

 **CRITIC** TE AROHI
GEOGRAPHIC



ISSUE 11 VOL. 95

SCARFIES **IN THE** **WILD**



LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK:

Dear Editor,

So COVID-19 lighted the importance of public health. We all saw what staying at home did and how effective it was. Takeaway. If you're sick STAY THE FUCK HOME. Then why exactly is it still such admin if you're sick and shouldn't attend class. I have a cold at the moment. I don't need a doctor's certificate or anything stronger than over the counter medicine. In a week I'll be fine. But I also have terms for my papers to reach, and if I don't go to class, I'll be punished for this. The only way to not have this count against me is if I have a doctor's certificate. Seriously, why does being sick with a cold require so much admin to not get punished for? I will be fine, I just need to stay home, and rest up, and also not get anyone else sick.

Why does that need a doctor's note? Shouldn't we be encouraging sick people to stay home?

(Not) Ashley Bloomfield

Dear Critic,

Petition to get my best gay Paradise Shelducks as the new mascot of the Uni. They are the gooddest boiis and we stan gay marriage

Resident gay ornithologist

Imagine doing a 12 hour delivery shift to... You know, pay the bills. Rock up to your flat at 10pm, dead tired and low and behold you can't find a single parking spot, not just in front of your flat but on your entire

street, there isn't one singular vacant park. That's what happened to me last night, no biggie right? Right, until I woke up at 9am ready for another bustling day of lectures and deliveries only to find that some bored traffic officer decided to ticket you at 7am for parking in those weird triangle things that "aren't technically vacant car parks" - what are we as students with cars suppose to do when every single park is filled? RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY FREAKIN' OWN FLAT! Go and park a 30 min walk away from home? Go and park at one of the paid meters knowing that there still isn't going to be a vacant park the next day? When we struggle to make ends meet the council isn't helping much. And I'm pretty sure some other traffic officer will come around and decide to tow my car, because I still haven't moved it, because WHERE can I move it to? It's 11:50am and there still aren't any available car parks. But what does the council love to do without hesitation? Ticket a poor student and probably install paid meters right in front of our flats because why the fuck not. I'm so tired of being fucked over by the council for owning a car and trying to make a living.

I'm writing to draw attention to a piece of reporting from the ODT that is, frankly, misogynistic and disgusting. The article was titled "'Traumatic and humiliating' attack on ex-girlfriend may end athlete's career". This title was changed to "Attack was 'degrading, humiliating'" after the paper received complaints. If you have read the article you will know that it is a piece that spends 4 paragraphs discussing the sporting achievements of the perpetrator of a violent attack, before even getting to his crimes.

This article is perpetuating the wider NZ culture of excusing men for domestic/sexual abuse because of their promising career prospects. It's subtly blaming the victim for the wreckage of this man's career, when the only one to blame should be the man who carried out the attack.

As someone who has experienced domestic sexual violence, this article really rubbed me up the wrong way. I did not report my attacker for a year and a half, because I didn't want to ruin his future, or make people hate him. My lived experience proves that this culture is working, and doing it's job to protect violent people who don't deserve protection.

Personally, I would rather watch domestic abusers be held to account for their crimes, than watch them play rugby on a national level. I don't really give a fuck that he is good at sports; he's also good at abusing women.

The reporting rates for sexual assault in New Zealand are approximately 6%, and the reporting rates for domestic violence are less than 23%. Media coverage like this article are largely to blame for these statistics.

The culture of silence in New Zealand is something that needs to change, and a shift in the media narrative of these kinds of events is a great place to start. I hope the ODT can recognise that they have made a mistake, and need to change their reporting in order to make positive change in the community. I hope Critic can uphold its role of holding the reporter and the paper to account for their mistakes.

Regards

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WEDNESDAY
22 JULY

Octagon Poetry Collective Open Mic

Night

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

8PM / FREE ENTRY

Feat. poets David Howard and Rushi Vyas
with MC Jasmine Taylor.

THURSDAY
23 JULY

Open Mic and Karaoke w/ Jae Bedford

XYZ BAR

6:30PM

Katharticus

ZANZIBAR

9PM

Fre3dom

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

7PM

With Mads Harrop.

FRIDAY
24 JULY

Reggae Vibes

THE CROWN HOTEL

9PM

Oscar LaDell - 'Gone Away' Album Release

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

8PM / \$20

Feat. Hoot, Rollercoaster, and Jo Little and
Jared Smith.

SATURDAY
25 JULY

Nick Knox

ADJØ

6PM / KOHA ENTRY

Transcendence

XYZ BAR

9PM / FREE ENTRY

Feat. Ashwynz, Mutana, and Quine.

BO and the Constrictors

DOG WITH TWO TAILS

6:30PM

Feat. Coin Laundry, The Prizillas, and Lara
Rose.

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SUNDAY
26 JULY

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INCH BAR

4PM



EDITORIAL: Sims 4 Eco Lifestyle has made me a Better Person

By Sinead Gill

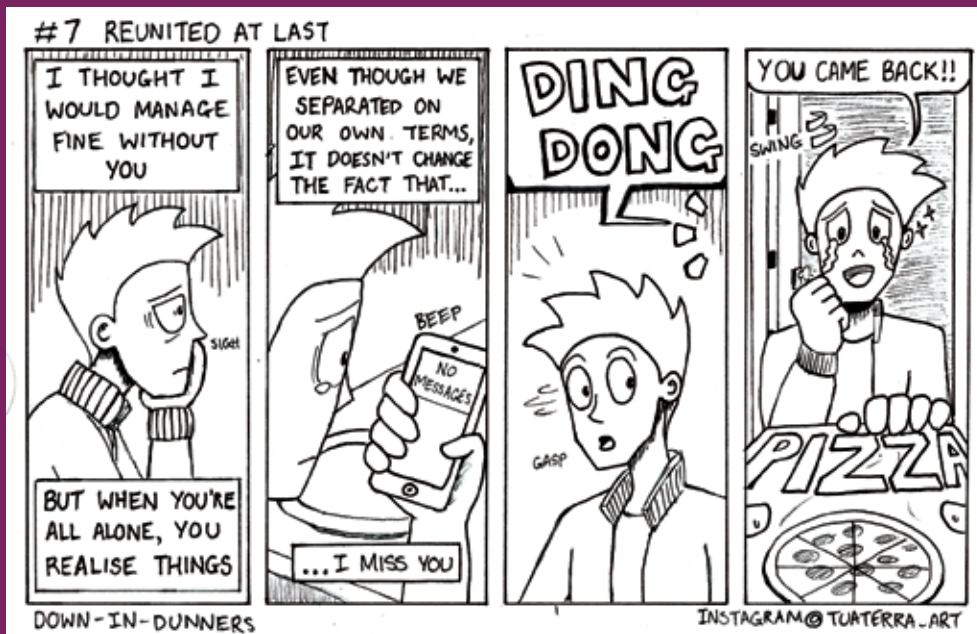
You are completely within your right to judge me for this, but I am not the SJW you might think I am. I have normie flaws. I don't put cardboard in the compost bin when I compost. I forget my New World shopping bags every single time I go to the store. I'm really bad for throwing dirty containers out to avoid cleaning them. Real piece of shit stuff. That changed when I bought the most recent Sims 4 expansion pack, Eco Lifestyle.

Eco Lifestyle has changed my Sims gaming experience in a way I never thought it would. Every household I make will eventually slap on a bunch of solar panels on the roof and plonk water collectors in the yard - and not before buying a recycler, which Sims can yeet their useless collectables, trash, and excess plantstuffs into in exchange for wonderful 'bits n' pieces' and compost stuffs. I purposely buy my sims the teeniest of rubbish bins specifically so I am forced to 'rummage' it more often. I add a washing bucket to the lot to force my sims to generate laundry that I never intend on cleaning, just

to throw into the recycler. I am filled with so much joy when I see the pop up of a lil' wrench and banana peel on the bottom left corner of my screen, accompanied with some arbitrary number. I don't even fucks with the Fabricator Machine in order to turn those bits n' pieces into furniture. I just find satisfaction in a rummage well done.

Sims 4 Eco Lifestyle makes me sort my rubbish properly, now, IRL. Like not half-assed properly, but straight up properly. I'm collecting cardboard for the compost bin. I'm using used tea bags for homemade facemasks. I'm trying to be that bitch.

Thank you, Electronic Arts. You may be evil and your packs might often be underwhelming and not worth the money, and I may suggest any would-be Simmers with empty pockets to Google FitGirl Repacks Sims 4 I mean haha what? But I gotta thank you for this one. You did good. You have made the world a better place x



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CRITIC

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Former Clubs and Socs Representative Accuses OUSA President of “Blatant Lie”

It's all about the he-said he-said bullshit

By Sinead Gill

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

After saying he resigned for personal reasons, Josh Smythe has now alleged that OUSA President Jack Manning gave him an ultimatum in a private meeting.

According to Josh, he wanted to stay on as the Clubs and Societies Representative, but was told: “The only option is if you take a six week pay cut.” Jack denies that. The only other person in the room, association secretary Donna Jones, also denies that a pay cut was discussed.

“[N]o discussion or mention of a six week pay cut was ever had,” President Jack and Administrative Vice President Georgia Mischefski-Gray’s statement said. “Josh and Jack had a discussion about his second quarter report and in this meeting, Josh decided to resign.”

When given their response, Josh said: “Well, that’s a blatant lie.”

“He told me [about the pay cut] to my face. We talked about it, we had a good five minute discussion ... the fact that they’re suddenly denying it makes me wonder if they realised they didn’t have the grounds to do it.”

“The thing is I could have fought them on [the six week pay cut], I could have taken them all to SGM, but I thought that with all the disruption

we’ve had and the good work they are doing, I don’t want to disrupt that,” Josh said. Taking an Execie to an SGM (Special General Meeting) means trying to get them removed from their positions through a student vote, but Josh did not specify whether that is what he meant.

Josh named Donna Jones as the only other person in the room when this was said. Donna said that “Jack didn’t mention [a pay cut] in the meeting we had with Josh on the day he resigned”.

“Maybe they just want to be rid of me, can’t think of any other reason why she would say so”, Josh said when told of Donna’s comment.

“I guess it’s [Jack’s] word against mine.”

Any possible pay cut would have been in reference to Josh’s lacklustre second quarterly report. Josh did not work his required ten hours a week over lockdown. “I probably got twenty hours over the whole eight weeks,” he said. “So I messaged Jack and the Exec and I said you know when I come back, I’ll put in double hours for eight weeks... and they seemed to be okay with that.”

In his second quarterly report and to Critic, Josh claimed that he had fewer opportunities to operate online over lockdown compared to his

other Execies. That claim was rejected by his peers. Jack and Georgia said that “all recreation and clubs/societies went online” and were not only “still fully operational” but “had work to be done in this space”.

“We also had a significant amount of general [e]xecutive work and an [e]xecutive campaign which everyone could work on and contribute to,” their statement continued. “Therefore it is unfair to claim some roles had more work available than others.”

“Every week I’d message [members of the Exec as well as Clubs and Socs staff] and say please give me something, is there anything I can work with you on,” Josh said. Staff at the OUSA Clubs and Societies building, including the Recreation Manager, Clubs Development Officer, and Recreation Programme Coordinator, “take a lot of my role away from me,” he said. “I’ve had all of these ideas that no one knows is me ... because I’m not allowed to do it,” he said. He said that over lockdown, these staff members also needed to make up their hours, leaving him with little to do.

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CONTENT WARNING: Sexual violence.

Smith “Taking A Step Back” After Complaint of Alleged Sexual Violence

By Sinead Gill & Erin Gourley
Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Former OUSA Clubs and Societies Representative, Josh Smith (a.k.a. Josh Smythe), was accused of sexual violence by a student in 2019. At the time, OUSA was informed of the complaint, and OUSA “understands” that a police statement was made.

“A senior member of staff was personally made aware of an allegation of sexual misconduct last year via a third party,” said a spokesperson for OUSA. OUSA’s process for dealing with sexual violence complaints is to refer survivors to Student Support and Te Whare Tāwharau. To remove an Executive Officer from OUSA requires a motion of no confidence to be supported by students; OUSA could not remove Smith from the Executive on the basis of an allegation.

The then-student who made the complaint in 2019 approached Critic with her complaint. She confirmed to Critic that she made a statement to the police.

During an interview with Critic on 15 July, Smith was asked about the allegation of sexual violence against him. He claimed to have no memory of any instances of sexual violence, and did not admit guilt. “There have been occasions, especially in the early days, where I don’t remember nights or instances and I’ve been told that I was too drunk or too fucked up,” he said. “But I’ve taken steps to reduce my alcohol intake... I had no idea.”

“I’m going to be taking a step back from my activities,” he said, “I’ve got a lot of stuff to work on.”

The morning after the interview, on 16 July, Smith emailed a statement to Critic with the subject line “Statement regarding me being the topic of complaints”. He posted the same statement to his Facebook page.

He said that he did not remember the alleged incidents, that he has “struggled with alcohol for most of my life... however this is no excuse for my actions.” He said he plans to “exclude all substances from my life” and “withdraw from pretty much all social and cultural activities”.

“Late yesterday afternoon I was made aware that I am the subject of some of the complaints of sexual assault and misconduct in our community,” he wrote in an email to Critic and a later-deleted Facebook status. The statement concluded with the line: “I apologise profusely to those I have harmed, and those whose trust I have broken.”

“Never in my right mind would I ever bring this type of pain into anyone’s life, and it breaks my heart a thousand times over that I have done so,” he wrote. He said that he did not remember the alleged incidents, that he has “struggled with alcohol for most of my life... however this is no excuse for my actions.” He said he plans to “exclude all substances from my life” and “withdraw from pretty much all social and cultural activities”.

“Due to the legal process which allegations must go through, OUSA cannot force Executive

members to distance themselves [from the student community] unless the allegations are proven,” said the OUSA spokesperson. “Currently the only method of removing an Executive officer is through a motion of no confidence which must be held at a Student General Meeting.”

Te Whare Tāwharau Director, Associate Professor Melanie Beres could not confirm whether Smith was known to Te Whare Tāwharau as an alleged perpetrator. “We continue to work with our communities to make the campus a place where all students can thrive,” she said.

However, “[t]he mandate of Te Whare Tāwharau is to support University of Otago students ... If we are approached by others who are not students we will do what we can to connect them with more appropriate support services.”

Smith resigned from the OUSA Executive on 26 June. He stepped down from his duties as President of the Dunedin Fire and Circus Club (DFCC) the following week.

A non-student associated with the DFCC has been trespassed from campus by the Proctor’s Office “[f]ollowing a request from OUSA”, according to a University spokeswoman. Josh Smith has not been trespassed from campus. A report by the DFCC titled “Preliminary Findings: Abusive and Predatory Behaviour by Members of the Dunedin Fire and Circus Club” detailed complaints against multiple people in the DFCC over the last dozen years.



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CRIME? Gay Paradise Ducks Relocated from Campus

#JusticeforBillandBill

By Erin Gourley, with additional reporting
by Sinead Gill

Disclaimer: Please do not harass anyone mentioned in this story. Everyone is just doing what they think is best for the boys.

Bill and Bill, the iconic gay paradise ducks that liked (PAST TENSE) to chill out on Union Lawn, were controversially uplifted and relocated by Bird Rescue Dunedin after they waddled beyond their usual territory and into potential danger.

An eyewitness, Shannon, saw "a guy" feeding the ducks rice from his rice ball as he walked off campus, luring them away from their usual spot and into the realm of Otago Daily Times photographers looking for human interest stories.

"They weren't in distress or anything," Shannon said, but she did acknowledge that the rice ball was the reason the ducks strayed further than usual. She thinks the rice ball guy stopped feeding them around Kiki Beware on George Street. According to Shannon and others, the Bills stayed there for the next few days. Student and George Street resident Asia, said she heard some "quite ominous" honks from the ducks at night.

On Tuesday 14 July, Critic spotted an Otago Daily Times photographer taking glamour shots of the couple as they dined at Kiki Beware.

The glamour shots of Bill and Bill were published in the Otago Daily Times on Wednesday 15 July in an article titled "Paradise ducks no stranger in an unusual habitat". The online article included a video of the ducks being fed a single chip from McDonald's and being confronted by a human baby.

Bird Rescue Dunedin were contacted by members of the public "out of concern for [Bill and Bill's] welfare" after the ODT article was published. The organisation launched into action to save the birds from potential danger.

Bird Rescue Dunedin's Facebook post stated

that it was an "interesting adventure in town to catch and relocate two paradise boys today" on Wednesday 15 July.

The Bird Rescue Dunedin post stated that the ducks "will be released at the lagoon where there are many young ladies to meet".

Critic has accused the author of the ODT article, John Gibb, of being inadvertently responsible for the relocation of the ducks. That conversation was swiftly ended when it was revealed that John Gibb was a Critic Editor "decades and decades ago". The betrayal was too much to bear. John turned the tables on Critic and said that we are also to blame for giving the Bills a spotlight.

A spokesperson for Bird Rescue Dunedin told Critic that the ducks were wandering because they were "looking for mates", as it is approaching breeding season. According to the spokesperson, paradise ducks mature at two years old. When Critic informed her that students thought the ducks were a homosexual couple with each other, the spokesperson said that a move to the lagoon of lady-ducks gave the ducks "a choice".

"[The ducks] will return if they choose to or find mates, it will be their choice."

But a student contacted Critic with photographic evidence that suggested Bill and Bill are not sexually attracted to female ducks. The student lives opposite Alhambra Rugby Club, a popular hang-out for the Bills. "During lockdown, they were there pretty much every single day," the



*SUPPLIED BY STUDENT

student said. "There was a female paradise duck who tried to get with them and hung round for literally weeks," she said.

The Bills rejected the female's advances. "There's no doubt in my mind that [Bill and Bill are] a couple," the student said. "Like this female was trying and trying [to get with them] and they were completely uninterested. They don't want girlfriends, they just want each other."

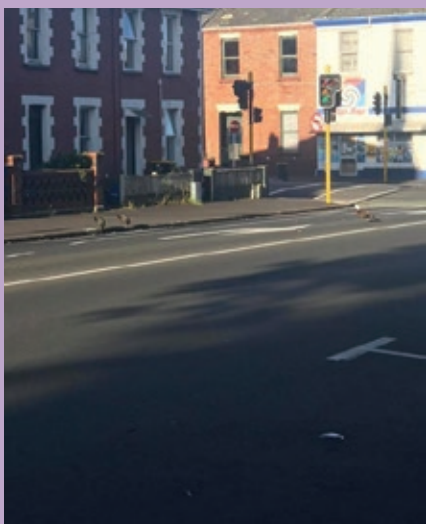
Bird Rescue Dunedin believed that the Bills should be able to choose to explore their sexuality and breed. They said it is not unusual for male paradise ducks like to wander around together, on a kind of OE, while they are looking for potential mates. In the Tomahawk Public Reserve, where Bird Rescue Dunedin plan to relocate the Bills, there are "hundreds and hundreds" of female ducks to choose from, the spokesperson said.

OUSA Queer Support Co-Ordinator Kelli-Anne

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*SUPPLIED BY STUDENT

Te Huki disagreed. She said these attitudes "perpetuate heteronormative expectations on relationships".

"Love is love, even if they are ducks," she said.

The Dunedin Wildlife Hospital is another wildlife organisation that has interacted with the Bills. They returned one of the Bills to campus after an injury in 2019, because he was "definitely happy living there". They have forwarded the case of the uplifting of the Bills on to the Department of Conservation to "discuss what the next course of action is in this situation, if any".

According to the Animal Law Association at the University of Otago, the Department of Conservation administers permits that allow organisations to deal with paradise ducks. "The paradise ducks are Crown property, so the Department of Conservation has complete mandate over them," said Ruby Adams, President of the University's Animal Law Association. "[N]o other person or organisation may touch or move animals protected under the [Wildlife] Act, unless they have a permit to do so." Bird Rescue Dunedin has a permit.

Food Truckers who work near Union Lawn have condemned the removal of the ducks. Amit from Tikka Truck said that the ducks are no bother. Catherine (a.k.a the Dumpling Lady) was a lot more vocal with her outrage. When told of the ducks' relocation she said "I'm sorry, but what

the fuck?" and said the ducks are very happy on campus. "I feed them like three times a day." She also said Bill and Bill have been on campus as long as she has been, which is just under two years, but that she had not seen them in over two days.

At the time of writing, about 285 students had signed a petition calling for OUSA to adopt Bill and Bill. The OUSA Exec scheduled an emergency meeting to consider the request for the morning of Friday 17 July.

Not all students are upset about the relocation. "These Bills have been a delight on campus, but they may deserve to live their life out in a new paradise," said one Facebook commenter and Zoology student. She noted that "these boys are very much loved, and 100% DESERVE to live in an area where they won't accidentally eat trash/vom around the Uni area."

At the time of writing, about 285 students had signed a petition calling for OUSA to adopt Bill and Bill. The OUSA Exec scheduled an emergency meeting to consider the request for the morning of Friday 17 July, after Critic goes to print. As far as Critic is aware, OUSA does not have a permit to deal with paradise ducks under the Wildlife Act 1953, so this plan might be impossible to put into action unless DoC is feeling nice.

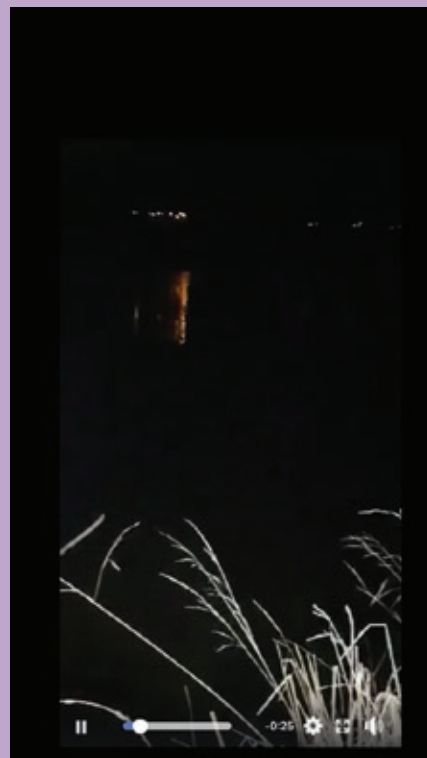
The petition comments revealed outrage in the student community about the uplift of the Bills by Bird Rescue Dunedin. "These ducks are more visible on campus than the exec :((," said one student. "Long Live our gay kings," said another. "How dare they send them to conversion therapy," asked a student.

"[T]he ducks are the only serotonin i get all day pls save them," wrote a student on the petition.

But democracy may be too late to save the Bills. OUSA's Welfare and Equity Representative, Michaela Waite-Harvey, called Bird Rescue Dunedin to inquire about adoption by OUSA

on the afternoon of 16 July. Over the phone, a spokesperson for Bird Rescue Dunedin claimed that the organisation had already released the birds into a colony of thousands of paradise ducks at Tomahawk Lagoon. Critic has not had a response from Bird Rescue Dunedin to verify that claim.

At approximately 11pm on Thursday 16 July, video footage obtained by Critic showed OUSA Finance and Strategy Officer Josh Meikle ventured to Tomahawk Public Reserve to search for Bill and Bill. He was unsuccessful.



"We hold out hope that they have flown back [to campus]," Josh Meikle told Critic.



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One in Five Chance Your Re-O MDMA Was Bath Salts

Molly Dupes More Available

By Oscar Paul

20% of the drug samples tested by KnowYourStuff during Re-O Week turned out to be synthetic cathinones (a.k.a. bath salts, a.k.a. a bad time). KnowYourStuff detected nine samples of mephedrone and eight samples of a new, unknown cathinone.

"This unknown cathinone [detected during Re-O Week] is concerning," said KnowYourStuff spokesperson, Finn Boyle. "We hope it is Eutylone which is not exceptionally dangerous (if people know they have it)." He said that when people take bath salts, thinking they are MDMA, they tend to take too much because bath salts have a low active dose. After taking too much, "they may find themselves awake for days on end which can lead to psychological distress".

The KnowYourStuff tent, set up at the back of OUSA's Clubs and Socs building, tested 95 samples of drugs. 70% of the samples were expected to be MDMA. Ten of those samples were total "unknowns" when they were brought to KnowYourStuff, meaning that people had no expectation of what drug was in the caps they brought to the tent.

A second year from Castle Street reckons that gear is hard to find at the moment, so people are taking what they can get. She also said the bad gear changed the culture of partying in Re-O.

"People were bouncing around a lot more socially because they couldn't sustain being in a mosh," she said. "Everyone was saying 'is it just me or are the vibes really off right now?'"

"A big concern for ambulance officers is that many of these recreational drugs are cut with poisons or other unknown substances and ambulance officers can only treat a patient based on the symptoms exhibited; often we are not informed as to what substances have been ingested," said St John Coastal Otago Territory Manager, Doug Third. He confirmed that St John has noticed a rise in students exhibiting symptoms from recreational drug use. They "urge students to avoid using these drugs and poisons in the interests of their own health and wellbeing."

Emergency services were called earlier in July to assist a 19-year-old student after the MDMA he used contained "high levels of bath salts" and he tried to scratch his eyes out, according to the ODT. "We currently can't confirm whether the novel cathinone we saw a lot of is the same substance which caused the hospitalisation of the student at the start of July," said Finn.

According to the New Zealand Drug Foundation, ingesting bath salts can induce paranoia, anxiety, and are distinctive because they 'drop you' with a sudden and unpleasant come down. The come down can last for two to four days.

According to Critic, ingesting bath salts can induce removing your shirt and aggressively challenging people to beer pong. It doesn't help that a notable side effect of bath salts is extreme agitation and violent behaviour, so no-one actually wants to play six-cups against you, mate.

Many Dunedin students reported that the "MDMA" they took gave them terrible nights. A student

told Critic that although she had used MD that was tested, her comedown hit her harder than expected. "I don't know how to put it in a funnier way, it was just shit - and way too long ... I should have done more research into the drug I was taking."

Another student said that he "would hate to think about those who know about MD and its comedowns could still get stitched up by having shit MD". Although his experience was fine, and his comedown was "textbook, bro", he holds an ongoing suspicion that he could have been sold shit MD by some shit dealer. "It just ruins your night for a wee while, if you begin to stress out it can snowball the whole experience into a shitshow."

This is the second year of OUSA's collaboration with the New Zealand Drug Foundation and KnowYourStuff. It's all fun and 'look bro my eyes are dinner plates' until you need to call an ambulance because the come down has started immediately.

"The risks are real and if you don't know exactly what you have, there is no way to use it safely," Finn from KnowYourStuff said. "Informed choice is key."

"Always great working with KnowYourStuff and NZ Drug Foundation, and appreciate the work they do," said OUSA CEO, Debbie Downs.

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Property Destruction Pretty Lit During Re-O

Otherwise known as free heating for the streets of Dunedin

By Kaiya Cherrington

Staff Writer // kaiya@critic.co.nz

Re-O Week was extra chaotic this year, with couch burning and other property destruction reported in the student area. Students witnessed a notable amount of damage happening throughout the week as parties were held on streets such as Hyde, Leith, Frederick, Queen, and Castle.

Couch burning is a University of Otago legacy, and Re-O has seen multiple accounts of fires throughout the week. One student, Michael, said he saw a fire late Saturday night on Frederick Street. "We were on Leith, went for a walk, rocked up and there was a couch engulfed in flames." He said that he had no idea who started it, as by the time he witnessed the fire, it was already "pretty huge". He said that a few people gathered on the street to watch it burn out, but left before Campus Watch or any firefighters showed up.

Another student, Grace, said she was walking home from town on the weekend and spotted a different couch on fire near Queen Street. "I was pretty drunk so I can't remember it that well, but all I know is that a few of us just stood there [watching the couch burn]," she recalled. "By the time I saw it, there wasn't much left of it," she said.

Grace added that she doesn't really understand why people have gone "crazy burning couches that week," but Re-O was "pretty unpredictable".

Small couch fires were also witnessed by party-goers on Leith Street. One student, Amy, said that her and her friends saw "a small couch fire" during the week, however reckoned it was "put out really quick" and that the fire "wasn't that big". She said that whoever lit the couch "seemed like they didn't want to get in trouble so they stopped the fire before many people noticed".

Amy also told Critic that on Wednesday night she saw a beat-up car being pushed down Castle Street, and reckoned "the breathas who were pushing the car through the glass seemed to have damaged it really badly ... it looked fucked, like people had smashed the windows out and dented the entire thing." She said "kids these days must have plenty of money to do that shit. I can't believe it."

"This is unfortunately not unusual for busy periods such as Re-O week, and it is particularly disappointing that where students are the culprits they are inflicting damage on their own community," said the Proctor, Dave Scott.

Amy also disclosed that at parties she attended in the student area, people were smashing holes in their flat walls and through the windows "for a laugh", and their property was getting absolutely hammered during the week. "Some people are ruthless, they probably woke up to some real shit in the morning," she said.

A police spokesperson said that they were called to a total of four couch fires during the weekend of Re-O Week. Stuff also reported that Campus Watch attended a fire on Hyde Street at the very beginning of Re-O week, and had to extinguish it as firefighters were busy. The Proctor was only aware of two couch fires during Re-O.

"Police take these incidents extremely seriously and they will not be tolerated," said the police spokesperson. "If not extinguished quickly a couch fire can cause serious harm."

Critic asked two students, Suzie and Theo, if they had an opinion about the popularity of fires during Re-O. They both agreed that although most of the fires are harmless and it's what Otago Uni is known for, "it kinda sucks that Campus Watch and firefighters are kept busy with couch fires because students want to have a laugh."

The Proctor said that "overall behaviour was really pleasing. It is clear to see returning students were enjoying being back together after the unsettled first semester, and for the vast majority festivities were positive."

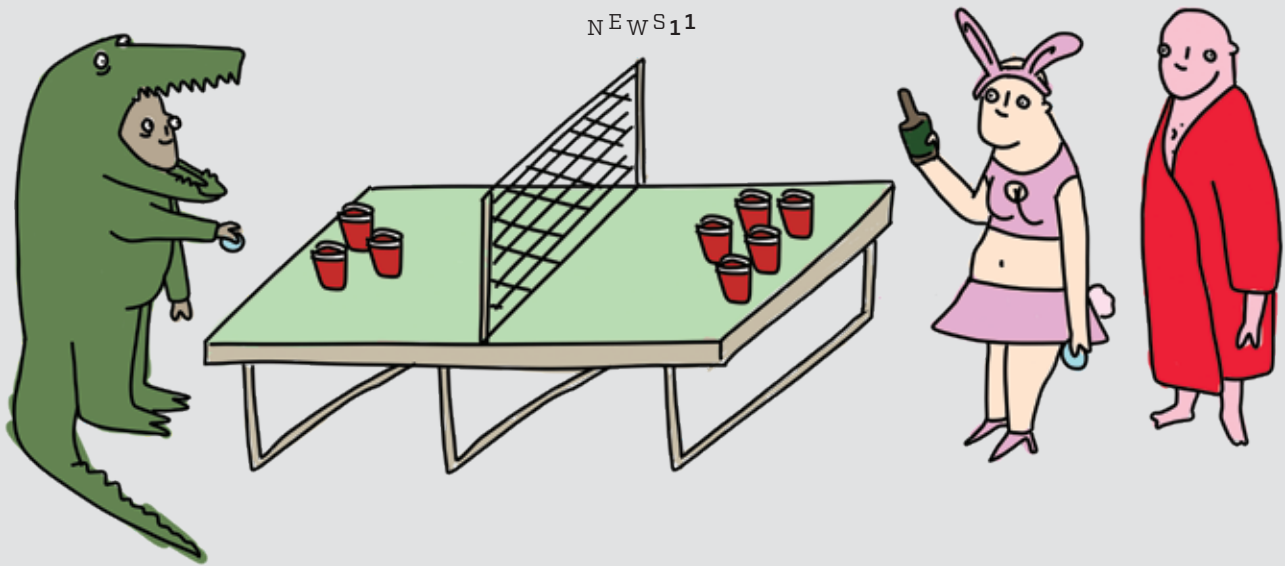
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Otago University has an Underground Beer Pong Society, and it's Really Fucking Strange

My head's in the game, but my heart's in the pong

By Annabelle Vaughan
Staff Writer // annabelle@critic.co.nz

Turns out, the Otago University Beer Pong Society is real and exactly what you would expect - a bunch of testosterone-fuelled guys who miss their high school sports teams a little too much.

Otago Uni and the student gremlins which inhabit this community have some very odd and highly questionable traditions. On the Sunday of Re-O, being the intrepid journalist I am, I decided to infiltrate one of these traditions. The tradition in question was the annual gathering of the Beer Pong Society.

Each year, a giant tournament is held to determine which duo is the ultimate pong player, and it's everything you could possibly imagine. Initially, I thought it must've been a bit of a joke, a piss take, a bit of a laugh. But, I was wrong. The hosts reckon that the tournament is "the best day of the year" -- could they be correct?

The event was serious. The day had a cruel and sobering start time of 10am, with enough Southern Golds to solve the drought crisis in Auckland and a solid 80:20 male to female ratio. The seedy inner-city apartment and arousing

costumes paired well with the youthful glow and enthusiasm of boys being boys. The prestigious event even featured a celebrity appearance from OUSA President and Critic Bachelor Jack Manning.

The team-mates all wore matching costumes. Amongst the costumes were the likes of a drunken Playboy Bunny accompanied by his Hugh Hefner and a slightly dishevelled looking crocodile. Some argued he was an alligator, but after a democratic room-wide discussion, by the evening it was established he was in fact a crocodile. I'm not too sure who his partner was as there was no Steve Irwin or Nigel Thornberry to be found, so that mystery remains unsolved.

To top it all off, there were referees standing, eagle-eyed, at each table. Their eyes never missed a moment, reshuffling the cups and ping pong balls between rounds. The players adhered to a statute book of rules, complete with subsections, which they referred to as 'The Bible'. There was even a spreadsheet detailing all the different pools and players, monitored by under watchful-yet-intoxicated eyes of two of the hosts.

Between each break, the hosts would stand up and make the grand announcement of who made it through to the next round, amending the spreadsheet as they went along. As morning progressed to night, the contestants slowly began to fall one-by-one at the aim of the mighty, in what can only be described as the Hunger Games of beer pong.

At the end, the Beer Pong Society even had a giant fucking trophy engraved with the names of previous winners. This was no 'Player of the Day' certificate bullshit; it was basically the Olympics.

The intense masculine energy which filled the room continued to elevate as the day neared the final round. The tension was like watching the All Blacks face off against France in the 2015 Rugby World Cup, or like Chad and Troy when they were battling through their final basketball game as the Wildcats. You could see sweat dripping from foreheads from the sheer amount of focus, elbows flexing into place to achieve the perfect 90-degree angle, and tears filling eyes while bromances were formed and emotions ran high.



Breathas Were Nice to Bar Staff in Re-O

This shouldn't be news

By Alex Leckie-Zaharic

OMG you guys chivalry is not dead, the breathas are nice now! Bartenders report that drunk students tended to be nicer than normal over the Re-O Week.

"Well, as a bartender I'm very used to pretty normal amount of verbal abuse from breathas, being cut off and slurs of poorly thought out insults," said a bartender who worked at Re-O Week events. But over Re-O, "I didn't get yelled at very much, [although it's] very mean and aggressive normally."

One particularly memorable moment was when a "[g]uy and his friend came up to bar, looked at the menu, then said 'ah mate I'm just going to get some water and come back later' and his friend agreed and they left."

"I am grateful though," the bartender said. "This is a nice blip, but normally the behaviour is pretty shitty."

As proper journalists, Critic respected the scientific method and attempted to figure out why the breathas have suddenly cast aside their assholery. A third-year student reckoned that "people are probably just happier because they haven't gotten sick of their mates yet and big dramas have been reset a little bit".

Another contributing factor could be all the drugs coursing through their systems. According to a bartender Critic spoke to, the drugs meant that they were hardly buying any alcohol. They also said that across the board there was a "large decrease in misbehaviour", with approximately 65% of breathas exhibiting reform, with a further 25% kind of trying but still being annoying as shit. The last 10% were the ones who absolutely will not change and, unfortunately, bartenders across the city still had to deal with them being assholes over Re-O Week.

While there was a sharp uptick in respectful behaviour, bartenders weren't optimistic that this bizarre behaviour shift would continue for the rest of the semester. One bartender noted that breathas culture is still often "deeply toxic, incredibly misogynistic and blatantly disrespectful" and that they weren't under the guise that anything would change.

This evolution in breathas behaviour hasn't changed the number noise complaints in Re-O. A DCC spokesperson provided Critic with information that showed there was also a slight increase in the number of noise complaints compared with last year's Re-O Week (going from 147 complaints to 152 complaints), but a decrease in seizures of speakers and Excessive Noise Directions. "This increase was expected and in general the number of complaints was very similar to Re-O week in 2019," they said.

Oat Watch

By Kayli Taylor & Kyle Rasmussen

Words are funny. I like words. And for a group of people paid to write words, you think they'd have more skills at stringing words together. This isn't the case always for the fine people at the Otago Daily Times. Here are some of their best words.

New Zealand's very own mistletoe species need looking after

I think this is just an excuse for botanists to kiss one another more often.

DAMNED
IF YOU DO
OTAGO'S MURKY
WATER POLITICS

2 puns in one headline? Water they doing?

Russian
roulette, but
with more
casualties

I think that's called a fully loaded gun.

Greeks protest against passing of anti-protest law

What did they think would happen?

'Organiser of organisers'

Sounds organised.

DIP STRIPPING

We can't think of something funny for this, but it's just funny.



Sounds like it'll be a painful delivery, hope the baby's not a drop-kick.

roll holder. With rubbish just put it in low cost bags at night - there's collection every week day in the city. Just don't put your mail in the bag so they

Cutler Told Tenants to Trash the Trash Rules

"The only rule is that there are no rules" - Catt Mutler, Matt Cutler's bad-advice-giving twin

By Erin Gourley & Sinead Gill

Matt Cutler has been advising students to put out low-cost, unmarked rubbish bags for collection, rather than the official DCC rubbish bags.

"Advising students directly against using DCC rubbish bags isn't illegal, but it's shady as," said OUSA's Residential Representative, Jack Saunders.

"[...] With rubbish just put it in low cost bags at night - there's collection every week day in the city. Just don't put your mail in the bag so they don't know who's rubbish it is," Cutler wrote in a text to his tenant, Oscar. Critic received a screenshot of that text.

"It's littering," said an employee of the Dunedin City Council. The employee said that the DCC "will not pick [unmarked rubbish bags] up... [it] doesn't cover the cost

of the service."

"My impression is that it's a bit of an open secret in town that everyone just dumps stuff on the street," said Oscar, the tenant who received the text. "Our neighbours collected a massive trash pile outside their flat, property manager (not Cutlers) told them to deal with it, they just took the whole pile down to the sidewalk and the Council took it away."

"It's gross that Dunedin property managers are encouraging students to do this stuff, but rubbish bags are really expensive to buy," Oscar said. "Like I think lots of students would use non-official bags even without being told so by their property manager."

"I don't have anything to say," Matt Cutler told Critic over the phone, after failing to respond to two emails

about the text message.

"Advising students directly against using DCC rubbish bags isn't illegal, but it's shady as," said OUSA's Residential Representative, Jack Saunders. "It's really annoying to see rental agents and property managers offering this advice instead of giving the best advice possible, as some people won't know how to get the actual DCC bags or sort out a red bin."

"If the DCC won't collect the black bags, then potentially Cutlers may be actively contributing to rubbish on the streets ...," Jack said.

"Check out the wheelie bins available on [the EnviroWaste website] you can order a red wheelie bin for a couple dollars between the flat per month, which often works out cheaper than DCC rubbish bags depending on the size of your flat."

More Free Mental Health Appointments for Students from 2021

Treatment might become cheaper than self-medicating with drugs and alcohol

By Erin Gourley
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

More students will be able to access free therapy and treatment for mental health from 2021, thanks to a \$25million of funding towards mental health services for tertiary students aged 18 to 25.

The funding, announced on 11 July, will target students who are mildly or moderately distressed by funding more primary level support for them, which can range from therapy and treatment to cultural support. From November this year, mental health service providers (like Student Health) will be able to apply for the extra funding. The press release states that "we expect that students will notice an expansion in services and increased choices from 2021".

Education and Health Minister Chris Hipkins linked the policy to the effects of lockdown on tertiary students. "Many of them have had to relocate and move to online learning, isolating them from their peers and tutors," he said.

"Lockdown and Covid-19 really increased my general anxiety levels," said one Otago student. "I never realised how much I need the little interactions you have with people in your day to day life, just saying hi to someone as you pass them on the way to class can lift your mood and I felt really deprived of those things."

OUSA Student Support have witnessed the increased demand for mental health services due to lockdown. "I think lockdown and Covid-19 brought up issues in and of itself but also exacerbated ongoing issues for students in a diverse range of situations," said Hahna Briggs, Senior Student Support Advocate. The announcement "is what's needed right now," she said.

"We've seen an increase in need for financial hardship help and alongside that often comes mental health support as well, because these things aren't separate issues they're interrelated," Hahna said.

"I don't think anyone could have prepared us for how lockdown could just shatter mental health," the student said. "I hope we don't have to go back into a lockdown because I'm not sure how I could cope this time knowing how it went last time."

"I truly was not myself during the whole time [of lockdown]," said another student. "I just remember being angry all the fucking time, being miserable for weeks and not being able to get myself out of it. I'm lucky I had a therapist during that time to help me through it but still the lockdown was a testing time."

The increased funding is the result of three years of collaboration with advocates and student unions, according to Green Party mental health spokesperson, Chlöe Swarbrick. "Today marks huge success, but not the end of the road. We'll keep working until everybody, everywhere, has the support they need," she said when the policy was announced.

Restaurant Boom Over Re-Ori

Or at least, so they say

By Jack Gilmore

Critic Intern // critic@critic.co.nz

According to workers in Dunedin restaurants, students turned out in droves during Re-O to support the many eating establishments in our fair city. This might explain the proportion of vomit on the streets of North Dunedin.

Many restaurateurs, waiters, and cooks have reported to Critic that they saw some of the busiest days of the year during the first week of second semester.

"Oh it was very busy last week," said a waitress at an Indian restaurant. "It was crazy busy last week, man."

Probably the busiest since we opened," said a worker at a campus burger joint. Similarly, a cook at a local satay restaurant told me that she had "cooked far more food than usual". Others shared their sentiment, but all wanted to remain anonymous so that they didn't get in trouble with their managers.

Honestly, Critic can't confirm if any of this is legit, considering the fact nobody was willing to hand out numbers to our intern, despite the fact he was wearing a media pass.

Anecdotes from students have given credence to the claims made by the food industry. "Me and my flat went out for a BYO on Thursday. Was pretty lit," said one student while she tied her shoelaces. "Me and my friends went out for Turkish on Tuesday. It was okay," said another.

Restaurants nationally lost \$15 million because of Covid-19, so Critic suggests that the patriotic thing to do is to go out and have more BYOs to support the community, the vineyards, and the economy.

Sleepovers Possible at UBS Thanks to the OUSA Exec

Jk no one will be able to afford rent which provides OUSA with "sound returns"

By Caroline Moratti

Culture Editor // culture@critic.co.nz

The upstairs of University Bookstore is set for revolutionary change, with the OUSA Exec voting to adopt the "accommodation option" proposed by their Finance and Expenditure Committee.

Although much of the building's development is shrouded by the cloud of "commercial sensitivity," the "accommodation option" was adopted publicly at the Exec meeting on Monday 13 July. However, OUSA has declined to tell Critic what the "accommodation option" involves.

Much like the gestation period of a small, pregnant elephant, the project will take approximately 18 months to complete.

Last year, Critic outlined several ideas for the space, including a Vape Hub, a nap room and "put the Uni merch store there and then return the study space that were replaced/stolen from the main library with AskOtago." Unfortunately, the student union continues not to simp for us and ignored our plans.

OUSA CEO Debbie Downs said a number of options were considered for the use of the building, but ultimately "the goal of the project is to protect the asset for future generations of students while making a commercial return to the Association in the short-medium term."

Should the goal of OUSA projects be to make a commercial return? Must students' lives revolve around capitalism? Did they ever consider the joy that a nap

room or a cafe will bring students, regardless of cost? How may we measure the value of happiness?

"We have made the decision to pursue the option which we believe has the least risk, while still providing sound returns," Debbie said.

Accommodation could mean a variety of things. It could be a youth hostel (which, let's face it, is already the vibe of the Clubs and Socs building). It could be a motel, or a very sleazy hotel. An illegal boarding house, a brothel, an Airbnb room, an expensive glamping site. Or maybe, just maybe, the space will be turned into apartments that students will rent for free by entering an OUSA accommodation lottery.

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DUNEDIN**

Sudoku

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WORDFIND

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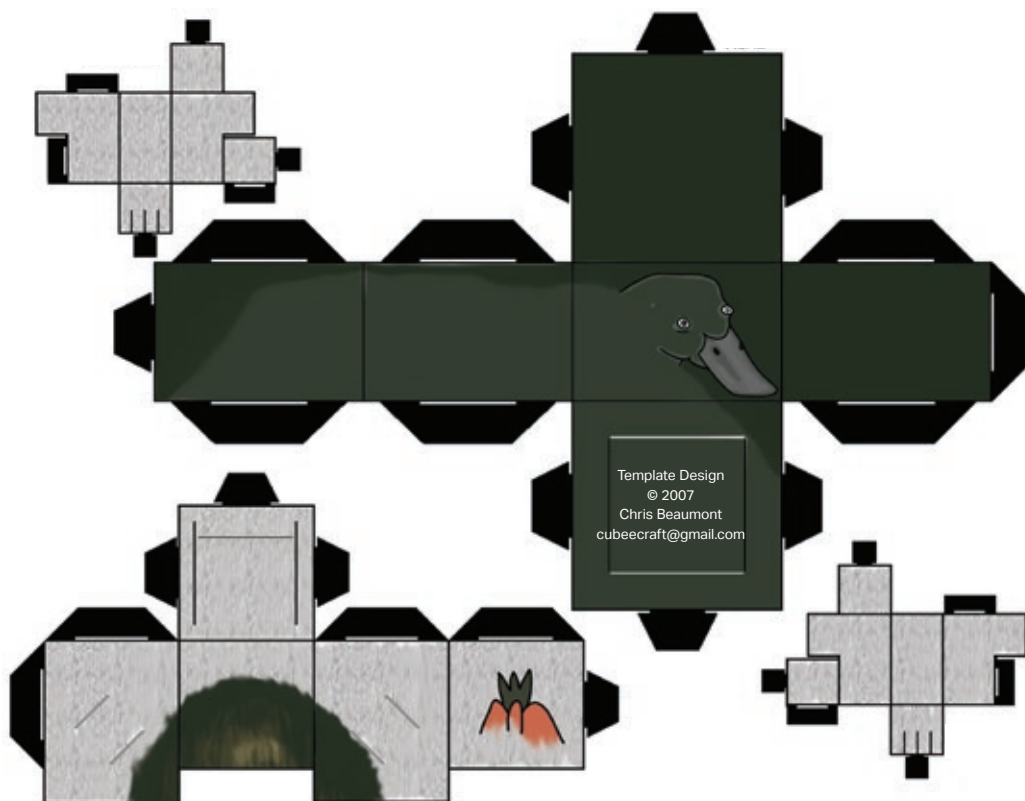
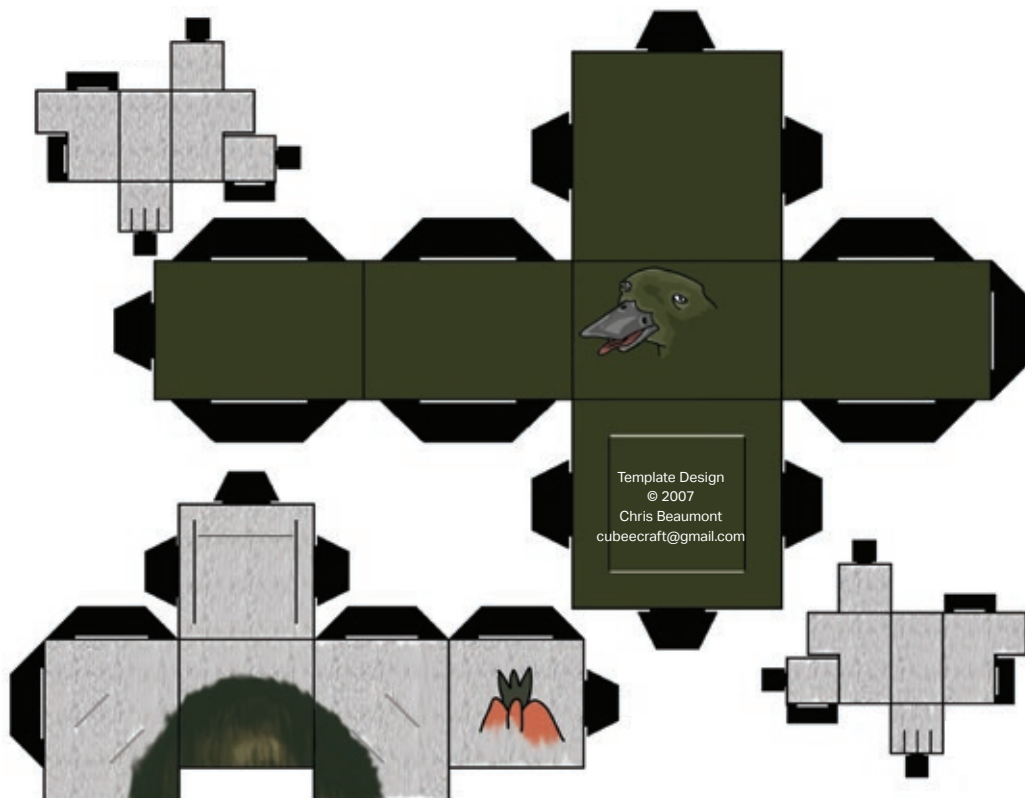
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Which Water Around Campus Is Tastiest?

By Evelyn Rosado

During a dusty dart one afternoon, I drank from the Leith river. It left me bedridden for a week with a fever and a cold sweat. Every flush of the toilet was literally flushing down what miniscule amounts of energy and happiness I had left. Student Health diagnosed me with 'ruining your entire digestive system' disease. I was miserable about all but one thing: the memory of funneling water from the beautiful Leith River.

There wasn't really any reason why I did it. Maybe, subconsciously, I was hoping that it would unlock forgotten knowledge from the students who had gazed upon the mighty Leith before me. I can't remember what it tasted like. Since then I've been desperate to try more bodies of water on and near campus. I resisted.

Then, I informed my mummy that during school I had accidentally drank some bad water and that I had gotten sick. What followed was a concerned look and a trip to the store where she insisted on buying me one of those straws that you can use to drink water out of any poopy puddles and not get sick. Finally, my chance: I decided to take this straw and sample all the other watering holes Dunedin had to offer. I set out with a dream, my trusty straw, and a bottle of H2Go as a chaser.

Leith North

10/10

I began my journey with what I imagined to be the cleanest water in Dunedin: the white water by the Woodhaugh Gardens. Drinking water from here made me feel like I was in one of the 'Pure New Zealand' commercials. The beautiful scenery and crisp water made me feel at peace. The delicious and clean water made me forget about that .01% of poop that was said to get through the straw.

Drinking water from here made me feel like I was in one of the 'Pure New Zealand' commercials. The beautiful scenery and crisp water made me feel at peace. The delicious and clean water made me forget about that .01% of poop that was said to get through the straw.

Wolf Harris Fountain in the Botans

5/10

After the bathing seagulls fled, I scooped some water straight from the alligators mouth. The dead leaves in the water gave it a musty aroma. It kinda tasted healthy, like mineral water. Almost felt like it was good for me which was much appreciated. Nevertheless, there is no getting around the fact that it is a popular bird-bathing spot and it showed.

Botans Duck Pond

2/10

I was greeted by many friends here; the feathered kind, the lovely members of the community, and all the voices in my head telling me to not do this. This water was brownish and smelled like poop and feet. It tasted like poop and feet. I felt as close as I have ever been to God. Still tasted really bad, though.

Leith Central

3/10

The water was taken right outside the Clocktower where the balls get stuck and rapids form. Fear coursed through my veins as I revisited the original water that made me sick. It was hard to drink, lots of flashbacks. Very metallic and prickly. It makes your mouth water in a bad way. It almost tasted electric and kinda burnt after, maybe because of all the lime scooters that were thrown in last year. If any of you have had Dasani water it's that bad.

It almost tasted electric and kinda burnt after, maybe because of all the lime scooters that were thrown in last year.

Link Toilet

10/10

I reached into the porcelain with shaky hands. It tastes like pool water with lots of chlorine. Similar metallic taste to Leith Central. Tastes so clean that you probably wouldn't even need this straw to drink it. Definitely would recommend it as it was refreshing and reminded me of the summer. Reminiscent of splashing that cold water on your face after a midnight library breakdown.

Leith South

1/10

The atmosphere under the Forth Street Bridge felt harsh. There was a lot of pavement and moving cars. Overall the water had a mild, bland taste. I thought this water would be rich with the flavours of farm animal waste, road run off, fertilizers and scrumpy vomit, but was disappointed. The water was a muddy colour but had no real substance. This water was a letdown. Personally, I like my water with an edge.

Chinese Gardens

2/10

I was greeted by many friends here; the feathered kind, the lovely members of the community, and all the voices in my head telling me to not do this. This water was brownish and smelled like poop and feet. It tasted like poop and feet. I felt as close as I have ever been to god. Still tasted really bad, though.

Octagon Fountain

7/10

I do not remember the last time I even saw this fountain running. Visually, this fountain is a gold mine - lots of colourful rubbish and earthy leaves. A rainbow mix of aromas, such as piss and vomit from the night before fill your lil nose. The water was slightly yellow in the glass. The taste was strong, kinda spicy and tingly with undertones of earthiness from the leaves. It tasted different from the others, very pungent.

Ihumātao: A Year On

By Kaiya Cherrington



Fletchers offered a compromise: Māori could access the new housing and would be given 25 percent of the land. Many argued that this compromise would come at a huge cost to Māori, so to this day no agreement has been reached and many remain on the land. The young students who joined them would eventually return to study.

One year on from the eviction notice, three activists from Dunedin - two Māori, one Pākehā - shared their thoughts on the ongoing occupation and their time in Ihumātao supporting the mana whenua of the land.

Jess Thompson, also known as @maori_mermaid, is a prominent Māori activist in Dunedin. She documented her time at Ihumātao on social media during the heat of the movement - the photos showed the passion and determination of Māori defending their land. “[Ihumātao] represents so much, [and] it gives so much hope to Māori who have lost their whenua,” she said. Another prominent Māori activist, Tangihaere Gardiner (they/them), an Otago Polytechnic student who recently helped organise the Black Lives Matter protests in Dunedin, was able to spend four days at Ihumātao. They said it was “run like a marae. You do what you need to do... you get to work.” They both expressed that their time in Ihumātao gave an opportunity - the first in their lifetime - to truly dedicate time to consider a post-colonial Aotearoa, and what changes would be required to make it happen.



“Toitu te whenua, ake ake ake”

"Toitu te whenua, ake ake ake" we chanted. It's July 26, 2019, and 300 people gathered in front of the Otago Museum reserve. We marched down the main street, collecting newcomers as we did. We circled around the Octagon. The Octagon is where marches usually end but, this time, we press on. We moved to the one-way system and walked North, before settling in the intersection of Albany and Cumberland Street, right by where we began. We sat down in the middle of the road, stopping traffic. Dunedin News went OFF. We were denouncing the land confiscation injustice in Aotearoa. We were making a statement against colonialism.

It was surreal to be a Māori student in Dunedin while Māori fought for the protection of their land at Ihumātao. It felt hopeless at times, watching from such a distance as Māori clashed with the police and government officials. We knew we were watching history being made, but only few of us could join them in their protest. Unless you scored a plane ticket and could justify ditching class, the Dunedin March was as close as we could get to helping fellow Māori.

It felt impossible to not keep up with what was happening at Ihumātao. The land, based in South Auckland, is believed to be where the first Māori set foot in Aotearoa. It was essential for Tāmaki Makaurau Māori to grow their food. It is understandably incredibly significant to Māori. However, the land was stolen by the Crown during the Land Wars of 1863 and sold to a Pākehā family. The land remained in their private hands until Fletcher Building purchased the land in 2016 for a housing development.

SOUL (Save Our Unique Landscape), an organisation run by mana whenua of Ihumātao, stepped up to protect the Māori land from this exploitation. They began occupying it, and after years of protest, were served an eviction notice on 23 July 2019. People were outraged by the act of Fletchers and the Government, which sparked nationwide protests and a rush of people to Ihumātao land.

Jess has noticed that the Ihumātao coverage is all but non-existent in mainstream media: “This is what I hate about our media. They want to cover violence, distress, extreme movement, but they are reluctant to cover the moments in between. The calm and the quiet struggle.”

Josh Stewart is a student at Otago Uni and attended the protest last year. The inspiration behind his joining was knowing that the fight for Ihumātao was a real-time case study of land confiscation and reclamation. Ihumātao, to him, has “demonstrated the continual pain and sadness from colonisation”.

All three of them believe that SOUL is the backbone of the movement. Jess said that “it is vital we have mana whenua in charge of their own narratives and their battles”. The fight for the “spiritual, social and environmental wellbeing of the whenua is revolutionary,” she said, and Josh agreed. “[SOUL] shows us all what 21st century activism looks like”, he said. “[SOUL] reflect[s] [the] generation... I hope we see more roopū like them.”



Like Jess, Tangihaere saw the work SOUL put in first hand, and said they are “people who had been living on the land for years and making real connections with people”. Social media made their mahi accessible to the whole world, they said.

The role of the government in Ihumātao is a hot topic. Some believe the government should have stepped in and paid Fletchers to return the land to mana whenua, whereas others believe it is an issue between Māori and Fletchers independently. Jess and Josh both believe the government needs to be held accountable and should have intervened long ago: “if the government had intervened properly... things would have been different certainly, but that’s why they didn’t.” She believes if they had actually shown up to Ihumātao, they may have had to “acknowledge the realities of Aotearoa and the injustice of the current situation of tangata whenua and their land” and that they would have, in a way, forfeited. “I would have loved that,” she said. Josh summarised what he thinks the government should do: “Return the land to SOUL.”

These activists witnessed a lot of progress during the 2019 protests, but are concerned with the media coverage of it, particularly at the focus on heated interactions between police and protesters. Since this heat has cooled off, Jess has noticed that the Ihumātao coverage is all but non-existent in mainstream media: “This is what I hate about our media. They want to cover violence, distress, extreme movement, but they are reluctant to cover the moments in between. The calm and the quiet struggle.”

The other side of this is that Tangihaere believes artists have seen an increased “opportunity to showcase their art as part of the struggle” and “like[s] to think of it as a reclamation of trauma” even if mainstream media don’t notice.

Josh believes that the social media and news outlets that he follows cater to Māori news, and that is the only way he has kept up to date with anything happening at Ihumātao. That, along with potential media bias.

Tangihaere just wants “mana whenua to get their land back” and from there, assist further in getting more Māori land back, reclaiming across the country. They believe getting this land back gives Māori the opportunity to have a place to call home, and from there Māori can keep moving forward with reclaiming stolen land.

“[T]he tika (right) thing to do is to return the land. I don’t care how they do it. Just do it,” Jess said. [The government] “caused this mess” therefore they “need to fix it”.

Students in Aotearoa should be more passionate about this, in Jess’ opinion. She believes “this is the land they walk on. It is Māori land. You have no right to ignore that. The more students who are passionate about Ihumātao, the closer we get to a better future for all our descendants.” She stressed that “if anyone reading this thinks New Zealand isn’t that bad, please read Ranginui Walker’s book ‘Struggle Without End’. We have a long way to go.”

Tangihaere agrees with Jess, in that students should be passionate because “you’re on stolen land”. They believe students need to “learn from indigenous scholars... Watch Pania’s TED talk, follow everyone from the SOUL campaign on social media” and ultimately, do some work yourselves and ask yourselves the hard questions in regards to colonisation, stolen land, and Māori representation.

“We must rise up and look within ourselves to fix these issues,” Josh said.

A year may have passed since the eviction notice, but Tangihaere has noticed that “people are [still] talking about decolonization in a very serious manner ... It normalized the thought that Māori could thrive if given the chance and that’s something a lot of young Māori people needed.”

At the time of writing, rumours of potential compromises between Fletchers and Māori continue to circulate. But the story isn’t over, and even a compromise wouldn’t change the facts: Ihumātao is stolen land - a concept that is all too common in this country. However, a year on, Otago students - and young people from all around the country - remain



passionate about Ihumātao and Māori issues. It is a passion that perseveres even in an overwhelmingly Pākehā city.



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Wild Boi Pete Naik: Wildlife Photographer

By Fox Meyer

Pete Naik has only sent a dick pic to customers once, and you can see it on page 3. The road leading up to that moment started in Dunedin, and following an unconventional path, it also ended in Dunedin. The same day that he snapped the picture of that pink penis, NZ began to close its borders to non-residents because of COVID, and within a few weeks, Pete's once-in-a-lifetime job was lost. He shipped himself back to good ol' Dunners, and Critic caught up with the Otago alum, who serves as an example of how far a passion for wildlife, a good camera, and a strong Kiwi accent can get you.

Pete was a wildlife photographer in sunny, aquarium-dominated Monterey, California: a job that many of us can only dream of. How did he get there? He hustled for it. "I took a less than conventional approach," Pete chuckled. Following some experience on nature cruises out of Dunedin, he started work as a "bitch boy" on a whale-watching cruise in Cali. Every shift, he'd be in charge of cleaning up vomit, prepping stuff and stocking the supplies - not exactly glorious work, but it put him in the right physical environment. "I was going out every single day watching dope whales (*Megaptera dopengliae*) and dope dolphins (*Delphinus dopus*), and I always brought my camera."

"I was supposed to be the lil bitch boy for the whole year, that was my job. A month in, my boss says 'Yo. You're taking dope photos. You're not gonna be the lil bitch boy no more.' So, it was kinda a promotion to a job that didn't really exist." And just like that, instead of paying to take pictures of whales, Pete Naik was getting paid to take pictures of whales.

He said that in addition to practicing photography for years, and pushing to put himself in the right place, it helped to be distinctly Kiwi. "I covered up my shit personality with a fun accent, y'know? All I gotta do is just say a few things and all the sudden they're like "wow, lets tip this photographer!"

Unfortunately, it couldn't last. "You know exactly how the American coverage of COVID was: it wasn't seen as much of a threat until it was too late. We shut down operation, the county of Monterey and the state of California closed, and I was there with no work, no income, no support of any kind. I had to book it home. I had to lose that job and all that dope shit. Kinda depressing, innit?"

Image 1 (LEFT): Northern Right Whale Dolphin (*Lissodelphis borealis*)

Isn't it weird that they don't have a dorsal (back) fin? There's a lotta luck behind this photo right there - and a lot of time. This is one shot out of about 50,000 I've taken of this animal, and it's the only one where it's fully out of the water, fully in-focus, and fully in-frame, and I think only a handful of people can say they have that kinda photo. Google images for it, you won't see anything like this. Photo aside, I also got some of the first high-quality underwater footage of this animal. In fact, in this one hard drive right here, I think I have more footage of the Northern Right Whale Dolphin than exists in the rest of the world - unless some researchers are hiding theirs.



Image 2 (BELOW): Orca (*Orcinus orca*)

I'm not as close as it looks - I've got a zoom lens on. Generally we're trying to stay 100 feet (30m) away. But this one, we're about 50-100m away. Watching them hunt and interact - they're living in little fuckin' family groups, mate; you get to know them. My boys! Bumper, Fat Fin, Comet and Orion, to name a few. Fuck, I'd see Orion maybe once a month and it would be like seeing an old mate at a party, like: "Ah! Billy! Fuck! Missed you, mate!"



Image 3: Gray Whale Penis (*Eschrichtius robustus*)

We roll up to this commotion and we're not too sure what's going on - killer whale attack? Nope. We get even closer, this dude rolls over, and this fuckin' giant pink dick just flops out of the water; in the whale watching community, we call that a "Pink Floyd". It's five fuckin' meters long mate, and it's rare: even if you go out on the water every day, you might never see one. I had the mic in my hand, and before I even thought about if there were families on the boat, I yelled "THAT'S A PENIS! THAT'S A PENIS!" louder than I've ever yelled in my life.



Image 4: Humpback Whale (*Megaptera novaeangliae*)

We call this "surface-active" behavior, but I sometimes call it "the splashy fun stuff," because everyone knows that means. You don't expect to see much of it on a calm day, but if it's a rough day, they'll be going crazy. This day, I dragged like 30 people way out to sea in rough waves, and they hated my fuckin guts for the first hour of the trip. Not the captain (whose decision it was), not the bitch boy, but me: Pete. And then we get there, and the guy you see here starts doing this shit for two hours, and lemme tell ya: the people on deck, their lives changed. That breaching behavior, that is one of the greatest things you can see on this earth, I reckon.



“I feel like that’s a whole other conversation: how a lot of Māori worldview is overlooked in Western society. Have you noticed how naturalists, nature people, wildlife enthusiasts, a lot of it is through a sort of white lens? Why?”

Despite all his training, experience and jubilation, Pete’s now working for the Uni, filming lectures. If you notice a dashing Samoan dude filming your course, you know you’ve got a real expert watching out for you. It’d be a bit like if David Attenborough was doing the voiceover of your course notes.

It’s not a forever job. He’s got his eyes set on using photography and film to tell the story of Māori connection to wildlife, in whatever role that looks like, and he says that if you want to get involved or help me with this, that you should reach out to him.

“I feel like that’s a whole other conversation: how a lot of Māori worldview is overlooked in Western society. Have you noticed how naturalists, nature people, wildlife enthusiasts, a lot of it is through a sort of white lens? Why? Why are we looking at New Zealand animals through a white lens, rather than a mātauranga Māori lens? Why are we calling them “New Zealand Sea Lions” rather than whakahao or rāpoka?”

Pete said that this idea kinda fucked with him while he was in Monterey, too. “These animals have been here far way longer than King George knew what California was, or whatever, so why wasn’t I looking at these animals through a native perspective?” But, when he tried to look into the Native American’s perception of wildlife, he said, “I never really got anywhere. The native peoples of America are often overlooked.”

When it comes to the USA, Pete will tell you that “the country is more than the people who run it. The country is the animals, the country is the landscape. You can’t judge America by Trump, and just ignore Yosemite, y’know? A lot of people look at what a shit state it’s in, politically, but it’s fuckin’ dope too. Monterey Bay, these animals, they’re fuckin’ cool.”

At the end of the day, Pete says his stint in the USA was the best time of his life. “If I could go back, I’d be back ASAP, but it’s quite nice to have this time back in New Zealand. To reacquaint with Māori culture, to see my best friend Daisy, it’s all good. But I’ll be back over there.”

Pete’s got a great Instagram that you can follow @wildboipete. It’s crazy to think that this guy came out of flat parties at Otago, but considering the sheer quality of nature in our area, it makes sense that someone with such a passion came from here. “With the right attitude, the right passion, you can make it. But it’s not easy.”

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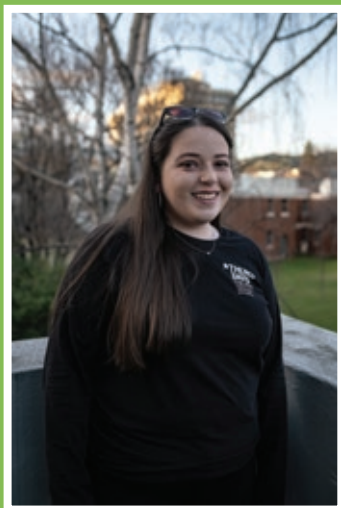
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REBECCA TURNER



Kia Ora! I'm Rebecca, I'm a 4th year Anthropology and Politics student, and I would love to be your Clubs and Socs Representative for this semester! Clubs have been a huge part of my life since second year when I got involved with the Debating Society and POLSA, and ever since then I've been hooked! I've been on a few execs including POLSA and the Feminist Club, and I've been on the OUSA Policy Committee since last year. I have heaps of new ideas on how to improve Clubs on campus, as well as how to improve this role.

QUINTIN JANE



Kia Ora, I'm Quintin and I'd love to be your new Clubs and Socs Rep!

There is no denying, clubs are an integral part of university life. Since coming to Otago, I've become a member of many clubs including SOSA and SYL.

As your Clubs and Socs rep, I'd work with the rest of OUSA to finally get the Sexual Misconduct Policy into place. I also want to help clubs that have been neglected recently and get them the support they deserve. Finally, I want to make founding clubs easier by establishing a 'toolkit' to get ideas off the ground.

DANIEL STRIDE



I have previously served two terms as Clubs Rep, and currently occupy admin roles within the Tea-drinking and Postgraduate societies. I currently serve on the OUSA Policy Committee.

I support an increase in the Grants Budget and ending the grant application cap. I will work to foster a safe environment for all Club members, while ensuring Clubs have the support they need (communicating with Clubs between Affiliated Clubs Council meetings is so important).

More generally, I fiercely oppose VSM, and believe in pressuring Wellington for a better deal on student loans and allowances.

Vote Dan for courage, dedication, and sincerity.

DUSHANKA GOVENDER



Hi, I'm Dushanka!

I'm super keen to be your new Clubs and Socs Representative! I've served on the Otago University Debating Society executive for the past two years, as Equity Officer and External Office. In these roles I've liaised with the OUSA to make the Debating Society an inclusive environment for all our members, and have implemented an Equity Policy. I would like to see a similar action taken with other clubs.

I love clubs, and how they function as a pseudo-family for many! I want to ensure that all clubs are a fun and safe space for their members.

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Vape Review: Duo Salts Kiwi & Strawberry

What is with all fucking vape flavours and having either Kiwi or Strawberry? Like seriously, any sort of fruity vape flavour has one or the other, and I'm sick of it. Artificial Kiwifruit tastes like shit. I would rather rub the furry side of the skin on my tongue than have something kiwifruit flavoured. Why are there only particular fruits that are made into vape juices, that always somehow are linked to berries? Why can't you buy a banana flavoured vape? Where are all the experimental vape juices? I want a vape that tastes like the skin from a fresh piece of KFC Chicken or movie theatre popcorn - not more boring fruit bullshit. When first smelling this Duo Salts Kiwi and Strawberry flavour, it literally smelt like nail polish remover. I couldn't wait to fill my lungs with it.

It had a pretty high nicotine content (25mg) and it lowkey looked like it had destroyed my coil, but that wasn't a sign of dangerous things to come. My rising expectations were quickly squashed. The Kiwifruit flavour is about as bland as the National cabinet. It tasted like nothing and yet disgusting at the same time, with no real depth or flavour to

it. The only real hit I could get was a slight taste of strawberry at the end, which wasn't enough to save it. Critic Illustrator Asia likened it to "eating playdoh as a kid", while Designer Molly said it tasted like "a bag of week-old lettuce that's going off in your fridge". No one could determine what the flavour was without being told first, which is a bad sign for any vape juice.

I felt lied to by this vape juice. The Kiwifruit is so subpar that I would rather rub my tongue on old Kiwifruit skin than taste it again. The strawberry was nice, but was so reminiscent of this one Hello Kitty body spray I had growing up. I feel lied to by this flavour. I'm hurt, angry, and just want some better tasting juices in my life.

Tasting Notes: Vitamin gummies your mum made you eat.

Makes You Feel: Lied to, deceived, hoodwinked.

Pairs Well With: The taste of a burnt coil.

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HOW TO TELL IF YOUR FLAT IS HAUNTED

BY SOPHIA CARTER PETERS

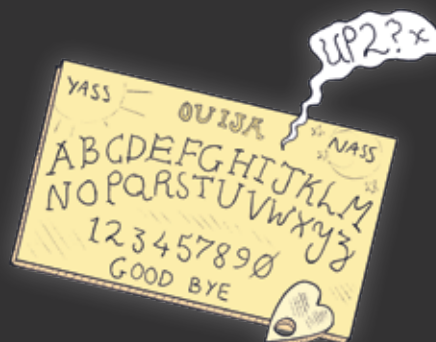
Ah, Dunedin houses. Since most of the houses in Studentville are a little (a lot) old, the usual quirks of ancient houses are common, slanted floors, water stains, and of course, ghosts. Not all ghosts are mean and dramatic, some are merely vibing on the astral plane and sometimes stir up some funky business. I have yet to experience the presence of the Breather Ghost (which must exist), but I truly love the idea of a ghost that does nothing but steals your VBs and plays haunting DnB in the middle of the night. Although, that may just be your really pale flatmate.

Not all flats are blessed enough to inhabit such supernatural creatures. A little spooky activity in this dreary weather seems fitting, so why not find out if you're one of the lucky few? If you don't feel like dropping three dollars on some candles from Spotlight and hosting a budget seance, here are a few ways to tell if your flat is haunted.

COLD SPOTS

These are a little harder to pick up on in Dunners because your flat is fucking freezing, but a big-time hallmark sign of a ghost presence is a cold spot. A cold spot, or a random temperature drop for no apparent reason. Although the reason for cold spots is debated, many think it is where a spirit is present, which changes the atmospheric pressure, resulting in a detectable temperature change.

If the rest of the room is one temperature (cold), but you walk through a space that is fucking freezing and makes the hair on the back of your neck stand up, you may have a ghost. Or a broken heat pump, either way, check with your landlord.



WEIRD DOORS SHUTTING AND THINGS MOVING

One of the bigger, more Paranormal-Activity-stereotypical kind of event, is the movement or disappearance of objects by an otherworldly being. Doors and cupboards being opened or closed without any clear reason, objects you swore you left somewhere and turn up on the other side of the house, keys missing when you actually put them away this time, all may be the work of a spooky housemate.

In my second year flat, our \$15 plastic bong went missing for over a month, before turning up in a very visible place (behind the water heater), where I would literally swear to you we looked a hundred times. Our spirit apparently was a buzzkill, which kinda sucks, but it was definitely a little weird. Either that or Proctor Dave Scott is up to his usual tricks.



WEIRD SMELLS

If you've been smelling something funky (that isn't the bottom of your fridge or the puke staining the floor), it may be a ghost. The smell of rotten eggs or sulphur is often associated with a supernatural presence. That being said, definitely clean your flat before using this as an excuse for you being a messy bitch.

This is often in accordance with other signs and shouldn't be taken as its own. If you're smelling weird gaseous shit in your house, without any other of the fun ghosty signs, definitely talk to your landlord. That shit might be a gas leak, then you'll be the breather ghost haunting that scummy abode.

Light some scented candles, open the windows and clear out the house. It may help with the smell and disperse some of the residual creepiness. Apart from if your ghost is kinda cute, don't disperse that shit.



TECH GLITCHES

Is your wifi going out more than usual? Weird issues with normal pictures of the flatties being taken? May have some ghosts fucking with your tech. If you've ever watched a ghost hunting show, you may have seen something that looks like a supermarket scanner. That's an EMF machine, and it reads electromagnetic field, which supernatural entities fuck with.

Inexplicable tech problems, especially if they're not happening anywhere but your house, may mean a ghost is trying to fuck with your GPA, which is kind of a dick move. So, what do you do about it?



HOW TO DEAL WITH A GHOST IN YOUR HOUSE

There are a couple of options in terms of dealing with a ghost flatmate that is definitely not paying rent. With most minor hauntings, you should be going around, introducing yourself to your spooky freeloader, letting them know that you're living there and they're gonna have to learn to share or hit the cosmic road.

If a ghost is causing problems or freaking you out, my go-to solution is being kind of a pain in the ass. I walk around my house, banging pots and pans and yelling about how this is my house, I'm on the lease agreement and I would not like to be bothered anymore. Usually, problems cease for a wee while after that.

If you've experienced any of the following, you should probably contact a priest: possession, spiritual violence, ectoplasm secretions, the discovery of dead animals in random locations, persistent occurrences of the listed events, or any extreme spooky activity.

Although exorcists are unlikely to advertise their services, it's a safe bet to walk into your local Catholic church and have a heart to heart with a priest. They may try to indoctrinate you, but you can eat some wafers and have a glass of vino in exchange for getting some dick from the afterlife out of your house.

Overall, if you've watched the movie Sixth Sense, then you know that a ghost is probably just trying to tell you something, to gain a sense of closure. Listen to them. Maybe throwing open the cupboard doors is a sign that you should paint your kitchen cabinetry. Maybe turning off the wifi is a signal that you should get off your phone and talk to your friends. Maybe, you're being haunted by Patrick Swayze and you should get your ass a pottery wheel.

The Great Critic Garlic Bread Review

By Henessey Griffiths



Garlic bread has to be one of the most humbling foods out there. On the outside it is but a simple meal of garlic butter and toasted bread. Yet, any garlic bread fan understands that there is much complexity to the dish. The pungent sting of garlic, coddled with the smooth undertones of butter, served on the finest toasted bread creates one of the most pleasurable eating experiences known to humankind. It transcends cultural boundaries. And yet, garlic bread is so deeply entrenched in our psyche as a pizza side dish, that only very rarely is it its own standalone meal. It's not something that instantly springs to mind when you're hungry, yet you're never not hyped to eat one. But what defines a good garlic bread? Only some rigorous hands-on research would tell.

Before testing each garlic bread, the group engaged in serious discussions about what to expect from their garlic bread. Most agreed that they would prefer to have worse bread over worse garlic, as the garlic is what essentially makes the garlic bread. The breads got cold as we were in the review process, meaning they had to be microwaved which deeply impacted the bread experience. However, we were able to get conclusive results on where sells the best garlic bread around town.

Pizza Hut: \$3.99

As the first garlic bread for the evening, the bar was set pretty high. On first appearance, this was just your basic standard garlic bread. The bread was plain and looked barely toasted, you couldn't see any butter or oil oozing out. We were all preparing for a subpar garlic bread experience. After being pulled apart nicely, the bread offered no real crunch. It was doughy to eat, and didn't offer a great mouth feel. However, the bread was saved by the garlic butter. The garlic flavour was strong but not too overpowering, and each piece had a consistent garlic to bread ratio. Critic Editor Sinead stated that "when I think garlic bread, I think of this bitch. Not the best quality, but not bad, just standard", while News Editor Erin described it as "the perfectly average garlic bread". At only \$4, everyone agreed that she knows what she's doing, and she achieved it well.

Aesthetic: 5/10

Crunch: 4/10

Pull apart ability: 7/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 8/10

Overall: 6/10



Hell Pizza: \$6.00

Priced at \$6 each, we all had high expectations for this garlic bread, and it delivered. Artisan style bread with sprinkling of Rosemary on top, that folded out into a beautiful platter, Hells gave us an experience alongside some garlic bread. Staff writer Sophia's first comment was "oh my God look at the edge, it's glistening", which set the tone for this eating experience. Because it was divided in the middle, it was difficult to pull apart, but allowed us to choose our own pieces proportions. It's garlic taste was on par with Pizza Hut's, yet the bread tipped it over the edge that little bit. It had amazing mouth feel, enough so to justify another serving. Online Editor Andy said how "it feels wrong to compare this to the others, because the others are just garlic bread. This is something more", while Sophia kept commenting on how sexy it was to eat. The floor opened to discussions about how this is one of the only garlic breads that could be its own thing, rather than a side dish to a pizza. However, the price point was enough to deter most from purchasing this bread.

Aesthetic: 8/10

Crunch: 6/10

Pull apart ability: 5/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 8/10

Overall: 7/10



Domino's Pizza: \$2.99

On initial thought, Domino's looked like a clear frontrunner to win this review. Everyone agreed that they're all sluts for Domino's, as their pizzas just hit different. Using the discount code 21174, we were able to snag a \$2.99 garlic bread. Sophia was first to point out how shiny it was, as the oil had seeped to the top of the loaf. Sinead came in hot, saying that "the bread is good, yet the garlic tastes weird". The garlic butter was more of a garlic oil, and offered a very grainy texture. The garlic flavour was severely missed, and didn't really taste like anything. It felt like we were just eating a hangover rather than a delicious garlic bread. Andy pointed out how there was more of a crunch to the bread compared to Pizza Hut, but still didn't live up to scratch. This garlic bread served the purpose of being a side dish to a pizza, but lived up to its \$3 expectations.

Aesthetic: 5/10

Crunch: 2/10

Pull apart ability: 5/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 4/10

Overall: 4/10



Poppa's Pizza: \$3.99

An underdog in this review by being the only non-chain restaurant, we were excited to see what Poppa's Pizza offered us. The top of the bread was coated in parmesan, and then unfolded into what appeared to be garlic bread. The tear apart ability was terrible, as the bread was too soft to pull apart nicely. Erin noted how at first glance it "looks like pesto", and the jury is still out on whether it actually was or not. On the first bite, Sophia loudly exclaimed "NO. BAD", while Sinead commented on how confusing the flavours were. The bread had a great crunch, and was very dry. However, the garlic taste was so confusing, and was compared to fish. It didn't taste like garlic at all. The parmesan confused the palette, making it oddly sweet. Everyone was confused by this garlic bread, with Sophia claiming that it was "trying a bit too hard" to be garlic bread. Everyone agreed that this was more of a herb bread rather than a garlic bread. Erin stated how "If I ordered a garlic bread and that is what I got, I would be mad", with Sinead stating how "she's beautiful but she had no reason to be called garlic bread. It tasted like pesto and wasn't garlic." While this bread was interesting to eat, it did not constitute garlic bread.

Aesthetic: 3/10

Crunch: 3/10

Pull apart ability: 2/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 3/10

Overall: weird/10

Artisan Garlic Bread: \$5.19

Stepping out of the realm of pizza store garlic bread, we thought it was only fair to try premade garlic bread you can buy from the supermarket. Without an oven at our disposal, we followed the directions and microwaved this bad boy for 45 seconds. However, we highly recommended not doing that. At first glance, she looked cute. She had sesame seeds on top, and looked like what your mum served with spag bol to appear fancy. This was one of the only garlic breads to have what appeared to be garlic chunks, but this didn't add much to the flavour. Erin commented that "it only tastes like garlic because you know it's garlic", while Sophia felt as if she was "punched in the face by a lot of garlic". The bread was far too soft since it couldn't be toasted, but the garlic margarine was as good as it could've been. It left a much longer aftertaste than the others, and oddly tasted like fish. Sinead and Andy decided to see if eating a piece uncooked would change how it tasted, and to their surprise it tasted better. Andy said that it was "less aggressively garlic" when eaten cold, and Sinead said that it was "more submissive". You could more prominently taste the fact that it was garlic margarine rather than butter, and was so overwhelming. The main takeaway is that if you are going to purchase this, then you better have an oven to cook it in.

Aesthetic: 5/10

Crunch: 2/10

Pull apart ability: 3/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 4/10

Overall: 3.5/10



Homemade Garlic Bread: \$1.99 baguette, \$2.29 Garlic Butter

This was a bit of a wild card. Who really wants to make their own garlic bread? That kind of admin is best saved for when you're going to a potluck and need to whip up something fast, but still deserved to be tested. After cutting up a baguette, slathering in some of this garlic margarine, and chucking it in the microwave, we were ready to rock and roll. This served as more of a guide of what to do for if you were to make your own garlic bread, rather than a review of the garlic bread itself. For instance, it is best to go for a roll rather than a baguette, as it will toast up more nicely on the crust while remaining a doughy centre. Alongside this, you need to really lather up the butter on both sides of the cut pieces, to make sure it soaks through. Unlike the others, this method does allow for creativity, as you have the capability to let your creative juices flow and add as much fucking garlic as you want.

Aesthetic: 4/10

Crunch: 1/10

Pull apart ability: 2/10

Garlic to Bread Ratio: 4/10

Overall: 2.5/10



Final Results

After much debate, Pizza Hut came out as the winner of this review due to its garlic flavour. Hells was a very close second, only falling short due to its high price point. Domino's was placed third, followed by supermarket bought and homemade. Don't even bother eating Poppa's.

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DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

THE BRINK

Peter Peryer, Christine Webster, John Reynolds
S  raphine Pick, Peter Robinson, Julia Morrison
Ralph Hotere, Gordon Walters, Colin McCahon

PETER PERYER: *Mars Hotel Portfolio VI* 1975 (detail). Silver gelatin print
Jim Barr and Mary Barr loan collection, Dunedin Public Art Gallery



ousa

EXECUTIVE



Kia Ora,

Now I could rant for hours about sustainability, about government doing more, businesses and industry doing more, plastics alternatives, zero-waste, keep cups, rubbish collection and anything else even remotely related to sustainability. BUT I won't bore anyone with a rant that something needs to be done, as we all probably agree that something does need to change (if you don't agree please email me and we can talk about it).

So instead here is the list of full events and activities for sustainability week:

Monday 20th July

Catch the Chat (Episode 1 of Impact Series) / MCR / 11-1pm

SEA Submission Writing Session / MCR / 5:30pm-7pm

Tuesday 21st July

DIY Cleaning Products / Kitchen in OUSA Clubs Societies building / 4:30-6:30pm

Sustainable Backyards / The Link / 11-2pm

The Lorax Movie Night / MCR / 5-8pm

Wednesday 22nd July

Market Day / Link / 10-2pm

Second Hand Bike Sale / Union Lawn on MCR (if wet) / 11-1pm

Starters Bar Quiz / Starters / 7pm

Thursday 23rd July

Bus promotion / In the middle of campus (union walk) / 9am-2pm

Sustainability Sussed / MCR / 11-1pm

DIY Beeswax Wraps / Kitchen in OUSA Clubs and Societies / 4-6:30pm

Popcorn Presentations (Episode 2 of Impact Series) / MCR / 5:30-7pm

Friday 24th July

Free sh*t shop AND Make and mend / MCR / 10-2pm

Garage Sale / University Recycling Center, 51 Clyde Street / 10am-3pm

Just fucking get involved. Check out the Facebook page, "Sustainability Week '20" for full details.

Ngā mihi,
Georgía Mischefski-Gray

FLATATOUILLE
THE 2020 CAPPING SHOW

Sep 25th-28th, 30th & Oct 1st
7:30pm Teacher's College Auditorium
More information at bit.ly/cappingshow

THE CAPPING SHOW

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GRAVITY EVENTS

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OUSA 2020 by ELECTION

OPEN FORUM Clubs and Societies Representative

Join us for a
candidate debate

Thursday 23rd July
1pm Main Common Room
opposite the Union Café

voting.ousa.org.nz

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GV - H
Physical education
Social sciences

CULTURE11
HB - HC
Economics

HC - HD
Economics
Management

HD
Economics
Management

PICTURED: A PHOTOGRAPHER CAPTURES STUDENTS IN A RARE MOMENT OF SILENCE AS THEY STUDY AT THE CENTRAL LIBRARY, A KNOWN GATHERING SPOT FOR THIS SPECIES.

PICTURED: THE PHOTOGRAPHERS KEEP THEIR DISTANCE AS A GROUP OF STUDENTS ARE DISCOVERED ON THE CURB AFTER A FRUITLESS NIGHT OF RARKING.



The CRITIC BACHELOR

By Caroline Moratti

Meet the girls vying for Jack Manning's affections. Critic sent them to an OUSA meeting to check out the man in action, and get their first impression of the smouldering President:



Jasmine

I'm 25 years old, studying a Master of Science in Plant Biotechnology. I'm a Capricorn with a Cancer moon and Pisces rising. Covid got me thinking... life's short and so am I. Plus my ex was a Sagittarius, so I know that I can handle the fire sign heat. It's a new semester and a new me. I am open to the journey to find love with our esteemed Mr President and become the Marilyn Monroe to Jack Manning's JFK. My favourite animals are hedgehogs and turtlefrogs [google it, it's a real thing] and I drink soy lattes.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

Last year, Jack made out with me twice. We didn't see each other for a while and I thought maybe it was over, but then, about a month ago, a cheeky kiss in a drunken game of spin the bottle reawakened my feelings. I think I'm ready for my third chance at winning over Jack Manning's heart.



Amelia

I wanna be OUSA First Lady. Why? I think I should be allowed to drink on campus and he's a cutie. I included a screen recording of my Seeking Arrangement [in her application] so y'all know I would have a sugar daddy if I wanted one, but if Jack wants to talk to them for me we can share my allowance xx

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

Hope the other girls are nice. Didn't know what he looked like before (cute). Sounds nice, solid laugh, could tell jokes without getting annoyed.



Gemma

I love cuddles, fine wine, long romantic walks, choking in the bedroom, your hoodies and fluffy animals. I would love you and shower you with all the attention and love you could ever possibly ask for. I'll be your perfect trophy wife and would love the spotlight of the media. I can't wait to come along to your OUSA meetings and unquestionably support your every word. I know you probably think I'm your dream girl right now. All this can be yours for the low, low price of your beautiful body pressed against mine.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

Yet to meet the man himself.



Simran

I'm 18 years 10 months and 2 days. My friends seem to think that I'm a down to earth girl, who is out-going, bubbly and a bit of a weirdo who is also quite clumsy. I'm considered a mix between a Hufflepuff and Gryffindor if that means anything to you. I'm also a Virgo, and I'm all about those bad puns and dad jokes, everyone seems to cringe but I totally love them! If I'm honest, I'm more into the nerdy personality types than the muscle builders and sporty people. A man who can treat his mother with a great deal of respect, is a homebody and is absolutely genuine is definitely my type.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

Nice voice, good looking, amazing laugh, really friendly, seems like he has a good sense of humour, love the stubble!



Georgia

I'm 22 and a fifth-year Honours student studying Sport Management. When I'm not at the gym I'm in the library, so I would love a new experience to liven up the long days and lonely nights. I have been described by my friends as very wholesome, very friendly, very enthusiastic, and a complete and utter nana. You will usually find me at 10pm on a Saturday night in bed with a can of Pepsi Max in hand and a Belgium biscuit in the other.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

By the time I sat down and figured out where Jack was I realised my view of him was blocked, so I couldn't see him for the first 40 minutes of the meeting lol. However, I could feel his infectious energy and passion for what he was talking about (went a bit whoosh over my head hahaha) and I couldn't help but smile. So, when I heard him refer to a hypothetical voter as 'old mate,' I was sold. When I finally caught a glimpse of his face when he leaned forward, even more sold! The glasses were cute too, I'm definitely intrigued and looking forward to getting to know him.



Annabelle

I'm 20 and studying Politics and Communication. I'm a fresh faced, jittery staff writer [for Critic] who still greatly suffers from imposter syndrome and a mild alcohol problem. If I were to describe my type, it would be a dark-haired boy with glasses. Someone who would prefer a glass of pinot and a deep political conversation than slamming back a box of Mavs and fucking aggressively in a Castle Street flat. I've always had an affinity for Mr Manning. There needn't be an uncomfortable introduction, unpleasant first date, or prolonged silence, since we already know each other. A match made in heaven if you ask me. We could become one of those really cool work couples who make each other coffee in the morning, who eat triangle sandwiches on our lunch breaks.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

If I'm being honest, I didn't listen to a single thing he fucking said. I was just there to see if there was any piping hot OUSA tea, but there wasn't. I couldn't even see him from where I was sitting, so really I just spent an hour sitting and staring off into space, imagining a relationship with another man. He's hot though so like all good.



Amanda

I'm a 21-year-old, Bachelor of Oral Health student that voted for Jack last year because of his great policies and morals (lol sike I thought he was hella cute so I voted). I'm a terrible hopeless romantic and have a big heart, I just haven't found a boy who wants to be smothered but also absolutely roasted when need be. My hobbies include watching terrible TV shows, a bewy or five, getting into the outdoors, study sessions at Central and eating food ... a lot of food.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

I walked into the Clubs and Socs building with sweaty hands, nervous, but excited. Now, this meeting was long but made a lot better by the witty jokes, dad laughter and the constant use of the word 'chill', met with occasional glimmering eye contact. I was actually quite interested in the meeting, but did zone out a couple times thinking about him waiting for me down the aisle at our wedding, as I walk to meet him whilst Crazy Frog plays. He is a lot cuter in person and exactly how I expected him to be, very confident and bubbly. Overall, he seems like such a sweet, charming man with a witty sense of humour. I'm really looking forward to the future one on one date and being able to roast him whilst we fall in love.



Sophie

I'm a third-year student majoring in Gender Studies and Minorng in Theatre. I am extremely short, 153cm-ish or 5ft to be exact. This means I am perfect for cuddling and am partial to a cheeky jetpack. I am the ideal team mate for piggy back races and would guarantee a win. I am quite caring. I'm always there to give a back rub to someone having a tacky and can be the best hype woman. This caring nature however has not translated to the house plants in my flat, which is disappointing since I work in a plant nursery over Summer. Jack and I would be able to have lengthy conversations about feminist theory - I have been told I dress like a Gender Studies student so maybe that could help Jack further with his fashion sense?

FIRST THOUGHTS OF JACK:

My expectations were exceeded. My seat in the meeting gave me a clear unblocked view of Jack, with plenty of chances for accidental eye contact. He was a sweetie, checking up on us during the meeting and explaining things. A truly caring man was obviously sitting in the room. Critic had said he needed help with fashion and I thought it was okay, but I have one recommendation. If Jack is going to lead the Exec meeting, at least take off the rain jacket. I could see a lovely button up and jumper on underneath, the power this fit could bring (coupled with his sexy stubble) would be unmatched. I can't wait for the group dates and getting to know Jack more xx



PRESENTS...

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

It was the eve of Hyde Street in the Year of Our Lord 2019. I was pretty recently single, flexing my newly found hoe muscles, and getting ready to dress like a tennis bitch and hit the streets. You know the drill, heavy drinking, a casual nip slip, way too many moustaches, and I was on the lookout for a sexy breather to make the tiny skirt worth wearing. Little did I know, it was not a breather I would end my night with. Oh no.

About halfway through the day, my drunken self somehow wound up in the backyard of a grimy Clyde flat. I found myself chatting to a lanky lad, having the time of our lives. If I remember correctly, we were deeply embedded in a conversation about prog-rock, which should have been my first red flag. Eventually, he invited me back to his for cones and after a few back alley make-out sessions and almost falling on my ass about 12 times, we arrived at his flat.

The best part of this whole experience was his flatmates, who were all stoned off their asses, but genuinely sweet dudes. That enjoyment was unfortunately short lived, and we made our way up to his room. When I walked in I knew I had made a grave error. Between the record player stocked with Tame Impala and the Beatles, the Pulp Fiction poster, and that weird hat that they wear in Peaky

Blinders, I knew I was in the presence of an honest to God, completely unironic Indie Softboi™.

After he explained to me with great conviction that I "wasn't like other girls," and that I really cared about the important stuff (which is apparently getting stoned and not really liking pop music), the "moaning" element of this Moaningful confession kicked off. Between extremely underwhelming head, and way too much caressing, it was one of the most boring sexual experiences of my life. I didn't know men got off from being overwhelmingly mediocre, but he was having the time of his goddamn life. I felt a little bit like a trout that someone had unceremoniously flung onto the bank, was pat on the head, and thrown back into the water.

As I was (finally) leaving, he warned me that he would "break my heart" explaining in detail how he ghosts most girls he sleeps with because he is "kind of a loner." If a boy can't make you cum, he can't break your heart. I ended up ghosting him, after a string of texts mansplaining why I was "different" and I can happily say he will never have his tongue anywhere near my labia again.

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Wing It



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Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

It's time to sage out your room and cleanse the energy around you. Say a blessing. Then act like it's Re-O all over again.

Your coping mechanism: Eating KFC wicked wings.



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

Leo season means it's all about you, like every other time of the year. Have a mean party and get mad if someone steals the spotlight.

Your coping mechanism: Having a superiority complex.



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Let's face the facts. Everyone loves you. Everyone wants to be you. Sleep peacefully knowing that.

Your coping mechanism: Skincare routines.



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

Ladies and gentleethers, what the fuck is the deal with Virgo men? Let me know when you find out.

Your coping mechanism: \$3 frozen pizzas.



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

I know I speak for everyone when I say: you've ruined my life.

Your coping mechanism: Looking at SnapMaps 24/7.



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Eating a tub of icecream in one sitting this week and putting it on your story is not a substitute for a personality.

Your coping mechanism: Social media.



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Your attempts to lock down a significant other isn't working, but that's ok. Drink a different spirit every night this week. Bottoms up! x

Your coping mechanism: Listening to Frank Ocean.



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

You're probably angry and stressed out from life itself. Take some time for yourself and recharge. Also clean out your room while you're at it, lighting a scented candle would help.

Your coping mechanism: Binging crime documentaries.



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

Your lecturers told me they miss you. Go to your classes... Haha nah... Unless?

Your coping mechanism: Sleeping 20 hours a day.



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

This is your peak. Not getting any better than this, sorry love. At least you're cute.

Your coping mechanism: Talking about yourself.



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Meet you at Rob Roy's. I'll be wearing the pink Op Shop ball gown, you wear a flannel. Get us a berry sorbet, we're lactose intolerant. We'll rendezvous at 9pm.

Your coping mechanism: Eating your feelings.



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

The blunt nature of your personality might bite you in the ass this week. Rethink your words before you speak, the tail end of Cancer season got everyone feeling sensitive.

Your coping mechanism: Coffee and a vape.

BOOZE REVIEW

ODD COMPANY VODKA

BY DICK BOURBONAGE

There is an epidemic that is flooding this great nation that I have been concerned about for some time now, and it is time that I addressed it. Ever since Part Time Rangers introduced the concept of a 'simple' RTD, there has been an influx of the stuff.

Now every company and their dog has been pushing the same, now tired rhetoric. "Look at us, we've used way less ingredients!" "Ooooo it's so natural, we use SpARKliNG WaTeR" - which is the equivalent of drinkable static, and "we're using less but we're sure as shit charging you more". I'm bored of it, and you should be bored of it too.

Anyway rant over, here's this new simple drink called Odd Company. Despite its ironic name as it's not really odd if every bastard is doing it, there is something refreshingly unique about this drop. Instead of using the same old ingredients, OC has gone for something different.

They have three kinky wee numbers including lemon lime and yuzu (Google it because I won't), peach and passionfruit, and cucumber and lime. These flavours are new, they're fresh, and alcoholic cucumber is fucking odd (ok maybe the name isn't so ironic) but it works. Instead of getting an overwhelming taste of angry water or the feeling of your teeth rotting due an acid content that should not be humanly consumable, you get a light and fruity dance upon the palette.

The rest are like every basic white girl's personality, but fuck me if they aren't tasty. But at \$26 for a pack of ten it will only be affordable for residents of Epsom, but fuck it, it's better than the other ones that taste like plain SodaStream mixed with ethanol.

Look, if you genuinely like the taste of soda water by itself please take a good look at yourself and know that I'm not mad, I'm just disappointed.

Still at the end of the day, even soda water is better than Tui. Fuck Tui.

Tasting notes: Fruit, cucumber and not soda water.

Pairs well with: A well-earned sense of superiority, saying "I'm not like other girls". Yes you are, Hannah. You're not just like other girls, you're the fucking median.

Froth level: Buying local.

Taste rating: 7/10



with **Caroline Moratti**
& Alice Jones
 with guest baker **Islay**

LEMON MUFFINS: POST-FLU DELIGHTS

This week's recipe was born out of the fact that our flat is overflowing with lemons. Overrun to the point of insanity. Everyone's been fucking sick and we were trying to heal ourselves, the only way we know how, through obscene consumption of hot lemon and ginger drinks. The beverages worked their magic but the leftover lemons now sprawl across our kitchen counter; a haunting reminder of a past life. Hence, lemon muffins. These plump, tender muffins are perfect for breakfast or as a packed lunch delight. Thanks to their zesty icing, they'll stay moist and fresh for days. What's not to love about a taste of citrus in Winter?

These plump, tender muffins are perfect for breakfast or as a packed lunch delight. Thanks to their zesty icing, they'll stay moist and fresh for days.

Utensil notes: If you have kitchen scales, weighing your ingredients is much more accurate for baking. Cup measurements are here too because we're not shitcunts. You also need a 12-hole muffin tin and the paper cases. Working oven is strongly recommended.

Ingredients

Serves: A dazzling four
 385g (3 cups) plain flour
 200g (1 cup) white sugar
 1 Tbsp baking powder
 1 tsp baking soda
 Pinch of salt
 110g butter (melted and cooled)
 360g (1.5 cups) Greek yoghurt
 2 eggs
 Zest of 2 lemons

For the icing:

Juice of 2 lemons
 250g (2 cups) icing sugar



Steps

1. Preheat your oven to 190° and set up your baking tray with the paper cases.
2. Sift the flour into a large mixing bowl. Add the other dry ingredients (sugar, baking powder and soda, salt) and whisk together.
3. In a separate bowl, combine the yoghurt, eggs and lemon zest.
4. Gently fold the wet into the dry until just combined. It will be craggy and bad but do not overmix.
5. Fold in the melted butter. Again, refrain from overmixing pls.
6. Using two spoons, spoon the batter evenly into the muffin tins. They should be just full, but remember they will rise.
7. Bake for 20-25 minutes, until golden on top and a skewer (or sharp paring knife) entered returns clean.
8. Allow to cool on a rack while you make the icing.
9. Whisk the lemon juice and icing sugar together until thick and glossy.
10. Make sure the muffins are cooled completely and then dollop the icing on top and finish with a sprinkle of lemon zest.

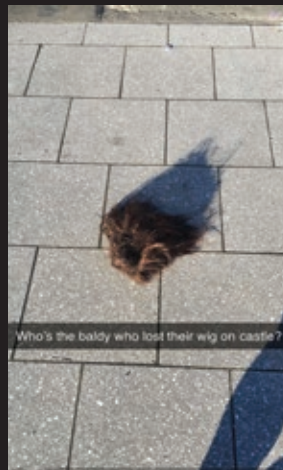
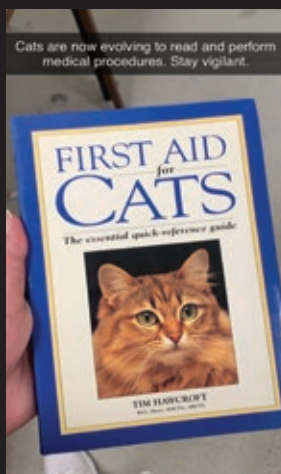
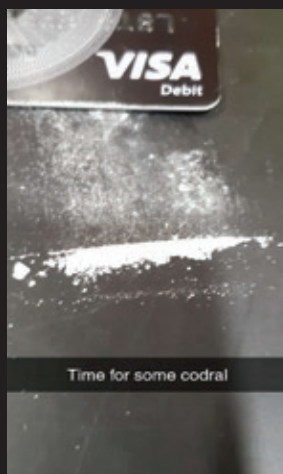
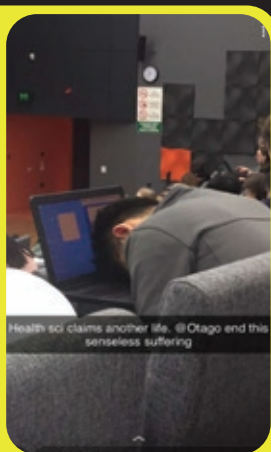
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