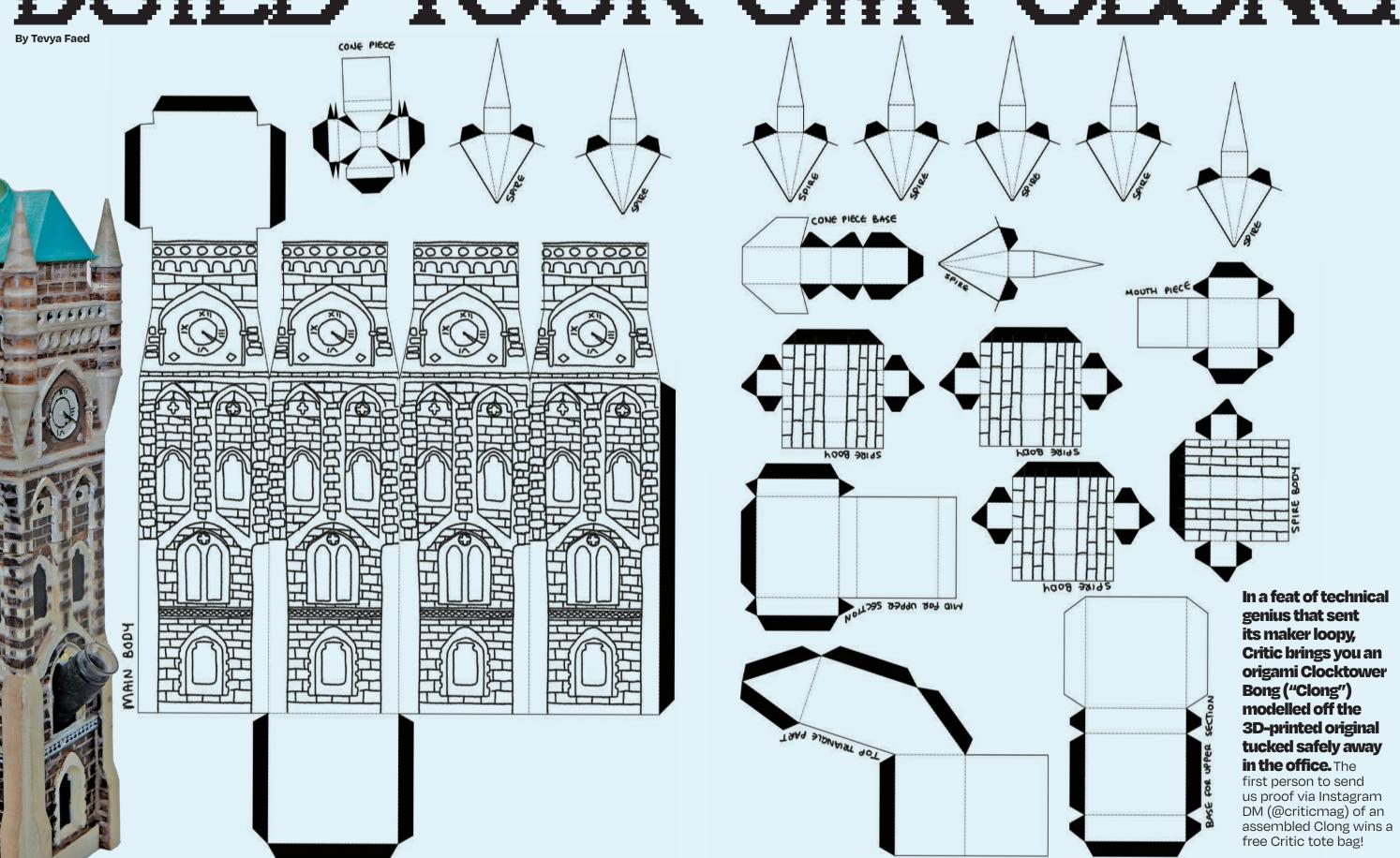
How about we scrap the paper copies of the Critic How about we scrap the paper copies of the Critic and put it online. It's a waste of ink and paper printing every single article when I could easily click on the article I'd ACTUALLY read online.

Good on the guys n girls that put so much effort into Good on the guys n girls that put so much effort into the Critic but we aren't doing the environment or the budget a favour by printing out a gazillion copies of the Critic when I usually chuck it out the same day I

Also, it'd be nice if the language wasn't so foul. I Also, it'd be nice if the language wasn't so foul. I mean, I'm gonna go full Grandpa mean, I'm gonna go full Grandpa sey mode when I say that you really do your best to ensure you use the most foul language possible don't you?

Thanks for ensuring that the student magazine manks for ensuring that the student magaziller reflects what an educated bunch we are. XX

# BUILD YOUR OWN CLONG



Critic is the school lunch programme of student magazines.

Students are out of touch with what young people want.

It lacks the intellectualism of Salient.

It should really just be a TikTok account by this point.

Critic's definition of high brow is shaving its pubes.

Critic secretly voted for Luxon.

Its best features are its ads.

It has too many ads.

The horoscopes are undercover lifemaxxing.

Since the advent of the iPhone, it's lost all its utility as toilet reading.

It can't hold a clip of bullets for shit. Oh, no, wait that's a way Critic is the worst ammunition magazine in the world.

Snap of the Week smells like parental neglect.

It lacks the punk anarchy of Craccum.

It should really just be an OnlyFans account by this point.

It's far too slender and thinskinned to survive in marshy waters and doesn't demonstrate any of the necessary sense of touch needed to grow into a fully mature sea cow. Oh, no, wait—that's a way Critic is the worst student manatee in the world.

Its writing fucking sucks.

It has been unreadable since drinking was banned in Dunedin.

It should really just be a neural implant by this point.

It is utterly useless at providing actionable information for where to safely bang nails into the wall from which to hang framed art. Oh, no, wait—that's a way Critic is the worst stud magazine in the world.

It's all political correctness gone mad.

It's all political madness gone correct.

The Booze Review is triggering for uncool losers who don't drink.

Just admit you stan the ODT,

Daddy Grant's middle name is Murray.

It's Radio One for book nerds.

You're a failure and a loser, your life is shit, and it's all you deserve.

Issue 3, 2025, page 12 - an embarrassing grammatical error in the subhead. Classic example of a plural pronoun not agreeing with its singular noun antecedent.

It lacks the proud parochialism of Canta.

Pervasive left-wing bias on the puzzles pages.

Visit critic.com and you'll see.

Its reflexive - and, frankly, tired - criticism of mainstream media makes it just like Reality Check Radio.

A lady editor?!

It's a fact that all Critic readers are virgins.

What's Critic doing to stop the creeping advance of populist autocracies?

It's clearly written by ChatGPT.

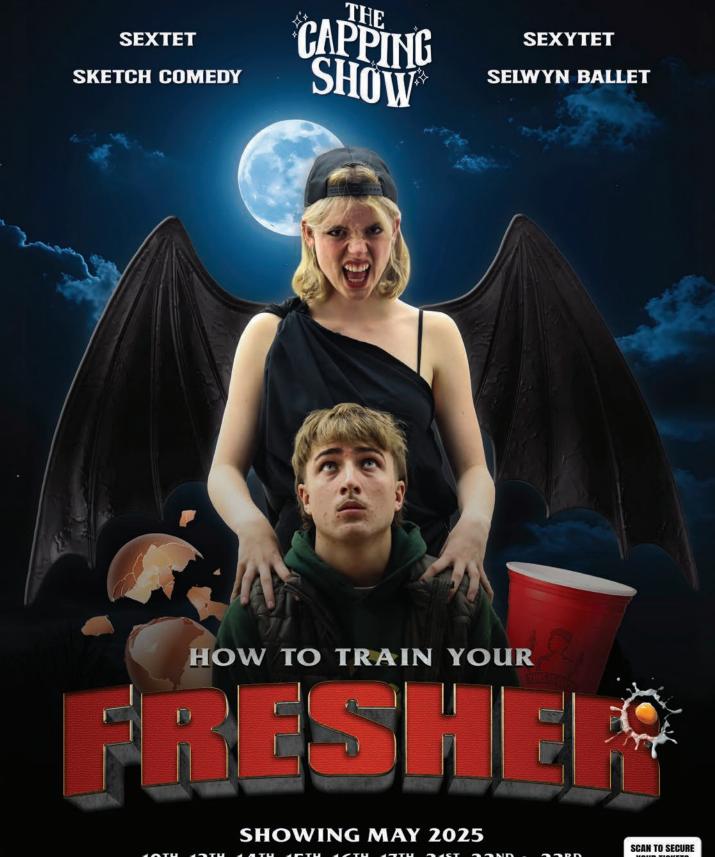
This magazine is so Dunedin, I half expected it to come with a free puffer jacket and a pack of Speight's.

ChatGPT wrote that last joke.

You can't spell "Critic" without "it sucks." The second word is silent.

It can't even count to 40.





10<sup>TH</sup>, 13<sup>TH</sup>, 14<sup>TH</sup>, 15<sup>TH</sup>, 16<sup>TH</sup>, 17<sup>TH</sup>, 21<sup>ST</sup>, 22<sup>ND</sup> & 23<sup>RD</sup>

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DRAFT

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We've put together our plans and budgets for the next 9 years and want to know what is important to you. Your feedback will help us finalise the 2025-34 plan.

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2APR

91 FM

1 Mim Jensen (NZ) - Safe in Body No. 9 last week | 3 weeks in chart

2 SODA BOYZ (NZ) - Enough No. 10 last week | 2 weeks in chart

**3 U-No Juno (Dn)** - Velvet No. 5 last week | 3 weeks in chart

4 Ani Saafa (Dn) - Gripes No. 1 last week | 5 weeks in chart

5 Vera Ellen (NZ) - Sangria No. 2 last week | 3 weeks in chart

6 There's A Tuesday (NZ) - Margo

7 Bunchy's Big Score (Dn) - White Noise

8 George VILLA (NZ) - Keep It All Together

9 L. Hotel (Dn) - Dead Ends No. 8 last week | 6 weeks in chart

10 Coin Laundry (NZ) - Worm in my Ear No. 3 last week | 3 weeks in chart

11 Fouler (NZ) - Shortening 1 week in chart

#### **Mazagran Hit Picks**

The Response (NZ) - Set Something On Fire Michael Llewellyn (NZ) - The Fish Song



**Special thanks to our Critic** birthday sponsors\*! If you would like to be involved in the Critic Te Arohi centenary book project, make a pledge by scanning the QR code or get in touch with 100@critic. co\_nz - be part of history.







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\*Note: This list excludes those who have made direct donations to OUSA outside of the pledge form. We love and appreciate you too xo

RANGITAKI - COLUMNS - 7

The legendary Crown Hotel is still shaping Ōtepoti's live music scene. The bar and music venue hosts local, student, and international musicians. A quick nosey around the pub gives you a sense of its history. The jukebox displays the owner's extensive music collection, meanwhile holes in the centre of high top tables mark where ashtrays used to lie – relics from the era when it was normal to smoke inside.

The pub can be found on Rattray Street, in between the Speight's Factory and the Grand Casino. Folk, metal, punk, and surf rock scenes all find refuge in this isolated strip of town. Three members of the Chin family purchased the spot together back in 1989. Critic Te Ārohi caught up with its proprietor Jones Chin to understand a bit of The Crown's history.

Ōtepoti's live music industry is nothing short of relentless. In an era where bar owners change hands more frequently than Critic readers turn over pages to find the horoscope, The Crown Hotel offers a little bit of consistency. Jones was proud to call it "the longest running pub in Dunedin" to still retain its original name. Jones was really excited to show Critic a photo of the building when the bar first opened in 1861. Pictured were the original foundations supporting the now iconic Crown logo. This was 15 years before the first Speight's was brewed across the road (clearly a prideless South). The Crown still remains open seven days a week.

Jones is part of a line of Dunedin royalty. An overarching mural of Jones' grandfather Chin Fooi covers the entire outer-back wall of the pub. The two story high artwork was painted by Stickum, an artist co-op, to commemorate the Māori and Chinese roots of the area. A caption at the bottom of the mural tells us that "Chin Fooi's laundry opened in 1920" on Rattray Street. Jones' father Eddie Chin later transformed the street into a nightlife hub in the 1960s and '70s when Sunset Strip and Tai Pei cabarets were at their peak.

In the early 1980s, Jones' brother Sam Chin bought the Majesty Theatre, found sandwiched between State Highway 1 and Vogel Street. With the help of Jones, they transformed it into the nightclub called Sammy's. The light blue façade housed a pivotal venue for the jangle pop genre known as The Dunedin Sound. A period that gave Otepoti international recognition in the '80s and '90s. Jones spoke of larger gigs attracting over a thousand people, specifically mentioning that more connected bands like The Chills would always have a "guest list of a 100, maybe 120 people." The earthquake-damaged and asbestos-ridden hall now lays dormant in the hands of the DCC, waiting to be repaired.

Jones took over The Crown Hotel at what he called the "toe end" of the Dunedin Sound, remembering that "The Verlaine's played a lot, and so did The Bats." He has now plastered the walls with posters of musicians that performed at either Sammy's or The Crown. In our conversation he takes a moment to point at the recently deceased musicians whose names line the walls. He soberly notes that "Martin [Phillipps] has just passed away, Peter Gutteridge passed away a few years before that, and [a few years prior] Hamish [Kilgour] passed away too." These members of iconic bands The Chills and The Clean were all once friends of Jones and contributors to the scene he helped cultivate.

Student band, The Audio Visual Drop Kicks (AVDK) recently wrapped up their 'Betterland' Aotearoa tour at The Crown. Singer and bassist, Jeremy loves that "whenever you go to a show at The Crown, you know that every single person is there for the music." Because it is so far away from Studentville "you don't get many people that just stumble in." Jones agrees that people who visit for live music are respectful. He was shocked that over the last decade, only three beer jugs had been stolen. He reported that "just a few dozen" pint glasses had been lost or destroyed (don't tempt us). To compare, U-Bar has lost over 2500 glasses in the past few years.

Jones took Critic behind a locked door to reveal an old extension of the bar. The space is now filled with broken furniture, pool tables, and posters. All artists that passed through The Crown pre-2009 used to perform here. Jones reminisced about the night when '90s Wellington band Head Like a Hole opened for Shihad. This was when they first "began performing nude." After stripping, the band headed to the stage. The stage manager locked the stage door behind them, forgetting that the butt-naked drummer was left outside. No one could hear him banging on the door because the bar was too noisy. As Jones told it, the drummer "had to go out the back door, run right around the block, then come through the front door," all whilst leaving nothing for the imagination.

AVDK's lead guitarist George told Critic that when captioning Instagram posts for the gig, "I had to stop myself from introducing The Crown as legendary." Singer and guitarist Kaia told Critic Te Ārohi that her "dad played at The Crown a lot when he was at uni." When she finally got the opportunity to play she described it as "the most excited I've ever been to play a gig."

The Crown Hotel received economic stimulus from the government during the first COVID-19 lockdowns. The bar was kitted out with new PA speakers, lights, a live stream camera and a stage, meaning those vertically challenged don't have to get on anyone's shoulders to see the drummer. But Jones was initially reluctant to take up the grant, telling Critic that "I've never taken a handout before." Jones admitted that "it basically kept us going, I suppose."

The main threat to the sanctity of The Crown is the new development next door. The gentrified block includes a storefront, office, and apartment space that is scheduled to open this winter. Jones worries that noise complaints from the neighbours could restrict how late bands are allowed to play. He equates the scenario to "buying a house next to an airport" and then complaining about the noise.

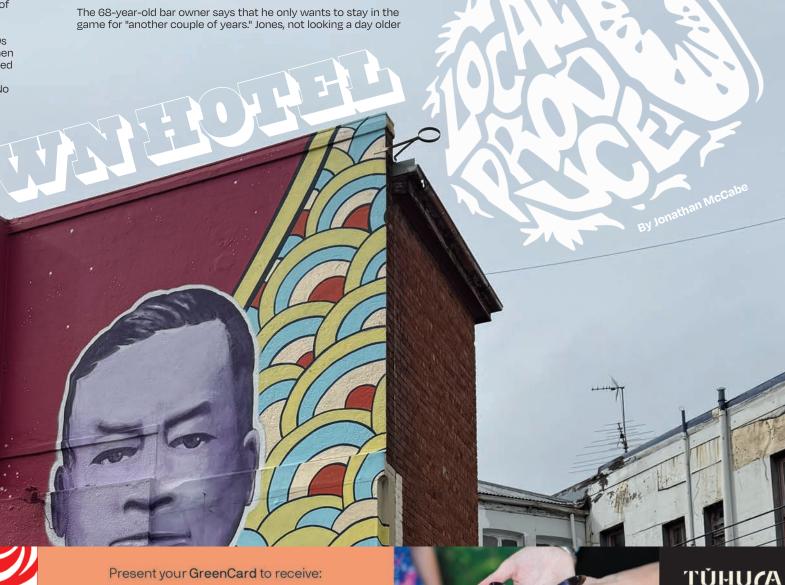
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than 50, adds, "When I'm 70, I'll slow down." His relentless attitude is one to marvel at. Only then will he see "if anyone wants to take over."

While the bands begin to pack down at the end of the night, Jones treats them with a feed. Performers have come to expect a platter of pies, watermelon, savory scrolls, cheese rolls, and falafel sandwiches. Local musician Keira Wallace told Critic that they "appreciate the vegetarian options." Jones finds that "the bands are the ones that bring the business into me. So I help them out. It's not all about profit. Basically, we're here for entertainment." At The Crown, it is the music that matters.

If you want to play a gig at The Crown Hotel email jonesatthecrown@gmail.com. We're sure Jones would love to have you.





# THIS WEEK I WAS ASKED TO PARTAKE IN A BATTLE AKIN TO THAT OF DAVID AND GOLIATH:

Connor's Critic Cake vs. the Tart Tin Celebration Cake.

The clear Goliath of this pairing is the Tart Tin. The Tart Tin is a boutique bakehouse that overlooks Queens Gardens, revered for their use of fresh local ingredients and impeccable taste. Since opening in 2007, they have been a baked goods institution. Connor, on the other hand, is one of our resident video directors. He featured in the food column last year with his banging nachos recipe, so is theoretically on home soil. While the Tart Tin is described as an institution, Connor is self-described as an "aspiring baker with zero skills and no natural talent". Whatever skills he lacks he sure makes up for in passion.

Connor looked nervous on the day of the tasting, and I was told he was avoiding being in the office for the event. Trying to ease his nerves, I mused that any cake I don't have to bake is already a great cake. While the sentiment was nice, I later went on to eat my words – literally – and wish I had baked one for my colleagues myself.

The tasting began with our Editor Nina pulling out two pieces of cake. Connor's on a napkin, and the Tart Tin on a plate with a gold fork. I'm serious – a gold fork.

First impressions were good: two pretty cakes, covered in icing and sprinkles. Can't go wrong with something covered in icing and sprinkles, right? Wrong. The actual cake part of Connor's cake wasn't bad looking. It channeled a hue of pink that sang 'retro is back', and had a clear crumb with some pockets of air hopefully meaning a good fluffy cake. There was one major elephant in the room that I will just leave for a moment – the middle was sunken and raw. Now, back to icing and sprinkles! The sprinkles were fun, a nice pastel mix of colours that went great with the colour of the cake. Icing was a little on the grainy side (I later found out he misread the recipe and used normal sugar, not icing) but I guess it worked with the rustic, retro vibe of the cake. Upon closer inspection, there was very low icing to cake

cohesion, while only mildly confusing at the time, proved to be a sign of bad things to come.

The Tart Tin cake was gorgeous. A beautiful golden vanilla sponge, covered in a bright buttercream icing, bordered with rosettes and absolutely covered in 100s & 1000s sprinkles. It was filled with layers of custard and a dark purple berry compote in the centre. The crumb of this cake looked very different to Connor's. It was fluffy and consistent in its texture yet had a clear substance to it. It was clear I was dealing with a heavy hitter. Everything about this bake was pure quality.

First bite went to the Tart Tin, I couldn't resist. The tasting experience was fantastic, a delicious vanilla flavour with a luxurious mouth-feel from that creamy thick custard. I went back in for bite number two, gunning straight for that berry compote and as much of that butter cream as my little golden fork could handle. Boy oh boy, that compote was divine, a nice tartness to offset the creaminess of the custard, yet not so much to make you squint. I found myself wishing for more of the berry compote in the middle and a little less custard to make it a bit fresher. My main criticism from the tasting was the sprinkles. While I appreciate the look of them, the crunch of sprinkle in every icing mouthful was a little much. It kind of reminded me of chocolate chips in ice-cream. I love the idea, but also just wish they would melt faster and stop getting stuck in my teeth. Overall, the Tart Tin Celebration cake was delicious and I was itching to finish the piece!

Next on to Connor's. While I couldn't wait to get into the Tart Tin cake I should've heeded the advice to save the best to last. As my golden fork got stuck in, it struggled slightly. There was a confusing combination of undercook in the middle and overcook on the outside. Nevertheless, I persevered and got a decent bite in. The texture of the cake itself was okay and tasted faintly of vanilla. Shockingly my highlight was the icing and sprinkles. The icing was sweet and gave the cake some much needed moisture, alongside sprinkles that didn't overload the bite with crunch; Tart Tin, take some notes. While not a textbook bake, the care and time taken by Connor to celebrate Critic's birthday shone through.

Despite the good sprinkle texture, pretty colour, and good vibes there wasn't much else for me to do with Connor's cake than to clean off my golden fork, push away the napkin and tuck back into my Tart Tin Celebration cake.

Happy Birthday Critic! And keep up the passion Connor, you'll crack the baking market one day.



Speight's is culture. It was the first beer I ever had. Being underage, it was acquired through messaging unemployed 25-year-olds on the Dunedin Sober Driver's Facebook page, where I and two other borderline prepubescent teens climbed into a random's clapped-out Subaru Impreza to pay \$50 for a singular 12 box of full-creams. We then split the box huddled in the hedge of a local park whilst failing to get a singular bottle-cap trivia question right. A true act of patriotism in its own fucked up binge-drinking way, an experience that no other drink can bring – except for maybe Cody's if you're from Waikato.

Speight's have served as fuel for generations before us, and to that we must pay homage. Is it as good as anything Emerson's makes? No. Does it taste like what the Gregg's factory smells like? Absolutely. But it's the one drink that makes you think of Otago as home. It brings you back to when you got your first flat in second-year and put on the Highlanders game in your mouldy lounge, cheering on from the shitty grandstand that your flatmates put together with leftover crates. It reminds you of that time you witnessed a friend-of-a-friend get the three stars stick-and-poked onto his leg, or when you stayed at Pint Night till close when you had a presentation the next day. Speight's is sinking a bottle to the stars when your flatmate answers the most out-the-gate trivia question, and it's the alcohol blanket you used when you couldn't quite understand that your heat pump doesn't cost your whole student loan to run.



Speight's is dirty and a bit like bottling the Leith into a beer, but it's charismatic. It echoed the walls of the Gardies (ask your parents), the House of Pain (ask your parents) and the Captain Cook (ask your parents); it painted the porcelain throne of your neighbour's flat after getting stitched-up in rage cage. It's genuine and it's Otago. For Critic's 80th anniversary the oldest living editor at the time said, "I hope and pray that you and your gang will get together to celebrate the first century. Speight's will still be the best drink." So for Critic's 100th, put down the foreign lemon-flavoured RTD, reject the modernity of the mint solo and embrace tradition. Have a bottle of Speights and smoke a lung-dart – it's what our forefathers would have wanted.

Chur (formally),

GIN SWIGHORE





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# THETHORNIN USA'S SIDE



For over 100 years, Critic has been a persistent, unrelenting, and entirely necessary thorn in everyone's side. Like a bad tattoo, a bad post on Mum's Facebook or a drunk fresher with a mullet, it's always there – loud, proud, and ready to remind you that your job could be done better. Whether it's calling out lazy Execs (not us, obviously) or poking at a university and city that occasionally forgets students exist, Critic has bravely continued its tradition of being an absolute menace in the name of student journalism.

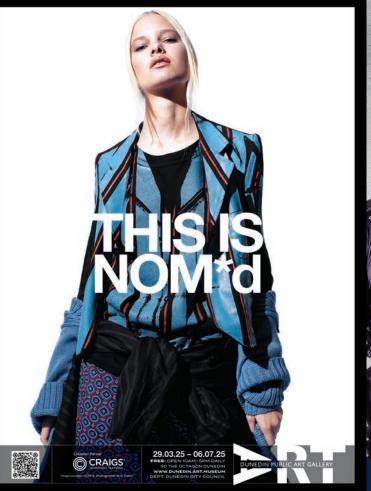
From heroic acts like getting banned from distribution, to tirelessly investigating the scandals that truly matter - from BongGate to Dunedin's finest late-night drama - Critic has always been there, scribbling in the margins of student life and power structures. If there's a dodgy flat, a rogue campus preacher, or an OUSA Exec who forgot to reply to their emails (gasp), you can be sure Critic will be on it, pen in one hand and contempt in the other

On a personal note, I often wonder where students would be without Critic. How else would you, dear reader, get access to me and the Exec? TikTok livestreams? Nah. Official emails? Don't be ridiculous. Only Critic would think to ask the hard-hitting questions about Pint Night politics, kebab shop economics and kayakers gone rogue.

So here's to 100 years of being a pain in the ass. May Critic continue to annoy, provoke, inspire, and remind us that student media - especially when it's mildly unhinged – is still one of the most powerful tools we've got. Let's all take Critic and John Lewis' lead and get into some good trouble.

**OUSA President Liam White (at Critic's** mercy since January)

(this was made with the most love in the world)







Now is the time to start picking up a bit more responsibility. You have coasted along as a 'teenager' for long enough, your resume is looking a little light and applications for summer

You as party food: Lamingtons



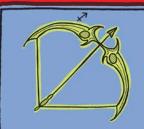
A little birdy told me that you have been a mean friend as of late. It's time to take a long look in the mirror and decide if you could handle your brand being the fact that you're a Prick with a capital P. Your mum might find it adorable, but the world probably

You as party food: Chips and Kiwi



As an Aries you feel the weight of the world on your shoulders, however you're getting a week off, so live up this anxiety free time to the fullest. You never know when you will be able to have a conversation with a lecturer vithout getting stress sweat

You as party food: Boozy trifle



Sagittarius, your sex life is going to thrive this week. You will be able to bend and fold in ways you never have before and god is it going to feel good. Even if you're stuck on a king single or have the squeakiest bedframe of

You as party food: Mini quiches



You as party food:



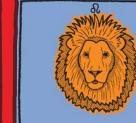
You are going to receive a boom of likes on your Thursday morning sunrise story post, giving you the energy boost you needed to have an aesthetic and fun weekend. Save your pocket money and treat yourself to a \$9 coffee at the farmer's market or a galat a the St Clair. a gelato at St Clair.

You as party food: Cheese rolls



You are going to receive a shitty grade this week and when you read back through your work it will make complete sense. Sometimes correct grammar is important, and this was one of those times... oops.

You as party food: Cheerio



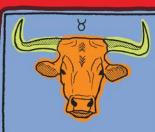
Life's been feeling a bit lacklustre lately. But don't worry; a new hobby is coming your way, and it's going to change your life. Whether it brings you better quality of life, some cash or new friends, it's a big win.

You as party food: Cream puffs



an '07 baby buy alcohol or seeing your friend get engaged, it's going to come tumbling down you like a stack of old crusty

You as party food: Fairy bread

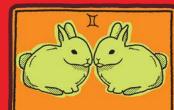


Inner peace has found its way to you, Taurus. Take some time to bask in the warm glow of a less stressful day. Do whatever you need to do to maintain this mood. A wake and bake or a yoga session should help to maintain your zon.

You as party food: Sausage rolls



Someone will misquote you this week, leading to a minor but deeply annoying PR crisis in your friend group. If we have survived a century of angry letters, you can survive this, just draft your performance. Instagram apology with care.



You as party food: Oven



## SNAP OF THE WEEK

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