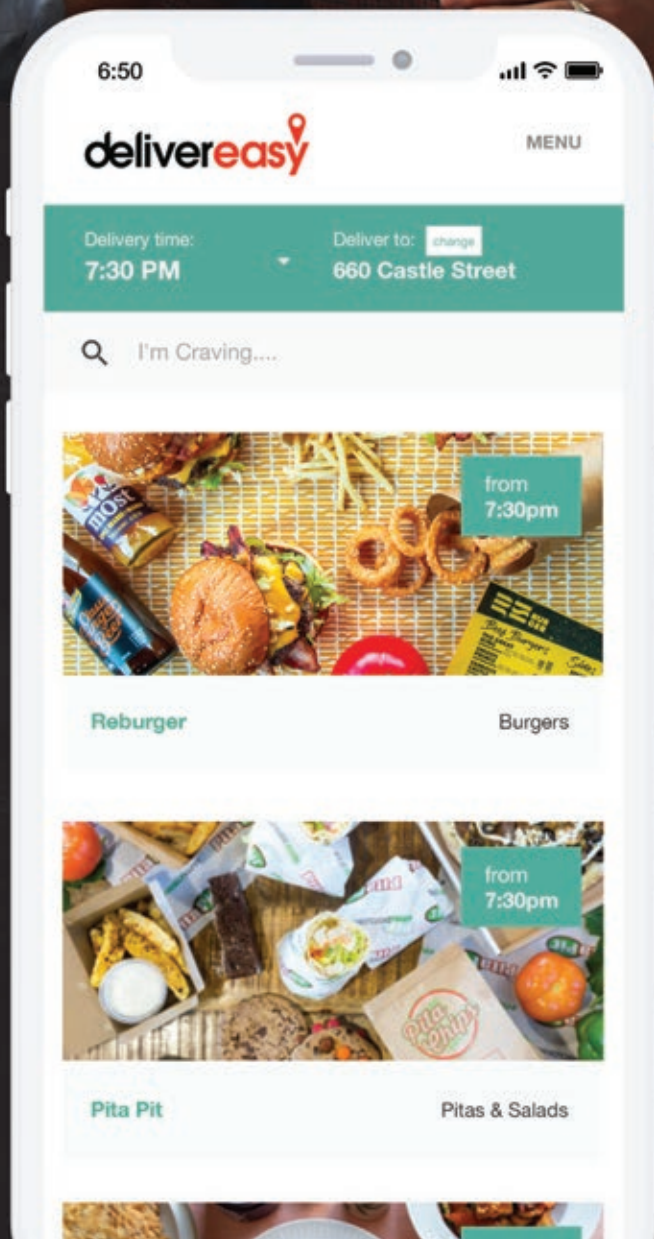


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LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP



I know Sinead is pretty firmly decided on this, but I wanted to voice my opposition to the lack of 2020 election coverage! I'm sure you found those MP interviews predictable, and maybe some of us humanities students would have too, but my dentistry flatmates for sure do not know at all what those MPs have to say and they need Critic to tell them!! Pretty please?

Kia ora Sinead,
Not a student anymore. Loved your first editorial. That is all.

This new cooking column is fucking excellent. Our flat just finished devouring this tasty vodka pantry pasta and it was by far the best meal we've ate together so far. Super yum. 10/10. Thank you.

WINNER

Dear Critic,

Otago is the perfect place for goths to thrive:

- 1) Moody weather and lots of rain; very good for mascara running down face
- 2) Spooky buildings
- 3) Good tombstones to take insta pics in front of
- 4) Sad boys who listen to The Smiths kind of ironically but not really.

So why is Dunedin so gothphobic?

I don't know if you remember the old "Take Your Place in the World" ads which the uni ran a few years back. It featured Kanoa Lloyd (of Sticky TV fame), a lonely goth girl, catching a bus to Dunedin where she "found herself" by scrapping all semblance of individuality and becoming a breathelette. I think this was a bad message for goths overall and might have scared a lot of people.

Following the O-week goth parties the last couple of years, I've been dismayed at the sheer lack of effort. I don't mean to gatekeep, but DnB + a black Jayjays shirt is as prep as you can get. Have a proper crack at it. Crying is also very therapeutic for the soul and goths love to cry so I think more people should do that too.

P.S. are e-girls the new goth?

Yours sincerely,

A Concerned Ally

APOLOGY

Critic would like to apologize to VUWSA for not seeking a second right of reply when we received accusations. We should not have included the contract speculation and should have verified if the 2019 deficit exists (it does not exist). VUWSA's right of reply is as follows:

"VUWSA understands this particular change would be difficult, as so many people cut their teeth behind the desk of Salient FM since its conception and we would like to recognise that. However, we must emphasise that Salient FM was not shut down. The format shift to podcasting adds to their current live streaming and does not mean music is no longer a part of their offerings. Salient editors remain in charge of the brand and direction of student media for Victoria University of Wellington students, chose its new name (Salient Cast) and those employed for 2020 had expressed no complaints or suggested any changes to the format before the Critic article was published. VUWSA did not save money, cut budgets or make any monetary gains with the reformatting of Salient FM.

As the Victoria University of Wellington Students' Association, students expect VUWSA to hold every dollar of the Student Services Levy (SSL) to account. The decision to conduct a review on behalf of Salient was made with all our students interests at heart and to help ensure continued funding for an editorially independent student media. We here at VUWSA certainly appreciate the need for student media to hold university stakeholders, including VUWSA, accountable. What was submitted by 2019 Salient as a review, did not meet the requirements for self-review, nor did they provide adequate reporting to support their funding coming from the Student Services Levy. Speculation that details were added to contracts is incorrect and merely unfounded speculation. Lastly, in response to claims from 2019 Salient staff, VUWSA did not enter the Salient office without permission, 2019 Salient were responsible for clearing up their offices by the end of their contracts in October - this was not done. All employment matters were managed correctly and VUWSA was excited about the reformat of content to actively engage our student community and can't wait to see where the 2020 team takes it."

**BAD TIMES
GIG GUIDE**

**BAD TIMES
GIG GUIDE**

**BAD TIMES
GIG GUIDE**

**BAD TIMES
GIG GUIDE**

WEDNESDAY 4TH MARCH

Open Mic Night w./ Boaz Anema
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM

THURSDAY 5TH MARCH

Onesevenfour 002
MAIN COMMON ROOM, OTAGO UNIVERSITY
8PM

Brookes Brothers (UK)
CATACOMBS
10pm
Featuring Mylen, Liftance, Smyth, and Offload.
Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz.

FRIDAY 6TH MARCH

Kollekt Presents: House in the Yard
SUBURBIA
10PM
Featuring New Man, JBatts B2B Connor Tomoana, KNOX, Wheels, and James Murphy.
Tickets from ticketfairy.com.

Nick Knox, Rosa Black, and Paper Frogs
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM

GEORGI HAMPTON
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM / \$10

BRUK OFF
UBAR
9PM
Tickets from eventbrite.co.uk.

SATURDAY 7TH MARCH

SIX60
FORSYTH BARR STADIUM
5PM / ALL AGES
Tickets from ticketmaster.co.nz.

SUNDAY 8TH MARCH

Both Sides Of The Line
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
7:30PM

Editorial: Best Things to Mix with Red Wine if You Are a Scummy Bitch



By
Sinead Gill

You will either think this is the rankest series of cocktails you have ever seen, but then test them and be-wildered by how much it slaps; or you will think they are rank, and be wrong. Whichever category you fall in, let's make one thing clear: Longridge Cask Wine Merlot Cabernet Sauvignon 2L from Countdown is the only red wine-in-a-sac out there that is worth a broke but fancy bitch's time, with a \$0.97 cost per standard.

That is an incredible deal. But just because it is cheap doesn't mean you should overindulge. Pace yourself. Below are my recommended red wine mixes.

Red Bull and Red Wine

This one will make you ZOOM. I choose this mix if for some ungodly reason I decide to go to town, or if it's late on a Critic print night and I still have several hours to go. I am literally drinking this as I write this editorial and I am so fast. The only downside is that it is sickly sweet, like cordial syrup without water, but I'm not mad.

Taste Rating: 7/10

Froth Level: Heart palpitations

Tasting notes: Biting into a lemon but rating it

White Wine and Red Wine

White wine is the lesser of the two wines. Mixed with red, however, I had high hopes that I had just DIYed myself some rosé. I definitely didn't. The grapes had a fist-fight on my tongue. I could taste their blood. I felt like some rich punter watching humans fight in a ring for money, and I was in Red's corner.

Taste Rating: 2/10

Froth Level: Being a mother of three and doing cocaine with another mum of three in the kitchen while the boys play rugby in the yard

Tasting notes: Rust

Coca-Cola and Red Wine

This is the absolute queen in the hierarchy of red wine mixes and my personal go-to. When the mixture is 50:50 wine to coke it's called kalimotxo or calimocho, which is a real drink that exists and originated in Spain. I prefer calling it fucking delicious. It is sweet without being sickly, and caffeinated without increasing your power level too high. It gets you quietly, respectfully cuntted over a long period of time.

Taste Rating: 10/10

Froth Level: Dressing up for a long night in with the gals

Tasting notes: Kissing your flatmates goodnight on the mouth

Gherkin Juice and Red Wine

Ooooo she fuckn sour. Don't do it.

Taste Rating: 1/10

Froth Level: Some shit your high school acquaintance in a multi-level marketing scheme would try sell you to lose those last few pounds

Tasting notes: Bad

Black Coffee and Red Wine

This one was worse than the gherkin juice. Probably because the expectation of the familiar coffee taste lulled me into a false sense of security and I took a heartier sip than I should have. At least the gherkin juice tasted like gherkin. Black coffee made the mix taste like compost.

Taste Rating: -1/10

Froth Level: Not being able to avoid squishing those worms that come out of the cracks in the concrete on a rainy day

Tasting notes: Taint

ISSUE 2

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Increased Police Presence During Flo and O

There ain't no party like a police-monitored party

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

Students have noticed an increased number of police on the streets of North Dunedin during Flo and O Week. The police confirmed that they have been trying to prevent the situation that led to Sophia Crestani's death at the Manor last year.

"Since the tragic event at the "Manor" in October I have been working hard to identify and prevent a similar disaster," said Campus Constable John Woodhouse (who, on a completely irrelevant tangent, is National MP Michael Woodhouse's brother).

"You feel kinda under surveillance"

In 2019, the increased number of police on the streets around campus was partly driven by the University. University Proctor Dave Scott noted there was "collaboration with the Dunedin Police to ensure a visible police presence in the North Dunedin area through both 'Flo Week' and Orientation Week [in 2019]."

Tim, a fifth year student in attendance at many parties during Flo Week and O Week, noted that "parties were shut down earlier than last year". He continued, "I guess [it was] as a response to crowds getting too big."

Annabelle, a third year, said that she had noticed more police at parties this year, but said that "to some extent, it's a good thing". She reckoned that "once things calm down after O Week and the semester kicks in, [the police] will back off a bit."

The police identified thirteen parties to monitor.

Constable John Woodhouse said that at the thirteen parties monitored, the police provided "[h]igh visibility presence at the events [to] help the students feel safe". To monitor the parties, the police would park up at each end of Castle Street and then walk around, according to students. The numbers of police ranged from about four to over ten.

"You feel kinda under surveillance," Annabelle said. She thought that students had been reluctant to drink as much or undertake risky activities due to the police. Tim agreed. Annabelle continued that "it made you not drink as much, it made you not yell, it made you not approach the police to take photos".

"The second it hit midnight they would come in, the music would stop, they would start escorting people out..."

Tim said that "standard drinking [was] allg" but "maybe not shotgunning beers and using funnels".

The police have been working closely with the Good One register to identify party locations. When parties were not registered through Good One, individuals provided information about parties on Howe Street, Castle Street, and Leith Street to keep track of parties in the campus area.

Annabelle said that parties had been getting shut down early. "The second it hit midnight they would come in, the music would stop, they would start escorting people out and if you didn't leave start leaving within a few minutes and piling out and going onto the streets they

would leave and take you out." Jamie, a second year, said that "it was hot" because the police came and stood right beside students to clear the flats.

The parties monitored by police ranged in size from over 2000 people to just over 100. Thirsty Boys was the biggest party. At that party, Woodhouse noted that the DJ was cooperative with the police. The DJ assisted them by beginning an "off the roof" chant to get two non-students down from the flat's roof. Big Red was also big (and red), with a total of 1500 students, Woodhouse said.

Big Red was also big (and red), with a total of 1500 students, Woodhouse said. The day of the party, the location changed to neighbouring Castle Street flat The Fridge. According to several students, the Proctor and police raised concerns with the residents that there were not enough exits from Big Red. The residents then decided to move the party.

OUSA's Ori stadium events attracted little attention from the Police. The OUSA Executive noted that they had received positive feedback about their events. The police apparently left an Ori Event at the stadium because it was "boring".

"Considering the thousands of attendees over the two week period the number of arrests were minimal with most, as usual, being non Otago University students," Woodhouse said. "The behaviour of the vast majority of students was excellent."



Agnew may be an Ag-no in 2020

The sponsorless shit-show

By Kaiya Cherrington
Staff Writer // kaiya@critic.co.nz

There is a cloud of doubt over whether the Agnew Street Party will go ahead in 2020. The annual Agnew Street Party is often referred to as Hyde's ugly step-sister. Last year's event raised safety concerns, with the low temperatures and rain creating a slipping hazard on the steep street. Ambulance staff were called out after people fell ass-first in gutters filled with glass.

Because of the risks involved, the Vice Chancellor's Discipline Report for 2019 states that, "there is discussion underway with community partners and OUSA as to where to take this event for 2020".

"OUSA will not be providing logistical support to the Agnew Street Party at this point in time," said OUSA President Jack Manning. "We have not been asked by the residents for any support. Our events team already have a very full calendar planned for throughout the year so would likely not have resources available." He went on to suggest that if residents continue with the party, they should register it with Good One to ensure that they receive advice and support on the risks involved.

...the Party has "potential to be bigger than Hyde if the right groups get involved... There is heaps of momentum from the last few years."

Josh, an organiser from 2018, was concerned about the possibility that the party would not go ahead. He predicted that

"[i]f they stop it some shagger will try do it themselves and shit will hit the fan".

The Disciplinary Report notes that the "organisers of their own volition closed the event early for safety reasons" in 2019. The University sees Agnew as less organised than Hyde and therefore more likely to involve alcohol related risks. The Report states "[T]he event has morphed from a smaller localised street event that several hundred attend, to what is now a large street party involving thousands."

Jack Manning highlighted that the "decision on whether the Agnew Street Party goes ahead or not needs to be led by the residents". One of the main Agnew organisers from 2017-2019 shared the same view as the University. That organiser was reluctant to see the party continue in its original form, stating that "it has outgrown the small street and it is now a huge health and safety issue. Logistically and safety wise I don't see it happening."

Another Agnew organiser from 2018 agrees that there has been a steady growth of students attending over the years. "I think in 2018 we had roughly 4000-6000 people on the street and only eight arrests." He added, "I thought [that] was not bad at all".

The University's Report stated "numbers again grew in 2018 - with the event now at similar levels to the failed 2012 Hyde Street Event."

The Report refers to the Hyde Street keg party that gathered an estimated 5000 people, and is infamous for a roof collapse in which St John paramedics treated 80 people throughout the event.

"I think in 2018 we had roughly 4000-6000 people on the street and only eight arrests." He added, "I thought [that] was not bad at all".

The possibility that Agnew may not go ahead was met with either indifference or disappointment by students. One previous organiser believes "it's a terrible idea to can it. It's a big event on the Dunedin calendar." Another former organiser agreed, believing that the Party has "potential to be bigger than Hyde if the right groups get involved... There is heaps of momentum from the last few years."

An attendee from the previous two years looks forward to a good rage on Agnew, and believed it would be an "utter disgrace and scandal" if the street party is cut. On the other hand, another past attendee would "rather hit up Hyde," but is "curious to see what happens to Agnew".

While discussions continue between the University and OUSA, there is a possibility that Agnew will be shut down before it even begins. Freshers may have to hold off until Hyde in their second year for that juicy sweet street party fix.

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The Official Otago Uni Shitlist for 2019

Tag yourself, I'm the increase in couch burning

By Erin Gourley

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Some of the concerns highlighted in the University's 2019 Discipline Reports have been targeted by the University with new policies.

One example is the skips around campus at the beginning and end of the year. The Report notes that the skip "service was abused" in 2019, with too much waste and "large volumes" of rubbish. At the time, discussions were ongoing between Waste Management and Property Services to create "solutions for 2020". To solve the problem, the University has now introduced skip security guards.

The CCTV network around the campus is moving into Phase Two, where the University reviews the performance of the security cameras. The review began on 13 February. The Proctor seemed happy with the way the cameras are functioning, stating that "[s]ome outstanding results have been achieved over the year that would almost certainly not have been achieved without the aid of the CCTV network."

Students were smashing fewer glass bottles

in 2019 than in 2018 or 2017. Glass incidents, which the University defines as "the throwing or smashing of bottles", decreased from 39 in 2017 to 24 in 2019. Despite the decrease, Campus Constable John Woodhouse, stated that the police "continue to be frustrated at the mindless breaking of glass and windows".

Breaches of the Code of Conduct for excessive noise also decreased. The Proctor plans to continue to limit noise with a plan developed in collaboration with the DCC, Noise Control, and the Motel Owners' Association. The process involves meeting with the 25 most problematic flats for noise complaints to outline rules.

Along with general reviews of Code of Conduct infringements, the Report acknowledges the death of Sophia Crestani at The Manor last year. "There is ongoing work with community partners and Sophia's family, seeking to change the student culture and improve the North Dunedin precinct," the Proctor stated in

Despite the decrease, Campus Constable John Woodhouse, stated that the police "continue to be frustrated at the mindless breaking of glass and windows".

his report. "This will be ongoing throughout 2020 and likely beyond."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the University was disappointed with the "noteworthy" rise in couch burnings. The Proctor noted, "largely due to the CCTV network, the Proctor's Office was able to identify and hold large numbers of offenders accountable."

Again unsurprisingly, the Proctor stated that "[c]learly uncontrolled use of alcohol and binge drinking is a major aggravating factor in the majority of breaches of the Code of Student Conduct (this has been the case for a number of years)." There were 891 incidents of breach over the past year, up from 875 in 2018.

Incidents of theft increased, a lot. There were 56 incidents in 2018 and 114 in 2019. The Proctor stated in the Report that more reports of theft and willful damage were expected as a result of the CCTV network. The logic is that if there is a potential avenue of investigation, victims are more likely to report property damage and theft.





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Hawaiian Stein Rebranded as Silly Shirt Stein

New and improved Law stein, now without cultural appropriation

By Sophia Carter Peters
Staff Writer // sophia@critic.co.nz

The opening event on the Society of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) social calendar, the 'Hawaiian Stein', has been rebranded as the 'Silly Shirt Stein'.

According to the Facebook event information, the renaming took place on 22 February. That was after students questioned whether it was culturally sensitive to encourage people to dress in Hawaiian attire.

The previous description for the event read "Do you wanna get lei'd....? Back and better than ever, it's the first SOULS event of 2020: HAWAIIAN STEIN". The reference to lei in the description has now been removed, and Hawaiian Stein replaced with Silly Shirt Stein.

The tickets to the event, which were sold from 19-26 February along with Course Materials, read 'Hawaiian Stein'. Multiple Law students confirmed that when they bought course

materials, during O Week, they were told about the Hawaiian Stein by name and encouraged to attend.

A fifth year Law student commented: "I guess it's just the next thing under fire for being cultural appropriation." He thought that "[s]ometimes, [the scrutiny] is needed but it just goes to show everything is being scrutinised no matter how innocent."

The event took place on Friday 28 February. Previously, the Hawaiian Stein had been an annual event. Another fifth year Law student said, "I guess it is good that they realised that their theme was wrong and made moves to change it." They went on to say that it was "a needed shift cause I think that theme has so far been an annual one".

One student said that if SOULS made that decision "to be more culturally appropriate",

then "that's probably a good thing". They also expressed that Silly Shirt Stein was an unusual choice of event name. Students believed that the poor name choice demonstrated that SOULS had not previously considered whether the event's name was appropriate, and had made a rushed decision to change it at the last minute.

SOULS has since "sincerely apologise[d]" in a statement to Critic, and highlighted that they changed the theme as soon as they were made aware of the issue. "Concerns were brought forward to SOULS highlighting the lack of cultural awareness in holding a Hawaiian Stein event," SOULS said.

"We failed to realise that the hosting of a themed event at which attendees wear Hawaiian shirts was a form of cultural appropriation and disrespectful to Kanaka Maoli."





LIAM WAIREPO:

Youngest Ever [REDACTED] Party Candidate

By Sinead Gill
Critic Editor // sinead@critic.co.nz



Liam Wairepo looks just like any other 21 year old Politics and Science student. No, not like a cunt – like someone with a big dream and a big brain. He is an RA at Salmond College and his favourite snack is toasted cashews. He may also be the youngest ever candidate for the [REDACTED] party, as well as the first Māori candidate for the Waitaki electorate.

The Waitaki electorate is thicc and includes a bunch of North and Central Otago and South Canterbury towns, like Oamaru, Twizel, and Wanaka. Liam is not from this district, himself. It isn't clear why he is running there other than he is incredibly ambitious and this passion was clearly picked up on. Likely by [REDACTED], MP for Dunedin North. Liam is his parliamentary assistant. He told Critic he was shoulder tapped by "some senior party members" just before Christmas, which kicked off the nomination and selection process.

Liam's eagerness oozes from every pore.

Interviewing him was like interviewing a puppy. It makes me feel slightly guilty for outing his lie about never smoking weed (which he has, allegedly, according to a mate who was in the Critic office during the interview).

When asked how he got into politics so young, he said "you just have to tell people you're interested".

"If they see you are young, excited, credible, or vibrant, they'll help you as much as they can." Lol.

His personalised timeline to the top began by joining Dunedin Young [REDACTED], becoming the chairperson of that branch, becoming [REDACTED]'s parliamentary assistant, and by helping other [REDACTED] candidates in their local body election.

Liam Wairepo gets a free pass from Critic's politician ban because he is an Otago student.

"If they see you are young, excited, credible, or vibrant, they'll help you as much as they can"

Controversial Poi Performance An “Uncomfortable” Experience

Poi oh poi that was a bad idea

By Kaiya Cherrington
Staff Writer // kaiya@critic.co.nz

Students in the audience of the Pacific Students' Welcome were left “uncomfortable” after members of the Otago Pacificana group brought out poi and danced to ‘Poi E’ by Patea Māori Club.

The Pacific Students' Welcome for 2020 was held on Thursday 20 February. The event is made up of a series of speeches, a student panel, and performances. Attendees were students and staff of diverse backgrounds.

According to attendees, it was the final performance that hit a sour note with the crowd. Poi E, everyone's favourite Māori song to mumble the words to, was a part of that final performance and it featured poi being used “inappropriately” by non-Māori.

Marie*, an attendee, said that the use of poi didn't seem too offensive at the start, until it was swung “between their legs”. At that point, she and her friends felt “uncomfortable, because we knew it wasn't right”.

According to another attendee, Eliza*, there was “a lot of tension in the audience” mixed with “scattered

laughter”. She believed the act was “cultural appropriation”. Another student, Sophie*, agreed, saying, “if the tables were turned, the [Pasifika] students would be upset”.

Pasifika students interviewed by Critic were also confused by the choice of performance, particularly as Māori often attend these welcomes.

...there was “a lot of tension in the audience” mixed with “scattered laughter”.

The University of Otago Pacific Islands Students' Association Executive (UOPISA) said to Critic that “when showcasing Māori culture... non-Māori (including Pasifika) need to get better at understanding the tikanga around it.”

UOPISA were “not involved in planning the event,” but have “collaborated with Te Roopū Māori” to create a safer space to discuss such things.

UOPISA highlighted that “the use of Te Reo Māori and

the poi is widely encouraged” by the Māori community for any New Zealander to partake in and celebrate. As Pasifika, UOPISA believed they should “respect and uplift the rights of tangata whenua”.

The students interviewed agreed that the performance was a “disappointing finish to what could have been an amazing night”. They said it “definitely did not live up to the standards” of previous Pacific Welcome nights but hope that it will not “reflect poorly on Pasifika who had no involvement”.

The Māori Centre and the Pacific Island Centre have now announced they are “hosting a time of whakawhānau for all students to talanoa, share stories and learn about each other's cultures”. This event will take place on Saturday 7 March at the Māori Centre for lunch, and “everyone is welcome”.

Te Roopū Māori told Critic they had a positive meeting with all parties involved and have decided not to comment.

*Names have been changed.



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NZUSA Calls For Tertiary Student Exemption On Travel Ban

\$1.6 billion dollars pls

By Sinead Gill

Critic Editor // sinead@critic.co.nz

Last week, NZUSA called for a tertiary student exemption on the ban on foreigners travelling to New Zealand from China.

NZUSA don't fuck with the ban because it "feeds racism", directly jeopardises approximately \$1.6 billion dollars from the tertiary sector, and because it means tens of thousands of students may be left in academic limbo for at least a semester. As any third year itching to graduate knows, one semester can feel like a lifetime.

As any third year itching to graduate knows, one semester can feel like a lifetime.

The ban was introduced on 3 February as a measure to keep COVID-19 (Coronavirus) out of New Zealand.

NZUSA told Critic they "are not afraid" to point out how racist some rhetoric has become. They

pointed out that "[over] 25" different countries have confirmed cases of the virus. Despite this, China is the only country whose occupants are banned from arriving.

Isabella Lenihan-Ikin, NZUSA President, said "[NZUSA] know that students - domestic and international - are being subject to racism from landlords, colleagues ... as a result of this ban and therefore we need to send a strong message that there is no room for racism and xenophobia on our campuses."



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NEW ZEALAND

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Down in the Dumps

An investigation into the life of a security guard on a Friday

By Jack Gilmore
Critic Intern



Critic has an exclusive insight into the life of a skip security guard after talking to, and observing, a guard at work during O Week. The skip security guards have been sizing up who used the orange skips around campus in an attempt to cut down on rubbish from non-students. The University states that this trial is based on "strong evidence", much like Critic's

dislike of the Southland town of Bluff.

One skip guard said he was "kinda standing around not doing much" but went on to speculate that "I suppose my presence might be putting people off, so it's probably a good thing we're here." He said that "I think about one" non-student had tried to use the skip.

Student reception to the security guards has been lacklustre, ranging from "oh yeah I saw that, pretty weird" to "this is how the Uni's using our fees?" to "what are you talking about?" Critic witnessed a whole day of the Operation Skip Security and this is the timeline.

8:01 – The Reporter is an hour late. Uh... The Security Guard's just sitting on the wall.

8:15 – The Security Guard begins pacing up and down the road the length of the skip. Always good to get your cardio in.

8:37 – The Guard abandons their post, going into the bottle store.

8:40 – The Guard returns with a can of Sprite. Feel the Lemon Lime freshness.

9:32 – Inspired by the Guard's actions, the reporter goes to the bottle store. He buys a coke.

10:06 – Guard begins to eat an apple.

10:10 – Guard disposes of the apple remnants in the skip.

Jeez how long does it take to eat an apple?

10:24 – The Reporter's view is obstructed by a TNL Freighting truck. An obvious ploy to hide away insidious acts of crime, possibly (but not limited to) littering.

10:28 – Two girls dispose of a perfectly good bed head. Kids these days. Why don't they want bed heads? Their IDs are checked.

10:31 – Guard writes in a blue folder. I imagine it details plans to have security guards at every rubbish bin on campus to check only students are using them.

10:35 – A blue truck arrives to dispose of an egregious amount of wood, almost entirely bedheads. One man presents an ID, it's probably legit.

10:41 – The blue truck drives away. The Guard sheds a tear of loneliness.

10:45 – Waste management arrives and drives off in one quick movement.

10:48 – OH GOD! A new skip arrives!

10:50 – Jeez how long does it take to drop off a skip? It's finally placed on the ground off of the tow truck.

10:51 – The two skips battle for the Guard's favour.

10:52 – Knowing this is the end, two guys throw whatever they can find into the old skip before it is taken. A clothesline, a washing machine, a small child, a broken TV, the truth about the JFK assassination, and another bed head.

10:53 – The OG skip pleads to be allowed to stay. Its cries echo along Leith Street.

Guards hold back their tears.

10:55 – The OG skip is taken. It has served its purpose. Goodbye, old friend.

11:08 – Enviro Waste arrives, starting a long-standing and bitter rivalry between the Rubbish Man and the Guard. **11:22** – The Guard's gone! Now's our chance!

11:23 – They were just out of view. Sorry guys.

12:00 – The Guard has done the old switcheroo and there's now a new guy. They're probably not as good.

12:03 – The New Guard is on their phone.

The Reporter is getting nervous.

Is the New Guard onto him?

12:05 – Return of the king! The original guard has returned, reinvigorated, to preservethe sanctity of rubbish dumping. The false guard has been exiled to the land of litter.

12:43 – The Reporter changes to a blue pen.

1:32 – Man, nothing's happened in a long time. The Reporter considers documenting the really boring mundane stuff.

1:43 – The Guard checks their phone.

1:47 – Nah that kinda just sucks. Surely, it'll pick up?

1:48 – It will pick up. And don't call me Shirley!

2:07 – Man it all came to a head at like 10:30 didn't it? The good old days. Wow! Wish it would pick up again.

2:34 – Red defeat the elite four in Pokémon Fire Red. Great job Charizard.

2:36 – Damn Red lost to Gary at the last moment.

2:43 – When does this end!

3:02 – A pigeon shits on the sidewalk.

3:32 – The Reporter is amazed that the Guard has the energy to keep going with this job. They must have amazing mental fortitude.

3:52 – Knowing time is nearly up, the two guys return to throw away even more rubbish in the skip. A microwave oven, a large child, a collection of Arcoroc mugs, a taxidermied Big Foot, and another bed head.

4:00 – We're both free.



What Happens When Te Roopū Māori Takes the Mystery out of the Bus

The skrrt skrrt doesn't cover the hurt hurt

By Kaiya Cherrington
Staff Writer // kaiya@critic.co.nz

Māori kids looking at the Te Roopū Māori (TRM) calendar for Wiki O (O Week) were shocked to discover there was no Mystery Bus lined up for 2020. back for the start of another year.

The Mystery Bus brought Māori students squished proximity, funnels on entry and a deafening Shed Party playlist all rolled into one. The annual TRM tradition consisted of about 40 students hitting up surprise locations around Dunedin.

Previous bus activities ranged from beer tower races at Starters to driving up to a gorgeous lookout on the outskirts of the city. Past attendees said there was no better place to watch their crusty mates vomit up their Double Browns.

Instead of the annual Mystery Bus event, TRM members were invited to dress up as Avatar: Legend of Aang characters and have a BYO in

the Dunedin Rugby Club. Students were certain from the start that it would pale in comparison to the bus.

Questionable location aside, the change begged the question: why kill the Mystery Bus?

Other attendees wished that Appa had come and fucken yip yipped them to Starters to sink a tower.

A member of the TRM Exec reckoned that the Exec "didn't stop the mystery bus," they just wanted to "change it up" to avoid people getting bored of the same event year after year. According to this member, the "alcohol restrictions on buses makes it difficult to run the event".

The lack of mystery damaged the appeal of the event. This was reflected in the low number of attendees. Only 23 people turned up to the empty

Rugby clubroom. The Avatar costumes were boring or non-existent. Students found that beer pong and a hundy feed could hardly right the wrongs that had been done.

The event did not have the same magic as the bus. One student said the Mystery Bus was cool because it was basically a Dunedin sightseeing experience, but more boozy and less shit. Students who went to both the Mystery Bus and mystery-less BYO said that the "Mystery Bus beats BYO any day," but overall were having an okay time. Other attendees wished that Appa had come and fucken yip yipped them to Starters to sink a tower.

Despite the lack of numbers, the attendees rated the competitions and games. It was clear that the TRM Exec had put a fuck load of effort into the event, but they could not compensate for the lack of mystery and the lack of bus.



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Vending Machine Prices Rise and Capitalism Wins

The University has opened a [coke] can of worms with this one

By Jack Gilmore
Critic Intern

In an egregious act of disregard for the public good and basic ethics, the University has increased the price of every can of drink at campus vending machines to two whole dollars.

"I'm gonna set the vending machine on fire."

The first reports of this occurrence came when a Critic intern attempted to put one humble dollar into the majestic open-air vending machine below Critic offices, known as Ol' Vendy. The intern was greeted with news of an updated price and no can of coke. Ol' Vendy was not alone in this new price. The vending machines in Central Library and Science Library have seen an increase of 33% to exactly two dollars per can.

This act has not gone unnoticed. Resident Critic Vending Machine Expert, Wyatt Ryder, stated that the "University has lost my patronage. Two dollars is not a refreshing, easy beverage price range." Ryder continued that in the past he "would regularly slap a dollar coin into Ol' Vendy and grab myself a dollar Coke." He lamented, "What else is a dollar coin good

"What else is a dollar coin good for? A two-dollar coin is an actual amount of money. A one-dollar coke was the ideal treat."

for? A two-dollar coin is an actual amount of money. A one-dollar coke was the ideal treat."

OUSA President Jack Manning told Critic he had just one comment to make: "Capitalism has failed us." He went on to make further comments.

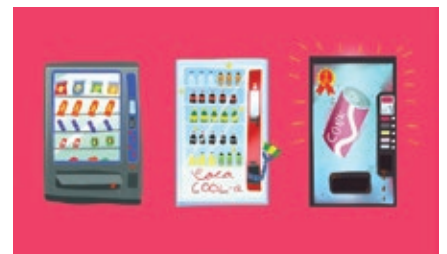
University students were quickly angered by this decision. Various students, who were interviewed as they used vending machines, said, "I don't come to Uni to be insulted," and "how dare they?" and, concerning, "I'm gonna set the vending machine on fire."

Others, though, have been more measured in their response. "Well, it probably matches the increase rate of other luxury food items and is probably linking into some sort of policy on reductions of sugar consumption," said one Commerce student. "Yeah nah, don't drink coke," said another.

A University spokesperson blamed their supplier for the increase in price. "Coca Cola Amatil has said the price increase was due to increased costs in goods and services," they said.

But what's next? If the University can so easily increase the price of cans of soda, what else can they do? Increase the price of Grain Waves? Sante bars? Force students to drink Pepsi?

"Coca Cola Amatil have said there are no further plans to increase prices in the foreseeable future," a University spokesperson said.





SPOT THE
DIFFERENCE



CONNECT THE
DOTS

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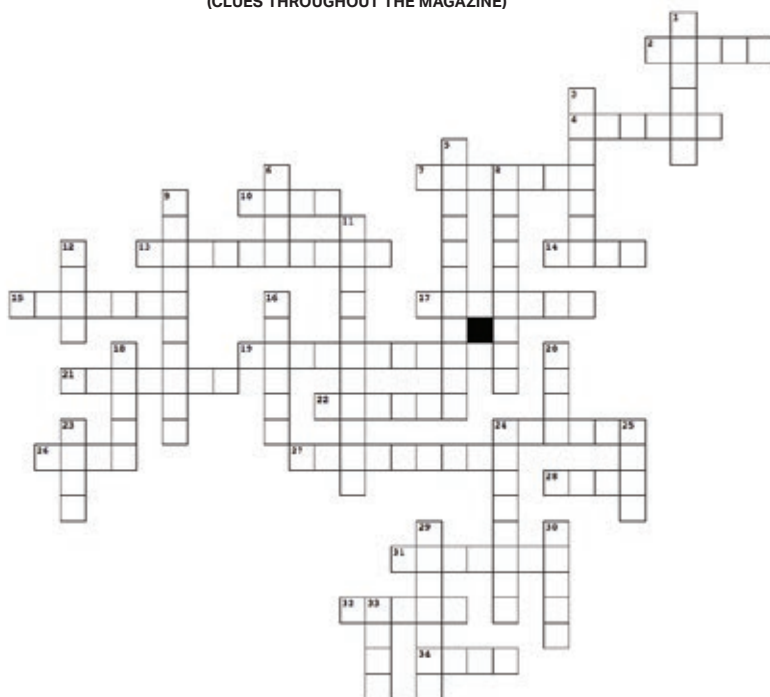
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MAZE



CROSSWORD

(CLUES THROUGHOUT THE MAGAZINE)



Across

2. the thing you're not meant to burn even though it sounds really fun
4. Longest running student magazine in New Zealand
7. First year student
10. Plastic vessel for the supping of wine
13. what you read in full, seeing all of the interesting subjects on offer at Otago, before deciding to study a fucking BCom
14. The most powerful 4 letter word that isn't love
15. " ____ hands" - where you duct-tape a bottle of this nectar to each hand
17. your new overlord
19. the ceremony that is supposed to inspire you to do well in your first year
21. Opposite of a fuckboi. Lives for the lads and MDMA
22. Winner of Critic's kebab review
24. a dexterous wooden object used to make the most luxurious of student furniture
26. Simon Bridge's favourite part of whipped cream
27. What you should go to student health and get checked for
28. The bright positive masculine principle in Chinese dualistic cosmology
31. Name of the annual Otago Uni live skit production
32. Really fucking hyped
34. Something that a person with unusual sexual tastes has

Down

1. The name of Critic's expert laxative fiend
3. What old-timey breathas from like the 2000s were called
5. The O in O-Week
6. To flow or leak out slowly, usually through small openings.
8. Forces you to job-seek even though you're unqualified af
9. Where 2019 Critic Editor Charlie O'Mannin is off to in 2020
11. Gave Critic an all-caps interview
12. The last name of some random rich cunt, and also a stadium
16. what your flatmates will be doing none of this year
18. Locate and correct errors in a computer program code
20. A prearranged fight with deadly weapons by two people
23. What you steal from your mates when on the piss
24. Best duck breed
25. How you rip your sheets on the first week in your hall
29. The district Liam Wairepo is a party candidate for
30. Hyde's ugly sister
33. A distinctive odor that is offensively unpleasant



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YONA LEE: SUCCESSION



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U Good, Fam?

SAVING
FRESHER
LIVES WITH
ARE YOU
OK

BY BONNIE HARRISON

He's too drunk. His legs have collapsed beneath him, so there is someone supporting either of his shoulders – that's two. His head is lolling back, so a third person holds it up and grips a mask to his mouth, from which a plastic sac drops down to collect his thin, watery vomit. This third one coaxes him to a seat where he can recover. A fourth gently

holds the folds of his toga together at the crest of his back in such a dignifying way that he may never know they were there. He sits down. He gets a biscuit. He gets a ride home safe. He's one of the many hundreds of people helped every year by the student volunteers at Are You OK during O Week.

7:30 PM

It's 7:30pm on the Wednesday of O Week. Sage Burke, Manager of OUSA Student Support, is addressing a room full of student volunteers. "This is going to be one of the biggest Toga Parties ever. Literally," he says.

The volunteers' shirts are a bright, new magenta with 'Are You OK' splashed across the front. Just about every single volunteer is armed with a radio and mouth piece – this is how they'll navigate one of the biggest parties of the year. 3,200 freshers are about to crash land into Forsyth Barr Stadium for the OUSA Toga Party. The volunteers – many, if not most, of them students – in this room will spend all night to ensure each attendee have a safe and enjoyable experience. They'll barely sit down for the next five hours.

Sage relies on a wide pool of keen volunteers to

Just about every single volunteer is armed with a radio and mouth piece – this is how they'll navigate one of the biggest parties of the year.

make Are You OK happen. "I like to have 50-60 [volunteers for O Week] to make sure our bases are covered," he says. Tonight, there are 25. 11 of them are members of the elite Student Support Response Team (SSRT). They've been training for weeks to support emergency services in as many different situations as you can think of: suicide prevention, cardiac arrest, missing persons, and a range of drug responses.

There were four teams at Toga; each had a leader, and were highly trained. There were two chill out zones, each snappily referred to as North and South COZ. The COZs are tents situated outside two of the major stadium gates equipped with first-aid materials, blankets, and chairs. Once attendees

make it inside, this is where they will be taken if they have gone too hard, to eventually return to the party, or to be ferried home in the OUSA van.

This Toga Party was different from all the others. Sage told the room the new rule: if a student is visibly intoxicated at the gate to the party, they will be turned away, and have no opportunity to sober up in the COZ as in previous years. They get a circle drawn on their hands and become a Toga outcast.

Lauren, who has been with Are You OK since 2016, predicted that this new rule will mean "a lot of upset and distressed students", but agreed that it needed to be in place. With less people in the venue who are dangerously intoxicated, "it makes for a safer night for everybody," she said.

Nicola broke down Are You OK's approach to these students for me. "We have people roaming on the dance floor, so they'll be picked up [by Are You OK]," she said. "They'll be taken to a tent where they'll be reported to the team leader, who'll check them in with their details, and they'll decide what needs to happen. Normally they sit down, get given biscuits and water, and we see what their condition is like. If they're in terrible condition and we can't handle them, they go to St John's, but normally we help them sober up and they can go back in. Or, we can give them a ride home if they're not gonna sober up and the best thing is for them to go home and be taken care of by someone else."

Lauren called Are You OK "the RAs (residential assistants) of O Week," which I loved.



7:50 PM

10 minutes before the gate officially open, we were ready. I could hear the cheers and chatter of hundreds of people, most of whom have arrived by busses arranged by their college to avoid egging.

Despite the extensive coordination, the first year mob was huge, screaming, impossible to keep track of. Pairs of Are You OK volunteers peppered themselves along the unruly queue.

One college had clearly not policed carrying alcohol on their chartered bus. Students spilled out with berry scrumpies and Great White Sharks in their fists. They seemed surprised when stadium security held up their hands in a 'woah' movement and told them they could not sink piss in this area (which, for the duration of O Week, had a liquor ban). The curb then lit up with the sound of dozens of half-empty vessels hitting the concrete. The gutters along Anzac Ave filled up impressively with a river of dirty yellow.

I heard a girl dismount the bus and laugh, "Imagine being sober at Toga".

Lauren was right in thinking people would be pissed off with the crackdown on intoxication. Two boys, standing outside the steps up to Forsyth Barr, circles drawn hurriedly in vivid on their hands, were the first victims of the 'no second chances' rule. I heard them before I saw them. This is the first time I see Are You OK in action tonight.

The two excluded students were berating a pair of volunteers, shadowed by their college's warden, who had been called in to take the boys home. Inside, the bass from the live acts is rumbling.

"Can we get a refund at least?" one asked. Blair*, a veteran Are You OK volunteer, calmly told him that she knows it sucks, but no he can't, and that they don't make the rules. "This is fucking bullshit. Absolute fucking bullshit," one of them yelled at her. Another 20 minutes of complaints, commiserations, and cussing droned on before the warden could get them into a car. It was gross to watch. Once they left, I asked the pair if they're all good. I'm shocked when they shrug it off.

"It happens," Blair* said. She said people always, always try and convince them to let them back in.



8:30 PM

I tagged along with a pair of volunteers as they patrolled the main corridor. In previous years, volunteers in their hi-vis have had to dive into the toilets to stop lovebirds from giving themselves some privacy in a locked stall. I saw another victim of the "no second chances" policy outside, holding hands and talking with her friend on the inside through one of the event boundary fences.

Those unlucky few that needed to be escorted out seemed to be outliers. One of the volunteers I'm with, Flora*, said her night was mostly pointing out bathrooms, fixing togas, and helping people find their friends. A woman called Gabby, who was working coat check, said that most people seemed pretty sober. "A girl nearly flashed her tits at me," she laughed. "But that's alright, you just carry on."

By this time last year, three vans had been filled with students who had to be removed and shipped home. At 8:45pm, not one van has left the stadium. I asked veteran volunteer Taylor* what's up. "I don't

want to say the q word, but it's unusually quiet." She was scared she may have jinxed it. It turns out she did.



9:15 PM

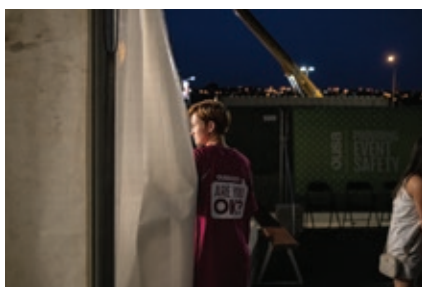
At 9:15pm sharp, a switch flicked in the fresher collective consciousness and – like the mighty southern royal albatross – it was time to start flying home. Students were suddenly leaving in droves to Castle. Are You OK tried to find anyone who didn't look fit to make their own way home, but it was an impossible feat. To give each and every person a visual breathalyser test would take hours. They had to be sharp, and lucky. Most people waved the teams off with a smile. They asked a guy with the words 'cock garage' written on the rear of his toga whether he's all g – apparently he is. A girl who was sprawled on the ground, giggling, refusing hands up from her friends, saw Are You OK coming and straightened up instantly.

When I get back to the COZ, the mood has shifted. A girl is getting carried out on a stretcher into the care of St John's. Nicole later tells me that she sees Are You OK's role in this whole crazy landscape as "reducing the burden" on St John's resources by dealing with the non-threatening stuff. Sometimes, though, there's nothing more you can do but get the professionals in.



9:30 PM

By 9:30pm there was a consistent rotation of the lost, the miserable and the sick in and out of the care of Are You OK. Lee* said that the most common issue students come to the COZ for is 'I haven't made friends and everyone else has friends'. Lauren told me about a girl she consoled during one Toga Party because her boyfriend had texted her – from within Toga – to tell her he was breaking up with her to hook up with someone else – at Toga.



FEATURES 02

Three volunteers comforted a girl as she cries, laughs, and then hyperventilates. Her best friend had moved to Auckland for uni and she misses her so much. She said this is the most she's ever drank.

"This sucks, having to look after people like me," the girl says.

"We volunteered to be here," they reassure her.

"--Fucking why? I actually love you guys."

She sends a selfie with her new Are You OK friends to her group chat.

The Toga party has definitely been worse. The talk in the volunteer group is that since Toga is a

first-year only event, there aren't as many people arriving on substances. Some volunteers have had to deal with broken bones before; others have had to deal with people "covered in fecal matter". This year is a good year.

Lauren said that after doing a full O Week of Are You OK volunteering, she has to go to Student Health to "take stock". It makes sense. Not only is the job physically exhausting, it's emotionally draining. After five years of donating her time and energy, she still loves it. She said it shows you a "different side" to students, and lets you witness "extraordinary human moments".

I overhear a guy ask an R U OKer whether they get paid. When they tell him no, he just mutters "what

the fuck".

"Back in my first year, I was one of the kids who needed a bit of help," said one volunteer. Lee* said the same. "Are You OK took me home in first year... So I thought I'd give back."

"This sucks, having to look after people like me"

"We volunteered to be here."

"--Fucking why? I actually love you guys."

11:00 PM

The night's not over until every toga leaves the building. Just after 11:00pm, all of Are You OK had moved the last of the stragglers out of the stadium.

Some of them are ushered into the last of the van seats, others are taken to Campus Watch to get home. Many of them, both volunteer and first-year,

will be back tomorrow, and the next day, and for every stadium event in the O Week calendar, to do it all over again.

**Some names were changed to protect privacy.*



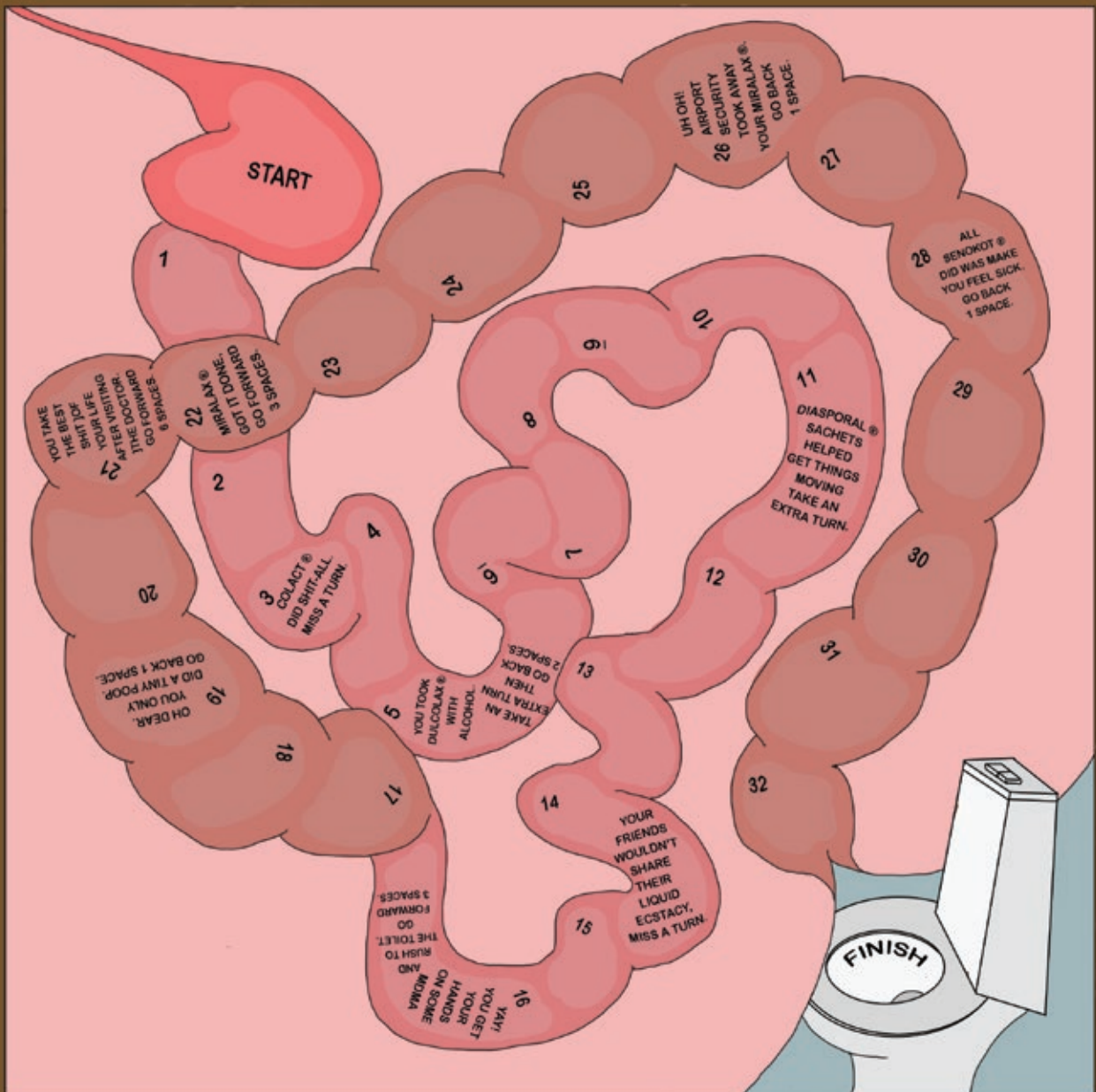
RANKING 6 EUROPEAN CITIES BASED ON THEIR LAXATIVES

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO'S FULL OF SHIT, BUT IT MIGHT BE MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU THINK

By Fox Meyer

FOR THIS VERY IMPORTANT AND VERY SPECIFIC LIST, I'VE CONSULTED AN EXPERT. POOPIE*, AN AMERICAN EXCHANGE STUDENT, HAS BEEN STRUGGLING WITH CHRONIC CONSTIPATION FOR FOUR YEARS NOW.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT BY LOOKING AT HER, BUT SHE'S CARRYING AROUND A BABY'S WEIGHT OF SHIT. AND SHE'S TOURED THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT IN SEARCH OF A FECAL ABORTION.



FEATURES 02

LET'S EXPLORE THIS CERAMIC GAME OF THRONES. AND - FOR THE RECORD - ALL OF THIS IS TRUE. THERE'S NO BULLSHIT, JUST SHIT SHIT. OR A LACK OF SHIT, REALLY.

6. BERLIN

According to Poopie, Berlin is one of the worst places to get laxatives unless you're a vegan. In the formerly divided city, a constipated character can fetch "these weird vegetable laxatives" which despite tasting like absolute shite, don't get the job done. It's also apparently difficult to find any normal toothpaste there, because like the laxatives, it was all veggie grey/green. Apparently Berlin hasn't gotten the memo that when it comes to personal care, they can give up the Soviet/Cold vibes.

5. BARCELONA

C: Okay so Barcelona.

P: It's Bar-'theh'-lona.

C: Sorry. Go ahead.

Poopie got this liquid stuff that worked pretty well in Barcelona, but is poor for travellers. You can't fly with it, and Poopie was distraught when what seemed like a Godsend got nabbed by airport security. If it wasn't for this inconsiderate bit of liquid-laxative-hate, the city would've ranked higher: it was a good laxative, but poor for travellers. Only locals can be constipated in Spain.

C: So what does it feel like to be that constipated?

P: Feels like rocks. Rocks in your stomach. It just feels like you're always full, but you're hungry.

C: Can you point to where it feels on your body? *(Poopie points to her abdomen, to the area just below the ribs.)*

4. PARIS

In The City of Love, Poopie got packets of magnesium citrate. Apparently, this is a very strong laxative, which she has prior experience with. Usually sold in liquid form at CVS (that's an American chemist, for you non-Yanks), it's a big bottle that one may skull before a colonoscopy - serious shit! But this was packets, not liquid, which Poopie had never seen before, and she was a big fan. You could mix it anywhere, like instant coffee (another less powerful laxative).

P: You just plop a little packet in - really great. Honestly for travellers, perfect. Super convenient.

C: Does it taste good? What's the flavor?

P: Oh, yes, absolutely. Tastes like sprite - I mean, L&P! Lemony. Nice.

3. AMSTERDAM

C: Okay, so liquid ecstasy, right?

P: Right. And I did shit here. Thanks to a combo of laxatives and liquid ecstasy.

C: Okay so how was that, tell us about that experience.

P: Okay so the first night I did it in Amsterdam, it was so much fun, 'cause they sell it at stores there - it's legal.

But I was the fourth person splitting this bottle, and when it comes to me, it's fucking empty! So I got nothing. That night, not only was I the only one not on ecstasy, but I also had to shit. My friends didn't know this, but I needed that ecstasy for more than just the high."

2. COPENHAGEN

Poopie actually got sick off of laxatives in Copenhagen, but insisted that that was a different story. Why is Copenhagen ranked so high if she got sick off the laxatives?

C: So they were really bad? P: No, they were good, I just -

C: You took 'em wrong?

P: Kind of. I took it with alcohol, which you shouldn't do. C: What other drugs shouldn't you take with alcohol?

P: Um.. Hm. I dunno. Every drug works well with alcohol.

1. BUDAPEST

At the tip-top of the shit spire, we've got the grand city of Budapest. The success of the Hungarian laxatives is partially owed to the severity of Poopie's situation; she ended up actually going so far as to get an ultrasound in Budapest, because she was so worried about her month-long moratorium on shitting that she suspected a permanent blockage.

P: I was a month in, rock solid hard. Like, super hard. I went to the hospital, and it was crazy, because they didn't speak English, and I had to communicate this problem to them which was extremely awkward. Anyway, they gave me the ultrasound, and they just said "You have a lot of shit in you. You're full of shit." Which I've been told before, like in the US, I went to the hospital for ten hours, and they just told me I'm full of shit.

PARTING WORDS FROM OUR PARTY POOPER

C: What advice would you give to people who can't shit? P: I would say: magnesium citrate, if you can get it. Number one, it'll always do the trick, but you'll feel really bad before you poop. Most laxatives, you absolutely feel the laxatives going into your stomach. Every time I take some, I think "oh, so that's what my intestines are shaped like." C: Do you have anything left to say? P: Um, no. Go to Budapest for laxatives, I guess. Actually! Wait! I do have something: "If anyone does go to Budapest, fucking please, please bring me back some laxatives! I'll literally pay you."

Poopie: They were just gross, like you know the pills you put in your mouth and you immediately wanna throw up because it just tastes so bad?

Critic: Like kratom?

P: I don't know what that is.

C: Nevermind.

P: But it affects your mood! It is scientifically proven that if you're constipated, you'll be more depressed. I read somewhere that when you poop you release some chemical. Also! Your gut is a representation of your bodily health, so if you're constipated you're gonna feel shitty about your health.

You can bet your ass I fact checked this. Chronic constipation correlates with a 22% increase in anxiety diagnoses and a 33% increased risk of depression according to the National Institutes of Health. My first guess was that this is because the microbial communities in your gut (which contribute to the production of the neurotransmitters that regulate mood and emotion) could be prevented from functioning normally when in a state of constipation. However, current research actually suggests that it might be the other way around: that the microbial gut community itself may be the source of chronic constipation.

Okay - back to chatting shit.

Leave it to the French to flavor even their shit-powder something tasty. And here's where we get to some decent journalism, folks. Instant coffee definitely gets me moving to the loo, so surely there are some other substances that can substitute for a laxative. Out of all the powders, pills and pre-rolls, and according to this seasoned veteran, what's the best drug for pooping? Without missing a beat, Poopie says: "Liquid ecstasy, for sure. I actually made a note of that on my phone, where I take notes on all these laxatives, because I pooped when I did it. That was Amsterdam. Let's talk Amsterdam."

But the second night, on round two of her liquid gold, Poopie got a poop. But not a real poop, it was tiny: "like a rabbit poop, just a pellet." She's astonished. After two and a half weeks of a normal diet, all that comes out is a pellet? P: I'm like, where the fuck does it all go? I'm in Europe, I'm eating so well, it's all this bread, cheese... where is it going? Which I still don't know the answer to. Still, to this day, I don't know where all the food goes. I'm not even bloated or anything, like, you wouldn't know it from looking at me that I'm literally full of shit.

A bold claim! And yet, a classic mistake. Just like all things Danish, their laxatives get worse when you put a few drinks in 'em. Poopie gives the Danes credit for crafting an effective laxative, but scores them for assuming that anyone in need of such a product could possibly be sober. How else are the chronically constipated supposed to deal with this problem? We drink to forget a poor mark or a painful ex, but not Poopie, Poopie drinks for relief.

Unlike the US, in Budapest it was only \$200 for an ultrasound, which "wasn't bad". After the ultrasound, the Hungarian doctors recommended a specific brand of laxative, which finally opened the dams of Poopie's bowels. Speaking on that final, exhilarating experience, Poopie says: "I've honestly never been happier in my life. It was solid, not that runny, and it was a lot. Like, I knew I was getting out what I needed to get out after not pooping for that long."

She's looked for the Hungarian laxative in the US, but can't find it. Like a dreamy boy in a sweaty nightclub, these Hungarian pills rearranged Poopie's insides and were never heard from again.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

[Author's Note]: Any Budapest travellers are welcome to inquire with fox@critic.co.nz and we'll see if we can make this work. I'm sure she'd be thankful. And if anyone has questions about pooping and wants to consult the expert, this is your chance.





CENTREFOLD:
ALEX VAN DER WEERDEN

THE GREAT ANNUAL FLO AND O WEEK PARTY REVIEW

The two-week self-induced bender, also known as Flo and O week is a time of awakening, connection and chlamydia. The second years shed their fresher selves, the third years prepare for their final send, and the fourth years aren't there because they're too old and depressed. And the freshers, no one gives a fuck about because they have not yet earned the right to participate in such events. Just like any other alcohol ridden, hookup infested event which takes place in this godforsaken town, one must fully immerse themselves in the experience, especially for the purposes of investigative journalism.

BY ANNABELLE VAUGHAN

with additional yarns from
Asia Martusia and Naomii Seah

BACK TO SCHOOL | MON 10TH

It made one feel as though they were part of some weird culty underage orgy



As per usual, Flo Week kicks off with the annual Back to School Party. I'm not entirely sure why this theme still exists, or why people find pleasure in reliving their high school experiences. Maybe it's because Matthew from Auckland Grammar refuses to come to terms with the fact he is no longer head boy. Maybe it's a metaphor for the fear of ageing we often face at this age. Maybe it's because no one could come up with an original theme.

The costume game at this party was strong, even though it's not that hard to dress up in something you wore everyday for 5 years. Regardless, this party needs to be given some credit. One thing is for sure, school uniforms aren't sexy, especially when people are constantly trying to flex on the fact they went to private school. We get it, your parents spent thirty thousand dollars a year for you to be taught the same thing as everybody else. Not only this, but it made one feel as though they were part of some weird culty underage orgy. Hard pass.

DECILE: 3.5

MUSIC: Your school song

FROTH LEVEL: Epsom Girls Grammar School

COSTUMES: Leavers hoodie

GOTHIC | WED 12TH



I'm not entirely sure when wearing 'vintage' t-shirts and black jeans from Glassons constituted as being goth, but it sure did on Wednesday night. The costume game on this night was adequate, but it did make me start thinking about that phase in year 10 all girls went through when they wore eyeliner and listened to Paramore, convincing themselves they're 'not like other girls'.

The Haunted flat itself is a lot smaller than anticipated, which made the mosh an unbearable sweat fest. After a solid 20 minutes of trying to propel myself through the walls of flesh, followed by a momentary dance session up near the DJ booth, I decided it was time to call it a night and head back out onto the street to join the lurkers who didn't manage to make it in.

After joining the lurkers on the street, things got a little more interesting. I was surrounded by characters ranging from jaw swinging breathas who could barely form sentences, right through to close mates I didn't expect to see out and about, who had managed to steal a funnel (sorry to whoever's that was, by the way).

I pulled a Madeline McCann and disappeared into the night with a BCom boy I had met...

Once nightfall hit, even the shine of neon from the kids who'd gone Scene to Gothic couldn't help me navigate the darkened abyss. To be fair, I also drank too much and had begun to lose all sense of direction. After losing my flatmates, and subsequently my vision, I decided it was time to pack it in. So I pulled a Madeline McCann and disappeared into the night with a BCom boy I had met just hours prior to continue the (somewhat) gothic adventure continued back at my flat.

QUOTES: "I'm not like other girls"

MUSIC: Mr Brightside - The Killers

FROTH LEVEL: Green Day and Fall Out Boy going on tour together

VALENTINE'S DAY | FRI 14TH



I didn't last long on Valentine's day. I stood on a crowded ledge, looking over a sea of pink and red, and remembered how depressingly single I am. Apparently the cops hate love even more than I do, though, because the whole fleet was out on this night. They could probably sense the sexual tension of the desperate fresher boys who were keen to make out to average music.

WHERE IS: The love?

NUMBER OF LOVERS' QUARRELS: 1 (when I was reunited with a friend I'd accidentally abandoned).

FREE DRINKS SCORED: 5

WHITE OUT | SAT 15TH

The non-stop flow of DnB ensured the crowd fully succumbed to the rhythm of the night, like some 21st century siren call.

The most highly anticipated day of Flo Week had arrived, and the breathas were getting well and truly geared up for the big event. Meanwhile, the infiltration of freshers had begun.

From the get go, it was clear this was going to be a full send. Thirsty Boys well and truly delivered an outstanding occasion, one that I will tell my grandchildren about. Although it's not all that hard to dress in white, the costume game was still strong considering the risk one takes wearing all white to a party of this degree. Not even a whole bottle of Napisan could remove the stains from this night.

The stamina of the hosts is also to be applauded. Not one moment during the whole night did the boys on the balcony show weakness - jaws swung and hands waved right from kick off. I have absolutely no clue who the DJ was, but he deserved a Nobel prize or something. The non-stop flow of DnB ensured the crowd fully succumbed to the rhythm of the night, like some 21st century siren call. There were a few brief interruptions, but only because the police had to tell some fuckwits to get off the roof. The commitment to both safety and the send was admirable.

RATING: Sent, sealed and delivered

COSTUMES: Very white and very tight

FROTH LEVEL: Vanish Napisan: Trust Pink, forget stains

GENDER BENDER | TUE 18TH



Fucking yucky transphobia aside, the Gender Bender party was without a doubt the best of O Week. Should anyone wish to dispute this fact, please contact me directly.

The costume game was next level, with the girls coming out on top. No, I don't mean the guys dressed up as girls. The gals-gone-boi all fully embodied the breatha experience, committing to the role whole-heartedly. They were all hysterically funny and also alarmingly attractive. I have never been so confused about my sexuality. But boys, you did a piss poor job. 'Woman' and 'scantily clad' is not the same thing.

The DJ on this night really hit different. Maybe it's because my imaginary dick was getting hard to 'Higher' by Wilkinson for the hundredth time that week.

Maybe it was the thirteen vodka sodas I had pumping through my bloodstream. We can never be certain, but for a fleeting moment, I was truly, genuinely, connected with the boogie and the beat.

After getting funky for a while up the front of the mosh, I decided it was time for a quick vape break and a leisurely stroll. On my travels, I ended up bumping into a bunch of freshers from UniCol, who were politely not taking part in the party (take note, infiltrators). One girl started telling me about how her and the Head of College walked in on people fucking in the bathroom. The other guy told me about how he found someone's jizz covering the shower floor. I'm glad to see UniCol still remains to be the same STD ridden, bodily fluid infested shit hole it always has been. Never change.

COSTUMES: Queer eye approved

HIGHLIGHTS: The girls all looked damn fine, hmu x

FROTH LEVEL: Thirsty Thursdays and the Col

HAWAIIIN | WED 19TH



It took a solid two hours to work out where exactly the Hawaiian party was, with the only guide being the distance flash of police cars and the vibrations of the doof doof. I eventually located the party by identifying which flat people were leaving in droves.

Despite the lack of enthusiasm I sensed, and the sheer number of Jimmy Buffett cosplays about, I ventured forward.

Everyone was fully decked out in their tropical, flower adorned best. The DJ could very much be heard but not seen, but the LED lights were a nice, energetic, seizure-inducing touch to the event. A bunch of girls were head banging at the front, being watched by the boys sifting around towards the back of the crowd.

However, things began to heat up in this somewhat tropical paradise of a party when a few fights broke out and a girl then projectile vomited into the crowd, really adding a nice dramatic touch to the evening. It was not long after this that the police began to enter the crowd shutting down the whole shebang, the evening in 'paradise' coming to a close.

IF YOU LIKE: Pina coladas

GETTING CAUGHT: In the rain

NOT INTO: Yoga

IF YOU HAVE: Half a brain

DOUBLE DENIM | THU 20TH



It's pretty hard to actually comprehend and remember what happened at The Complex during the Double Denim because, my God, I saw some weird shit. I don't even know where to begin.

First things first, there was the rather eclectic mix of characters manning the DJ decks all night, starting with a curly-haired, green cap wearing rapper who spat rhymes all night. He was followed in hot pursuit by another rapper who did a much needed nostalgic DnB remix of 'Pump It' by The Black Eyed Peas. I didn't know how much both my 8 and 19-year-old self needed to hear that. From memory, although impaired, I think he was wearing a pair of ski goggles on his face. I also don't think either of them were dressed in denim, which completely destroyed the point of hosting a double denim party, but hey, each to their own.

On a much more memorable note, there was an incredible range of ways to suffocate, which I appreciated. One was from the literal smoke machines blasting every few seconds, another was the permanent vape and ciggie clouds. The worst by far was the permeating overtone of compost. I asked a boy if he could smell it (he then asked me if my hot friends were single) and a breatha warned me ominously about the "poo hole". I asked someone who claimed to live there what the poo hole was and he said it was a big pit outside where guests go to shit. Not even fucking kidding.

A bonus point gets added for the random old guy sitting in the tree drinking tomato sauce straight out of the bottle, watching over all of us. Did anyone else see this? Surely I can't be the only one who saw him. Maybe he didn't actually exist and it was just the smoke inhalation getting to me. Either way, it really put the icing on the cake (or in this case, the denim on the denim).

...a breatha warned me ominously about the "poo hole". I asked someone who claimed to live there what the poo hole was and he said it was a big pit outside where guests go to shit.

COSTUME: Britney and Justin at the 2001 AMA's

MUSIC: Anything from the early 2000's

FROTH LEVEL: Loading your iPod with Flo Rida's new album





THE INAUGURAL — CRITIC KEBAB — REVIEW

BY ALEX LECKIE-ZAHARIC, WITH
DATA ASSISTANT ANDY RANDELL

The kebab. The holy trinity of protein, veggie and carbs. The go-to for anyone who is feening a feed that won't damage your body and/or subtract ten minutes from your life. The team at Critic was shook to realise that no Dunedin kebab review exists, and are here to right that wrong.

Each establishment has been assessed on the kebab's length, girth, and height, as well as ratios of meat (or falafel, for the vegetarians) to salad.

SILA

Sila's kebabs were the first victims of the night, likely has a biased write-up. Everyone in the office was starving. Of course, no one dared touch them before our rigorous sizing and taste testing.

Unfortunately we were underwhelmed by the first falafel sampling of the night. While the majority of the wrap was palatable, the falafel was dry (not as dry as the icebreaker joke your lecturer cracks in the first lecture) and fairly unpleasant to eat.

The combo meat kebab was a definite improvement, though. It nailed the proportions of tangy sauce to serving of meat. The meat was weirdly stringy, but the serving size was decent.

Overall Sila hit like your grades if you keep watching TikToks in the library instead of studying: overwhelmingly average.



LENGTH: 28cm
GIRTH: 20cm
HEIGHT: 05cm

MEAT TO
SALAD
RATIO: 3.5/5
rotisserie
meats

FALAFEL (\$13.50)
5/10
COMBO (\$13.50)
7.5/10

TROJAN

Much like both the famous horse and condom, Trojan held a surprise inside that was, well, still something, but not quite as was hoped.

Trojan's falafel kebab was a plain offering. Acceptable. Upon further inspection we would be disappointed to see that the composition was off – sauce seemed to pool at the bottom – but this did not seem to affect the flavour, which was great, just not 1am-in-the-Octy great.

As if Turkish cuisine has something to say about vegetarians, Trojan's combo kebab was infinitely better. It was hard to find any criticisms. A good amount of sauce was coupled with a generous helping of meat. Former Critic Editor Charlie O'Mannin – who, unemployed, now relies on Critic handouts to eat – praised the flavour profile and a distinct satisfying stomach feel.



LENGTH: 23cm
GIRTH: 19cm
HEIGHT: 05cm

MEAT TO
SALAD
RATIO: 4.5/5
rotisserie
meats

FALAFEL (\$12.50)
6.5/10
COMBO (\$14.50)
9/10

ANATOLIA

If you are looking for the perfect balance of quality of feed to price of kebab, then Anatolia is the place to go, if you can be fucked walking all the way to Princes Street.

The falafel itself was solid, and each piece had a casing that appeared to keep the insides moist-er than most other falafel we tried. Critic Editor Sinead noted that it gave “big expensive kebab vibes”, and had a near perfect salad-to-sauce ratio.

Moving onto the combo meat kebab, Critic illustrators Asia and Saskia said that it “felt like the flavours were friends, gooey and all merging together”. Just because they’re friends doesn’t mean it all works out, as News Editor Erin chimed in with an in-depth analysis on the many aspects of this kebab. The sauce was nice, but relatively thin, and the overall composition seemed off. There was a bit too much onion and not enough tabbouleh, with also a clumping of oregano at the bottom. The salad was decent though, and that was enough to raise it to an overall 6/10 rating.



LENGTH: 21cm
GIRTH: 22cm
HEIGHT: 05cm

MEAT TO
SALAD
RATIO:
4.5/5
rotisserie
meats

FALAFEL (\$12.50)
8.5/10
COMBO (\$12.50)
6/10

DOST

Sometimes you just have a godawful kebab, and Dost certainly delivered on that front.

A placenta/10 rating for the falafel was our first impression, with Saskia remarking that it tasted like Pepe Lopez tequila. You be the judge of whether that’s a bad thing. However, staff writer Sophia experienced a completely different flavour profile, noting that it tasted like butt and crunchy peanut butter.

The combo kebab was only a very slight improvement, but that isn’t saying much. Sure, there wasn’t a placenta-esque look to this one, but the excessive amount of cabbage and clumpy carrot overpowered the miniscule serving of peppery meat. That may be fine for a flat meal (meat is expensive), but not for a \$13 kebab.

The only potential redeemer for this kebab was the generous quantity of sauce, but even that lacked flavour. Disappointment after disappointment.



LENGTH: 24cm
GIRTH: 20cm
HEIGHT: 04cm

MEAT TO
SALAD
RATIO:
1/5
rotisserie
meats

FALAFEL (\$13)
2/10
COMBO (\$13)
3/10

YILMAZ

Yilmaz was furthest north of the seven joints we tried, and in the perfect location for anyone sticking to a flat party instead of hitting town.

The falafel – the quality of which, by this stage, seemed to be an indicator for how a location would fare overall – was well done, if not slightly overt textured. The wrap as a whole was soft and soaked in enough sauce to be flavourful without being soggy.

Yilmaz’ combo kebab proves that you can, in fact, have too much of a good thing. The flavours were absolutely on point, but the textures of the different meats and vegetables was somehow more noticeable than the kebabs from other joints. It wasn’t unpleasant, but it was distracting. Overall, a very solid kebab.



LENGTH: 26cm
GIRTH: 20cm
HEIGHT: 4.5cm

MEAT TO
SALAD
RATIO:
4/5
rotisserie
meats

FALAFEL (\$13.90)
7.5/10
COMBO (\$14.90)
7.5/10

PAASHA



LENGTH:	a lie	MEAT TO SALAD RATIO:	3/5 rotisserie meats	FALAFEL (\$15) 6/10
GIRTH:	a lie			COMBO (\$15) 7.5/10
HEIGHT:	a lie			

Even the most uncultured fresher would know that a kebab and a pita are two different dishes. While the ingredients are the same, the compositions are nothing alike. Apparently that didn't get through to the crew at Paasha, who, despite us ordering two kebabs, served us two extremely square pitas.

This didn't stop them from making an impression though. Their falafel offering was a solid middle-of-the-pack, but their hummus was god damn exquisite.

Paasha's meaty offering "tasted good" according to Sophia. It better – they were the most expensive meal of the night. While Critic can't give you a recommendation on Paasha's kebabs, if you don't mind a lack of good looks, their pitas will suffice.

NESLI

While Nesli's length was top tier for the kebabs we tried, the girth of their kebabs were the lowest of all fourteen we tried. We all know that it is girth that matters most in matters such as these. We'll forgive them but only because they were the cheapest kebabs on the list.

Their falafel was immediately slammed for possibly being raw. We were genuinely unable to tell. The only redeeming feature of this shitshow of a kebab was the orgasmic way the kebab unwrapped, steam and all. Incredible wrapping job aside, Nesli may have been aware of their shortcomings as they overloaded their wrap with sauce. Unfortunately, not even that could save them.

The combo kebab was bad for a completely different reason. It tasted much better than its falafel counterpart, but the message it sent is sure to put anyone down in the dumps. According to Asia and Saskia, this kebab was "very comforting, but like a warm hug from someone you shouldn't be hugging". That was followed up by multiple remarks about toxic exes reaching out after they're done with their current fuckbuddy. This is definitely the kebab equivalent of a rebound one-night-stand shortly after being dumped, pleasant enough in the moment, awful when you wake up in the morning and realise what you did.



LENGTH:	26cm	MEAT TO SALAD RATIO:	3/5 rotisserie meats	FALAFEL (\$10) 2/10
GIRTH:	17cm			COMBO (\$11.50) 4/10
HEIGHT:	4cm			

WINNER: TROJAN

RUNNER UP: YILMAZ

LOSER: DOST

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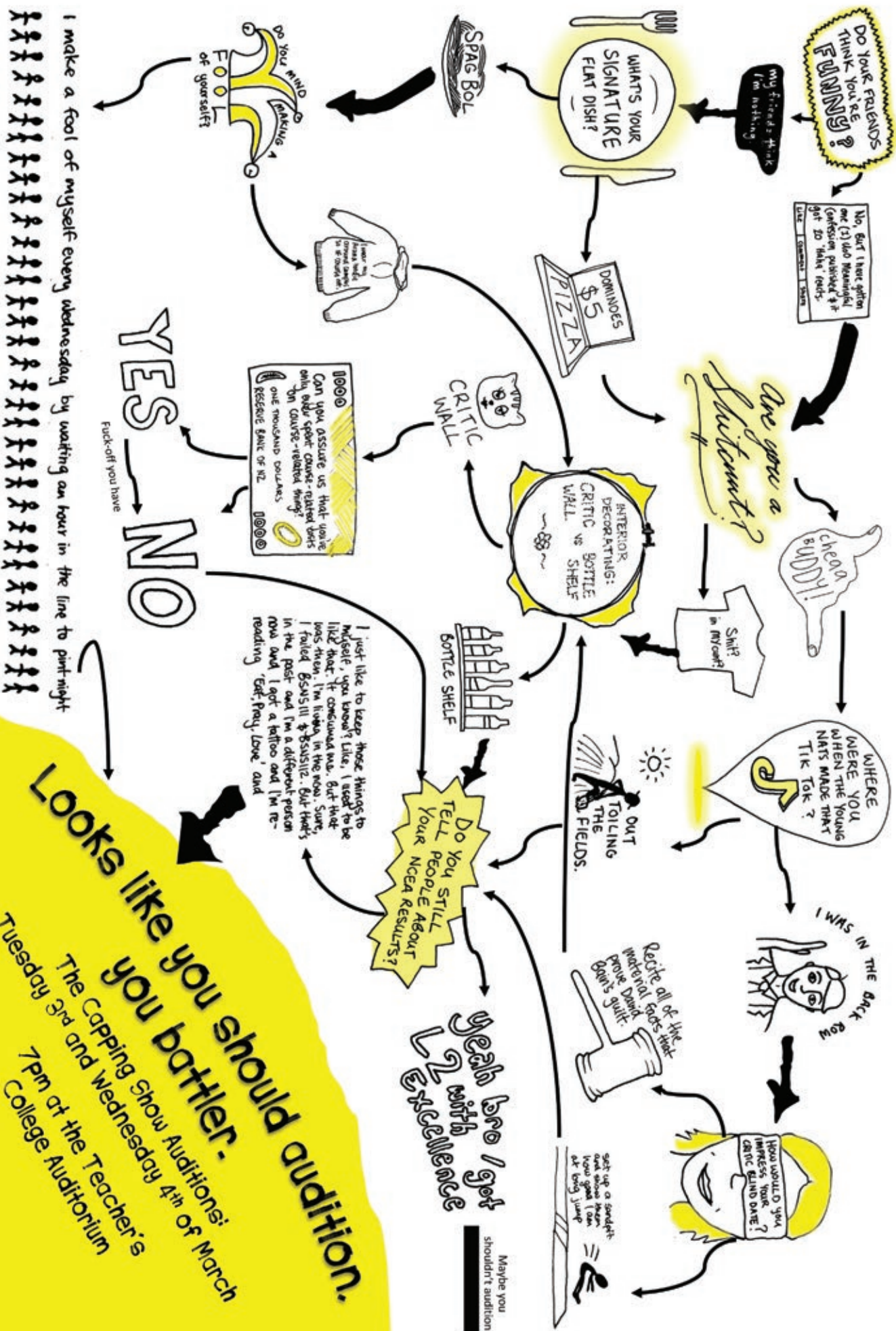


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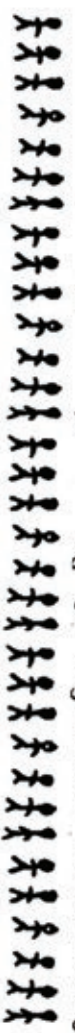


Should you audition for The Capping Show?

*a definitive, strictly mathematical guide to determining whether The Capping Show auditions are right for you.



I make a fool of myself every Wednesday by waiting an hour in the line to pint night





Otessia Tuisila
Public Relations Officer

Get to know UOPIISA and what we're all about!

UOPIISA stands for University of Otago Pacific Island Students Association *exhales*. We are a student association that consists of both academic and cultural associations as member groups.

UOPIISA was established in September 2018, after a unanimous vote decided that an overarching association was essential in helping to unite the Pasifika student body.

Our Mission

As a Pasifika representative association, our mission is to amplify our collective student voice and presence within the University, as well as within our communities. We have a focus on nurturing relationships between the University and our student Pasifika communities.

UOPIISA understands its responsibilities to the ethnically diverse member associations affiliated, as well as the Pasifika community and so, we operate under the shared Pasifika values of respect, reciprocity, communalism, connection and service.

Walking Between Worlds

With such a promising turn out last year, we are so excited about our 2020 annual UOPIISA Mental Health Campaign! With Walking Between Worlds as the theme, the campaign challenges us to address the impact of a modern society on our mental health as a people. Among many other topics we will have facilitated talanoa around identity, culture, wellbeing and safe spaces as Pasifika people.

We would like to extend a warm welcome to all new and returning students, and your families to the University of Otago, Dunedin campus.

We look forward to working with, and for you all this year.

– Your 2020 Executive Team



HeadQuarters

hairdressing

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: BuffCorrell

By Henessey Griffiths

Why is he shirtless? Why can't I stop watching? Why does he do this?? BuffCorrell, who has previously never given an interview, has been an online legend - and mystery - for a decade now. Critic scored an exclusive interview with him. He answered my questions over email, and didn't know how to turn caps lock off.

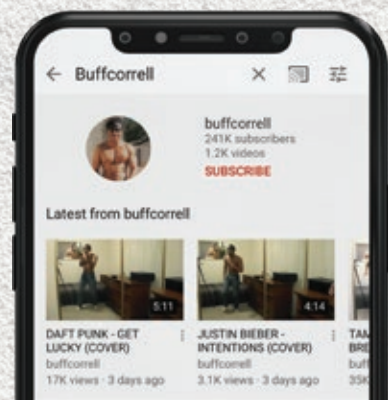


Correll Budford II (known on YouTube as 'BuffCorrell') is a 37-year-old from Sierra Vista, Arizona, who started uploading exclusively karaoke style covers to YouTube in 2010. Since then, his fever dream-like covers have accumulated fan base of over 240,000 subscribers.

Each video holds the same format. A greasy haired, thick eyebrowed man dancing shirtless in the mirror with a picture of himself behind him, absolutely belting out a semi tone-deaf performance of songs ranging from Slipknot to Elvis. In the decade since launching his account, he has uploaded over 1200 videos.

Despite having well over 100 hours of shirtless content, there remains so much mystery about the man. He isn't the best singer (though is an amazing performer), yet he is constantly putting out new covers. It begs the question: Is he extremely dedicated to a joke, or is this a genuine passion?

No one knew the answer - he had never given an interview. Until now.





Photos provided by BuffCorrell himself.

Although singing may not be his strong suit, his true talent falls into two areas; dancing and personal fitness. When it comes to his dance moves, Correll says that **"DANCING WAS MY FIRST THING.... I COULD ALWAYS DANCE MY FATHER WOULD TELL ME TO DANCE ALL THE TIME.... IF MUSIC WAS PLAYING HE WOULD TELL THEM TO TURN THE MUSIC UP AND TELL ME TO DANCE AND I WOULD....HE WOULD WAKE ME UP IN THE MORNING AND TELL ME TO GET UP AND DANCE LOL...BUT MY DANCING IS JUST ME AND A LIL BIT OF EVERY DANCER FROM MICHAEL JACKSON PRINCE TURBO AND OZONE JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE JUSTIN BIEBER MICK JAGGAR AND ON AND ON."** His passion for dancing slowly transcended into the realm of his gym routine, to which he started bodybuilding to help lose weight. This is why he has the iconic poster of himself on his wall, saying that, **"WHEN I FIRST STARTED BODYBUILDING I NEEDED A LOT OF MOTIVATION AND COULD NOT REALLY FIND ANY SO I STARTED PUTTING PICS OF MYSELF FROM WHEN I WAS OVERWEIGHT TILL NOW AND IT HELP ME BUT REALLY THE VIDEO SET UP JUST CAME TOGETHER I WAS REALLY NOT THINKING ABOUT THATTHAT JUST HOW IT CAME OUT.....JUST THROUGH THE YEARS TRYING SOMETHING AND TRYING SOMETHING AND IT COMES OUT LIKE THAT."** Looks are something Correll prides himself on, especially his hair and eyebrow combo. I mean, the dude has countless Facebook albums of countless photos of himself. While some have criticised it in the past, he says that it is just him expressing himself, and that it's

"WHEN I FIRST STARTED BODYBUILDING I NEEDED A LOT OF MOTIVATION AND COULD NOT REALLY FIND ANY SO I STARTED PUTTING PICS OF MYSELF FROM WHEN I WAS OVERWEIGHT TILL NOW..."

Correll's first video was a cover of 'I Will Always Love You' by Whitney Houston. Correll said that **"IN 2010 MUSIC CHANGED TO ME AND THE ARTIST I LIKED WERE NOT MAKING GOOD MUSIC ENOUGH TO BE MAINSTREAM OR ON THE RADIO SO I FOUND MYSELF JUST NOT LIKING MUSIC AND I HAVE A LOVE FOR MUSIC SO I MADE A YOUTUBE CHANNEL TO PUT MYSELF IN THE MUSIC GAME"**, and from there, his channel exploded. His channel has over 14 million views total, with his most popular video being his cover of 'The Less I Know The Better' by Tame Impala. As he covers a range of genres, each cover seems like it would be a rigorous process. Correll bases his content on the desires of his fan base, saying that **"MY PROCESS OF MAKING VIDEOS IS LISTENING TO WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT AND STUDYING THE ARTIST MUSIC THAT THEY WANT AND GIVING MY BEST THE DAY OF THE COVER.... I AM A FAN OF MUSIC SO I KNOW THE SONGS THERE TALKING ABOUT BUT I REALLY HERE THE MELODY BEFORE I LEARN THE LYRICS."** Honestly? We stan a king who cares.

"MY PROCESS OF MAKING VIDEOS IS LISTENING TO WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT AND STUDYING THE ARTIST MUSIC THAT THEY WANT AND GIVING MY BEST THE DAY OF THE COVER...."

"JUST ME TRYING THINGS OUT ALL THE TIME AND JUST ENDS UP LOOKING LIKE THAT OR SOUNDING LIKE THAT".

Putting yourself out there for the world to see is no easy feat, but Correll's passion for becoming an established singer and dancer is what keeps him going. **"I STAY MOTIVATED TO MAKE VIDEOS BECAUSE I HAVE A LIST OF THINGS I WANT TO GET DONE AND BEING AND GREAT SINGER AND DANCER IS ONE OF THEM,"** Correll says. **"I HOPE TO COVER MORE NEW ARTIST AND ALSO START WRITING AND MAKING MY OWN MUSIC ON DIFFERENT INSTRUMENTALS AND ALSO GOING BACK TO DOING JUST DANCE VIDEO AND SHOW PEOPLE MORE OF MY DANCING SKILLS BUT ALWAYS STILL DOING COVERS AND KARAOKE."** He encourages his audience to **"ALWAYS LISTEN TO YOUR PARENTS BECAUSE THEY HAVE YOUR BEST INTEREST AT HEART AND NEVER TAKE LIFE FOR GRANTED AND DO WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY".**

BuffCorrell may just be one of the most sincere and earnest people out there. He's just out here straight vibing, living his fantasy and encouraging others to do the same. While some may mock him due to his uncouth way of performing, who are we to criticise?

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BOOZE REVIEW: WEED BOUGHT FROM 2019 CRITIC EDITOR [REDACTED]'S DEALER



I had planned to review an actual booze, but the day I sat down to do it, my dealer texted: he was in. A summer in Dunedin without fellow students had turned me lazy, but for both Flo and O Week I had missed out on the hundie bag deals. I couldn't do three weeks in a row.

After a quick trip to the local supermarket carpark, I was home, and ready for the sesh.

This blunt made me wish I knew anything about strains, because whatever and wherever this one came from was incredible.

It gave me a bouncy kind of high. Usually I get a heavy – my body and soul sink into the couch and I watch others around me, but don't listen. This time, I hear everything. My head bobs from flatmate to flatmate. The tone of my voice is calm, but authoritative. We're playing Fuck, Marry, Kill, but I feel like I am in the midst of some important, robust conversation. Like we're about to fix the economy or some shit.

I ate until I physically couldn't eat anymore, which definitely wasn't healthy, but I think my newfound energy burned it all before I fell asleep, because I felt fine the next day. Wild considering I definitely ate a whole Countdown cooked chicken (\$12 stuffed saged onion, size large) on my own.

What really gave the weed that extra something special was the impeccable salesman of the dealer. He texts his customers like twice a week with deals and updates, which I've never experienced before. My last dealer barely even replied to my requests for green, let alone get in touch when they've got some new strain they are particularly excited about. I don't know your name, or what you do outside of this business, but thank you for your service, sir.



TASTE RATING: 42069/10

PAIRS WELL WITH: Going to a flat party with people you knew from high school but having a good time

FROTH LEVEL: Having an intense debate with your flatmate about whether or not you would fuck Elon Musk if you had the chance

TASTING NOTES: Nana's tears if she knew I smoked



bone apple teeth

with
Caroline Moratti

eggs benedict for a good fuck

The morning after sex plays a vital role in defining your future. If the person in question is a definite one night stand, then you needn't worry about a good breakfast impression. A bowl of cereal is, in that case, an offer of sincere generosity. But let's say you've made love to a person you quite like. It was a drunken hookup, but could it be something more? Then the breakfast suddenly means everything. You want to simultaneously impress and play it cool.

**try friends. what could be sexier than a quivering poached egg
drenched in a golden, buttery sauce?**

Eggs Benedict is the oral sex of breakfast foods: wet, slippery and you need to stop paying \$20 for it out on the streets and instead start giving it to your friends.
Serves: 2 tentative lovers

the sauce

Get a little pot with some hot water in it. Put a bowl over top, this is like some fancy French shit I think, but in real life it's as easy as your mum. Whisk together one egg yolk and a teaspoon of mustard. Over the simmering water, gradually pour in 50g of melted butter, constantly stirring. Don't overheat! If the sauce gets too cooked, it'll over-thicken (you can always save it by throwing in an ice cube, but let's hope it doesn't come to that). In a couple of minutes the sauce will start forming a beautiful, buttery yellow. Squeeze in a splash of lemon juice and salt to taste.

the toast

Eggs Benedict traditionally calls for an English muffin, but everyone knows that's unsexy and uncool. You can use normal toast, but you probably won't get a second date. Hate to say it, but toasted ciabatta might be the only way to go.

the eggs

The most stressful discourse in the cooking world is how to poach a perfect egg. Do you put vinegar in the water? Do you get a spoon in there and vortex the fuck out of it? The answer is simpler than you think. Get a small pan. Yes pan, not pot. In your small pan, fill it up with water, about a centimeter or two deep. It'll be pretty shallow, but crack an egg into it and around half way through the cooking process, ladle some water over the yolk as if you're basting it. Voila! Easy, low maintenance poached eggs.

the a-team

Here's where everything comes together. Even writing it, I realise it's fairly self-explanatory. First, the toast. Don't bother buttering it, I'm sure by now you've realised that the sauce is literally made out of butter. Put the lil eggs on top, then drizzle the sauce over. As always, season with black pepper. You know the drill.

ingredients

- One egg yolk
- Teaspoon of mustard
- 50g butter (plus however much butter you want on the toast)
- Lemon juice
- Ice cube (for emergencies)
- Toasted ciabatta bread
- Salt and pepper

HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

New year, new you. Go to the gym and then immediately treat yourself with Maccas.

This week's drug of choice: sugar.



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

Check the menu at UniCol before you fuck that fresher.

This week's drug of choice: imodium.



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

It's your birthday. Drop out of Health Sci and do that film degree.

This week's drug of choice: Crippling debt.



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

Cleaning everything in your room won't fix your UTI. See a doctor.

This week's drug of choice: Cranberry vodkas don't work.



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

You will find \$20 on the ground from a failed O-Week drug deal.

This week's drug of choice: MDMA.



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

You will break your bed base during bad missionary. Buy a new frame, sleeping on the floor is bad for you.

This week's drug of choice: syphilis.



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Your crush doesn't like you. Move on.

This week's drug of choice: oxytocin.



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Is it love in the air or is it just fresher flu?

This week's drug of choice: vitamin C.



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

People call you two faced, and they are correct. Make a face mask only using ingredients from your flat.

This week's drug of choice: bath salts.



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Just because there's a goalkeeper doesn't mean you can't score. You will cheat on your high school partner in the Suburbia bathrooms.

This week's drug of choice: chlamydia.



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Sunny weather forecasted for Thursday. Use it to get that dried cum out of your sheets.

This week's drug of choice: birth control.



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

You're somehow already four assignments behind. Stay hydrated for your all-nighter on Friday.

This week's drug of choice: ultra-strength No-Doz.



Every week, two halves of a whole will be faced with a cooked as situation in order to woo their potential partner. A wheel of fortune will decide their fate.

apollo

I approached the Critic Blind Date with a devil-may-care attitude; I wasn't necessarily looking for a long-term relationship, but I'd happily take whatever happened naturally. I had signed up on a whim and was excited to see what would happen. I'm happy to say that my date was just as casual about the whole affair, meaning there was no social pressure to act in a 'datey' way. Even before the date officially began, we were getting along very well, having an involved conversation for two rather reclusive people. While I was initially disappointed that we didn't get to visit the Whisper Dish, as holding a date conversation across several meters sounded hilarious, I enjoyed talking in the bedroom of one of the Critic's staff members. The tea was lovely, the room was cozy, and the musical accompaniment was excellent. The date itself was fairly calm, focusing on getting to know each other more, but I'll happily take a nice chat with someone lovely any day. Everything came naturally, there weren't any awkward worries and it didn't feel like it dragged out at all, maybe because my date had a lecture to go to shortly afterwards.

Ultimately, I really enjoyed my time with my date, and I'm certainly keen on seeing her again. I don't know if I can say my feelings are romantic just yet, but I know that this date was the start of something great.

P.S: I'd like to thank the rubbish lady who gave us such encouraging words on the way out. You're doing the Lord's work, and I wish you the best.

artemis

Considering I'd spent the morning of the Big Day watching a video that made me question my attraction to men, I didn't set out with great expectations. Despite my sapphic questioning, all was not lost.

After some awkward filming and meeting the team, I finally met the man himself, and at first glance he seemed good company. After spinning the activity wheel far too many times because this bitch had class and she NEEDS them grades, we finally settled on a five-star destination: the bedroom of one of the finest critic writers. After a sunlit walk to said bedroom, during which we had more stimulating discussion, we arrived at a classic dunnery flat (yes, by that I mean messy but rustic). In the 'rustic' bedroom we had some tea, music, and yarns.

Being serenaded with a recorder rendition of My Heart Will Go On was certainly riveting and new. Overall, the date was a fun adventure and the company was interesting, but at the end of the day, girls are just wayyyyy better than men (sorry my dude, still keen for some platonic chats tho for sure). TL;DR: queer girls, email critic and get a blind date with me ;)

are you game?

Send in your application to
blinddate@critic.co.nz



PRESENTS...

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

I had my bed against the wall of my flatmate's room, and recently just got a girlfriend who is incredible in bed. Like dirty af, loves being choked, loves it super rough. Naturally, we're pretty loud in the bedroom, I like to make her scream and moan, and get off hearing her beg me to fuck her harder.

Little did I know, my best friend and flatmate next door could hear every little thing that we do (this isn't just a one time thing, this is a 3pm in the afternoon stress reliever every day kind of thing). One night when he was drinking, he decided to awkwardly bring up the fact that he can hear absolutely everything including feeling the vibrations of my bed slamming against the wall of his room, and proceeded to lecture my girlfriend and I that it's very awkward to talk to us because he hears us moaning almost every day. So, armed with this information, we decided to move the bed around to the other side of the room, hoping that he will get off my dick about being so loud. This was not the case, as my flatmates can still hear her scream with pleasure when I put it in her ass.

Not only that, but the concrete wall my headboard is now against still makes just as much noise as having it against the wall to his room.

So after a pretty drunken night at the flat, my girl and I are having the best sex we've had since we got together, and my flatmate walks in to have a conversation with me about getting maccas, while my girlfriend was fucking me with a huge ass vibrator. I had to maintain a straight face while I was climaxing with him in the room. Luckily the room was dim as and the music was still blasting. We spoke for 10 minutes and I came twice during that conversation. Don't get me wrong, public fucking is my kink (and saved to my bookmarks in pornhub), but the greatest thing is he still has no idea, and I'm hoping there'll be a next time. Even after all that heavy lifting and redecorating, I'm still the alpha in the flat.

~Your friendly neighbourhood strapon-loving lesbian

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