

A hand holding a red sign that says "FREE GAZA" in white, with flags in the background. The sign is made of cardboard and has the words "FREE" and "GAZA" written in white, blocky letters. The hand holding the sign is wearing a silver ring and a black wristband. In the background, there are two flags: the Palestinian flag (black, white, and green) and the Indian flag (white, green, and orange). The background is blurred, showing a crowd of people and buildings.

FREE  
GAZA

teārchī

# YOUR 2024 OUSA EXECUTIVE



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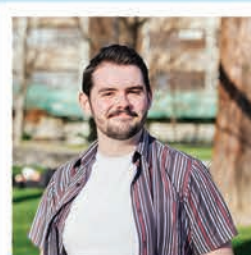
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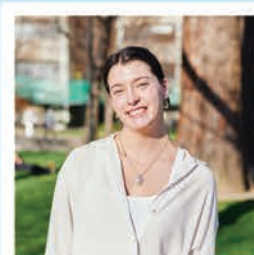
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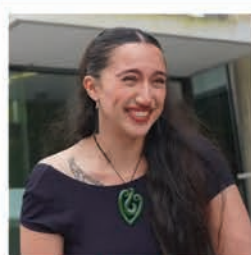
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## EDITORIAL: WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT GAZA

We're going to talk about Gaza. It would be a mistake to think that this is a decision Critic has taken lightly.

Editorship at Critic is constantly changing. Most editors only stay for one year, with former editor Fox breaking the mould by staying for two. And with each editor, the tone, content, and scope of the magazine changes — as you'll no doubt notice. A dig through the archives will tell you that the shift goes far beyond small changes like how I'm less into earthquakes than Fox was.

Our scope has widened and narrowed with the changing environment and perspectives of editors: some editors have focused solely on Dunedin (sticking to landlords and reviews), while others have brought global issues before students (like that one editor who wouldn't stop talking about George Bush).

At the end of the day, it all boils down to what is most important to students. Some days that is how to most effectively de-scabies your flat, or where to find the best fish and chips in town. Other times, it is hearing the perspectives of those in our community who are hurting and need our support, whether that hurt is caused locally or because of violence happening on the other side of the globe.

A poll we have been running to gauge students' opinion on the conflict between Palestine and Israel showed us that 644 of you are interested in engaging with the issue. As long as you keep it relevant, we will cover it. And this won't be the first time we've written about it, either. Critic has been talking about Gaza for years, with search results bringing up articles from 2022, 2021, 2014, 2012, 2011, 2006, and 2002.

For journalists (which some consider us to be), the principles of balance and objectivity are crucial, as well as openness and transparency. As a Critic reporter in 2011 wrote in her article 'Their Land, Our Land' that explored perspectives that existed on the conflict (itself a contested word among those who are adamant it's "genocide"): "Whose voice and what perspective a story is told from is always a dilemma in journalism, and the dilemma only heightens in the context of the world's

thorniest, most perplexing issue; the conflict between Israel and 'Palestine' or the 'Occupied Palestinian Territories' (which label is used all depends on the perspective.)"

Neither the Uni nor OUSA wish to speak on the issue out of fear it would make some students with connections to Israel feel unsafe, which we don't want either. So we'll be as precise as possible with our vocabulary. We'll make sure you know that when we speak about Israel, we speak of the right-wing religious government run by Benjamin Netanyahu — the state that is currently committing violent atrocities against innocent civilians.

Just as many Kiwis would loathe for the actions and policies of our current government to be representative of personal positions, when we speak about Israel, we are not referring to its own citizens, many of whom vehemently oppose the actions of their government. And when we speak about Palestine, we speak about the people, not Hamas.

We also won't pretend to be experts. One Politics professor who we spoke to for the feature in this issue — someone who lived in the Middle East for a long time and was in Israel mere months before the Hamas attack in October last year — admitted that despite this he still doesn't feel like he completely understands what is happening. But that doesn't mean he isn't trying, as we at Critic are too.

As I said, we are not experts. It gets the most thorny when you dive into (as we've heard time and time again) the "long complicated history" of Israel and Palestine. But when it comes to the matter of the humans who are suffering beyond our comprehension, it is simple. While the world is caught up in politics, if you speak to the people with families who are living in constant fear, surrounded by death and destruction - whether that is in Palestine or in Israel - it is simply a matter of humanity.

**NINA BROWN**

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# LETTERS



## LETTER OF THE WEEK

### Kia Ora Critic!

As I am sitting here in my freshers palace (acknowledging my privilege) that is Salmond and I have a bone to pick with you. Our food review of our hall was simply not correct. Jo, Rose, Nicole and many other of our kitchen staff work their butts off to make us that bussin Mac N Cheese. We may always have to agree to disagree on the taste of that one because for me it was tasting like a solid 10/10 of mushy goodness on that lovely Friday Lunch. I also think the slander towards Salmond students appearance was a lil uncalled for- we are still finding our feet you know what the fresher fashion funk is like. But lets seriously talk about our empty dining room now that one made me feel a little betrayed. We are a humble little family here at Salmond- still with 260 students we are friendly and kind. Our dining hall is 100% giving school camp but it's a dining hall that has seen some of the best 'toast time' debriefs and endless laughs. It is never empty or sad, it's full of Mana and us freshers running around like we have never seen a potato in our lives. There is truly nothing I expect back from your end. I know you're very very busy but if you want to come back to Salmond for round two of taste testing let me know- Nick Bates (head of College) is more than happy (his words) for you guys to try our scrumptious food once again. I feel so fiercely about this topic as Salmond has become truly a second home and feels like a snug safe haven in the hectic and wholesome city of Dunedin.

Anywho absolutely love the Critic! It is my soul food on a Monday morning every single morning (only 3 times still fresh as). Thank you for your dedication to journalism and finally thank you for your service.

Kind Regards,

Eva

**Editor's response:** *Thanks for the invite! I'm sure one of our staff members who's feeling particularly cold and hungry in the dead of winter would gladly take you up on it. To be fair, we ate a LOT of mac n cheese for the review, so we may have just been over it at that point. But I admire your patriotism.*

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

Bring back R1's Rad Times Gig Guide! IDGAF about 10% student discounts (still slay) but I do wanna know what's on without taking my chances with Facebook's algorithm.

Sincerely,

Bad-Timing Gig Guy

**Editor's response:** *It's back!*

### Afternoon Nina

I'm writing to you due to the absolute quite frankly trash journalism you decided to publish in this week's Critic as your editorial.

There were a number of things that stuck out to me in your editorial piece, Like your distaste for SSDP airing a grievance about the Major Major sampling, your somewhat naivety about how the human brain works and your unfounded anger for the saint pats walk through .

I believe that any seasoned, or even armature journalist like yourself or just an average educated university student would be able to use critical thinking and good investigation/research skills to uncover the truth behind a problem that haunts Otago Uni students so often. You had the opportunity to be different and publish the truth instead you succumbed to the absolute tyranny that has plagued the student population for years now...management for the sake of profit.

Firstly SSDP from my experience has never been against the consumption of alcohol, rather they have been strong advocates for the safe and enjoyable consumption of the drug called alcohol. Your misunderstanding as it relates to The Major Major sampling I'm happy to clear

up, the grievance was due to the high level of alcohol harm which I believe you wrote "is just normal here" Students of the university of Otago experience and the bright idea of having someone advertise the literal substance that contributes to that harm at an event for students. I guess the first hit is always free.

The irony lies in the fact that you admitted to Otago students having a bad drinking culture and then minimising the harm that has, that is and that will happen at the University Of Otago by using a tactic and a line of rhetoric that has been used to shame and other, addicts, poor people and the otherly inclined. By saying that all students are adults and capable of making their own decisions, you are undermining the active and extraneous factors beyond a person's individual control that makes it hard for some of our "peers" to efficiently exercise their own agency and bodily autonomy.

Which brings me to my second point, research has found that the human brain only fully develops between the ages of 24-25 when the prefrontal cortex has finished binding. So even though the drinking age might be 18 the adverse effects alcohol has on the brain during its final development stages are a very real risk. Research has also shown that until the development of the prefrontal cortex judgment and decision making in young adults may be made differently then in a fully formed brain of an adult.

Lastly the Saint Pats walk through, I can admit the language of the hui invite might have been a bit triggering however, it's important to remember the people coming from all over the country to attend this event hold positions of influence that could aid the minimization of harm caused by alcohol in not only Dunedin but

the country at large. A good night in Duffers has some adverse effects. I mean who hasn't stolen a cone on a night out to the Botans for a cone after the party. But by getting angry and deciding to publish a piece in the Critic, which at this stage is my only real form of news other than TikTok. I feel that you have done a disservice to not only me but the student body as a whole.

Informed consent and informed decision making plays a pivotal role in a person's exercise of freedom. Media that reports on all the facts and includes the truth is one that aids in that process, and media that does do these things biases their reader and creates a world of misinformation and vitriol.

You're more than welcome to fact check me. I didn't because I felt that the same effort you put into that piece would be just as good in a response. Should have known You'd dress as tipsy Trash taste, we all know Po is superior

A reader of Critic, and an SSDP Member.

**Editor's response:** *Ouch. Check out the full response I sent via email. Also, I only just got the teletubby joke. Good one!*

### Kia ora,

To put it nicely, the line situation at pint night is completely stuffed (definitely a few more descriptive words I'd prefer to use). Having a quiet(ish) night out on hump day is blissful, only topped by the heavenly shower beer. However, when basically the only student oriented option is Ubar, no wonder the lines take longer than the pre-readings for lectures, which in all honesty, I skip...

If a few of the old student bars were reopened, we wouldn't have such a huge issue with those lines, since there'd be a bit of variety. Furthermore, fewer unsafe flat parties would take place, taking pressure off the university, and the ever-patient police department. (Plus, town wouldn't be the only option, with all its... perks, let's just ignore the eleven situation). I'm an undying fan of pint night, but I'm also kind of keen not to lose my fingers, toes and other "appendages" to frostbite after an hour-long wait.

Sincerely, a youthful sprite who loves a good pint or 5 x

Really sick of the ODT continuing to push this 'it was alleged that student bit the legs off of ducks' line, when they were the ones who alleged it. They ran it again today: <https://www.odt.co.nz/news/dunedin/students-excluded-after-initiations> and ran it many times in the weeks afterwards. Could the standard of journalism get much worse?!

Email address: quackquackquack@odt.co.nz

### Kia Ora everyone,

I am writing in a desperate attempt to find my pencil case that I accidentally left in a lecture theater, like a fucking moron. (quad 2) I know you may be thinking "Its a pencil case, who gives a fuck?" ME! I DO!

This isn't just any old pencil case, I've had it since year 12 and it is definitely the coolest and swaggiest thing I own. I always get compliments on it (mostly in my geology classes, read into that however you'd like) and it also has my pencil sharpener, rubber, and all of my stationary in it, and I'm honestly not in a financial position to replace all that shit.

Since I lost it I have been rocking back and forth repeating to myself "everything always works out for me" because if all else fails, resort to manifestation.

I don't know if you guys can include photos in these segments but I'll attach a photo of the pencil case in case anyone recognises it. If you can't include photos, it basically just looks like a stuffed toy dinosaur. It's a green stegosaurus and I love it more than life itself.

If someone saw it in the lecture theater and thought "holy shit this pencil case is so cool and also full of stationary, it's mine now!" please dont feel bad, I would do the exact same fucking thing. But please, I beg of you, I really really really want it back. Drop it off at the ousa building. I'll give you ransom.

With love,

a nerd who misses her lame pencil case



# EDITOR'S SPORTS

**YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP**

- This Friday they're having a Surf Film Festival at the Playhouse Theatre. 6:45pm, think that bloke Chaddy will be there.**
- The Catan National Qualifiers are on this Saturday at 11am in the Card Merchant store**
- Critic predicts that the 'Landers probably beat the Brumbies last weekend**
- Three Peaks happened yesterday, OUSA president Keegan Wells had a dig - give her the ups if ya see her**
- SOULS are having their wine and cheese night at Cats this Friday (do they know what you do at a wine and cheese night?)**
- Ex-MP Golriz Gharaman is in court and has plead guilty to four shoplifting charges**
- Catacombs sponsored the Lakehouse St Paddys day host**
- Laps for Life hosted by the Suicide Prevention Trust is this weekend at the Alhambra-Union Rugby Football Club**
- Baseline Festival is this Saturday the 23rd of March**
- The fire alarm went off at Cumberland last a couple weekends ago at peak pre drink o'clock — conspiracy!**
- Got a tip? Seen a curry grenade thrown through a window on castle street? Send news tips to news@critic.co.nz!**
- The Otago Debating Society are having a 'Joynt Scroll' tournament on Friday the 29th of March**
- Students for Environmental Action (SEA) are holding a Garden Bee this Sunday at 1pm. It's at Te Mahinga Kai on the corner of Dundas and Forth Street.**



## “Weird” St Patty’s Escorted Walk Raises Eyebrows

The event has since been cancelled

By **Nina Brown**  
Editor // [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

Last week, Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP) had planned to host an escorted walking tour of North Dunedin on St Patty’s Day for attendees of an alcohol and drug harm hui they’re co-hosting. On Thursday, SSDP’s executive announced its cancellation, stating they’d “discussed this tour at length, and in light of some reflection decided unanimously we were not comfortable going ahead with this.”

Critic Te Ārohi was invited to the ‘St Patrick’s Day escorted tour of North Dunedin’ as part of the Deep South alcohol and drug harm hui. The email read: “The Hui dates have been chosen to be immediately after St Patrick’s Day, which is the day of greatest alcohol and drug harm experienced by students and young people in Dunedin.” Attendees were encouraged to “wear green and closed top shoes” on the tour.

Its original intentions were to encourage support for harm reduction measures for students, however questions were raised at its appropriateness with SSDP stating to attendees that “the harm can be seen with your own eyes.” One Castle St resident, Jakira, told Critic, “I honestly think it’s a bit weird. Like they’re in a way kind of treating students like zoo animals. I guess they’re trying to get students at their worst on St Patty’s Day where everyone’s fucked [...] As well, like, who are these people?”

Defending the event to Critic Te Ārohi when concerns were initially raised, SSDP member Scott argued that it was important to “see the ‘carnage’ (and yes, I stand by my description of that - it is carnage).” He said that the tour was “primarily for the national NGOs and funding bodies who provide support and money for student harm reduction, safety, and welfare. This includes the Te Whatu Ora representatives who just approved nearly \$20,000 to continue funding the Good-One register [...] Dunedin, Otago, and Southland get nearly no funding to support community harm reduction efforts. The reason why we’re doing the tour is to show them just how much more help and support we need.”

St Patty’s Day is notorious among students in Dunedin and as a consequence attracts mega media attention — including from yours truly, Critic Te Ārohi. Speaking from his experience, former Critic editor Fox Meyer said that “as editor, in my two years, my

role was to cover what is genuinely a societal harm in the drinking culture in Dunedin that is genuinely bad and unhealthy and should be criticised, but do it in a way that doesn’t make a spectacle of it.”

As someone who was a student at Otago and reported extensively on student affairs, Fox continued to say that he thought that “the realities of drinking harm in Dunedin are often a lot more boring and sad than they are newsworthy [...] 99% of the time the drinking harm that we should be worried about is depressing and sad things like dudes sitting in their room for six months out of a year just getting drunk on their own at night because that’s what this culture has led them to do. And we don’t report on that because it’s not exciting, but that’s the actual harm here.”

Fox continued that, “If we’re going to be serious about tackling drinking harm in Dunedin, we need to stop treating these big public events [like zoos] and we need to start treating them for what they are, which is an expression of a more consistent, underground theme — a flare up of what’s constantly there in the background. And I think that it’s highly inappropriate to go on a walking tour through the carnage of this area when really the real harms that we should be worried about are the long-term effects of this culture being normalised.”

In a separate letter from another SSDP member prior to the cancellation of the event, they said they “admit the language of the hui invite might have been a bit triggering, however it’s important to remember the people coming from all over the country to attend this event hold positions of influence that could aid the minimization of harm caused by alcohol in not only Dunedin but the country at large. A good night in Dunners has some adverse effects.”

SSDP welcomes students to attend their ‘Let’s talk about drugs’ event from 6:30-8:30pm at Auahi Ora on Monday, March 18, and “ask direct and candid questions about anything to do with alcohol and drug use, harm reduction, regulation and laws or reform.” SSDP affirmed to Critic Te Ārohi that “we believe such conversations are the foundation of effective harm reduction.”

## Staunch University Presence for St Patty’s

I love it when my RA sees me on ket

By **Hugh Askerud**  
News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

The University is set to take a stand on St Patrick’s Day, utilising subbies and a host of others to take an organised security approach during the event.

Subwarden Rachel\* told Critic Te Ārohi about the Uni’s planned presence on the day: “They were trying to get the halls involved last year but this time, the whole approach is organised.” She said that residential college staff would be posted up at Brackens Lookout (aka the Cemetery) by 8am, alleging that as many as five staff from each hall would be in amongst on the day.

Confirming some of these claims, the University’s Student Services Director Claire Gallop stated to Critic Te Ārohi that “last year University staff from a number of areas worked at Brackens Lookout, seeking to assist young people gathering there to be safe and lawful and to assist with the cleanup. This will happen again this year.” Claire also confirmed rumours that “all of our residential colleges are guests-free during St Patrick’s weekend.” RIP your sneaky link.

Hall staff were briefed on Friday the 15th, allegedly being told to “jump in front of ODT cameras” as Rachel reported. “We can’t really tell them to piss off, but we are allowed to ruin their shots by blocking off their cameras.”

Though security is a key focus on the day, Claire also highlighted that education around the event would be of paramount importance: “The University takes the pastoral care of its

students extremely seriously and spends a great deal of time and resources educating, informing, and working with students to ensure they socialise in a way that is both fun and safe.”

To do this, the University is working closely with OUSA and other community partners, including the DCC, Police, St John’s and FENZ. Campus Watch was sent last week to doorknock North D flats encouraging them to register any planned hosts with ‘Good One’ (fantastic site btw).

Commenting on the uptake in security measures on the day, one student, Sophie, said, “I kinda understand the need for it.” Speaking on the closure of residential colleges to guests, she said, “Yeah, I guess, but I wanted to have my boyfriend over!” A loss for those among us lucky enough to pull. Before being told that there would be a university presence on the day, a student, Belle, told Critic Te Ārohi, “They should really look into putting some security measures in place.” After hearing that they would be she was more than pleased.

Claire reiterated that “Flat gatherings and street parties to celebrate St Patrick’s Day are not endorsed by the University of Otago. However, the University and its community partners are working together to do everything we can to keep everyone as safe as possible on St Patrick’s Day.” Critic wishes them the luck of the Irish in their endeavours.

\*Name changed.

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## Transfer Station Dumped from North D

“That’s a bit rubbish”

By **Harriette Boucher**  
Staff Writer // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Brace yourself for some trashy news, the local dump is gone. The Dunedin Wickliffe Street Transfer Station (the tip near the Uni) has permanently closed. A shame, since it was both conveniently close to the student area and free for all students to use. Green Island is now the closest dump, setting students back around \$15 in petrol and \$13 in dump fees. What absolute rubbish!

Prior to the closure of the Dunedin Wickliffe Street Transfer Station, Campus Watch provided a trailer for student rubbish if an ID was shown. This was a little known reality, with only one Reddit thread online pointing to the opportunity.

Currently, the University's approach to student sustainability is championed by policies such as the disposable cup-free campus and plant-based 'Mindful Mondays' in the residential halls. The

dump gulls that feast on the student excess might have a word or two to say about the effectiveness of these approaches.

Eco-warriors looking to offset their tip contributions have an outlet to feed their heaven-bound souls in the form of Food Waste Week. The week begins on the 18th of March as an aspect of the University's Food Waste Innovation. The week will include food waste artworks displayed in the link by Waikato artist Hannah Savage. Her multi-media works look to address the “social and economic implications of food going to landfills.”

Coinciding with the University's Food Waste Week is the introduction of Foodprint to Dunedin, a food rescue app that allows you to buy discounted food that would otherwise end up in a landfill. That is, if you could be arsed to take it there.

## New Post-Grad Club Emerges Under Mysterious Circumstances

Conspiracy theories go hard

By **Hugh Askerud**  
News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

The Society for Postgraduate Students (SPS) has mysteriously emerged after the old post-grad club (the Otago Postgraduate Association) was left abandoned late last year. The club was sworn into being by the OUSA exec at a meeting on the 5th of March, passing with all “eyes”.

Hanna Friedlander, OUSA's Postgrad Rep, ushered in the club and began speaking of the reasons for the old club's dismissal before being swiftly reminded by others that, “We're not in standing committee” (i.e., Critic can quote that shit).

Scandal! To gauge what beef may lie at the base of the shift from one club to another, Critic Te Ārohi went out and spoke to the undergraduate population who are definitely the most qualified people to speak on the issue.

When asked for a reason for the mysterious disappearance, third-year Ashley told Critic Te Ārohi, “It was probably Luxon. No, wait... it was Winston, it was definitely Winston.” Peters was briefly on campus late last year around the time of the club disbanding, so there is a chance! Taking another leap, Juan speculated that “their old president got arrested on assault charges maybe?” Critic has checked the court reports and this is decidedly not the case. We fuck with the yarn, tho.

Eventually talking to someone a bit more pragmatic, Jonny told Critic Te Ārohi that it was “likely a personality thing, someone may not have liked someone else.” Like making a new friend group chat after falling out with one of them.

To see if this was the case, Critic Te Ārohi spoke with Hanna Friedlander, the murky figure lurking in the shadows of the operation. When asked point-blank what the deal was, Hanna told Critic Te Ārohi, “I don't want to say,” before leaning back in her chair and murmuring, “I'm not allowed to.” Silenced by the powers that be, it seems!

Primarily though, Hanna pointed to the new club as a means of “revamping” the postgraduate experience, while updating a constitution which was significantly out of date. Hanna told Critic Te Ārohi that “the vision is clearer [...] people will want to step in after us.”

Speaking also to the decline of the old club, Hanna reported that, “Prior to Covid, it was a very strong community, but I think Covid made people think, ‘What is the point when everything is so unstable?’ People didn't know where the future was going to lead.” She stated, “People just weren't engaging [...] it lacked that sense of community.”

Now looking for a fresh start, the new society aims to build a foundation based on the shared experiences of its students. The society's opening event was held on Friday the 15th of March, labelled as an ‘imposter hour’ for students looking to voice some of their innermost worries. Hanna told Critic Te Ārohi that the event exists in the place between having the odd bad thought and seeking clinical help, as it aimed to provide a platform for students who may be struggling with “very similar problems.”

Hanna is also looking to craft a few podcasts discussing skills and common issues which most postgraduate students face. In doing this, she hopes to unify the body of postgrad students who lie dormant in the suburbs of Dunners. To this degree, Hanna argued that it is “more than a club in the sense that it's a community for the people who have kind of been left by the University to do their own thing.”

Conspiracy or not, the Society for Postgraduate Students marches onward.

## Dunedin Debuts New Fringe

Liking the way it matches that scarf

By **Jordan Irvine**  
Staff Writer // [localproduce@critic.co.nz](mailto:localproduce@critic.co.nz)

On Wednesday, March 13th, the Dunedin Fringe Festival officially kicked off at Te Whare o Rukutia, ushering in 11 days of comedy, theatre, art, and the kind of general sophistication you just need every once in a while.

The night began with MC/comedian/Fringe act Nicola Brown, who welcomed everyone in before introducing speakers Mayor Jules Radich (blushes) and Fringe co-director. The pair spoke to the importance of Fringe in the Dunedin community and more

broadly about the arts themselves. Critic Te Ārohi might just fuck around and run away to join the circus, buzzed up on the inspiration of it all.

The night continued with performances from various Fringe acts, including Firebringer, Nick Robertson, Tall Tales from Ant-ARC-tica, An Almighty Yes, Dan Bain and Féroce Cabaret. Shit, that was a few. Fringe runs until the 24th of March and includes a variety of individual and group acts.

## Harm Reduction Hui ‘Bout to Drop

This is my shit!

By **Hugh Askerud**  
News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Harm reduction is about to take centre stage with the Deep South Alcohol and Drug Harm Reduction Hui happening Monday and Tuesday this week at the Dunedin Art Gallery. According to the invite, the key aim is to “provide an opportunity to network to build relationships with others who are committed to alcohol and drug harm reduction in Otago and Southland, as well as larger organisations and agencies based in other parts of the motu.” The free event offers food, wisdom, and “there won't be any alcohol,” as co-coordinator Liz Gordon told Critic Te Ārohi.

Liz works for Communities Against Alcohol Harm, a Christchurch-based organisation that seeks to support communities vulnerable to alcohol-related harm. It's not their first trip to Dunedin, having come down in the past for six alcohol licence hearings where they had input to ensure the limitation of licensing in vulnerable contexts. Now they're taking the lead in Dunners, stating, “We felt there was a case to be made for a hui focusing on community education around alcohol harm, and we are working with some local partners to bring this to you.”

Speaking to the reasons for initiating the hui, Liz told Critic Te Ārohi, “It is no secret that the [Dunedin] drinking culture is risky and can be excessive, leading to physical and mental harm, up to and including addiction, disability, and death. [A] massively uncontrolled supply of alcohol makes things worse.” Her comments are not new to the wider conversation of the binge-drinking culture we're all familiar with. Liz continued to point out that with alcohol use being largely uncontrolled in Dunedin, it “stops being fun and becomes a drug that causes untold harm.”

And just like alcohol, the hui is accessible. It's free to access and taps on several key communities through its speakers: the Cancer Society, the Salvation Army, and a number of other organisations are set to speak, including Rawiri David Ratu, an alcohol harm prevention advocate who's set to speak to his ongoing work on reducing the harm of waipiro (alcohol) to Māori. Chlöe Swarbrick was also going to be there, but she's sadly too under the weather to make the trip down.

Supporting the event is the much talked about (mainly by us) Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP), who simply said, “It's free, there's free food, and the more students that are involved the better the hui is going to be.” Bleshgo.

In addition to the hui, SSDP is running a ‘Let's talk about drugs’ event which will run in Auahi Ora on Monday, March 18 at 7:00pm. To our dedicated readers who pick up your weekly copy of Critic as soon as it hits the stands, that's tonight. Feel free to rock up and hit the panel with any questions they may or may not have answers for. How much the going price of MDMA is (and whether it'll be impacted by inflation) may not be appropriate — but also, they should know their stuff tbh.

The event proposes to set out a plan for tackling future issues in harm reduction.

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## Music Company's Policies Questioned

Breaking Sound is breaking my heart

By Jordan Irvine

Staff Writer // localproduce@critic.co.nz

Musos and performers alike have rallied together in defiance of Breaking Sound after only one of five acts made revenue on a Wednesday night gig at Errick's due to a "questionable" policy.

Breaking Sound is an LA-based company that gets promoters to find 4-5 bands to perform on a night. Looking to promote the "hottest emerging artists," Breaking Sound traditionally caters to smaller bands and those with little prior experience in the cultural sphere. But in order to profit from ticket sales, bands are required to sell a minimum of thirty tickets.

Speaking to bands at the Errick's gig on Wednesday, March 6th, Critic Te Ārohi was told by one act, "I believe I sold three tickets in total!" Their bandmate chimed in, "It's ridiculous considering they are a global company!" Another band, The Friendly's, said, "The company policies are just a bit shit." One band member told Critic, "It's better for them if we only sell 29 tickets than 30 which feels a bit backwards."

In addition to the ticket policy, Breaking Sound has a clause that requires bands not to perform three weeks either side of the gig with the company. Critic Te Ārohi snagged a copy of a Breaking Sound contract, which stated, "The reason we request this is

that it becomes very difficult for both us and you as an artist to create any kind of buzz about the show if you are playing in another venue just down the road within a close timeframe to our event." Another band member attending the Wednesday night gig called this policy "crazy."

Having seen his fair share of Breaking Sound gigs in Dunedin, Radio One's resident muso Dave Borrie told Critic Te Ārohi that the system "fucking sucks [...] it's catering to a market they don't understand. Bands in Dunedin are better off doing their own show than Breaking Sound. Their mission statement is not applicable [to] Dunedin. You're better cutting your own teeth learning how to promote a gig than having a company take half of the money you make." Borrie is referring to the fact that Breaking Sound is an international company, one which commonly launches gigs in much larger cities than Dunedin.

Breaking Sound did not respond to Critic's request for comment in time for print. The online version of this article will be amended if and when they do. If you have performed at a Breaking Sound gig and have had a similar experience please reach out to localproduce@critic.co.nz or news@critic.co.nz.

## Free Breakfast is Back to Five Days a Week

Paying for your brekkie, in this economy?

By Gryffin Powell

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

For those of you bold enough to wake up before 9:30am (we get it, you're better than us), OUSA Clubs and Socs have recently announced the extension of their renowned free breakfast programme to five days a week. The breakfast is open from 8:30-9:30am.

Located in the Evision lounge, all Polytech and Uni students need to do is present their student ID number to secure the breakfast goodies. Porridge, cereal, toast, coffee, tea, and hot chocolate make up the spread (dairy and gluten-free breathas are sorted as well). For those concerned about non-dairy milks, they have oat, soy, and almond milk on offer.

Radio One's breakfast show plays over the speakers, and Bronwyn (the mother duck of free breakfast) is usually game for a chat, creating a vibe that even the most pretentious brunch cafés would be jealous of.

The free breakfast programme was cut down to one day a week in 2023 after Covid recovery funds provided by the government eventually ceased. Prior to this, the event had run every weekday since its inception, and now it's back! Jamie Leckie, the manager for OUSA Clubs, Socs and Rec, told Critic Te Ārohi he "hounded" the higher ups at OUSA with fierce student support to get increased funding for the year.

Jamie said that "free breakfast is fuel to the mind to start the day!" It's about helping students reduce the cost of living associated with food, and set that positive mental health aspect of "having good morning patterns, getting up, eating breakfast, and getting on campus early." Students at free breakfasts also agreed with this kaupapa, sending feedback such as "the free breakfast gave a reason to get up in the morning and get onto campus early," and that "the free breakfast was a positive social experience."

"I personally feel that positive mental wellbeing is so very important," said Jamie. "In the hectic and high cost of living society we live in, if we can help each other out along the way, then it ticks so many positive boxes for wellbeing."

The more people who attend free breakfast, the more likely it is that Clubs and Socs will have the capacity to keep their funding in the future. It has been running in some form since 2014, but the timing and funding year to year has been in constant flux.

Currently about 50-70 students rock up for some kai each morning, though this number increases significantly during the exam period. Free breakfast is saying that it's time for a mental wellness era.



## Rainbow Story Time Attracts Boomer Hate

Any publicity's good publicity, responds Miss Annie

By Nina Brown

Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

A Dunedin Pride event went ahead smoothly, despite the presence of several protesters both online and in person. 'Rainbow Stories with Miss Annie' was held at the Dunedin Public Library on Saturday, March 9, attracting a significant amount of publicity due to online protests prior to the event. Speaking to Critic Te Ārohi after the event, the local drag performer Ann said that they expected hate and that, in the end, the way the queer community rallied around them in support made the event even more successful.

Ann told Critic that "the purpose of Rainbow Stories with Miss Annie was to provide a family-friendly, children-centred event as part of Pride Month with Dunedin Pride, especially because age-appropriate diversity events are hard to come by in Ōtepoti."

When the event was announced by the Dunedin Public Libraries, the massive attention it received was an even split of enthusiastic support and intense hate. The public Facebook post had 730 reactions and 229 comments, with a 267:235 split of love and angry reactions when we last checked.

And then the announcement was reposted to Dunedin News. To those unfamiliar with the inner circle of hell that is Dunedin News, it's essentially a local Facebook page where boomers flock to be mad about things. Students are often the butt of it. At the time of writing, there are 708 comments on the repost accusing the event of being "grooming", "lefty bullshit", and "woke agenda-pushing" by "radical queers".

After witnessing the hate that the post attracted, the library commented: "We're excited to be hosting rainbow story sessions in support of Dunedin Pride. Age-appropriate books have been chosen to be read to the audience, and focus on different family units, kindness, love, and the many diverse friends and family members that audiences may know. Our libraries and DCC facilities, including social channels, are safe and inclusive spaces. Open to all without judgement. However, we do not tolerate discrimination across our channels. For this reason, we are closing commenting to this post. Kā mihi and happy pride."

Critic Te Ārohi attended the event. There was a group of around ten protesters outside the front doors of the library, which were flanked by two security guards stationed as part of a health and safety plan that Dunedin Pride, the library, and Ann planned in advance. One protestor commented to Critic that they were there to protest the "indoctrination" of kids: "Let kids be kids."

In response to the hate that the event attracted, Ann said, "Considering the current political climate, I was fully expecting bigoted backlash from ill-informed individuals. As the hate came in, that only motivated me more and more to make a spectacular event out of spite."

"My response to the protestors is, put politely as possible, 'Go to hell' [...] Drag story time is not indoctrinating children. It's a learning experience for them to further engage with the world around them, and know that it's OK to be themselves, no matter what that is."

Kids were doing just that at the rainbow story session, dressed in bright colours, sequins, glitter, and face paint. They were clearly enamoured by Miss Annie, crying, "Oh NO!" in unison to the dramatic narrative of Frog and Toad (gay icons), oblivious to the tense atmosphere around them. During the event, one protestor, who had been spotted lurking around the periphery and trying to record, was escorted out of the room by security. He was later seen reporting back to the protestors downstairs.

Despite this, Ann said they thought that the "atmosphere inside the library was absolutely wonderful. LGBTQ folks of all ages turned up, and all the children were so polite and engaged the entire time."

They considered the event to be a smashing success. "Considering the turnout, and feedback I've received from parents who brought their children, I would say the event was an astounding success. I already have families asking me when the next one will be!"

"The positives have vastly outweighed the negatives in this situation. And if anything, the hate has only drawn MORE positive attention to my career. I've made more connections in the Aotearoa drag community in the past week than I have in my entire 10-month drag career so far!"

"Ultimately, I am an entertainer and a very versatile one at that," said Ann. "I'm not going to stop entertaining a specific age group just because some backward-thinking morons lack critical thinking skills." Ann has been actively involved in the revitalisation of the drag scene in Ōtepoti and can be found at @Ann.Arkii on Instagram.



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# PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

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## CROSSWORD

Crossword rules:

Multi-word answers are indicated by a (\*)

If a clue contains a period-noted abbreviation, the answer will also be an abbreviation

If a word is in the clue, it cannot be the answer

Quotation marks around a phrase mean that the answer is a similar phrase

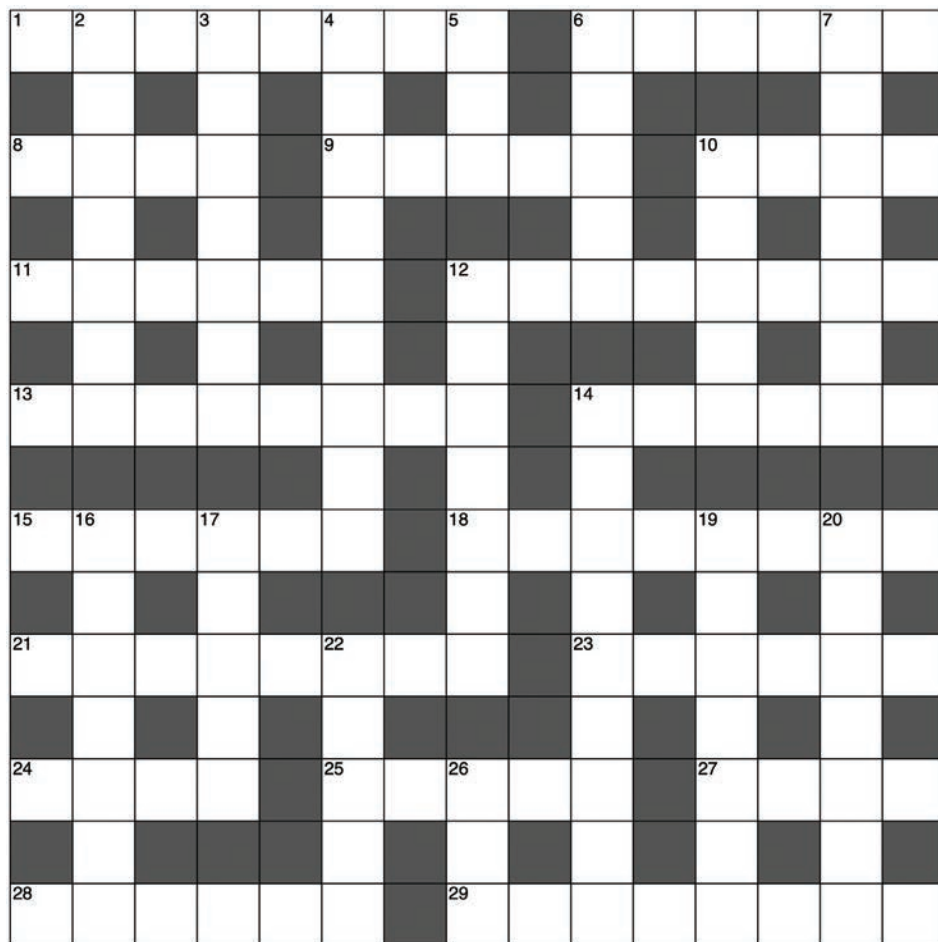
Pluralised clues = pluralised answers. Same for past and present tenses (-ed, -ing).

### ACROSS

- 1 Build
- 6 Uncompromising
- 8 Above
- 9 Most common noble gas
- 10 Cuzco's country
- 11 Beethoven work
- 12 The Office setting
- 13 1883 volcano referenced in Spongebob
- 14 Burger topping
- 15 Machine that killed its inventor
- 18 Revulsion
- 21 Yellow-bellied
- 23 Spider's pouch
- 24 Keep 'em rollin'
- 25 \_ \ \_ (OÄ) \_ / \_
- 27 \*Remaining
- 28 "Peanuts" dog
- 29 Right to the point

- DOWN** 2 \*Rescuer
- 3 Save a page, in a book
- 4 Obviously
- 5 \*Custard component
- 6 Sub system?
- 7 Share a ride
- 10 One thing to do at the disco?
- 12 Fill-in (2)

- 14 \*Extinct pigeon
- 16 Weathering process
- 17 \*Oops! This week, all of the connecting clues are antonyms. If you find their opposites, you can find the connection.
- 19 Sainly
- 20 Sad
- 22 Fiordland track to Supper Cove
- 26 \*Taylor Swift album



### ISSUE 3 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

**ACROSS:** 1. BATMAN 5. BROMANCE 9. HTML 10. SUNNI 11. DOOM 12. ACT OF GOD 14. ROBERT 15. ICED 17. ROBIN 18. ETNA 19. PRIM 21. ACCIO 23. BAHT 24. PSYCHO 25. EGGPLANT 27. MICA 28. TUTSI 30. ANNA 31. ANGLICAN 32. GOTHAM

**DOWN:** 2. ATTIC 3. MILFORD 4. NO SUGAR 5. BEN 6. OMICRON 7. AUDIBLE 8. COOL RANCH 13. DEBACLE 16. CHRISTIAN 20. MICHAEL 21. AROMATIC 22. ONGOING 23. BALLAST 26. NINJA 29. TIN

## SUDOKU

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### EASY

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

### MEDIUM

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

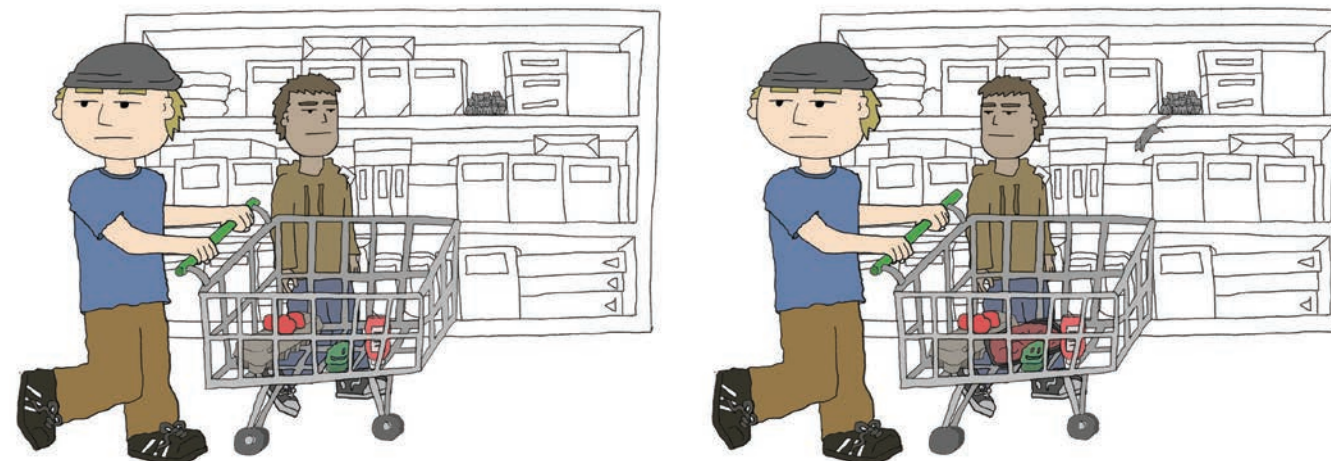
### HARD

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

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images





The challenge: seven days, 0.22 square kilometers, one Critic office couch (now my bed). Is it doable? Probably. Will it suck? Absolutely. With the Critic office as my home base and staying within main campus bounds (between Clyde, Cumberland, Albany, Dundas), I aimed to answer the question that nobody asked: can you live on campus for a week without leaving?

WITH  
SAM  
SOPPET

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAKIRA BROPHY

CRITIC'S SOLUTION  
TO THE COST OF  
LIVING CRISIS

To make sure things weren't too easy (spoiler: nothing was), whenever I wanted to leave the constraints of what we'd deemed "campus", I had to carry the spare Critic door with me. Once a beer pong surface, now my ball and chain. There were also "lifelines" in play (earned by completing my editor's sick little games) including a box, Uber Eats, phone-a-friend, and a doorless day. The final, and arguably the worst, rule was that I was not allowed to use the same bathroom twice, with the exception of the one next to the Critic office, from the hours of 8pm-6am. This was shit.

## DAY ONE - TUESDAY

I woke up at 7am. Not a terribly early start, it could be worse. I covered the 3 Ss (shit, shower, shave), then waited, suitcase in hand, ready to be ferried to the Critic office — my new home for the next week. It felt a bit claustrophobic from the get go, sort of like those 24 hours in IKEA or Bunnings videos, but for 168 hours (give or take a few). It's sort of like when Andy Dufresne first enters Shawshank, except I hadn't killed anyone (...yet). I dumped my shit in the office and went to my lectures, with this weird feeling over me; I felt simultaneously so at peace and like I was going to be sick. My second class was in the Hunter Centre, out of agreed campus bounds, which invoked the first rule: The Door. The door is too wide to tuck under an arm, it doesn't have fixed handles, and with the day being quite a windy one, it made it overall a bit of a prick of a thing to control. Almost taking out several small children and elderly people had me seriously reconsidering my role in this rather silly quest, but I got it done. Have you ever had to carry a door through a door? Finally I was home: the Critic couch.

## DAY TWO - WEDNESDAY

At some ungodly hour I was woken by the cleaners coming through the office. They were quite quiet, but the front door squeaked and it did startle me a wee bit. But after that I fell back to sleep, courtesy of the three warm blankets normally reserved for midday naps that I had layered on top of me. Unsure if or when the office blankets were last washed, however. I initially woke up at 7, but figured I had nowhere to be, so I moved it to 8 and rolled back over, only to have to wake up and repack my suitcase. After all, this isn't a bedroom — this is an office. I was interviewed by Radio One at around 8:45am and got called a "nutter", which in all honesty is a fair observation. Lectures unremarkable; went to OUSA Market Day, which was quite nice but bloody hot. Really felt it due to the no showering thing. Called my doorless day (struck off from the lifelines on the Critic whiteboard) 'cos fuck taking that to a POLSA meeting.

Critic's weekly print night yielded some pizza, at least. We headed to pint night for a bit, then I

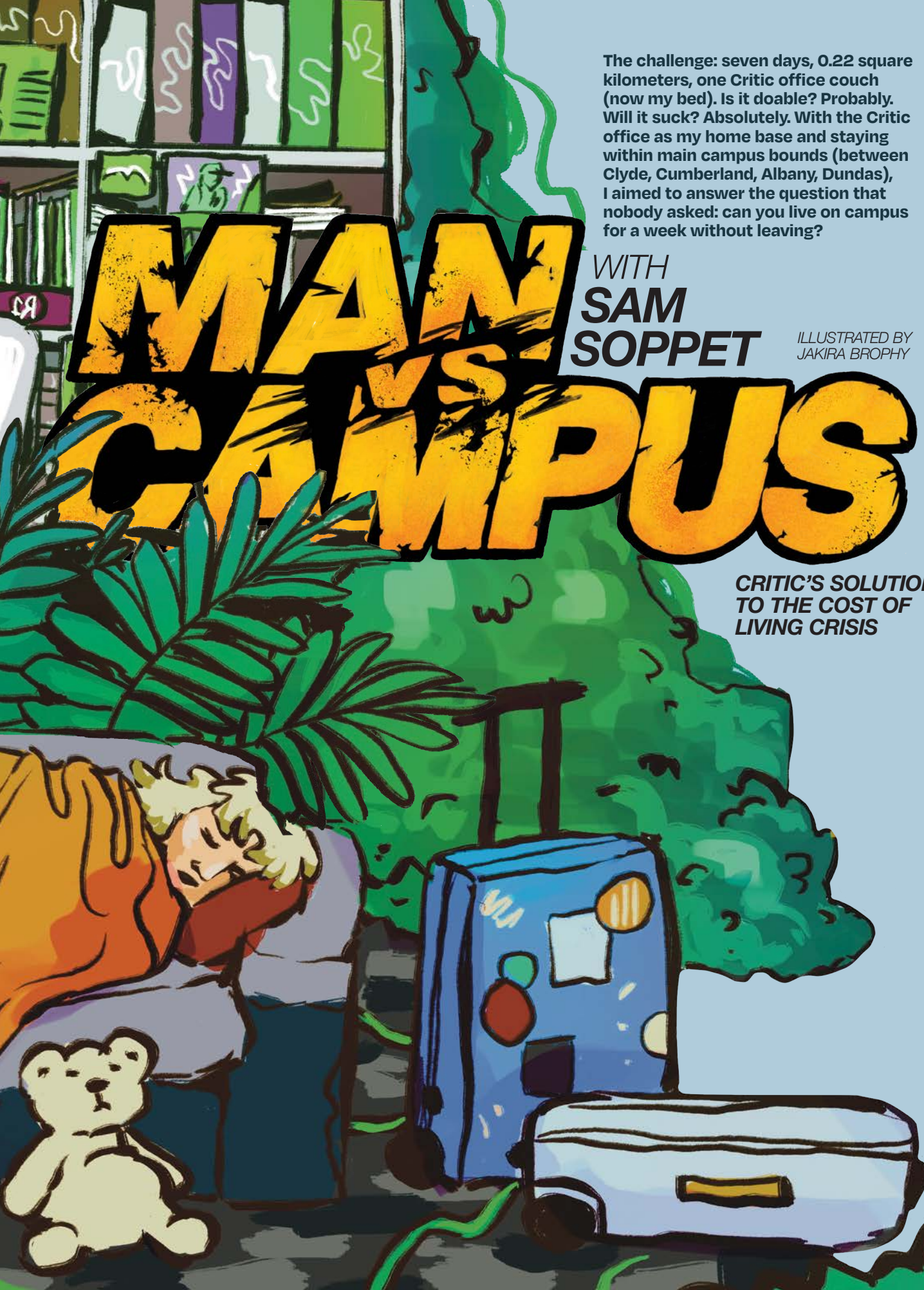
came back to the office to sleep on the couch. Phone-a-friend was fruitless, as for some reason coworkers were hesitant to spend the night at work. Unfortunately, someone had locked the office bathroom door (so I couldn't go in the one I was allowed to use at night) and I had to go into the Link, which meant gradually moving up the pint night line. I kept getting called over by people in the line I happened to know, and during every conversation I tried to make it obvious I just needed to piss. Eventually made it to the Link bathroom, and god did it feel good. I then headed back to the office and konked out.

## DAY THREE - THURSDAY

At 1am, awoken by some dude in Hi Vis yelling from the balcony at his mate below. I woke up properly at around 8am, got up and started getting ready for my lectures and tutorials. Honestly, I rate the Critic couch — there were three to choose from, but the big one by the window is peak. By this point, I think the severity of the weekend to come was settling in. Campus is busy during the week, but on the weekend it's a fucking ghost town — something that kicked in when I recalled all the times (or lack thereof) when I'd gone in to finish a big assignment. Interviewed a guy about someone who robbed his flat and swore they were a vampire (catch it in issue 3). Pretty calm day, aside from the sound of my work-life balance slowly withering. Finished the night off with a bit of Outrageous Fortune on the work PCs and buggered off to couch-bed.

## DAY FOUR - FRIDAY

By far the worst day of them all. It felt like some weird freemason-esque humiliation ritual, and god was it awful. Donned the Critic Cone costume at 1200 hours for some sweet rewards. The onus (or cone-us) of journalism called. At an Instagram commentator's suggestion, I had to hit the griddy (IN A ROAD CONE COSTUME) from Burns to St Daves. While filmed. It was as fucking bad as you'd think. My timing couldn't have been worse; there were so many damned people. In the immortal words of myself, immediately after: "I have nothing left. I feel like the peanut butter jelly guy. I need to be shot by cops and saved by Snoop Dogg." Have I truly sold my soul for clout? Am I just a slightly more morally acceptable Jack Doherty? What have I become? Following selling my soul for a stupid video, I had some people over (to the office) for pres before the AVDK gig at U-Bar, where I saw out the rest of Day 4 — and the earlier hours of Day 5.



## DAY FIVE - SATURDAY

I woke up really late, like midday. Poor form, I know, but it's the weekend and I really don't have anywhere to be. After wandering campus for what felt like an eternity (it was probably like two hours) I returned to my abode, bored out of my fucking mind. This point may have been my absolute lowest. I felt like how you'd imagine a dog at the SPCA would feel: sort of boxed in, no real engagement with the outside world. It was pretty mega-cringe, to be fair. Too many loud noises later on after dark, so I didn't get to sleep 'til 3am due to the fresher stragglers coming back from town and the Taking Back Saturday Night gig at U-Bar.

## DAY SIX - SUNDAY

I woke up several times during the night, which meant that I only got out of bed (off the couch) at 1pm. [Editor's note: Also known as when I came

*into the office to check on him.]* Goddamn, that is heinous for me. I started thinking about my bed, about sleeping on a real mattress, and not having to deal with the weird ass noises this building emits in the early hours. Also, there was a fucking helicopter. Can someone just make a quiet one already? Feels like it shakes the whole building. I threw in the towel partway through Day 6. Does that make me a quitter? Yep, but I'm more than okay with that. Ceebs.

**You may be thinking, "This was fucking stupid – it wasn't even the full challenge." And you would be correct. It was stupid, it was awful, and I don't think it's something that anyone will ever repeat. But that's what Critic does: asks the stupid questions, only to answer our own stupid questions with somehow stupider answers. Decent couch, though.**



# THE STUDENT BUILT AS A FRESHER

**I BLUFFED MY WAY INTO CRITIC AS A FRESHER, NOW I'M CULTURE EDITOR. IT SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS.**

BY LOTTO RAMSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKEY CLAYTON

I don't fully understand why I did what I did, but most of it can be chalked up to desperation, autism, and a strange attraction to this godforsaken city. Not all of it, though.

There's something about Dunedin. There's something about going to the oldest university in our young and stolen country. The water tastes better than anywhere in the world. The air is cold and dry and hits your face like carbonation in the back of your throat. It's exhilarating. We all come from different places but we come with a shared determination. Why the fuck else would you spend the best years of your youth in the South Pole's nearest social landfill? We get to wear the navy and gold costume of Studenthood – passed down from parents or peers or news or Critic Te Ārohi – and feel grown-up but young at the same time. We wear the costume so easily that we forget we had to consciously put it on. Maybe mine is just more deliberate.

It's not imposter "syndrome" if you know for a fact that you are one.

I was in high school when I came down to Dunners for the Otago Open Day. I picked up a copy of Critic, flipped through it, and in my hubris thought to myself, "Huh. I could do that." That was the first time I set foot on campus. The next time would be almost four years later – after multiple gap years

spent working and being mentally ill (obviously) – when I was on my way to the first Critic meeting of 2022.

I had taken one Otago distance paper and so wasn't technically a fresher (I was also 20), but when I applied for the writing job I definitely didn't know anything about Dunedin, let alone the Uni. So I did what I do when I'm in doubt: research, lie, and research. I had spent the summer practising – bingeing the Critic archives, scouring social media, finding my bearings in town, trying to wrangle advice from the one or two people I knew down here. Fox (then-editor) was in on my secret, but no one else was at the time. As far as everyone was concerned, I'd always been here.

That first meeting was on 'Central Lawn', according to the new Critic chat. I had no idea where that was, so I looked it up on Google Maps at home first, then tried the student app, narrowed it down to a couple possibilities, and decided to confidently stride towards a green space while keeping an eye out. I made my way through what I would later find out was called 'The Link' as naturally as I could, watching how people flowed in and out and through the doors. I spied a circle of important-looking students on the lawn. I put my mask on (literally and figuratively) and I played it cool.

I don't know what's crazier: the act or the fact that it worked. Mostly. Sometimes it was obvious. Did you figure it out?

I was an outsider on the inside. I spent all of my first semester feeling like a fucking AI. It's no wonder – I became a word processing machine, absorbing strange vocabulary and spitting it back out in a new order, praying it made sense. Due to flattery and taking that distance paper, I'd fallen through the admin gaps – I didn't know that I was meant to have been offered Orientation events as a local. I had to do my orientation my own way. Bespoke.

I pitched an article taking the piss out of campus architecture. I didn't know the names or locations of any of the buildings other staff recommended, but I walked around until I figured it out. I put myself on Facebook Marketplace as a 'Goth for Hire' for a Critic bit (\$10 an hour for all the gothic skulking, stalking, and near-assaults one could want), which was a surprisingly good way to meet people. This went on and on. When you're already strange, it feels perfectly natural to act like a stranger.

I did it because I could. Or maybe because I felt like I had to.

It's the sort of thing that could only ever happen here. Whether you realise it or not, the extensively catalogued and rapidly evolving nature of Dunedin culture makes it a playground for the curious and socially repressed. It speaks to that part in all of us. Sure, it was a bit unusual for me to 'revise' Dunedin culture before coming to Otago, but don't you kinda do that weekly by reading Critic?

After first-year, I burned out, hard and fast. I sought mental health support and was judged for how I participate as a student. I felt oddly guilty being a celebrated culture writer at the end of last year when I wasn't just a fly on the wall – I was a fly in a different room. Is that what cultural appropriation is? Or do we just need the perspectives of outsiders on keyboards to document things for the next batch of newcomers and strangers?

There's a general sentiment that student culture is currently in jeopardy. I often feel like I'm part of the problem, as a 'Culture Editor' who genuinely isn't able to leave the house much. It'd be an actual struggle for me to name twenty current students. I still find myself revising Critic's beer pong rules before going out. I blithely nod along while breathas tell me the most god-awful takes I've ever heard. I don't have the energy to participate the way I think I should. And there's a good chance you feel the same way.

So much as saying "Otago" to a non-Dunedinite elicits immediate eyebrow raises and concerned glances, while the locals seem to barely tolerate us. "Otago student" never just means a person studying at Otago: it's now a headline, a Critic piece, an affirmation, the "Dunedin Dream". We just want to make it out of here with the career prospects and lifelong friends we were promised, but studying is now more of a gamble than an

investment. We sink under the weight of life-changing amounts of money and pray that we'll be lucky enough to get a job to make it back one day. No wonder we're all in self-preservation mode (shoutout neoliberalism, yet again).

Unfortunately, this kind of individualism is the antithesis of a communal student culture. When Critic mourns the Undie 500 or initiations or student protests, it's not just about the booze or depravity – we're pining for the days when students had the freedom to band together. Students are lonelier and more disengaged than ever; the institutional supports we were promised are dwindling. It's getting harder to turn to the drunken camaraderie and shenanigans of previous students' generations when we are risking so much more by participating – bonds, fees, careers, our futures.

While it's good that munters are facing consequences, I'd say that your average student feels the brunt of it more. Student culture has become a game of dress-ups that you can tuck away whenever you leave Dunedin, rather than fostering something long-term for yourself and the student community. The fact that student culture has become so factioned into subgroups just proves that it doesn't serve all of us the way we need. Our culture keeps splintering (look at the evolution of "scarfies" to "breathas" or "not breathas") into those that can afford to take that gamble and those who can't. But we're united simply by being students, and how we're therefore treated as students.

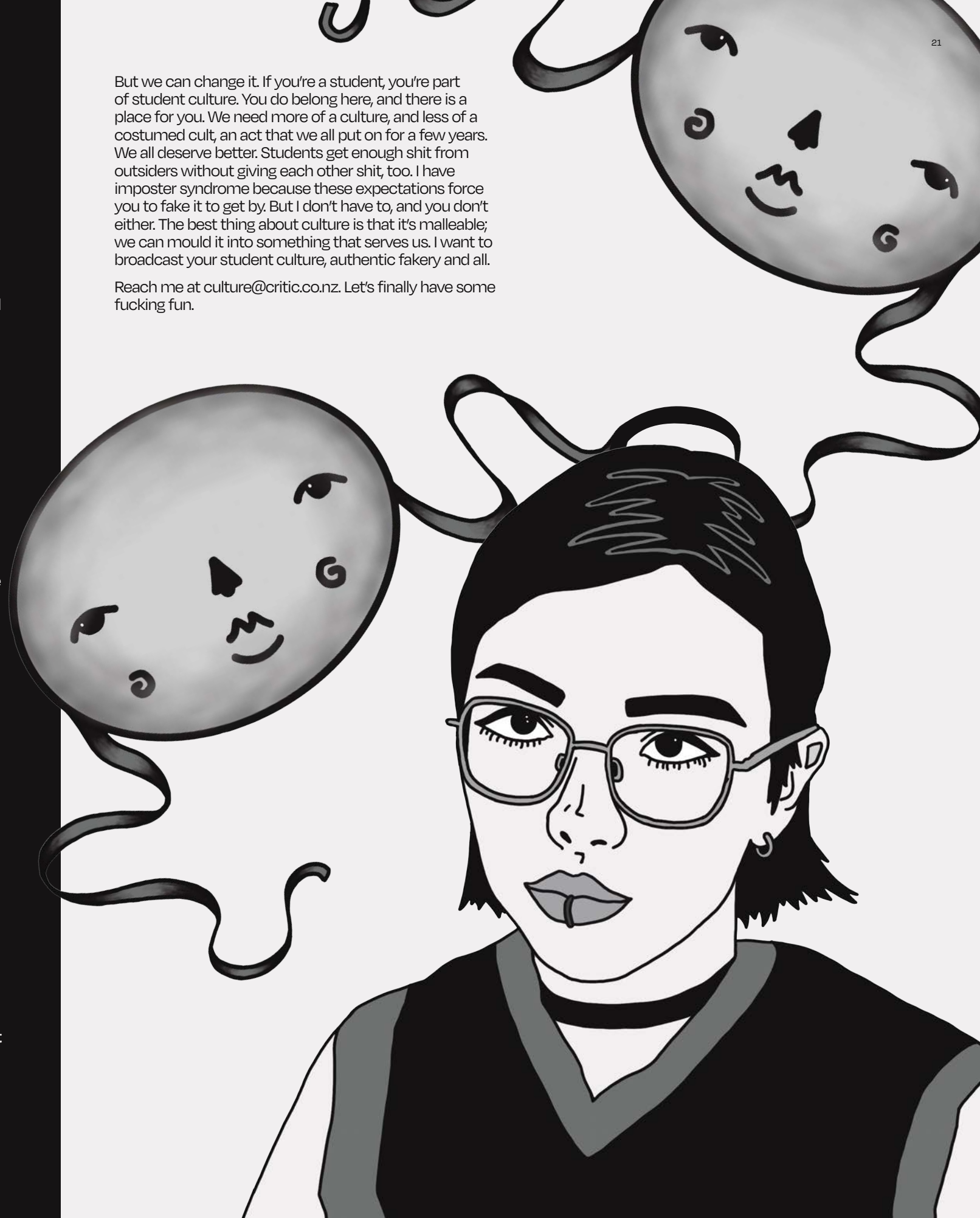
That's the real problem with student culture here: it's at odds with how most students actually are. Culture is dependent on community, and if we look to binge-drinkers who host exclusive parties, rag on marginalised people, and refuse to talk to outsiders for our sole definition of "student culture", then it's no wonder it's dying. It was never the culture, and it does have an expiry date that feels like it's inching closer. It's as disposable as vapes and cans and Look Sharp gear. And people get disposed of along the way, too.

It's not sustainable, and I found that out the hard way. I'm an extreme outlier, but I was probably more like your average student last year when I was isolated and struggling than I was when I was putting on a front to fit in.

But honestly, playing a character like that was the most fun I've ever had. It's exciting to fully immerse yourself in something brand new, as every fresher knows. Where else could you crash land as a stranger, don some new vocabulary, and be welcomed with open arms on hazy nights in the Octy? Writing this, it was easier to paint myself as a culprit than just another try-hard crushed under the wheel of how self-suffocating our environment has become. Drink heavily, but not too heavily. Join clubs, but don't neglect your studies. Study, but don't neglect your part-time job. Be an Otago student without being a bloody Otago student. It shouldn't be like this.

But we can change it. If you're a student, you're part of student culture. You do belong here, and there is a place for you. We need more of a culture, and less of a costumed cult, an act that we all put on for a few years. We all deserve better. Students get enough shit from outsiders without giving each other shit, too. I have imposter syndrome because these expectations force you to fake it to get by. But I don't have to, and you don't either. The best thing about culture is that it's malleable; we can mould it into something that serves us. I want to broadcast your student culture, authentic fakery and all.

Reach me at [culture@critic.co.nz](mailto:culture@critic.co.nz). Let's finally have some fucking fun.



# How to know if you're a breatha (and how you can come to accept it)

By **Hugh Askerud**  
Illustrated by **Sarah Kreft**

## Part 1 Develop self-awareness



**1** Oh, the breatha. The absolute epitome of what people think of when they think "student". Like the scarfie of yesteryear, the breatha is everywhere: lurking in your lecture halls, downing Monsters in the library, sifting on your mates. You know them when you see them – or do you? Check yourself, breatha; the problem is worse than you think. In very real surveys conducted by the University of Otago's Psychology Department, students generally underestimated their breathaness by 92% on any given BYO night. Further studies concluded that two thirds of Otago students fell somewhere on the breatha (or even sheatha) spectrum at some point in their studies. There's a very real chance that you reading this may have inadvertently fallen into the breatha zone!

**2** One can hear the breatha howling into the night in anguish, yearning to break from the chains of their own social anxiety and hedonism. Hence why DnB is so popular – the beat is designed to mask the screams. Part of the breatha conundrum is the inherent contradiction between uni having you absolutely cooked on life, and the "ceebz" mentality leftover from high school that still plagues your every action. Uni is a space where there is so much to do, but the breatha also thinks that doing any of it will make you look like an idiot to everyone. God forbid you be seen giving a fuck. Still, you need something to help you connect with the masses of anonymous people you pass on a day-to-day basis. Drinking, perhaps? You're cool right? You're game for a laugh? And just like that, you're a breatha. Collect your liquor store merch on the way out.

## Part 2 How to spot it

**1** Don't think that just because you're on Leith Street you've somehow managed to escape the vortex of Castle Street breathadom. In fact, the breatha zone can be traced on a map to include Dundas, Leith, Castle, Forth, and down to Clyde and Hyde, forming a dick and balls. Castle is merely the shaft. If you live on the cock, have zero hobbies, and generally find yourself ceebsing everyone and everything on a Sunday, it's likely you're a breatha.

**2** Some more niche symptoms to look out for are the wispy mo' that doesn't grow because it's never been shaved, the violent withdrawals you get when it's a Wednesday and you're not pissing up, or the moment that the length of your jorts drops below the knee (really bro?). The second your mullet touches your shirt collar you're in grave danger. Good thing shirts are optional, apparently.

**3** Don't think that just because you don't binge drink you can't possibly be a breatha. Smoking has gradually begun to replace excessive alcoholism after even the benign act of drinking has become too tiresome. It's actually a fucking pit, one which no student ever wants to be in, no matter how well they hide their tears beneath the brim of their goodlid.

## Part 3 Denial

**1** First thing to do (now that you have finally addressed your breathaness) is to calm the fuck down. It's probably not hard for you to do because you exist in a state of constant lethargy, but it can be lowkey upsetting to know that when a Dunedin News boomer is thinking of "those bloody students", they're thinking of you.

**2** Any attempt to drastically change your personality may result in even worse psychological imbalances, such as a move towards excessive toxic softboy energy – a state which can result in an even worse state of self-denial (guilty).

**3** The next thing to do is realise that no matter what you do in the short-term, it is impossible to rid yourself of your breathaness. Much like your balls in public, that deep psychological itch within you still needs to be scratched!

## Part 4 Acceptance



**1** Once you've resigned yourself to your breathaness, you have the tools to do some soul-searching (it's like trying to find your hoon, but metaphysically). You begin by asking yourself, "Who am I really? In my pursuit of meaning, friendship, and identity, have I really become this strange, almost inhuman creature dedicated to my craft on the decks above all else?"

**2** The truth is, you're just like everyone else here. In this sense, everyone at Otago is a breatha. We cloak ourselves in identities which we know will work in social settings, all the while aiming for something greater – a personality. Critic will let you know when we figure out what that is.

**3** At the core of breathadom is not hatred or an unflinching craving for social hegemony, it is that which binds student culture together. It is love which fundamentally makes the breatha who they are. It is the innocent love of student culture, fostered on your first day at halls before being transformed into something greater. And if you're all reading this now (actively engaging in student culture) doesn't that make you a breatha too?

**4** Being a breatha needn't be a bad thing, let yourself know this. In the wise words of the most wounding breatha, Wreck-It Ralph, "I'm breatha and that's good. I'll never be good because that's not breatha. There's no one I'd rather be than me."

CRITIC TE ĀROHI

# CONFEOR

THE LAST CONEBENDER



# FROM THE MUSEUM LAWN TO THE OCTAGON PALESTINE WILL BE FREE!

BY IRIS HEHIR



**Disclaimer:** The writer of this piece has attended Dunedin Justice for Palestine rallies in a protesting capacity.

**Content warning:** This piece includes discussion of violence and mass death.

**The world has watched in horror since October 7th last year as death, destruction, and devastation unfolds in and around the Gaza Strip. Locally, the ongoing tragedy has sparked weekly protests from Dunedin Justice for Palestine, marching from the Otago Museum Lawn to the Octagon in solidarity with the thousands of innocent civilians suffering under the onslaught of violence.**

**With what has often been described as a “long, complicated history” sparking heated debate around the globe and within student flats, Critic Te Ārohi explores the perspectives of these local protestors and those who support them — Dunedin Palestinian activist Rinad Tamimi; John Minto, Chair of the Palestine Solidarity Network Aotearoa (PSNA); Dr Leon Goldsmith, a Middle East geopolitical expert; and Jewish student activist and ally Zak Rudin — on one of the greatest humanitarian crises of our time.**

Walk anywhere around campus and you'll eventually find 'Free Palestine' and 'End the Genocide' chalked on the ground or plastered on posters. And if you're at Central Library at 2pm on a Saturday, across the road you'll see over a hundred people gathering on the museum lawn adorned in keffiyeh and watermelon iconography carrying signs. Among them are marshalls in Hi-Vis and police in uniform, preparing to facilitate protestors taking Dunedin's streets by storm.

The first few minutes are silent, mourning those killed in Palestine, but when the protestors' chants begin they draw attention from everyone in the vicinity. Cars are stopped by police, shopkeepers emerge at their store entrances to watch, students peer from their flat balconies, pedestrians hold up phone cameras to film and, on occasion, a heckler will yell.

The chants call for a ceasefire (“Hey, Luxon are you listening? Ceasefire now!”), expulsion of the Israeli ambassador (“Tahi rua toru whā, expel the ambassador!”), the boycotting of McDonalds and Starbucks (“When I say Maccas, you say boycott!”), condemnation of the Israeli Government's mass killing of Palestinian civilians (“Netanyahu, you can't hide, you're committing genocide!”) and freedom from military occupation (“From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free!”).

The protests lead towards the Octagon, where local Palestinians and rally organisers give speeches, mourning the loss of life while keeping spirits uplifted in hopes a ceasefire will be called and Palestinian self-determination will one day become realised.

## WHY ARE PEOPLE PROTESTING?

To provide a full historical context for the protests is beyond this piece's limited local scope, authority, and editorial capacity. But it's impossible to divorce the protest movement from its history. As Poet Claudia Rankine once wrote: “You can't put the past behind you. It's buried in you; it's turned your flesh into its own cupboard.”

Dunedin Justice for Palestine's weekly protests began after the Hamas attack on Southern Israel on October 7th 2023, which saw at least a thousand Israeli civilians murdered and 240 hostages kidnapped. Since then, the Israel Defence Force's (IDF) retaliation has resulted in 31,704 Palestinian civilians confirmed dead (as reported by Al Jazeera's live tracker as of the time of writing), more than 10,000 of whom were children. As their chants suggest,

protestors believe Israel's right-wing religious government, headed by Benjamin Netanyahu, is committing genocide in the Gaza Strip.

The Israeli Government claims it is acting in self-defence against Hamas (the militant group which governs the Gaza strip) and has rejected South Africa's 84-page proceedings against them in the International Court of Justice (ICJ) as “distorted,” stating civilian harm is “unintentional but lawful.” However, the ICJ has ruled it is “plausible” Israel has committed acts that violate the Genocide Convention and will issue an official decision at a later date.

Undeniably, the Palestinian struggle goes beyond the current war. As United Nations Secretary-General António Guterres said in the wake of the October 7 Hamas attack, it “did not happen in a vacuum.” Interviewees in this piece condemn the Hamas massacre, but consider it a devastating drop in an ocean of 76 years of violence and oppression. From their perspective, to blame Palestinians' situation on Hamas (or Netanyahu) alone is to miss the forest for the trees.

The crux of the Palestinian struggle began in 1948 — 58 years before Hamas came to power in 2006. For Zionists (supporters of the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine), 1948 is a cause for celebration as the year Israel was declared a state; observed by the national holiday Yom Ha'atzmaut. For Palestinians, 1948 is al-Nakba (“the catastrophe”) when over 700,000 Palestinians fled from their homeland or were expelled by Zionist militia.

But the Nakba is not just a one-off historical event. More broadly, the term describes the ongoing “violent displacement and dispossession” of Palestinians and the “destruction of their society, culture, identity, political rights, and national aspirations.” According to Palestinians, the Nakba has never ended and everything happening today is a reflection of this.

Those who remain in what's left of Palestine bear the brunt of the region's history, living as refugees under IDF military occupation and now, in the eyes of protestors, as victims of an ongoing genocide.

## RINAD TAMIMI'S GENERATIONAL STRUGGLE

Former Otago University student Rinad Tamimi is the main spokesperson and central organiser for Dunedin Justice for Palestine. She organises the weekly Saturday rallies with her mother Mai Tamimi and friend Rula Abu-Safieh, as well as local Palestine Solidarity Network Aotearoa (PSNA) members Brandon Johnstone and Andrew Tait.

Rinad grew up in Hebron, south of the occupied West Bank, before emigrating to Dunedin in 2008 when her mum received a scholarship from Otago University. “I was a little 13-year-old not knowing anything,” says Rinad. “We didn't even know where New Zealand was on the map. We could see Australia, but not New Zealand.” Fifteen years later, Rinad “definitely counts here as home.”

After high school, she studied a degree in Information Science and Marketing at Otago Uni herself. At Uni, she was also the media relations officer of MUSA (Muslim University Students Association). Rinad sings the praises of her home country, explaining she'd rather be “showing off the beauty of Palestinian culture,” or be able to talk to her grandmother who still resides in Palestine “about what she cooked for lunch that day.” Instead, for a large portion of

her life, Rinad has been a local spokesperson for her people's struggle.

As a first-year “knowing hardly any English,” Rinad was quoted by Critic Te Ārohi in the 2014 article ‘The Latest Assault on Palestine (A Primer)’ explaining that her parents were recently “forced from their home at gunpoint at night in search of [...] victims that the Israeli government knew to be dead.”

The ten-year-old Critic article was authored by Otago Media Studies lecturer Olivier Jutel, who defended his support for Palestine against accusations he was a “self-hating Jew.” These accusations came after he spoke about Palestine on his Radio One Show. Jutel wrote that since 1967, the West Bank, Gaza, and East Jerusalem, recognised by the United Nations (UN) as Palestinian territories that should be an independent state, have instead been occupied by Israel. He also wrote that in order to protect Israeli settlements (considered illegal by the UN under international law), “Palestinians are subjected to apartheid-like conditions with Kafkaesque regulations, roadblocks, checkpoints, separation walls, arbitrary mass arrests, daily humiliations, and the expropriation of vital water resources.”

While Rinad's parents have since left Palestine and now reside in Ōtepoti Dunedin, history continues to repeat itself. Rinad tells Critic Te Ārohi her grandparents' neighbourhood had recently been invaded by the IDF, who knocked on their door at night to ask if they were hiding anyone.

For many in Dunedin, it's hard to comprehend the gravity of the situation happening over 16 thousand kilometres away. Rinad remembers the backlash protestors received from shoppers around the Christmas and New Year period who complained the rally was blocking their ability to cross George Street. “Town was obviously busy and people wanted to get past [us]. It's like, ‘Well sorry we're stopping your shopping while people are actually hanging on by a thread to survive in the Middle East.’”

Rinad adds she sometimes believes the public are “already bored of what's happening [...] I can already see the faces of people in the streets when they see us every week, but I don't think they understand the gravity of all this. I don't think they're exposed to what me and my family see, or the trauma that's behind it all. They think we're doing the rallies because we love to go around the streets and make some noise [...] If we don't make noise, we don't feel like we're doing anything for our own people.”

**“PEOPLE ARE HANGING ON BY A THREAD TO SURVIVE”**



## THE SPRINGBOK TOUR OF OUR TIME?

For the past month, Critic Te Ārohi has been running a poll inviting tertiary students in Dunedin to share their opinions, advertised in the last three issues of Critic and numerous times on social media. Of the 644 self-selected respondents who opted to complete the poll, 71% considered themselves 'Pro-Palestine' as opposed to 'neutral' (15.7%) 'Pro-Israel' (7.8%) or 'unsure' (5.3%). However, this doesn't mean argument isn't rife, as the numerous letters of complaint to OUSA in the last week in response to our coverage would suggest. One anonymous respondent to the Critic's poll lamented: "It's either 'you're a raging anti-semite' or 'you support genocide.' What if I just don't understand?"

Such accusations were made clear in a heated fight within fifth year Freya's\* whānau. Following the argument, her father brought home a Palestinian flag and mounted it to the side of their fence in a statement to family members driving past. A few days later, a mysterious pamphlet showed up in their mailbox. "There is no Apartheid in Israel," one sentence reads. "None! Zilch! Nada!"

Certain subjects tend to be off the table when meeting the parents. But when second-year Russell\* mentioned the boycotts to his girlfriend's family over dinner, "her old man" tutted disapprovingly, saying, "The media is all a crock. The Israelis aren't doing anything wrong. They're defending their homeland. Look at the Bible, they're called the Israelites." After Russell challenged this logic in defence of Palestinians, he was called "antisemitic" and "a leftist". Predictably, the two began yelling at each other. "I thought he was gonna punch me or something," Russell recalls.

Given the lattice of complex geopolitics and emotionally weighted nature of the violence unfolding in the Middle East, some prefer to remain "neutral" on the matter, including third-year Elijah\*. "My girl and I got onto the subject while driving home in the car. You see, I'm hesitant to align myself with any solidarity movement, and she was militantly against that. She's really invested in the Palestinian cause and wouldn't listen to me and my explanations. She had this rigid belief in her moral high ground. It drove me insane." As the argument escalated during the couple's drive home, he admits, "I almost dumped her off by the side of the road."

It's been suggested by many to Critic that the heated arguments between families, lovers, friends, and flatmates is perhaps reminiscent of the intense polarisation of opinion in Aotearoa over the 1981 Springbok tour. Across the motu, New Zealanders were divided against each other upon the arrival of the national rugby team of South Africa — then an apartheid state (a term describing policies or systems of segregation or discrimination on the grounds of race).

Above all others, political activist John Minto has experience navigating disputes here in New Zealand regarding foreign apartheid, having famously led the Springbok tour protests 43 years ago. Minto tells Critic Te Ārohi he first got involved with the issue while studying, joining Halt All Racist Tours (HART) which was founded by students at the University of Auckland.

"There was a big debate then about whether the 1973 Springbok team should come to New Zealand," says Minto. "I sort of got interested because I thought it was an issue where New Zealand could [...] punch well above its weight." At the time, New Zealand had the most important sporting contact with South Africa out of any other country in

the world. "HART thought that if we can pressure those rugby links, we will be able to make a very big impression on apartheid in South Africa, more so than many other countries were able to. It was one issue where I thought [Kiwis] could make a big difference."

Minto recalls that university students were a "really important" part of the anti-apartheid movement. "They were some of our greatest activists. Doing all sorts of things over that period of time. Lots of civil disruption, civil disobedience, interrupting rugby games. Students were [involved] the whole way through."

Of course, not all New Zealanders agreed with what HART was doing, resulting in one of the biggest civil disturbances in New Zealand's modern history. Minto explains those who disagreed would often use the slogan "Keep politics out of sport" saying "We should just play rugby. Forget about this politics. Rugby's got nothing to do with an apartheid system! Of course, they would say that as a way of not having to think about the issue. People would just throw it away as a one-liner, which meant 'that's the end of the discussion. I don't have to think about it anymore.'"

The Springbok captain at the time, Wynand Claassen, didn't initially think much of the protests at all. Minto says that Claassen, an Afrikaner, passively supported his country's ideology then. "He's an intelligent person, he's got a university degree. [But] he would've said, 'Oh, [apartheid] looks pretty ugly and it's not very good, but it's the best we can do' kind of thing. That lazy racism," says Minto.

When they arrived in New Zealand, the Springbok team apparently assumed "just a bunch of long haired hippies were [going to be] protesting against them." Instead, the team got the shock of their life during their Hamilton game. As a security measure in anticipation of protestors, a barbed wire fence was put in place around the field. The Springboks were in their changing rooms when they "heard this boom, boom, booming sound coming from outside." Claassen, confused, stood on a chair and looked out from the top window, only to see hundreds of anti-apartheid supporters pushing huge cattle wagons into the fence to destroy it, as police tried to barricade and arrest them. "There were old people, young people, there were students, there were Māori, there were Pākehā. He was absolutely shocked."

Thirty years later, Claassen told Minto that was the moment he knew things needed to change in South Africa. "He now looks back, and I think he [...] realises that what he was thinking at the time was wrong. What was happening was wrong. They should have seen it earlier. They should have done more."

The 1981 protests led by Minto not only had a big impact on white South Africans, but Nelson Mandela himself. Minto met Mandela in 1995, and although the two didn't get much of a chance to sit down and speak, he remembers a powerful anecdote Mandela shared demonstrating the importance of "international solidarity at its finest."

Mandela had been imprisoned on Robben Island for 19 years by the time the Springboks arrived in New Zealand. One night, the prison guards got up in the middle of the night and turned on their televisions to watch the first ever international rugby game televised live in South Africa. "White South Africans right across the country got up in the middle of the night to watch this [Waikato match]" recalls Minto. But the guards didn't see the game. Instead, they saw hundreds of protestors charging the field.

The prisoners very quickly realised the game on the guards' TVs had been stopped by an anti-apartheid protest in New Zealand, on the other side of the world. "[Mandela] said the prisoners were absolutely elated. They grabbed the bars on their cell doors and they rattled them around the prison. He said it was like the sun came out."

Minto, now the Chair of PSNA, draws parallels between the plight of Black South Africans and Palestinians. As a young teenager, Minto remembers supporting the Israeli Government, a position he looks back on with vehement disapproval. "I remember it was the Six-Day War when Israel attacked. I would've been 14 then. I was a supporter of Israel just because everyone was."

Minto says that it wasn't until going to university and interacting with both Palestinians and anti-Zionist Jews that he "rapidly saw that, hell, all my thinking that I grew up with was wrong. This was an issue of basic human rights [where] we should all be on the side of [Palestinians], just as we were on the side of [Black] South Africa."

South Africa never denied being an apartheid state, but Israel has adamantly rejected this characterisation on the basis that its Arab minority enjoys full civil rights. While the Israeli Government position is that IDF presence is necessary in Gaza to "prevent terrorism", and maintains the West Bank is disputed territory, Amnesty International has labelled Israel's treatment of Palestinians apartheid. The human rights organisation's 2022 report states that Israel perpetuates "laws, policies and practices" which are

"intended to privilege Jewish Israelis," while "maintain[ing] a cruel system of control over Palestinians [...] [who] are treated as an inferior racial group and systematically deprived of their rights."

As with "Keep politics out of sport" during the '81 Springbok Tour, Minto thinks that "it's a long and complicated history" is used to shut down discussion on the ethics and legality of the Israeli Government's actions. "[They] say, 'Oh, it's very complicated. No one should say anything until they've studied the history.'" But just as South Africa's own history was arguably "long and complicated", Minto alleges the crux of what's happening in Palestine is "absolutely simple." In his view, "It's genocide based on race, hatred based on [...] forcing the indigenous people off their land." These are both claims that Israel has refuted.

It's Minto's belief that, in the same way the HART efforts have aged well, to stand in solidarity with Palestinians is to be "on the right side of history." He hopes the protests and PSNA's other efforts will have a positive impact on Israelis, Palestinians, and New Zealanders alike.

"Right from day one, we condemn the killing of Israeli civilians just as we condemn the killing of Palestinian civilians. These are war crimes under the fourth Geneva Convention and we absolutely condemn them, but that is not an excuse for Israel doing what it's doing. It is not an excuse for any of us to ignore the 76 years of brutal oppression which led up to it."

**“THERE WERE OLD PEOPLE, YOUNG PEOPLE, THERE WERE STUDENTS THERE WERE MAORI, THERE WERE PAKEHA. HE WAS ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED”**





## PRO-PALESTINE: A JEWISH PERSPECTIVE

Fourth-year law student Zak is one student who attends the local protests, having gone to “pretty much every rally” since October 7th. But unlike many other students who attend, Zak is Jewish.

Israel was born out of the Zionist movement, which sought to establish an ethnic Jewish state as a homeland and refuge for the global Jewish community after thousands of years of violent persecution and anti-semitism. Zak believes it is “really important” to make a distinction between identifying as ‘Jewish’ and ‘Zionist’. “[There’s] this sort of narrative that conflates Judaism with Israelism, which makes it really difficult to talk about this sort of thing [...] because usually if you say you’re Jewish the automatic assumption is you support Israel, which for a lot of Jews is not the case at all.”

‘The Law of Return,’ passed by the Israeli Parliament in 1950, gives individuals with at least one Jewish grandparent around the world the right to relocate to Israel and acquire citizenship on the basis of connecting to their Jewish identity. However, Israel has been accused of ongoing colonialism through forcibly evicting Palestinians from their homes in the occupied territories in order to accommodate these new settlers (a practice UN experts have denounced as a “gross violation” of international law). Zak explains he doesn’t believe that “by virtue of being Jewish” he should be able to “[go] there, buy a house and have full rights as a citizen” while “a Palestinian [who was] forced to relocate effectively has no rights and is treated as a [second] class citizen.”

Zak is confident in his support of the Palestinian people, but admits criticism can become personal when family is involved. “When I posted [about the protests] on social media, I got some responses from close and distant family about it.” One of them was a cousin in New York, who told Zak, “You can’t say these things. That’s anti-semitic.” Zak says he engaged for a while in the attempt to understand his cousin’s point of view, but the conversation ended up not being useful for either of them. “He ended up pretty much completely disowning me,” Zak explains. “He was like ‘I don’t ever wanna be in the same space or room as you ever again. You’ve brought shame on our family,’ and obviously ‘the state of Israel’ for what it’s worth.”

Zak believes the way some Zionists speak about anti-semitism is more about protecting the Israeli Government than Jewish people. “A lot of Jews do make quite a clear distinction between anti-semitism and anti-Zionism [...] They’re often conflated as the same thing, which is entirely untrue,” Zak says. “It’s really harmful for the movement because it distracts from the real issue of Palestinian [people’s] suffering and de-legitimises a lot of valid critiques of the state of Israel. People can say ‘that’s anti-semitic,’ and suddenly you’re having to defend yourself on that point, when it’s not even close to that.”

The protest chant “from the river to the sea” has garnered criticism from Zionists, who claim the phrase (which features in Hamas’ charter) is an “anti-semitic” call for the destruction of Israel. Zak refutes this, saying that the protestor’s use of the phrase simply means “freedom for all living in the region, from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea, including Palestinians and Jews. Saying it’s anti-semitic is missing the point entirely.”

Despite Zak’s strong convictions, he admits generational trauma can make what’s happening in Gaza right now a tricky subject, explaining he’s had some “tough conversations” with his parents who, in light of what’s going on, have come to agree with Zak’s opinion that what’s going on is a genocide. “It’s history repeating itself on a twisted level,” he says.

While Zak believes Palestinians have been victims of ethnic cleansing for over 70 years (a position held by academics such as Israeli historian Ilan Pappé), he believes October 7th has moved “a slow genocide” into “a fast one.” “I have a really strong moral and political objection to the idea of using [the Holocaust] as justification [...] It doesn’t take away from the fact that, of course, the Holocaust was a huge atrocity. [But] you hear these words ‘never again!’ Well, for those words to actually mean something, we wouldn’t be having this atrocity [in Gaza] in the first place.”

The Jewish Council of New Zealand has expressed support for the state of Israel and rejects the notion that the Government’s actions amount to genocide and ethnic cleansing. In a radio interview, a Jewish Council spokesperson labelled the use of both terms as “anti-semitic,” arguing they are incorrect “as a matter of fact.”

Although Zak feels saddened that, in his opinion, “a lot of Jews are effectively putting themselves on the wrong side of history,” October 7th has also caused him to reconnect with his Jewish identity. “Through grief and trauma people come together. I have been connecting with alternative Jewish voices.”

Zak is now a member of the organisation Dayenu, a “large and rapidly growing” community of New Zealand Jews against occupation. Zak tells Critic Te Ārohi that he recently attended an inter-faith hui with local Palestinians. “The focus of the hui was whakawhanaungatanga (the process of establishing good relations) through sharing kai and making genuine personal connections across faith, culture, and ethnicity. The discussions and what’s come out of that has been really positive. [It’s been] a very, very small silver lining.”

## A SHARED HUMANITY

Otago Politics lecturer Dr Leon Goldsmith is an expert in Middle Eastern affairs. While he does not personally align himself with any movement, Leon tells Critic Te Ārohi he believes it is a “great thing” students like Zak are beginning to protest in support of Palestinians.

In Leon’s expert opinion, members of Netanyahu’s coalition are “undeniably racist” and have “genocidal intentions” in both the West Bank and Gaza. However, Leon says it is important to hold other actors he believes are complicit in the oppression of Palestinians accountable – not limited to the Iranian, Syrian, Jordanian and Egyptian government, all parties to the Abraham Accords, the American evangelical right and the British colonial empire.

While Leon could explain at length the ins and outs of every group’s interest (both historic and present) in the conflict, he emphasises their one commonality is having “nothing to do” with the interests of the Palestinian people caught between them. Leon tells Critic Te Ārohi that the story of Palestine is “in many ways, the ultimate tragedy.”

At university we are taught to be dispassionate analysts of world events, which is especially true for academics like Leon. But after visiting Southern Israel last July, the human impact of his area of study became far more personal for him.

Last year, Leon was invited to a conference at Tel Aviv University, admitting he was reluctant to attend. “I knew they were going to try and show a different side [to what I know],” he says, adding with laughter, “I don’t think they liked me very much by the end.” Although Leon says he met “many close-minded people,” he also met a “lot of open-minded people,” particularly at a kibbutz in Southern Israel, bordering the Gaza Strip.

“It’s not something I like to talk about much,” Leon says. “But I stayed for two weeks there [last July] to see their perspective.” To Leon’s surprise, many Israelis he encountered desired a one-state solution, which would see Palestinian and Israeli civilians living together, side by side under the same rights.

Having lived in Arab society for ten years himself, Leon was surprised to learn how much of their culture was the same: “They make falafel, we make falafel; they eat hummus, we eat hummus.” From the food, the music, and hospitality, Leon says the two populations “belong together.” Although the Israelis he met lived in fear of Hamas rockets, Leon observed “they had some sort of respect for the Palestinian situation [...] They hate Netanyahu. They want to do something, but they don’t know what. They feel powerless.”

One woman in particular, the lunch lady, reminded him of “an aunty” (an affectionate term in Arabic culture). “I was being a cheeky Kiwi, asking her how she made it so well, mentioning how good the lunch was,” says Leon. In turn, the lunch lady cooked an entire second round of food and sent it to his hut. She, along with other individuals Leon had met, were murdered three months later on October 7th by Hamas.



**THE STORY OF  
PALESTINE IS  
“IN MANY WAYS  
THE ULTIMATE  
TRAGEDY”**

"It's the definition of a tragedy. Unnecessary suffering," says Leon of the attack and mass death that's since followed. "How can humanity bring out the worst in itself like this? How do we end up doing this to ourselves? How does this all happen? It's complicated and it's awful."

"This stuff, it doesn't leave you. It's not like you go home and write an article for the NZ Herald and go about your life. It's hard to describe what it does to you. [It] destroys your spirit."

Leon urges everyone to keep the humanity at stake at the forefront of discussion, and not to conflate civilians with the regimes of their governing powers. "These people are human beings. They just want to live life in peace."

Rinad Tamimi echoes this sentiment, emphasising that as much as she cares about the lives of Palestinians, she also cares about the innocent Israeli civilians. "People think that we don't want the same peaceful life for everyone, but we do," she says. "No matter what happened in the background, no matter who started what [...] People deserve to live, deserve to have basic rights."

It's a strange tendency of the human psyche that the more overwhelming loss of human life becomes, the less it tends to be emotionally appreciated. As the saying goes, "One death is a tragedy, a million deaths is a statistic." But at the protests, organizers Rinad, Mai and Rula strive to put the human face of this "genocide" at the forefront. "We've always given the hint we're a humanitarian rally," says Rinad. "At this point I feel like, [I'm here] not because I'm Palestinian, but because I'm human."

In one heartfelt speech, Rinad drew attention to Hind Rajab, a five-year-old who begged for rescue as IDF tanks

closed in on a car filled with her dead relatives. The phone call went viral around the world. Rinad asked the crowd to keep Hind, who at that point had been missing for twelve days, in their thoughts and prayers. Later that same day, Rinad received the news that Hind's body had been found decomposing in the car. Nearby were the bodies of the medics who had attempted to rescue her.

Teary-eyed, Rinad recalls that night with quiet emotion. "She was murdered by the IDF [...] I was really upset, still am. Especially because I spoke about her that day. I felt a connection [to her]." Rinad herself has a three year old girl, who runs around cheerily with the other kids at the rallies in sheltered bliss. "When I look at my daughter in her eyes, I swear this world is so unfair."

Rinad admits that it is hard living under the weight of "survivor's guilt," relaying the climbing death toll every weekend to the Dunedin community. But while the rallies are a place of collective mourning, it is also a platform for empowerment and hope. Rinad says "despite everything" she is hopeful this "genocide" is going to end. "Maybe not as soon as we would hope, but it will end and we will rebuild [and] we will keep rebuilding. Palestine is not going anywhere."

Despite having fallen out with friends over differences in beliefs since October 7th, Rinad says she has "gained a new family" in local protestors. "At the end of the day, we're all hurting together. They've definitely helped us through this grief. I'm forever thankful. There's something different about people thinking the same as you do, about people supporting your own people. It's hard to explain, but it's just been so powerful and I'm forever grateful for the Dunedin community we've built."

**Associate professor Marcelo Rodriguez Ferrere belongs to this community of protestors, telling Critic Te Ārohi his "mind was blown" at the most recent rally, where he found himself amongst 200 other Dunedin citizens. "That [was] the 20th rally — in Dunedin! It's getting a level of support that I don't think I've ever seen before. This consistency every weekend being out there, telling stories, making voices heard. It's a bit of a phenomenon that's quite unlike anything else. It hasn't happened in New Zealand [...] since the Springbok tour." Ferrere believes students and local protestors, in conjunction with the wider movement, "[have] the power to make a change in a way other instances don't."**

**Of course, not everyone agrees. One student spoke to Critic Te Ārohi about his apathy towards the rallies. "I don't wanna be part of that movement [of] people who are interested in an issue because it's popular and then forget it at the next global incident." He dismissed the local protests as the latest trend to "add in their Instagram bios [...] the government is not going to listen."**

**But Rinad's mother, Mai Tamimi, who says she gets three hours of sleep at best each night due to distress over the death and destruction back home, shared the following anecdote to a crowd of supporters as "the only thing" that keeps her going:**

**During the Vietnam War, a man stood outside the White House for years every night holding a single candle in solitary protest. On a very rainy night, the man, a lifelong pacifist, was approached by a reporter who asked him, "Do you really think you are going to change the policies of this country by standing out here alone at night in front of the White House with a candle?" The man replied softly: "I don't do this to change the country. I do this so the country won't change me."**

#### **Notice from Dunedin for Justice in Palestine:**

The protests have paused during the month of Ramadan and will resume Saturday 13th April at 2pm. To keep up with the events of the organisation follow the group on Facebook 'Dunedin For Justice in Palestine', Instagram @dunedinforpalestine, and tune into Rinad's radio show The Watermelon Report Thursdays 8:30pm on OAR FM.



**Notice from Dr Leon Goldsmith:** My trusted Palestinian friend Dr Hani Al Basoos' parents, remaining brothers and their families are stuck in two tents in Gaza in a very exposed situation. It is beyond Hani's capacity to fund the evacuation of his family. If you want to take concrete action, helping this family would be something tangible and real. Even donating the price of a cheap box of RTDs - which you'd regret buying the morning after anyway! Here is the QR code to the GoFundMe.



**"I'M HERE NOT BECAUSE I'M PALESTINIAN, BUT BECAUSE I'M HUMAN"**

# TIME TO HIT THE CLUBS

JOIN A CLUB OR SOCIETY TODAY!  
OUSA Clubs & Socs- 84 Albany Street Dunedin

#COMEPLAYOUSA  
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

Clubs & Socs  
ousa

# TIME TO GET REG'D

SIGN-UP FOR THE RECREATION PROGRAMME TODAY!  
OUSA Clubs & Socs- 84 Albany Street Dunedin

#COMEPLAYOUSA  
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

Clubs & Socs  
ousa

# ROSIE ROACHÉ

Rosie Roaché is a talented visual artist with a show coming to Dunedin Fringe. After the success of last year's candid photography exhibition 'Flâneur', Rosie is back with an innovative personal project involving Pasifika culture. 'Brown Skin Girls' is a showcase of portraits that come to life – heartfelt photos of Rosie's Pacific muses performing cultural dances and songs, portrayed alongside their real-life counterparts in live performance. Critic Te Ārohi sat down with Rosie to talk about the Fringe show.

Rosie's show last year was "just" photography, and this year she wanted to step things up a notch. "I want it to be different. I want to set a challenge for myself," Rosie told us. This year the show involves the subjects of the photographs performing in front of their still portraits, reframing the voyeurism of exhibitions to include the power of live cultural art. Originally from Auckland, Rosie wanted to bring Brown performances to Dunedin theatre to "show them what us Polynesian girls can do." Dunedin was a culture shock for Rosie, and though isolating, she was able to get in touch with her roots. "I want to celebrate and immortalise Brown skin girls," Rosie enthused.

Rosie is also part of the theatre community in Ōtepoti, so she hopes to merge Polynesian culture with theatre. "They seem to be a little shy of each other and I want to change that," said Rosie, also adding that, "Polynesian culture can be quite theatrical, so I want each side to know they're not so different and we can bring them together." After applying for a Pasifika grant from Fringe, her show was so successful that people were clamouring to buy her art.

Rosie's next goal is to get into directing. "Photography is one of my passions but film directing is what I mainly want to do," she said. This has had a notable influence on her current works, and is "why with this exhibit I've incorporated more live features to have it feel more like a movie." Rosie is influenced by "a bit of everything", including the likes of Taika Waititi, Tim Burton, and Todd Phillips. "I'm always trying new things," said Rosie, "That's basically how I ended up in Fringe."

While taking the photos for 'Brown Skin Girls', Rosie chose quintessential Dunedin locations, which "was crazier than I assumed it would be. I made my girls dance in the water at St Clair. I did another shoot at the Railway Station and in front of a Regent Theatre sign and a third one at Signal Hill." Her choice of location was deliberate and meaningful, offering, for example, that "the reason for the one in front of the Regent was calling it back to Fringe and the theatre scene."

Rosie spent a lot of time in her life performing, which helped inspire her art. As a kid, she would sing and dance for her church. She later participated in Polyfest as a photographer, as well as performing in hip-hop dance competitions, showcases, and theatre productions. "Auckland is so diverse, so I was surrounded by Pacific culture all the time," she said, adding, "Being in Dunedin where it is a lot less diverse in comparison to Auckland really made me appreciate it more, which is why I want to show Dunedin my culture."

**'Brown Skin Girls' will be hosted at the Dunedin School of Art from the 18th to 22nd of March, with a closing performance event on the 22nd at 5pm. You can follow Rosie @roache\_rosie on Instagram.**



By Jordan Irvine

# ChatGOTH

**CHATGPT COULD NEVER. SEND ALL YOUR WOES AND WORRIES ABOUT FOES TO CHATGOTH@CRITIC.CO.NZ FOR TOTALLY REAL AND LEGIT ADVICE.**

Hey ChatGOTH!  
I need advice. I've graduated from just being a bit bicurious to deciding that I'm definitely interested in dating other girls. Exciting, but also very scary! How do I go about doing that here? There are gay girls in Dunedin, right? Is it okay that I'm not experienced at all? I'm thinking of putting together a dating profile on Tinder or something, but I don't know how to write one aimed at girls. Can you give me a hand? I'm an Ecology student and my hobbies include horse riding (I'm so sorry, I'm a Horsegirl™) and gardening, if that helps. I've also had lots of secret crushes on alty girls but I don't know how I'd talk to them online, let alone irl. Please save me!  
Sincerely,  
Baby Gay

Hi Gayby – may I call you Gayby?  
Dunedin is much queerer than you'd think, and it's Pride Month to (platform) boot so this is great timing for your self discovery! I'm also alt, though more like ALT text as I am ChatGOTH and not a real person, but I can still help.

Being an Ecology student is a pretty good start, tbh. Make sure you go to your lectures and labs, because you'll be bound to meet lots of queer people. There's no one way to "look" queer, but as you start to attune your gaydar you'll catch a lot of undercuts and finger stick-and-pokes. You can wear pride pins if you \*really\* want to gay signal boost, but just the occasional mention of wanting to go to a pride event or referencing a gay meme can let others know you're queer. This isn't to tell you to graft during class (unless you're in a Botany lab), but it's great to have queer friends in general.

Join UniQ (Otago's resident queer group) if you haven't already. Queer events are really popping off atm so it's good to keep an eye out. Woof! runs banger gay club nights, though this month's is already sold out, and Yours runs regular drag shows that are an absolute must.

Meeting girls online can be a bit trickier. You can give Tinder a shot, but Bumble and Hinge are a lot better for queer matches. Get in the habit of messaging them as soon as you match though, so you don't fall into the "will they, won't they" chasm of accidentally ghosting each other. You don't need pickup lines or anything fancy – just tell them what you like about their profile or mention a common interest and go from there. Gays love hobbies and niche passions! Maybe leave out the horse girl stuff though. Not judging, I've just been burned before.

Your eternal flame, ChatGOTH

Students receive 2-for-1 entry into the Tūhura Tropical Forest



# INTRODUCING YOUR FINANCE REP



Hey there, party animals! Abby in the house, your finance-savvy sidekick and strategic mastermind on the OUSA 2024 Exec team. I may be behind the scenes, but consider this my grand entrance. My version of the finance world's red carpet moment, if you will.

Let's peel back the layers of this finance aficionado, shall we? Third-year psych student by day, budget-busting superhero by night. Dislikes? Slow walkers (seriously, pick up the pace, folks), invoices (but hey, who doesn't love a good accounting puzzle), and don't get me started on overpriced trash bags – \$22 for rubbish containment? It's enough to make anyone's wallet weep.

But fear not, for there's light at the end of this financial tunnel! I'm all about that sweet, sweet sound of fiscal

success, pint nights with the gang, and snuggling up with my beloved Jellycats.

In all seriousness (well, mostly), I'm here for YOU, dear student body. This year's exec team is all about engagement, feedback, and tackling problems head-on. Got a concern? An idea? Or just want to chat about the latest budget shenanigans? Slide into my DMs or pop by our oversized, envy-inducing green office – whatever works for you!

**Side note: I have loved chatting to freshers drunk at O week, might be the first exec to say this but please continue to do so, just don't drop your drink on me.**

**Abby Clayton**

<p><b>AQUARIUS</b></p> <p>Aquababes, you are levelling up and recognising your worth. Financially you're doing amazing, finally curbing that wee spending habit. Stay focused and remember, just because it's on sale, that doesn't mean you're losing money if you don't buy it.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Choccy sundae</p>	<p><b>PISCES</b></p> <p>With Pisces season coming to a close and the sun moving into your sign, prioritise self-care and wellness. Sometimes this comes in the form of an everything shower and sometimes in the form of ghosting people. Trust your psychic intuition to help get rid of the bitches in your life.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> A big bowl of Ooco Pops</p>
<p><b>ARIES</b></p> <p>Midweek is all about you (yasss), as Venus enters your sign and you become the hottest bitch on the block. But before impulsively hooking up with them at pint night, remember that everyone becomes the flavour of the month at least once a year, you can definitely do better than that sweaty beezy/breatha.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Jam on toast</p>	<p><b>TAURUS</b></p> <p>Taurus, life's been a little rough but this week will bring a lot of clarity. Talking about how you're feeling is a great tool to stop crying every night, but watch out for people twisting your need for validation to meet their own needs. Be patient with those around you, the struggle is real but you'll get there in the end.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Rocky road</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b></p> <p>This week you are a social butterfly, Venus and Uranus are rubbing the right way, and your calendar is full. Just remember cancelling on your friends again hurts their feelings too. Embrace spontaneity, you're only a carefree, debt-riddled student once.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Fruit salad (yummy yummy)</p>	<p><b>CANCER</b></p> <p>This week, Mars is in your career sector. LinkedIn is already your favourite form of social media and this week comes with many more connections. Maybe spice up your profile with an update about your summer job stacking shelves at PaknSave and the resilience it taught you.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Iced coffee with cream</p>
<p><b>LEO</b></p> <p>This week there are new things to do and new friends to make. Don't let jealous flatties hold you back; make new memories! But be wary of people luring you into pyramid schemes. While you're truly an independent creature, ask your mum before starting a new business venture.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Sipping milk straight from the bottle</p>	<p><b>VIRGO</b></p> <p>As Venus enters your relationship sector, those closest to you become the centre of your universe. While you aren't afraid to share what's on your mind (you're a cunt), this week work on staying open-minded (less cunt) and non-judgemental of (everyone's) opinions around you.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Frozen Coke</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b></p> <p>Watching day-in-the-life videos religiously doesn't make up for the 11am wakeups. Try going to class and cooking yourself a meal that isn't Up &amp; Go and 2-minute noodles. Sometimes leaving your room is beneficial.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> A slither of Bavarian pie</p>	<p><b>SCORPIO</b></p> <p>You're feeling bored and pent up. It's time to spice up your life, make a new playlist, and rearrange your room. It's a good way to indulge your artistic self without falling into the trap of bangs or purple box dye. It didn't look good in 2019, it won't look good now.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> Burnt microwave mug cake</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b></p> <p>This week you are the peacemaker in your living situation, whether that is defusing the ticking time bomb that is your friend group or making sure to put the dishwasher on at night. You're the glue holding everyone around you together. Thanks mum.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> A Calipo</p>	<p><b>CAPRICORN</b></p> <p>This week you're a fountain of knowledge, and those around you are sick of the fucking shit facts you're spouting. Hold your tongue so everyone doesn't roll their eyes when you open your mouth. Impress one of your geriatric lecturers with some facts about the Battle of Normandy instead of your peers.</p> <p><b>Sweet treat of the week:</b> A cone</p>

## RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

<p><b>WEDNESDAY</b> 20 MARCH</p> <p><b>PEACE FOR PALESTINE FUNDRAISING CONCERT</b> ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS Featuring Vienna Carroll, Paul S. Allen, Bella Bloomfield, and the Dee Street Band. 7pm. \$10 waged / \$5 unwaged with proceeds going to the Al-Ahli Hospital in Gaza.</p>	<p><b>THURSDAY</b> 21 MARCH</p> <p><b>THURSDAY JAMS</b> ERRICK'S 6pm. Free entry.</p>
<p><b>FRIDAY</b> 22 MARCH</p> <p><b>SPECTACLE PRESENTS: EXTEND</b> 10 CARROLL STREET Featuring Crime Hospital, Strange Stains, and visuals by Dylan Pringle. Tickets from <a href="http://dunedinfringe.nz">dunedinfringe.nz</a>. 6pm. All ages.</p>	<p><b>SATURDAY</b> 23 MARCH</p> <p><b>CAPTAIN FESTUS MCBOWLE'S TRAVELLIN' VARIETY SHOW</b> THE PLAYHOUSE THEATRE Tickets from <a href="http://dunedinfringe.nz">dunedinfringe.nz</a>. 11am and 1pm.</p> <p><b>SPECTACLE PRESENTS: EXTEND</b> 10 CARROLL STREET Featuring This Software is Shareware, Murdabike, and visuals by Joel Field. Tickets from <a href="http://dunedinfringe.nz">dunedinfringe.nz</a>. 6pm. All ages.</p>
<p><b>SUNDAY</b> 24 MARCH</p> <p><b>WOOF!™ 2: THE SECOND COMING</b> WOOF! Featuring drag performances and DJ Tina Turntables. Tickets available from <a href="http://Woof!">Woof!</a>. 8pm.</p>	<p><b>CAPTAIN FESTUS MCBOWLE'S TRAVELLIN' VARIETY SHOW</b> THE PLAYHOUSE THEATRE Tickets from <a href="http://dunedinfringe.nz">dunedinfringe.nz</a>. 11am and 1pm.</p>

MI GORENG GRADUATE  
By Ruby Hudson

Makes: 8 burger patties

Time: 30 mins

Price: \$\$\$

Difficulty: 2.5/5

Celebrity look-alike: Krabby Patty



The fast food industry has a monopoly on all things burgers. But this week, my fellow students, we say no more! No more soggy lettuce! No more suspicious meat! For a few days we can pause our allegiance to the McCorporate machine and fuel our flatmates with a scrumptious and nutritious homemade beef burger. While the yumminess of this recipe is reason alone to give these a crack, the ease and affordability makes burgers a must for this week's flat menu.

### INGREDIENTS:

- 500g Beef Mince
- 1 medium onion (grated)
- 2 finely chopped garlic cloves
- ½ cup breadcrumbs
- ½ cup milk
- 1 egg
- ½ cup parsley (finely chopped)
- 1 Tbsp tomato sauce
- 2 tsp dijon mustard
- Vegetable oil
- Pepper
- Salt

I suggest foraging around some local public gardens as there is free parsley everywhere if you know where to look! The train station or poly tech herb garden are good spots

you can use any type of mustard you've got handy

### INSTRUCTIONS:

**Step 1.** Put your breadcrumbs and milk into a cup to soak.

**Step 2.** While the breadcrumbs soak, prepare the rest of your ingredients. Grate the onion, and chop parsley and garlic.

**Step 3.** Preheat your pan with 2 tablespoons of oil on medium heat.

**Step 4.** In a large bowl combine your minced beef, grated onion, egg, garlic, parsley, tomato sauce, dijon mustard, soaked breadcrumbs, and a generous amount of salt and pepper. Get those hands in there to mix everything thoroughly!

**Step 5.** Once combined, split the mixture into 8 sections and shape into patties.

**Step 6.** Place your burger patties into the pan and cook for around 8 minutes on each side (or until the patty is cooked through and not sticking to the pan, moving around freely).

**Step 7.** Serve in a burger bun with toppings of your choice! I'd recommend ciabatta rolls with a decent amount of salad and condiments, served with homemade fries.

Trust me bro. Gonna make your burgers so juicy

BOOZE REVIEWS  
BY CHUNNY BILL SWILLIAMS

# 818 TEQUILA BLANCO

What's better: *Keeping Up With The Kardashians* on a cold Friday or 818 Tequila on a Tuesday night and keeping up with a developing alcohol addiction?

Kendall Jenner's 818 Tequila has landed in Aotearoa, and we couldn't be happier – finally, I can reach my dream physique of a supermodel and end wars with a Pepsi. However, getting my mitts on some 818 was probably in the top eight biggest mistakes. This shit put me to bed like Kim's sex tape. I did not expect Kendall to be such a pisshead, but my god – I had one of the biggest nights of my life. I just about needed a Momager the next day.

Firstly, the fruity sweet taste of 818 makes this tequila somewhat bearable, with a more ticklish honey/caramel aftertaste than others. I would

expect nothing less than high quality tequila from everyone's fav socialist working class citizen, Kendall Jenner. That sweet Barry B Benson honey and floral sweetness of 818 made me wanna go fly a private jet for a five minute commute (new Neuron, maybe?). Ironic, because at a certain point of the night it ended up tasting like a mixture of avgas from an Airbus A380 and backwash. And after a couple more swigs that sweet Rob Roy vanilla taste wears off and it tastes like the hand sanitiser at Central Library. Not that I'd know.

The overly sanitised dentist waiting room taste really fucking lingers (similar to last week's Henny) and pretty much ruined every drink I touched that wasn't Kendall's. This resulted in me being a pussy and using a chaser. A sparkling water chaser did help with the awful taste, but definitely did not help the hangover. On the back of the bottle Kendall enlightens us on how perfectly crafted the tequila is for "warm days"; I bet she didn't expect it to be blackout drunk in cold Dunedin. While I do see the appeal of drinking 818 on a warm summer beach day, it was worth suffering the jet fuel taste just to flex by telling everyone Kendall had sent it to me personally (we went to school together xx).

Retailing at \$130 at your local liquor store, 818 is fucking steep. Sorry, but you could buy SO many boxes of Purple Gs instead. We couldn't find 818 in Dunedin so smuggling it from C-City was the next best option (surprised Christchurch has 818 of anything tbh). The purchase set us back both morally and financially, leading to us burying our tears with honey flavoured tequila. The tears help open it up, honestly. While filled with regret originally, this was lessened by knowing we were supporting an underfunded, underprivileged Kendall Jenner who needs about half of my weekly Studylink money, apparently. As the night concluded, 818 Tequila tucked me into bed with a soft "goodnight" and a hard criticism of my life choices. 818 is my honey-caramel-flavoured Kris Jenner, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

**TASTING NOTES:** Yummy spicy honeycomb ice cream

**CHUGABILITY:** It will come back up. If you want a Kendall bod, go for it ig

**PAIRS WELL WITH:** The Communist Manifesto and an Otago Nuggets season pass

Barista made organic & fair trade

Coffee

SUBWAY

\$4<sup>00</sup>

All sizes

SML

REG

LGE





# Moaningful Confessions

## KISS'N BOOB

I'm sure a lot of Dunedin's Sapphics can relate. The situation here is fucking dire. The streets of Dunners appear to be void of any queer woman, as do the confessions here. So, I thought I'd contribute a story of my own for your lady-on-lady reading pleasure.

Let me set the scene: Auckland, the summer break between my second and third year. I had come up to spend New Year's with a uni mate and, low and behold, I was introduced to her best friend from high school. I had previously been informed that this friend was bisexual and upon meeting, the sexy sapphic sparks flew (the power of a Hallensteins button-up). One thing led to another and I was invited back to her place. After spending \$45 on an Uber to traverse the suburbs of Auckland (my equivalent of that one lesbian that sailed from Russia to Canada) we arrived. Standing in her driveway I am informed of two things: one, she has never been with a girl before and two, we can't go inside her house because her mum is a light sleeper. She then points to where our tryst must take place; HER orange Nissan

Cube. Less than ideal and slightly reminiscent of my Nana (also less than ideal).

Queers, let me tell you, despite the cir(cum)stances, I was not going to let the side down. As a proud service top, I was going to make this work. Clambering into the back seats I put Hayley Kiyoko on shuffle and represented our side well. A couple of hours go by, and the Cube was looking like it belonged on the Titanic's lower decks just before it sank (ironic considering the diving that had just taken place). After being informed that I was better than any man (is the Pope Catholic?), I bid my lady lover adieu and swaggered off into the night, catching ANOTHER \$45 Uber home.

I have to say, despite appearances, the Cube was a fantastic car to fuck in. It was the automotive equivalent of that quiet person in class that's actually a freak. A sexy TARDIS it was roomy enough on the inside to fully explore the limits of car sex, whilst appearing virginal on the outside. Cannot recommend them enough. Move over Subaru, the Nissan Cube reigns supreme in this Sapphic's mind.

# SHOULD THE VICE CHANCELLOR'S SALARY BE REMOVED?

# DEBATABLE

## AGAINST

It might be nice to stand on principles and, at a time when our university is financially struggling, it might be tempting to begin the cost-cutting at the top. But removing the salary of our Vice Chancellor is at best pointless and at worst actively harmful to the University going forward.

Getting the obvious out of the way, the removal of a salary is actively harmful to those who are coming from a poorer background, acting as a barrier to entry and therefore ensuring that the next Vice Chancellor is someone who has existing wealth and who is likely from a privileged background. Removing the salary would reinforce the existing financial barriers that exist in academia and ensure that future Vice Chancellors are less likely to be representative of the population who they are meant to serve.

The role of Vice Chancellor is exceptionally stressful, especially considering the current state of our university. What sort of candidates are going to take up such a role without being compensated for it? We are likely to see highly skilled and qualified candidates simply opt out, and what's to stop another university from swooping in offering a shit load of cash and a cushy job at a different university?

Removing the salary of a Vice Chancellor, we'd not only be turning any future Vice Chancellor into a benign fungus who is unlikely to achieve any of the real change necessary to keep Otago thriving; we'd also create a position that is only accessible to the wealthy and privileged ensuring that marginalised groups continue to be excluded from positions of authority. There are better ways to go about selecting a Vice Chancellor, sure. Maybe the selection process should be more transparent, and it goes without saying that the salary could definitely be lower, but as per usual the solution to our woes does not lie in poorly thought out radical change.

## FOR

With the fucked-up state of academic institutions across the world in a neoliberal system where the Uni is run like a business, the relationship between the Vice Chancellor and the student body has degraded. How do we fix this? Simply remove the salary of the Vice Chancellor. Make it a labour of love, not of profit.

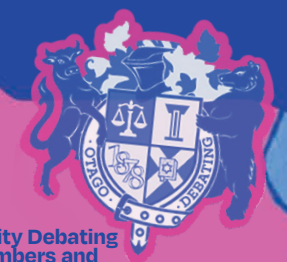
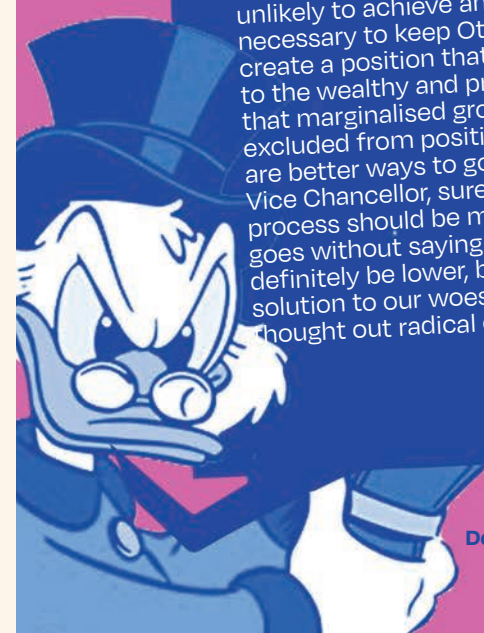
The obvious pitfall of making the Vice Chancellor a voluntary position is the inevitable exclusion of people who are not financially able, thus leaving the remaining majority stale, pale, and (for the most part) male. What we hopefully gain in return for this fundamentally increased potential to be an out-of-touch Suit is a revitalised spirit to take up the position for the sake of the next generation of Otago breathas.

But volunteers are still subject to fault, still subject to motivations outside of what's best for

today's uni pest, and subject to Otago's mysterious selection process. If we were to defund the position for the sake of purifying intentions and renewing dedication (all that groovy shit), these roles should then be selected by the very people the candidates are giving up pay for. A student-run election makes us all a little less resentful and likely manages the diversity problem better than Otago has for over a even decades (and the student body is NEVER wrong).



**HAVE SOMETHING JUICY TO TELL US? SEND YOUR SALACIOUS STORIES TO MOANINGFUL@CRITIC.CO.NZ. SUBMISSIONS REMAIN ANONYMOUS.**



Debatable is a column written by the Otago University Debating Society. The Debating Society welcomes new members and meets at the Business School every Tuesday at 6pm.

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# HOW TO FIX A SCRATCHY WOOLEN JUMPER OR FLANNEL

Yeah, it's still too warm for flannels but that just means that they're dirt cheap at op shops. Wool (as in fibre grown from sheep or similar, not just any kind of yarn) is a natural material that keeps you warm and dries quickly when it's wet. It can also be scratchier than a long-nailed lay. Here's how to fix it for cheap:

1. Check that your garment is wool. Have a look at the tag – synthetic fibres can feel a bit like wool, but they have completely different care instructions (e.g. you can use fabric softener on acrylic/polyester for great results, but these seldom work on wool).
2. (Optional) Use a lint brush to comb off any scratchy fluff.
3. Wash the garment in cold water if it needs a wash, or if you just bought it. Don't wanna seal in all that muck. Follow washing instructions on the tag. If you can't be fucked hand washing, use a very gentle washing machine cycle with cold water.
4. Bust out the hair conditioner. It seems a bit weird but when you think about it, wool is just sheep hair. Products made for hair work on hair. If you're too good to use your own (or your flatmate's) any cheap conditioner will do – the less fragranced and bougie, the better. If your garment is delicate, try a conditioner made for children or little bitches.
5. Fill a bucket or sink with a bit of cold water and add a generous dollop of conditioner, at least twice what you'd use on yourself. Mix the conditioner in and then add your garment.
6. Submerge the wool garment, making sure it is fully saturated, and then leave to soak for at least 10 minutes. Double or triple this time if it's really itchy.

7. Give it a quick rinse in cold water. Gently squeeze out as much water as you can.
8. Put a towel on the floor and lay your damp garment on top of it. Try and do this carefully – make sure it's flat and not bunched up weird or it may dry misshapen.
9. Roll the garment up in the towel like sushi. Step on it. No, seriously – apply pressure to squeeze out excess water.
10. Unroll, gently caress (it's so soft now!) then lay the garment out flat to finish drying.



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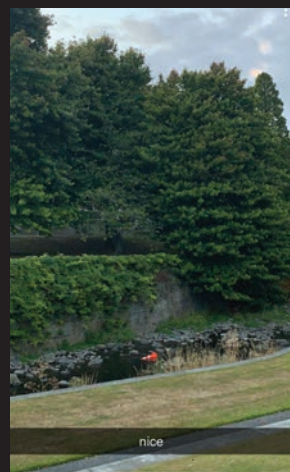
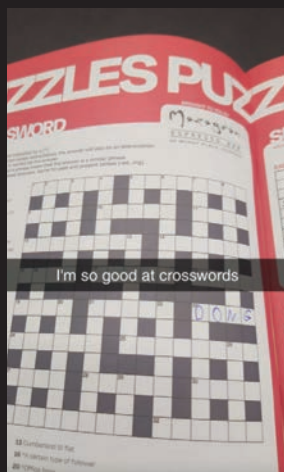
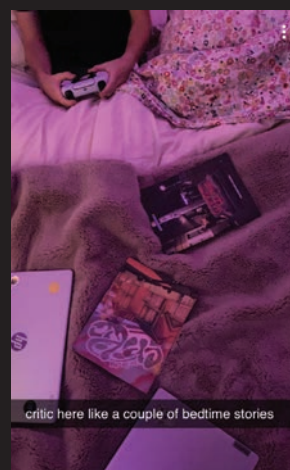
**MOANA POOL**  
A DEPARTMENT OF THE DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL

# SNAP OF THE WEEK



SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEKS WINS AN OUSA CLUBS & SOCS SAUNA VOUCHER

SNAP OF THE WEEK  
CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



We were asked to "create a COOL advertorial for the Critic (student) mag that needs to be Student-ified."

So we asked ChatGPT for help...



Hey Bestie,

FYI, the

student area has this weekly kerbside sitch

YOUR TRASH ONLY VIBES WITH OUR OFFICIAL DCC BLACK BAGS. GRAB MORE FROM DCC, OUSA, OPSA, OR HIT UP THE SUPERMARKET SCENE.

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that slaps.



glass, mixed recycling



and trash all

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DCC x

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