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APOLOGY

In Issue 19 of Critic Te Arohi we printed Patrice Le Sueur's blurb along with the other Residential Representative candidates for OUSA. Unfortunately there was a formatting error in Patrice's blurb which added in some line returns. We apologise for that mistake. The following is how Patrice's blurb should have been formatted:

Kia ora koutou katoa,
Otago Uni's tradition of flat hunting in semester 1 pressures students to sort out their new flat before they've even settled into their current one. As your residential rep, my main priority will be working with landlords to move the major flat hunting period back to semester 2. I've been working hard over the past couple of years delivering flattening talks in colleges, organising conflict resolution training for students, and working with Dunedin not-for-profits to improve their outcomes. I'm committed to solving residential issues and making your accom as stress free as possible.

Dear critic

Our downstairs neighbour keeps playing fucking Greensleeves on his keyboard/keyboard guitar/keyboard sim voice thing. Responsible parents don't let their kids play whore music about having green sleeves from too much grass sex.

From,
Anne Boleyn

Is Fonterra Fascist: A Critical Investigation

Reasons for:

- 1) Agribusiness/ farmers were a key constituency that helped the nazis come to power
- 2) That thing they did where they supported the invasion of Iraq vis-a-vis the NZ government. Illegal invasions of other sovereign nations is very, very fascist.

Reasons against:

- 1) They would probably deny it if you asked them about it.

There, the matter is settled. Do with this info what you will.

Regards,
A. Cow

AAA AAA AAA AAA AAA AAA

-C. Gull



TUESDAY 24 AUGUST

Open Mic Night w/ Bronwyn
INCH BAR
7PM / FREE ENTRY

WEDNESDAY 25 AUGUST

Philip Fleming
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
5PM

Jae Bedford and Guests
INCH BAR
KOHA ENTRY

THURSDAY 26 AUGUST

Now!Here!This! Ōtepoti - Night One w
Riki Gooch, Bodyache & Crude
NEW ATHENAEUM THEATRE
7:30PM / \$13 + BOOKING FEE

The Funk Soul Brothers
PEQUEÑO LOUNGE BAR
9PM / FREE ENTRY

Gromulent Quartet
INCH BAR
8PM / KOHA ENTRY

FRIDAY 27 AUGUST

Radio One presents Bring The Noise
(Final)
STARTERS BAR
8PM

DOONS and Sofia Machray
DIVE
8PM

Tidal Rave 'Albumette' Tour w/ Alpha
Delta and Blue Cheese
THE CROWN HOTEL
9PM / \$13 + BOOKING FEE
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Now!Here!This! Ōtepoti - Night Two w/
Vow Cave, Samara Alofa & Kolya
NEW ATHENAEUM THEATRE
7:30PM / \$13 + BOOKING FEE

JARED SMITH, AKOBA & SOUND
HUMANS
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
7:30PM / \$10

St Peters Thursday
INCH BAR
8PM / KOHA ENTRY

SATURDAY 28 AUGUST

CRITIC PRESENTS: Local Produce #1
STARTERS BAR
8PM / FREE GIG
Event details on Facebook: Critic Local
Produce #1

Clap Clap Riot
DIVE
8:30PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Waitati Dead Rockers Ball
WAITATI HALL
8PM
Tickets from eventbrite.co.nz

Now!Here!This! Ōtepoti - Night Three
w/ Guardians, Citacsy & E-kare
NEW ATHENAEUM THEATRE
7:30PM / \$13 + BOOKING FEE

Now!Here!This! Ōtepoti - Saturday Arvo
w/ Reuben Derrick and Jim-S
LODGE MĀORI
2PM / \$10

The Entire Alphabet
INCH BAR
8PM / KOHA ENTRY

Flyspray, Sunflower Scent & Jam
Henderson
THE CROWN HOTEL
9PM / \$10
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

TEMPEST
DEJA VU EATS
9PM
Tickets from eventbrite.co.nz

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

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Editorial:

Lock-a-down-a! Here we go again

By Erin Gourley

Lots of déjà vu around at the moment. I've barely processed the snap lockdown. Three days feels short, like a nice break, but it looks like it will be longer than that. Time is already starting to do that stretchy thing it does when all the days are the same. I'm writing this on Thursday night, which is theoretically the middle of this lockdown, but in reality probably right at the beginning.

When I go for a walk, and see other people avoiding me, it's like: wow, this is happening. We're really back here again. The situation is remarkably similar to last year. Right down to, unfortunately, the University's response to the situation.

Last year they said it was mean-spirited for Critic to criticise their response. At the time, they deserved some wiggle room, because the whole damn situation was very "unprecedented". That didn't change the fact that the fundamental problem with their response was the lack of compassion for their students.

Back then, it was failing to confirm whether students who travelled home over the weekend before lockdown would receive support for online learning. The same issue has cropped up now. The Uni, in their initial communication to students following the change in alert levels, was vague about how much they would support students who left Dunedin and needed online courses to continue even if Dunedin moved to Level 2 or lower. They ominously suggested that students would need to think carefully about changes in alert levels before choosing to leave.

This puts students in the uncomfortable position of choosing between our studies and wellbeing, in the very small window of time that this lockdown has allowed us. Risk missing a class and support your wellbeing. Or don't go where you need to be and be guaranteed your education.

I understand they can't guarantee that all students will be able to access all of the many classes at Uni. But they can say: we understand your situations and will not disadvantage you because you want or need to be in a different city at this difficult time. Concern for students' wellbeing should have been a number one priority.

They didn't express that in the first email. Their initial response may have been honest but it was not compassionate. It didn't come with any reassurances like "we'll do all we can."

It's been cleared up now. After a much-needed outcry from OUSA and other bodies of students, the Acting Vice-Chancellor sent out a follow-up email clarifying that despite what they said in the first email, the Uni will do all that they can to support students who might become stuck in another city due to changes in alert levels.

That's good. But it's not good enough that supporting students wasn't the first priority.

Ominous Uni Email Spooks Students

Uni sends email "in spirit of honesty", students stress out, letters exchanged, also graduation is still cancelled

By Fox Meyer

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

With a jarring entry back into Level 4, many students were met with unwelcome news from the University. The announcement said that online learning and exam options were not guaranteed, and that the graduation scheduled for 21 August would be cancelled.

Whilst the graduation cancellation was not entirely surprising, students were nonetheless gutted with the outcome. After last year's string of cancelled grads, this was more of the same unfortunate pattern.

What came as more of a surprise was the note about online materials, which one student called "abysmally unempathetic". The University's initial email first said that students who are thinking about going home "need to consider the possibility" that alert levels may change and they may not be able to return to campus. It went on to say that "the University cannot guarantee that it will have the resources to offer online learning or exams if students are stuck in another part of the country and unable to attend in person."

The student who spoke to Critic was "forced to book an overpriced flight back to Dunedin to fall within the 48hr returning home period," coming home on a fully-booked plane from their home in the North Shore of Auckland, where the outbreak is strongest. They said: "the University of Otago should be ashamed of how it has treated students in the last few days." The student remarked that they had received emails "from Uber Eats and CottonOn detailing their plan during lockdown before one from the University. Situations of crisis like this demonstrate where the Uni's priorities lie."

OUSA published a letter from their academic representative, Michael Evans expressing "deep concern" about the apparent lack of resources. "If this is an issue of resourcing ... then this suggests that the University has failed to adequately prepare for extended level changes." He insisted, multiple times, that students should not be jeopardized for a situation that "is no fault of their own."

Otago's Acting Vice-Chancellor Professor Helen Nicholson responded to this by expressing that the University's notice was in the spirit of honesty, and that "our staff have been well prepared to teach online should Alert Levels change and today all classes will be delivered online." She further explained that if a situation arose where in-person lectures in Dunedin were permitted, but students were stuck in a still-locked-down Auckland, complications could arise.

At this point, "in the spirit of openness", Professor Nicholson admitted that "there is a remote but real risk that we may not have the resources to deliver all of our several hundred papers online as well as face to face." Her overall message to students was that the University wanted to be as open as possible about their capabilities, and offered support to "all of our students, wherever you may be."

① Tune in weekdays at 12pm, 2pm and 5pm
or catch up at r1.co.nz/podcasts
r1.co.nz

Liquor Lines Lengthen in Lead Up to Level 4

Students ready to create some large bottle shrines

By Fox Meyer
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Student priorities were made obvious on the night of Tuesday 18 August, following the announcement that the entire country would return to Level 4 for the first time in 477 days.

Queues outside of Leith Liquor stretched all the way to the street, with students reporting that the inside of the store was a scene of "absolute carnage", comparing it to videos of American Black Friday Walmart sales. Grad student Mikayla, just out to get her car, overheard a bevv-y-toting breatha announce that "they're out of everything. It's all gone."

Photos of Henry's and Superliquor showed that there were similar crowds at other liquor stores.

Inside the froth, students huddled closely together, jostling for lockdown "essentials", despite Ashley Bloomfield's pleas for everyone to socially distance and avoid crowds. Similar scenes were evident at vape shop Shosha, which saw a line stretching down the block, and other liquor stores outside of studentville. A screenshot sent to Critic by a DeliverEasy driver showed that over 900 drinks had been ordered through the delivery service in the late hours of Tuesday.

But it wasn't just students. A commenter on Reddit saw the photo of Leith Liquor's line, and described watching a suit-wearing businessman, somewhere in his late 50s, walk out of the store in a hurry. He had picked up six bottles of bourbon, and was transporting them in a bag designed to hold wine bottles.

Supermarkets, still open during Level 4, will continue to stock piss of all varieties — just not spirits.

Castle's Lockdown-Breaching Party Was "Bound to Happen"

Students report that "wow, this is kinda serious"

By Fox Meyer
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

"It was just like any other Saturday night in Dunedin, but it was on a Tuesday, which is why it felt quite bizarre when the police came in wearing full face-masks."

Such is the scene set by Emilio*, a second-year Castle Street resident, as he described the inside of the flat party that made national news for spilling over into the early hours of Wednesday morning. Emilio said that his flat was coming back from dinner when the news of lockdown broke, and that they immediately ran into Leith Liquor to stock up. "I got two boxes of Mavs, a box of Flames and a bottle of vodka, and I think most of the rest of the boys did about the same", he reported.

With no official plan, the boys began drinking and made their way to a birthday party. Originally scheduled for Thursday, the hosts pushed the party earlier to make it in time for lockdown. "That

got shut down by the girls at about 11, 11:30. I think the majority of people there went home. But the rest of the boys, we pushed on to another flat where the party was — the one that made the news."

Emilio, who had by this point "well and truly deleted" his box of Mavs, is a bit fuzzy on the details from here on out. What he can recall, though, is an "absolutely packed rave room with a few boys taking turns having a mix". Everything seemed like a normal Castle Street party until police rocked up "telling everyone to leave, standing quite strongly." Partygoers complied and walked out to be met with TV cameras.

"I was just trying to hide my face and get away ASAP so I didn't get caught on TV," said Emilio. "I saw some people trying to get their 15 minutes of fame talking to the cameras, which I can imagine they might regret." He said that while the party

was not officially organized, it was a sort of "collective decision that everyone knew everyone was going to be drinking."

These events were apparently "always bound to happen in a place like North D, where everyone lives next to each other." Since the break-up, "everyone has been pretty compliant. Everyone has either headed home or sorted out their bubbles." Emilio said that with last year's lockdown in mind, "everyone was trying to push the limits on how long they could stay out for and drink."

Limits were pushed, and police responded accordingly. When they arrived at the rave room, Emilio described a realization that "this was kind of a real thing that we should probably be taking seriously."

"It was just like wow, this is kinda serious," he said.

Main Building of Wellington Campus Evacuated

Seismic risk cited for evacuation of building

By Fox Meyer
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Users of the main building on Otago's Wellington campus were told on Thursday 12 August that they would need to relocate for at least a month. The building was found to be compliant with just 15% of the earthquake safety requirements of New Zealand's New Building Standard. Staff and students were asked to leave "as soon as is practical".

People have been in and out of the building for 47 years since its completion in 1974. Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis said that the risk posed to inhabitants is "unacceptable" and that health and safety was the motivation for the move, even though it would be "disruptive".

Students and staff will work from home until the building can be brought to an acceptable standard.

Professor William Levack, Otago's Dean and Head of Wellington Campus, said that the move out was a "surprise", but that the University's aim was to "continue the research, teaching and studying" that normally takes place in the building while looking for "clear answers" for those affected by the move.

OUSA said in a statement that any Wellington campus students that require support during this "deeply shocking and disruptive" period should

reach out to OUSA Student Support through the Online Support Hub.

Wellington is located, like almost all of New Zealand, near a fault line. The Wellington Fault runs through the city, and the Wairarapa Fault and Ohariu Fault are also nearby. In 1855, the Wairarapa Fault ruptured a whopping 15 metres sideways and six metres vertically. Former seafloor was raised about a meter out of the water, which is still visible on the rocky coastline. GNS Science estimates that large earthquakes rock the Wellington area roughly every 150 years.

People Use Their Democratic Rights to Demand Health-Sci Data

OIA potential wasted on entry rate requests

By Denzel Chung
Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

Over half of the Official Information Act (OIA) requests sent to the Uni through FYI.org.nz revolve around getting into health professional programmes. 40% of these were related to getting into med.

The OIA allows anyone in New Zealand to ask for any official information held by a Government agency. They legally have to respond within 20 working days of the request being made. FYI.org.nz is a website owned by media company NZME, where people can file OIAs which are then published online.

In the last year (from August 2020), 62 OIA requests were made to the University of Otago, via the website FYI.org.nz. These requests asked for everything from whether the Uni planned to renovate Harlene's house in 2020 (they didn't), to the ethics application form for their nightmare jaw magnetoclamp (been there, done that) and the Uni's contracts with Chinese universities (mostly redacted).

However, of all the OIAs searched by Critic Te Arohi, one theme overwhelmingly stood out: getting into health professional programmes. 35 of the 62 requests made in the past year (59%) were related to getting into med, dent, pharmacy or physio.

Like some sort of horrifying Groundhog Day, the vast majority of them were asking about the same things, i.e. entry score cutoffs or UCAT scores. For comparison, only seven OIAs were filed in the past year relating to Law entry scores.

Not surprisingly for anyone who has ever talked to a Health Sci, one course stood out far above the rest. 14 requests were made specifically for entry scores to get into the medical programme. Another seven people asked for dentistry entry scores, while six supremely ambitious individuals asked the Uni for entry scores for both Dent and Med.

The Uni may want to consider automating responses to such queries. A link to "Fuck You" by CeeLo Greene would suffice.

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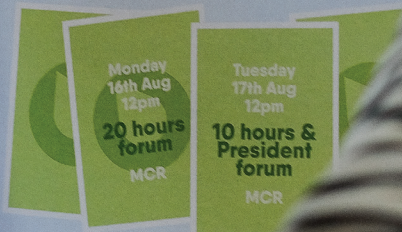
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OUSA 2022 ELECTIONS

FORUMS



OUSA Exec Candidates Say, Unanimously, "Please Vote For Me"

"No Confidence" candidate struggling to make weight, may not compete

By Fox Meyer, Denzel Chung, and Alex Leckie-Zaharic

In what would prove to be their last chance to greet the voting public before lockdown, OUSA's candidates for the 2022 Exec took the stage last week to share their plans for the coming year. All of the forums were held in the Main Common Room.

The Presidential race was uncontested from day one this year. While other roles were hotly contested, candidates dropped like flies in the days leading up to the debates. Critic Te Arohi and Radio 1 took the stage opposite the contenders to pepper them with questions ranging from curly to spaghetti-straight. Contestants responded with levels of spice ranging from "mild butter chicken, no salt" to "spicy, but not, like, super spicy". Unlike last year, this race featured a distinct lack of WAP-debate, but significantly more Sign Up Club mentions (a total of one). Read on for a summary of your candidates, what they stand for, and what they can offer you.

Forum 1: Monday 16 August

President: Melissa Lama, running unopposed

Melissa Lama is in her final year of an MBA, and is running uncontested for President of OUSA. Despite not having a rival, Melissa has run a campaign of awareness so that potential voters can "judge me by my efforts and by my engagement."

Melissa had a lot of specific goals set for herself in this leadership role, and is no stranger to its pressures. She is moving into the OUSA space from her time at the Pacific Island Students Association. She said that she wants to highlight "what I've been able to do in the Pacific space, what I've been able to do among marginalised communities." Notably, Melissa worked on the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the terrorist attack on Christchurch masjidain and the Pacific Young Leadership Forum. She was easily the most relaxed speaker of the day, with a long list of credentials and a oratorial gift. Melissa said that as your president, she would continue to hold the Uni to account (especially regarding students' mental health and wellbeing), advocate for student parents, and be visible as a daughter of the Pacific.

To wrap up the interview, when asked to describe herself in three words, Melissa self-described as "loud, proud, and brown" and received a hearty response from the audience.

Administrative Vice-President: Maya Polaschek vs. Antonia Richardson

The Admin VP debate was a head-to-head between Maya Polaschek (the current Welfare and Equity Rep) and challenger Antonia Richardson. Antonia may be coming in as more of a "change" candidate, while

Maya is one of few incumbents this year to bring experience from 2021. Maya and Antonia agreed that the Exec could be more accessible to students, and wanted to increase that, which was a theme throughout the day. Maya told the crowd that "lots of people don't realize that they can just go chat with [the Exec]." Both said that they want to be people-focussed.

Antonia has a background as a subwarden, and made it clear that subwarden policy was going to be a big emphasis of hers, if elected. She mentioned increasing subwarden pay for a job that is "harrowing, at times", but clarified that increasing their pay should not come at the expense of first-year hall residents. Maya leaned into her role as an incumbent, saying she would bring a "wealth of knowledge" with her. Her main plans are to share that knowledge with new members and campaign for sustainability on campus. She described herself as a rapport-builder and a sucker for timelines. The value of experience was something that presidential candidate Mellisa Lama potentially echoed when she said that she would be excited to see Exec members return.

Financial and Strategy Rep: Emily Fau-Goodwin, running unopposed

Emily is running uncontested, but wants to "keep the campaign engaging" by reaching

out to let people know she's running. She sees herself as capable of doing the role, but couldn't comment on OUSA's current financial situation without seeing the books. Critic and Radio 1, who were moderating the debate, threw Emily a curly question and asked her if OUSA was a union or a business. Emily acknowledged the curliness of the question and responded promptly, saying that while OUSA had elements of a business, "students must be at the forefront of what it does." She continued to say that the business side is necessary for the Union, because without a steady income, it cannot provide the services that it is designed to provide.

While she felt confident in her financial abilities, she said the "strategy" side of things would need some brushing up if elected. Overall, she seemed ready for the role and expressed a clear vision of what the job involves.

Academic Rep: Daniel Fitzpatrick vs. Caitlin Hancy

Only one butt took a seat on stage, but two contestants are running for this position. Daniel Fitzpatrick sat next to a chair vacated by Caitlin Hancy, who sent her apologies for having to be out of town.

Daniel comes in as a bit of a populist candidate, describing himself not as a

"political mogul", but "just a dude who wants to make some change." He reminded listeners that he is the only candidate endorsed by the recently-silent Sign Up Club. Daniel has also been the most digitally-visible candidate, spending ⅓ of his campaign budget on Facebook ads (a wise decision given the situation we currently find ourselves in). They cost him 0.4 cents per ad, and zero trees per view when compared to paper, he said. His big policy was about the accessibility of tutorials, a system that he sees as "not great", and repairing the "broken" class rep system. When asked about how he would represent a diverse range of students, the Ski Club member said that he would "open the channels of communication."

"My role is representing not my agenda, but the collective interest of students," he said. He was the only day one candidate to open with a "giddyay".

Welfare & Equity Rep: Lily Marsh vs. Anna Piebenga

This race pitted law students Lily Marsh and Anna Piebenga against each other. Anna began with a flying start, giving a slick and polished one-minute intro in which she highlighted two very relevant skills for the role: "I love people and I love helping people." She particularly wanted to focus on mental health and disability support

services, pointing to her lived experience as someone with a disability. She would try to make sure disabled students have a louder voice on campus.

Lily pointed out that "there are lots of good resources out there, but as a rep you've got to make sure it all ties in together." She criticised current support services as often being focused on "target-hitting," and highlighted an anecdote in which a doctor's note from Emergency Psychiatric Services wasn't accepted as proof for special consideration. She also emphasised trying to encourage better Māori and Pasifika representation, saying that they can give unique perspectives on "things we would have no idea about."

Both candidates agreed current resources weren't appropriately dealing with student problems — with Anna observing that Student Health "doesn't have the resources to deal with our problems" (surprise surprise). When pressed for more "concrete" goals to aim for, Anna said she wanted to boost welfare promotion on campus, to ensure students are aware of the services available to them. Lily, meanwhile, wanted to focus on better triaging of patients and more early intervention services as ways to make an impact.





Forum 2: Tuesday 17 August

Clubs & Societies Rep: Tulsi Raman vs. Elena Cruz

An international geopolitical smackdown, this debate saw the President of the Indian Students' Association, Tulsi Raman, square up for the role against Filipino Students' Association President, Elena Cruz.

To kick things off, both candidates were asked about what other clubs they were involved in: Tulsi geeked out about crocheting workshops with the Art Club, while Elena made her case to be Miss Worldwide, name-dropping her associations with both the Korean and Hong Kong Students Associations.

Tulsi had the clearest vision for change among the candidates, with her headline policy being to shift club affiliation from the end of the year, during exam period, to the start of the year, so "they're all set for O-week." She was also keen to encourage clubs to set up more online/hybrid events to enhance inclusion, something which may be a stroke of brilliance following lockdown's announcement later that evening. Meanwhile, Elena saw her priorities as making training for club execs better, as well as being a hands-on presence who is "personally there" for clubs.

Asked about how to encourage older

students to get stuck into clubs dominated by first-years (a question which this long-lapsed DebSoc member can empathise with), Elena advocated for clubs to build more connections between younger and older members. Tulsi, on the other hand, was keen to promote the idea that "clubs are not just for first years" — especially by encouraging older students to get stuck into leadership roles.

Residential Rep: Patrice Le Sueur vs. Rebekah Amitrano vs. Tat Mutingwende

The three-way ruckus for the role involved two law students — Patrice Le Sueur and Rebekah Amitrano — and oral health student Tat Mutingwende.

Patrice came in swinging, pitching his experience delivering flatting talks to halls, as well as his work training RAs and in conflict resolution. He also had the clearest headline policy — encouraging students to push flat hunts back to semester two — and the clearest plan of action, aiming to shine the media spotlight onto Dunedin's housing situation to put the pressure on. Best of luck trying to get freshers to do anything.

Rebekah highlighted her credentials as a current Knox subwarden (or, as they insist on calling it, "submaster", an oxymoron straight out of a Fifty Shades novel), and

had the most compelling motivation for the job — because, as a subbie, she was "annoyed at how some things happen," with such little engagement with students. The main problem, as she sees it, is that while lots of resources are available, "a lot of people don't know where to go or who to go to."

Tat brought the most interesting background to this debate — as well as being a student and subwarden, she also used to be a landlord and property manager (her parents still are). Her goal was to use that experience to "build relationships" with landlords and keep rents down. In a wholesome and polite twist, she answered every question by first thanking the questioner.

Political Rep: Te Āwhina, running unopposed

Te Āwhina, currently the Āpiha Mātauranga Māori at Te Roopū Māori, is the only candidate left in the Political Rep race, after the two other candidates withdrew.

Buzzing with excitement, she said that she was eager to "learn on the go," and to bring "passion, drive, and cultural values" to the role. She mentioned that she was "a very political person naturally," and that "it's natural for our wāhine Māori to be political," but she (probably sensibly) sidestepped a

question as to what her political leanings were, instead saying that "she can relate to both sides of the spectrum."

She highlighted climate change and sustainability as being the biggest political issue she wanted to raise awareness of, and thought that OUSA and Otago Uni should be a lot more vocal on the climate crisis, as well as on other local and international issues. "There is so much that's going on," she said, "but so little that Otago is saying." Te Āwhina also brought up student poverty, student loans, and student housing as key issues to focus on.

Unlike probably 99% of the population of Aotearoa, she said she was "excited" for local body elections in 2022. In particular, she wanted to improve awareness and engagement with the elections among the student population, to "let students know that their voices matter, because Dunedin is a student city."

Postgraduate Rep: Bible Sung Kyong Lee vs. Ravneel Chand

Originally, Postgrad Rep was the most contested position, with four candidates running. But after two withdrawals and one no-show, Bible Sung Kyong Lee was the only one at the forum. She told us her name was given to her by her teachers after they couldn't pronounce her given

Korean name, Sung Kyong, and she sounded pretty on the ball when quizzed by our hosts. Bible maintained a consistent message throughout the debate, stressing that people knew about postgraduate study and knew that postgraduate students exist. Their representation in the greater student body was a chief concern.

She also raised the issue of postgraduates being relatively unable to get extensions, and would look to change that should she be elected. Bible also explained that she wants to have more events available to students interested in postgraduate programmes. As far as she could tell, the only events on offer did not give interested students a good opportunity to interact with current postgrads to see what their courses are like. Further opportunities to meet current postgrads and supervisors would be a priority for Bible, should she be elected.

International Representative: Sean Teow vs. Kyra Butt

This race saw a very international selection, composed of two Malaysians — Sean Teow, President of the Otago Malaysian Students' Association, and Kyra Butt, who Zoomed in from the US. Even with the limitations of not being there in person, including being unable to hear pretty much every question that was asked, Kyra still delivered

an impressively slick performance. Her key policy is to institute an international students' census, to get an idea of what the needs are in that community, and to make it something which can continue down to her successors in the role.

Sean told the audience his main goal was "create safe spaces for our diverse faces" (points for sick flow). A self-described "pretty chill guy," he was slightly less polished in presentation but brought emotion to the fore, particularly when talking about the main problems international students are facing. Talking about homesickness, in particular, he seemed to get quite emotional — as you probably would if you hadn't met your family in two years.

Given the Virus situation, both candidates had a strong focus on how to support international students stuck overseas, especially seeing as Kyra was one of them. In particular, Kyra wanted to push clubs to encourage more online, hybrid events as a way of allowing students the "same right to the full university experience". Sean, meanwhile, cited his experience supporting 40 students stuck offshore as OMSA President, and suggested establishing a dedicated "Offshore Students Officer" for international students who "pay full fees, but only get partial support".



The Night Before Lockdown

On Tuesday 16 August, at 6pm, Aotearoa was told that we were going into a Level 4 Lockdown at midnight. This is what Ōtepoti looked like in the hours following that announcement.



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POLITICAL REPRESENTATIVE

Mhairi Mackenzie-Everitt

Kia ora! How are you, critic reader? I hope you're all doing alright: lockdowns are shit, and the uncertainty COVID brings with it can make life really hard. We see you. Please keep an eye out for comms from both us at OUSA and the Uni – there are support services available to you, and you can trust we're doing what we can.

An update on my mahi: first semester brought a ton of opportunities to write submissions. This included everything from public transport, rubbish bins, street upgrades, housing, the implementation of safe areas around abortion providers, legalisation and wider accessibility of drug checking services, and ensuring victims voices are centralised in the discussion on hate speech

proposals. Recently the Conversion Practices Prohibition Legislation Bill finally passed at first reading, so OUSA will have the chance to speak to this Bill. If you have any experiences relating to conversion therapy you would like to share, please reach out to me at political@ousa.org.nz.

Last but not least, NZ Rugby signed a 6 year sponsorship deal with oil & plastics giant INEOS. I'm writing an open letter to NZ Rugby to express our frustration at decisions like this in the midst of a climate crisis. So depending on how things go... stay tuned for a protest, good old Scarfie style.

In the meantime, please stay home, stay safe, look after your friends, and reach out to any of us at OUSA if you need support. We're here for you.

Kia kaha,

Mhairi xx

ousa
EXECUTIVE

**YES, POLICE?
THEY'RE PLAYING MUSIC.
BRING IN THE HEAVIES.**



IS NOISE CONTROL OUT OF CONTROL?

**HOW THE AGENCY
CREATED TO HELP US
SLEEP IS BEING USED
TO HARASS THE
STUDENT POPULATION**

BY SEAN GOURLEY

Picture this: you’re in your third year of uni. It’s the end of February and you’re fizzing for a year of 21sts, grad celebrations and general piss ups. You move into your new flat on George Street, with an outdoor area perfectly suited for gigs. For pres on your first night you fire up a UE Boom and have some chill drinks outside. By 9pm, there’s a noise control officer knocking on your door telling you to turn it down or your equipment will be confiscated. You can catch a glimpse of the owner of a neighbouring motel smiling menacingly down, as you’re forced to take your speaker inside in shame.

Although there are rarely such intense confrontations, many students on George Street struggle to host even low-key celebrations because of the constant threat of noise control.

Imogen flats on George Street this year. She says that endless complaints from a neighbouring motel have had a huge impact on her flat. “It’s definitely called off a few events, first world problems eh. All the parties we’ve had we’ve had either get shut down really early or we’ve had to go inside. We’ve had a lot of 21sts and graduations that are worth celebrating and you just can’t.” Imogen’s flat is “never told who actually calls.” But given that their flat backs onto a motel, it’s not hard to guess where the complaints are coming from.

Noise control has been in conflict with students in Dunedin for as long as noise control has existed. But now, in a day and age where Dunners doesn’t have many bars which cater to students, the ability to host parties at flats is essential to the social lives of most students. In some areas, students are in constant conflict with neighbouring businesses over the level of noise they are allowed to produce.

Peter Finns, co-owner of 538 Great King Motel and President of the Otago Motels Association said, “there is a spectrum of guest reactions to noise disruption — some take it in their stride. Others may decide to take their business elsewhere. Repeat business and referrals are both extremely important to the motel sector and a reputation for being in a noisy neighbourhood will not help with either of those two things.” Motels, of course, rely on a reasonable degree of peace and quiet for the comfort of their guests, but having a motel close to the parties of North Dunedin is not always bad for business.

The University estimated that in 2019, it brought \$2 billion to the local economy. Motels take their share of this wealth by providing accommodation to the many professionals, parents, and friends that visit the University.

Student culture in Dunedin also increases the pull of the University. By taking customers but incessantly policing

noise complaints, some moteliere are seeking to reap the economic benefits of the student area in North Dunedin without accepting some of its drawbacks.

Imogen struggles to count the large number of noise complaints made against her flat. “I know that we’ve got nine or ten of the sheets [of paper] but they’ve definitely come over a bit more than that. Sometimes they just come over and talk to us without giving us the piece of paper.” Imogen understands the motel’s position, but still thinks that her flat should have some rights to have gatherings without harassment from noise control.

Noise control officers are given wide discretion under the Resource Management Act. Sections 326 to 328 say that a noise control officer simply needs to be of the opinion that noise coming from a property is excessive to issue a notice. If the noise control officer serves a notice and the noise doesn’t stop, then the noise control officer can enter the property with police and seize the equipment making the noise.

According to an Otago Professor, “the RMA sets a general duty on everyone to avoid making ‘unreasonable noise’ — and that’s a flexible standard depending on the local context and any ‘sensitivities’ in the surrounding area.” However, in Dunedin, the council has mandated different noise levels depending on the zoning of a property.

Most student areas close to the Uni are zoned as Inner City Residential which means that the allowable noise level is higher than in suburban or residential areas. The noise level is measured at the boundary of a property, which usually means that a noise control officer will stand on the road with a microphone to measure the noise. But according to the Council’s District Plan, the measurement can be taken from any boundary with another property in the same zone.

Another student, Tim *, who lived in a flat near a motel last year was constantly harassed by noise control. His flat had noise control called on a Saturday afternoon because he “had a small gathering out back and was listening to DnB on a regular UE Boom.” He described the incident as “bullshit”. There are also no consequences for calling noise control, as the process is anonymous for the person complaining. Motels can basically call noise control on speed dial whenever they hear the slightest sound.

Finns, from the Otago Motels Association, said motels will only call noise control if they have to. “None of

our members want to close down parties just for the sake of it and stop their student neighbours from enjoying themselves.” Most moteliere maintain good relationships with their neighbours, but the few that don’t wield substantial power over their neighbours.

In Tim’s situation, there was a total breakdown in the relationship between his flat and the motel which resulted in the motel abusing the noise control system. He said “I don’t think in that situation they were receiving complaints from guests or anything. We weren’t disturbing them, they were just doing it because they didn’t like us.”

Because the District Plan states a blanket level of acceptable noise, no one within the zone (including moteliere) can claim that they have special requirements for low noise. But this is also a double-edged sword because it means that any noise that exceeds the limit is deemed to be unreasonable regardless of the context. In Tim’s situation, even if the noise wasn’t enough to bother anyone, if it exceeded 55 decibels at any boundary, the noise control officer could issue a notice.

The DCC encourages those having a party likely to exceed the noise limit to “let their neighbours know — talk to them early, tell them a finish time and perhaps give them a contact cell phone number.” However, Imogen has had little success with this approach. “We warned all the motels before too, every time we go around everyone and tell them we’re having a party, but we still get shut down at ten.” She doesn’t really see any easy solution, but reckons it can be resolved through better communication. “Like come over and have a beer or something.”

Imogen believes some songs particularly trigger motel owners. “We shouldn’t have played Basshunter. We played that one Basshunter song and we got noise control pretty quickly after that,” she reckons. But she thinks “it’s getting quite ridiculous,” and the complaints are getting to the point where the motel is calling noise control when they even suspect a gathering might be occurring.

Noise control provides a valuable service to much of the community in Dunedin. But motels near the Uni overuse the rights they have been given under the RMA. There is currently nothing neighbouring flats can do to prevent harassment from noise control officers over trivial complaints.

BYGONE GAYS:

A QUEER HISTORY OF OTAGO UNIVERSITY

BY ASIA MARTUSIA KING



Students were a “driving generation” in queer liberation, says Chris Brickell, Professor of Gender Studies and LGBT historian. Otago University was no exception. Here’s an abridged history of our forebears and foretwinks.

Content warning: homophobia

Pre-1960s

There’s little information specifically about queer students before the 1960s, but there is information about Dunedin’s queer scene in general.

Interestingly, there were two instances of Australian ladies who dressed up as men, legally married women, and legally divorced in Dunedin during the 1900s. As early as 1920, Queens Gardens was known as a gay cruising site.

Chris said that a Dunedin queer culture existed as early as 1940s. “It was based mostly around private friendship groups. House parties, going away for the weekend, hanging out with friends and sometimes travelling to other cities. Those groups grew in the 1950s and ’60s, and often those friendships would endure for the rest of their lives. The theatre in Dunedin was quite important [for gay men]. There were a couple of places by the 1950s and ’60s where gay people would meet. A few coffee places had queer clientele.”

Without access to education or equal employment, few lesbians had the economic independence to support themselves. Allowing women into universities, as Otago did in 1871, gave them a degree of self-sufficiency for the first time in Western history. It also curated a space for other like-minded women, many of whom were lesbians unwilling to rely on heterosexual marriages.

Life was difficult for kiwi lesbians in the 1940s outside of varsity. In the ’50s, though, says Chris, “women too began hanging out in late night coffee bars; there was a kind of increasingly public lesbian and gay life at that point, but people were still pretty discrete. There weren’t many men arrested for consensual [gay] sex in the ’50s, but there were some.”

1960s

In 1968, Critic printed an article about homosexuality. The author suggested avoiding words such as “disease” or “illness”, but he mused that homosexuality might instead be due to narcissism, daddy issues, fear of the opposite sex, or Freudian castration anxiety. He recommended 150-350 hours of psychoanalytic and behavioural therapy, which involves electric shocks and induced vomiting.

1970s

Chris described an “interesting polarisation in the ’70s between gay liberation, a new social movement on one hand, and a much more conservative view on the other. [That conservative view] took a long time to go away.” There were two attempts at Homosexual Law Reform in the ’70s, both unsuccessful. In 1973, Dunedin held its first Gay Pride March.

Other than a review calling a drag show “vacuous rubbish”, the first blatantly LGBT-produced content in Critic was a comic from 1977, in the midst of second-wave feminism. The comic depicted two women sitting under the clocktower. Di was revealed to be a lesbian. “But Di — you’re not like that — you’re really feminine!” said Sue. “Well, we are all different you know!!” Di responded. “Why don’t you come to the Dunedin Lesbian Group and find out?” “Are there so many lesbians in Dunedin?” “Of course! Lesbians are everywhere!”

A week later, editor Al Duncan released an almost identical comic. Two men sat under the clocktower. One of them came out... as a necrophiliac. The bigots went wild with excitement.

“Well, it certainly didn’t take you very long to show your true colours, Mr Editor. The second issue of Critic is out, and in it what you termed ‘a clever, witty reply to the Lesbian comic’. The fact you found this amusing leads me to suspect that you have no idea what Necrophilia really is...”

Angela of the Dunedin Lesbian Group fired back. “The existence of lesbianism is a reminder that society need not be based on heterosexuality and that the power relationships recently arising out of heterosexuality are not intrinsic to human existence — that the power of men over women is not in the natural order of things, but is artificially imposed. Obviously lesbianism is a threat to those with a vested interest in the heterosexual power structure and the extent of this threat can be measured by the degree of reaction to such statements as our comic.”

The barrage of furious responses lasted for weeks. “Lesbians must go,” said one. “All sexual deviants should be shot or at least burnt at the stake after the painful plucking of all their pubic hair,” said another. One 'liberal' student begs for separate toilet facilities for homosexuals, claiming that sharing toilet facilities with gay people was like rape. Hilary said Angela's views were “precisely the sort expressed by racists in South Africa.”

Male students, enraged by “lesbian feminists” opening the Women's Room, established a “Gentleman's Club”. They released a manifesto of their “least favourite things”. Lesbian feminists were second on the list, and homosexuals were fourth.

1980s

Dunedin's second Gay Pride week took place in 1980, as Dunedin hosted the eighth National Gay Rights Conference. Throughout the decade, weekly Gay Columns and Lesbian Columns were introduced to Critic. Grievances were aired out, from “where are our rights?” to “why to anti-gays think we fuck each other up the arse all day, when we're most likely to wank each other off?” Clubs offered weekend excursions for gay men, separate Gay and Lesbian shows on Radio One, Gay Student/Staff Group, magazines, and AIDS helplines. The first Critic “Gay Pride” issues were released, containing events and stories about coming out on campus in the face of prejudice.

By 1985, the Gay University Students Society (G.U.S.S.) was in full swing. Their column made reference to the political climate, notably the Homosexual Law Reform being submitted to Parliament. “You know the year has really begun when you can turn on your radio and hear the shouts and abuses of Parliament in session. The opening of Parliament last Wednesday signals the continuation of the battle for Homosexual Law Reform. 1986 will mean a continued struggle for our most basic human rights.”

In conjunction with H.U.G. (Heterosexuals Unafraid of Gays) and Lesbian Line, G.U.S.S. ran a letter writing stall to MP's concerning “the Bill”, which was “great success”. Another stall was run in the Union Building, accompanied by fundraising and a “blue jeans and shocking pink day”. One heterosexual letter writer was very angry about this, saying he'd worn blue jeans without realising.

“THIS COULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT LETTER YOU EVER WRITE,” blared Critic in support. “The Homosexual Reform Bill is before Parliament again. Part I passed its Committee stages last week: 41 votes to 36. It still has to pass its third reading. Part II, which includes the Human Rights Clause, still has to be considered. This most important law could yet fail. Homosexuality is a natural disposition. It is not something you choose to do, nor is it an illness or moral perversion. Extensive scientific and medical research continues to show it is as valid a part of anyone's humanity as the colour of your skin, being left-handed, or merely an out-going personality.”

The Homosexual Law Reform Bill passed. However, discrimination could still legally occur. Students called on OUSA to instate Gay and Lesbian Rights Officers on the Exec, who would safeguard the interests of queers on campus. “Until last Wednesday, July 9th, all sexual activity between males was a crime. Even if both parties consented, they were both adults, and it was done in private, it was still a crime with penalties ranging from 5 to 14 years in jail. It is still legal to discriminate of gay people of both sexes in housing, employment, the provision of goods and services and any other way whatever. [This] still exists at Otago University.”

The following week's letters indicate that the proposal didn't go well. 170 students turned up to vote against it, “sneering, interrupting, and making offensive interjections”, according to one letter.

“Universities [...] have always been considered the bastion of liberalism,” lamented Andrew. “If the narrow-mindedness at Otago University is anything to go by, the obstacles that the Gay Community has to face in the general community must be insurmountable. The number of times I have been mentally and physically abused are innumerable. The war is not over yet.”

“Can I just ask ‘what the fuck happened’ at the meeting? Could it be (no, surely not) that the majority of people came to the meeting determined to further victimise 10% of the students on campus? Do you feel ‘safer’ now? I feel really threatened,” wrote Geraldine.

Peter Carrell, now Bishop of Christchurch, accused Andrew and Geraldine of “homosexual bigotry” towards heterosexuals. Another student sent in a list of why “all homosexuals should be shot by a Real Kiwi Joker,” including “because they all wear clothes that make them look like they've just fallen out of a garbage truck,” which many of us can't argue with to this day.

1990s

Discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation was still legal and The Gay Column in Critic urged students to lobby local members of Parliament in 1992, aiming to add a clause including these grounds into the Human Rights Commission Act.

“There is still much negative feeling towards the gay community,” said one student. “I for one would have thought that university students would be among the more open-minded of the community — how wrong could I have been?” He listed some of the insults he received during pride week. Another student said “being gay in Dunedin is challenging. It's not very easy to be OUT here.”

One student demanded a “Homophobic Pride Week where my fellows and I can march to the Octagon wearing our best bush shirts and drinking Speights whilst pushing ugly women with short haircuts and men in tight jeans into the gutter.” Another said they were “sick to death of gay and lesbian priders,” pleading for rights for real minorities — “bestialic necrophiliacs” — which goes to show that homophobes have had exactly one joke since 1977.

Dykes on Campus was formed to accompany Gay Boys on Campus. One student suggested changing the name to “Queer Boys on Campus”, to include bisexuals. People fought over whether to reclaim “queer” or not. In 1993, discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation was outlawed in Aotearoa.

Hon Grant Robertson, who later became the world's first openly gay Deputy Prime Minister, was president of OUSA in 1993. He shared his experience of attending Otago in the '90s with Critic.

“I was still coming to terms with being gay when I started at Otago. There was no gay scene that I was really aware of as such,” said Grant. “I knew a handful of gay people, and I had been to a couple of ‘dances’ at the Southern Cross that were simultaneously boring and terrifying. Little by little I came out to my friends, and by the time I was OUSA President it was relatively well known, but I did not publicly campaign in that way. It was a strange halfway house. I do recall some of my campaign material being defaced with the word ‘faggot’. So, obviously some people knew! As time wore on post-Presidency, I flatted with another gay guy, and I found a whole community in Dunedin I had known nothing about.”

However, students continued fighting for their rights. In terms of achievements for the LGBT community in the '90s, Grant is most proud of establishing UniQ. “In my time, as NZUSA Vice President and Co-President, we established a project to look at representation for LGBT students. A terrific guy named Matt Soeberg undertook the project, and out of that we created the UniQ network. It was very much needed, and continues today on campuses around New Zealand.”

Now

It's easy to forget how far we've come since even the 1990s. In 2004, Aotearoa instituted civil union for both same-sex and opposite sex couples. Gay marriage was legalised in 2013. This year, Otago opened its first queer space.

To quote a student in 1986, though, “the war is not over yet.” Gay and bisexual men can't donate blood unless they're abstinent for three months. It's vague whether trans and intersex Kiwis are even protected under the Human Rights Act 1993. Parliament is currently debating whether to criminalise conversion therapy, as well as considering a law that would allow trans and intersex people to easily change their sex on birth certificate. Intolerance still permeates our society. Hopefully this will one day be history, too.

Oh god I still haven't heard from him, I just really need him to text me back

Oh man I hope they're okay and home safe, who is it?

My dealer

LIMINAL SPACES OF DUNEDIN

BY SOPHIA CARTER PETERS



I have lived in Dunedin for long enough to be bored by Castle Street (AKA more than one year), and in that time, I've realized this town has some weird-ass buildings. Anyone who has set foot inside Archway Lecture theatres knows what I mean. Why are there so many entrances, but so few exits?

Anyone with a Tumblr in the early to mid 2000's (cough, guilty), would be familiar with 'liminal spaces'. Seen in long text posts full of empty gas stations, empty airport terminals, a slight beige fade filter, and a bus seat pattern from the '90s.

A liminal space is a "a location, in a transition, between two other locations, or states of being." A better definition for liminal space would be, "a place where you feel you should not be even though you are." Here are some specific places that resonate "liminal energy" that send shivers down my spine and have me looking over my shoulder on the way out.

THE MERIDIAN MALL PARKING LOT

Is it the most cost-efficient parking place in Dunedin? Maybe. Yet, it's somehow a total nightmare to maneuver. Getting in is so simple; a ramp, a gate, and there you are. If there is no room where you arrive, surely the next level will have some more space. The clear clean sky greets you, a moment of clarity out of the concrete box. The low ceilings, and labyrinthine layout scoops you out of town and into an abandoned Soviet car storage facility with advertisements still up from the old times.

When it's time to leave, the exit is just a ramp away. Or two ramps. Descending down into the low-hanging levels, the way out is longer than the way in. Old halogen lights over your head eerily filter onto the concrete. As you slowly loop your way through floors of empty cars, the tight turns box you in and threaten to scrape your tires on every turn. Drift kings be warned, you may exit without your front bumper, raise those suspensions. Lights flicker over your head as it gets darker. Has the sun disappeared already? No, but you have.

ARCHWAY LECTURE COMPLEX

You have a lecture in Archway 3. The numbers on the outside should show you where to go. It seems so simple, but the order is nonsensical. Walking into the brutal abstract building breaks you away from colourful campus life and into a vortex. The wide central hallway looping around an unknown central fixture. Walking in the front entrance, you are greeted by doors. Too many doors. Hallways diverge and the low ceilings stoop your shoulders, the air seems colder inside. The circular structure leads you in and sucks you back out, but how did you get to this door?

Leaving to find the bathroom during class is a death trap. Every turn looks the same and the toilet door is around just one too many corners. It must be easier to just keep walking around. Archway leads you back to the place you started, with no evidence that you ever left. The '80s color palette sets the tone, a campus of days gone by when English lit was still a relevant field and walking around in circles was the most fun an academic could have without a drink in hand.

ST DAVE'S (AFTER DARK)

The hum of the cafe refrigerators echoes up through the empty stone walls. The sound of Castle street seeping into the grates and long, blank tables with the few late night studiers make this a dissonant scene. Walking past at night, it looks like a warm fishbowl. The revelers walk past on their way to town, oblivious to the stress and fearful studying in the lecture hall that never sleeps. Just spitting distance from the heart of studentville, St Dave's is the final beacon of stress and exhaustion, glowing late into the night to remind you just how far behind you are.

Once the clock tower bongs nine, the building locks down and there's no going back. The empty cafe seems to be waiting. You want to explore, the seminar rooms and storage closets hold secrets. Campus Watch make their quiet rounds, with concerned looks upon the gently building tension as the night hours creep onward. You want to step outside for a vape — a brief respite from the low buzz of lecture tech and wifi — to get some fresh air. Once you step out, the doors lock unforgivingly behind you. Now you can't find a way back in. Everything you've left behind exists at the whim of the Proctor's lackeys. The limbo holds your laptop close, you can come back tomorrow morning.

THE DUNEDIN CASINO

Time does not exist within these walls. Fluorescent bright lights, the screech and jingle of patrons and machines. It has the same feeling of a school disco, if all the 12 year olds smoked crack cocaine (shout out West Auckland). The building is grand, existing as some vestige of Ōtepoti greatness fueled by empty hopes and dreams. I still am not convinced it's a real place, rather than a fun, maniacal capitalistic collective hallucination.

Walking up the spiral staircase makes you feel important, and the weight of cash in your pockets starts to feel a little heavier. It lures you in and sucks you straight up into the thick of it. The tables appear first, mostly empty but Vegas Style shit. If Poker Face by Lady Gaga played at the entrance, I would be dropping mad coin. The dopamine rush of the lights makes you feel alive, until you look around and see how depressing it really is. The mindless flipping and whirring of rigged games without cheat codes feels hopeless, and empty. Capitalism on steroids exists in the Dunedin Casino and it is, quite frankly, a mind fuck.

THE SMOKING AREA AT CAROUSEL (ON A WEEKNIGHT)

Is it outside? Is it inside? Yes. On a quiet night, the empty space lures you out. The voyage past the bathrooms sucks you out into the cold air. The drink in your hand weighs a small fraction of the price, but you now get to enjoy the existential question of "is this a balcony or a ledge?" The low glow of the stand-up heaters empty into the black night and dim lighting conceals the unknown substances lining the floor. House music blasts from below your feet. Or above your head. The echoes of calling voices can't reach you in this Octagon Oasis. You are both in town, and out of town. Carousel keeps you guessing. There was supposed to be a band tonight, right? Someone must have told you to go up those stairs, ignoring the pumping bass from the surrounding bars. The bouncer outside checks your ID, then looks into your soul. Are you worthy to be above the crowds?

INFORMATION SERVICES BUILDING CORRIDOR

If you've ever tried to get to Central Library from Veggie Boys, Leith Liquorland, or the clubs and socs building, you may have attempted to enter the ISB corridor thinking it's an entrance into central. It's part of the same building, it's the most prominent entrance to that building, and in the corridor there are literally doors connecting it to the library — but only for staff! The only things this corridor is good for is buying a drink from its vending machine, staring at the surreal mix of art, advertisements, and posters lining its walls, and dissociating enough to access a transitory state somewhere deep in your brain, questioning what you're studying and why you're even at uni. The good news is, the Career Development Centre is right next door for when this happens.

POLYTECH HUB AFTER DARK

Be it the mysterious whirring of the building, the bright piercing lights, or the inevitable neuron or two parked outside eerily — Polytech Hub at night gives off very liminal vibes. For the uninitiated, it is not immediately clear whether the Polytech Hub is open at night, and that's likely how frequent visitors like it. The fact that it is almost — but not quite — empty adds to the phantasmagorical vibes. The lights themselves are far too bright to give off a dimly lit spooky aura, but the fact that they are so bright gives off an eerie aura of its own. They're also on sensors, so they'll turn off all of a sudden and students will run around frantically trying to set off the sensors and be blessed with light once more.

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AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A MEATLOAF PARTY:

CRITIC INFILTRATES FORMER QUEEN STREET BROTHEL TO ATTEND A MEATLOAF PARTY

BY ANNABELLE VAUGHAN, FOX MEYER, AND KEEGAN WELLS

Much like Regina George's hair, Otago University is full of secrets. Tucked away in the streets of North Dunedin, there exist all kinds of weird and wonderful traditions. One of them is the Meatloaf Party. Critic Te Arohi attended the 30th anniversary of the event, which means that meatloaf has endured longer than most of our readers' parents' marriages.

The Meatloaf Party is exactly what it sounds like. It's a party where you taste and judge an ungodly amount of meatloaf. With no prior knowledge of this tradition, Critic received a cryptic invite just a week before the event. There was almost no information or detail given. We were just told that this was a very serious and well-respected tradition. We received an address, a time, and a dress code.

It was 8pm on a Wednesday. The address led us to an ancient, towering villa on Queen Street, at the top of a twisty and treacherous set of stairs. There was no lighting on the slippery path because students are broke and reckless. The mysterious invitation, paired with the dark walk, made this event feel like the beginning of a horror movie. We were glad to be a company of three.

We wondered whether this party was legit, or if we had been pranked by some freshers looking to kidnap us and turn us into meatloaf ourselves. Fox took reassurance in the fact that he could probably outrun his two companions, if push came to shove. But he didn't say that out loud.

The anxiety didn't last long. Once up stairs, party host Tori, who appeared to be very normal, welcomed us in. The suspense and fear of being murdered disappeared. Tori handed us each a piece of paper which we were to put in the cup "beside our favourite meatloaf". Tori explained that this was a "very serious party".

We were guided through to the living room, and there it was: the meatloaves. They came in all shapes and sizes. There was a handsome, pie-crusting meatloaf, a raw meatloaf shaped and styled as Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, and a sorry excuse for a meatloaf that was literally just a pile of mince. Above the tasting table was a hastily painted flat sign that read: "The Meatloaf". Apparently this is the name of the flat, which made the entire experience a bit more understandable.

Fox Meyer and Keegan both claimed to be vegetarians once they saw the meatloaf, leaving Culture Editor Annabelle Vaughan as the only taster. This can only be described as a stitch up. However, the hosts anticipated such dietary requirements, and entries included a veggie loaf and a desert loaf for the non-meat eaters in attendance.

The living room was filled with girls in ball dresses and guys in suits. There was jazz music playing in the background, which was apparently meant to make people feel "just really fucking odd". The vibes were incredibly culty, and most people were already reasonably hammered before the tasting even began. It later came to Critic's attention that it was hosted

and attended by former residents of Knox College, which explained the crowd's culty vibes and low alcohol tolerance. To solidify this further, the hosts also informed Critic the flat was a former brothel. "Who knows what used to happen here, we don't engage with that history, but that's what the landlord told us," said Tori. Their basement, for the record, is absolutely haunted.

As people continued to arrive, Tori explained that they didn't know about this wacky tradition until they spoke to the former tenants. "When we came and visited the flat last year, we were talking to the flatmates and they were like 'we do this tradition but we didn't do it this year because of Covid,'" she said. "Then a flatmate from 2014 came back to see the flat and was like, 'are you guys doing the meatloaf thing?' and we were like 'oh fuck, it must be real.'" Charlotte, the other host, explained that the party is "meant to be small with ten people, but we've decided to up it by 40 to 50. There's tradition, then there's making tradition fun," she said.

As for the night ahead, Tori hoped that people would "take the taste rather than the appearance on board" as it's important to "not judge a book by its cover" and to "embrace the loaf."

Once everyone arrived, the hosts called everyone to gather in the living room around the loaf table. Tori announced that everyone had to be quiet, as there was a special guest arriving. Mustachioed Jono arrived, and a hush fell over the crowd. He relayed tales of meatloafs long ago, and shared how he and The Boys would cook up a cheap, fast, healthy feed of meatloaf, and the beginnings of the tradition, when the flatmates would compete with each other to see who could cook the best loaf. He provided insights (Mi Goreng noodles are apparently a good addition to meatloaf), cracked jokes, and regaled the crowd with tales of the Dunedin of yore.

The meatloafs were tasted, votes were cast, and controversy ensued. Jono awarded first place to a meatloaf styled as bangers and mash, and quickly drew criticism from the unruly crowd. He amended this count, opting instead for "democracy by applause", and asked for cheers to be made for the crowd's favorite loaf. Ultimately, the pie-styled loaf took home the proverbial cake, and netted its maker a fifth of vodka.

As Critic wrapped up in the spacious, probably-haunted manor, a keg was hauled into the sitting room. Cheers were given, speeches made, selfies taken. The Rudolf loaf, missing one eye and all possible dignity, slowly collapsed under its own weight and formed a sort of fleshy puddle on the plate.

Somewhere in Dunedin, far away from the party, a bag of mince is being packed. It sets its sights on the high-rises of Queens Street, to the most lurid and luxurious former brothel that the town has to offer. It dreams fondly, and exclusively, of the day that it too may become meatloaf.

MIXER REVIEW

BY CHUG NORRIS

Mixers are the unsung heroes of alcohol, the pleasure to balance the pain of spirits. Anything can be a mixer if you're brave enough, but I really did have to narrow down the selection to only the most practical options. Rather than going through every type of soft drink and fruit juice, I just decided to totally exclude them because they are boring and even a fresher knows that mixing fruit juice and vodka makes the bad taste go away.

Full-Fat Milk

Milk is high in calcium, and Fonterra has taught me that if we don't drink it we will literally collapse into spineless puddles. Because milk is good for your bones it is an essential mixer for minimising injuries if you frequently fall over on the piss. The creaminess somewhat reduces the taste of alcohol in many spirits, but it is a struggle to keep down and you do look a bit strange drinking milk from a drink bottle. Put it into a soda stream for a fizzy kick.

- Pros:** bone health
Cons: not easy to keep down

Red Bull

Red Bull may be expensive, unless you win Critic snap of the week, then you get a fuckload. The pro is that it can be mixed with literally anything and tastes good. It also contains caffeine which is fantastic, although it does limit the amount you can have unless you want to stay up until five in the morning.

- Pros:** caffeine, versatility
Cons: expensive

Coffee

Coffee is good, of course, but as a mixer it's a bit much. Not only is it more of a study drink than a drinking drink, it is also a hazard to make when you are drunk because of all the boiling hot water involved. It also gives you bad breath which is not the go on a night out, and it stains your teeth.

- Pros:** caffeine
Cons: third degree burns, coffee breath, yellow teeth

Egg Whites

Egg whites are an essential mixer for those gym bros that want to break up the depressing monotony of their lives with a night out, but don't want to lose their hard-earned gains doing so. Egg whites are high in protein and low in flavour, which is perfect if you have only eaten boiled, unseasoned chicken breast for your entire adult life.

- Pros:** protein, makes drinks foamy and cool
Cons: a little gross, salmonella

Powerade

If you're super organised and have already acquired some powerade to cope with your hangover, just use it as a mixer. It is literally impossible to get a hangover if you are already drinking a powerade. However, if you have an extremely big night you may traumatised yourself and create an association with the taste of powerade and alcohol which would not help your recovery.

- Pros:** electrolytes, hangover over
Cons: expensive, may ruin powerade

Lemon Juice

Lemons are cheap as fuck and vitamin C rich so it is literally impossible to get sick after mixing a drink flavoured with lemons. However, it can get pretty acidic and give you heartburn. Will save the life of all those fucks who only eat ramen and chicken drumsticks.

- Pros:** staves off scurvy
Cons: insides being on fire

Beer

Beer is already alcoholic which is a bonus because it somehow goes a long way to masking the flavour of other alcohols. While many people may frown as you add a dash of whiskey to your double brown, you will totally forget about being judged when you are shitfaced. Beer goes exceptionally well with a variety of spirits, in particular whiskey, kahlua, and tequila.

- Pros:** gets you fucked
Cons: seen by many as a descent into alcoholism

Water

At the point where you are using water to dilute spirits, just bite the bullet and drink it straight, your life is already at rock bottom.

- Pros:** extremely cheap
Cons: doesn't really hide the taste

Water flavouring drops

You can get some water flavouring drops at the supermarket for very cheap, they totally hide the taste of alcohol and only require that you add water to them.

- Pros:** no alcohol flavour, inexpensive
Cons: can't see any

Pickle Juice

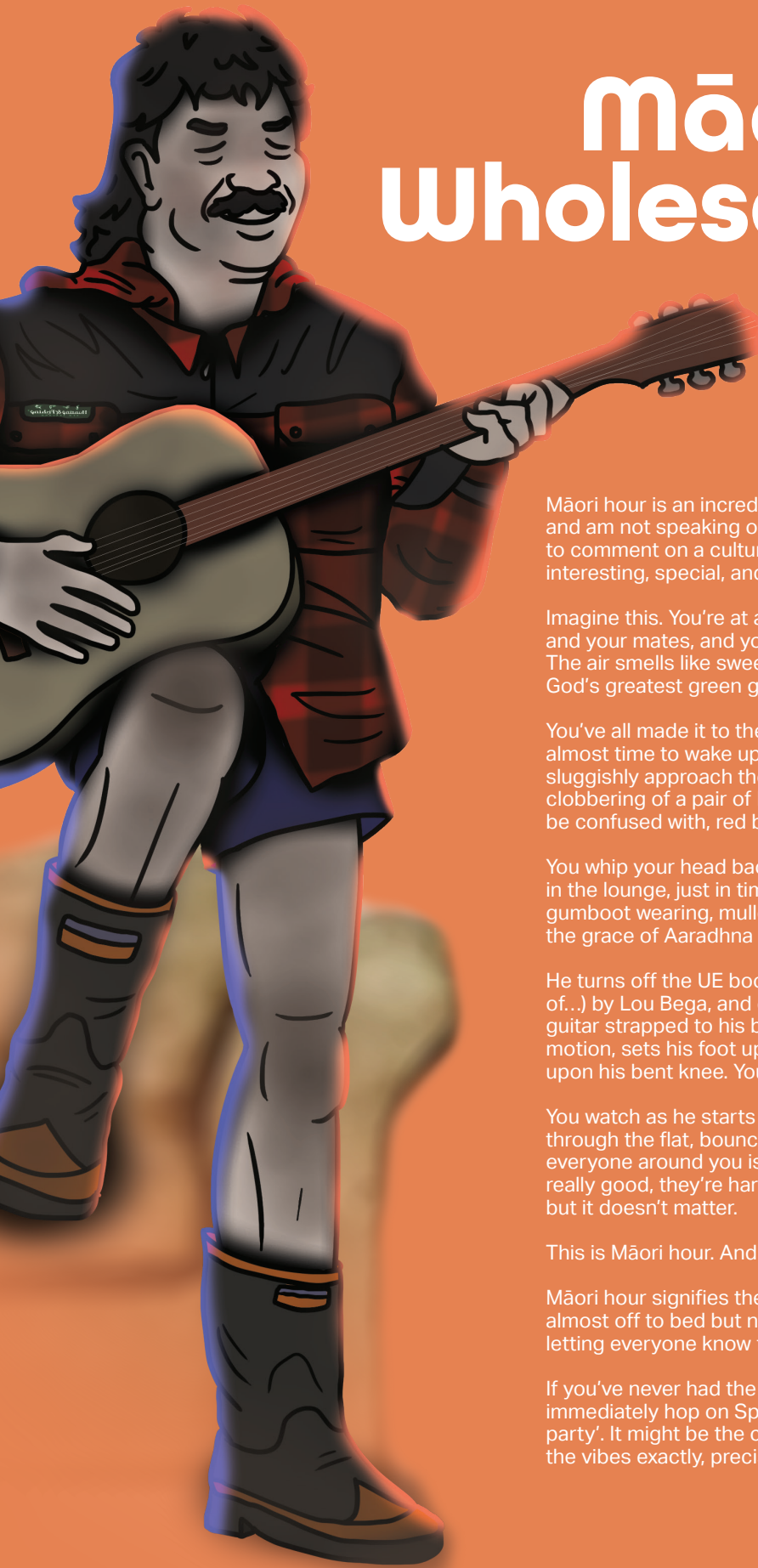
Adds a savoury twist to any spirit. The salt and vinegar component masks even the worst tastes, but will dehydrate you, so this one almost certainly requires a follow-up refreshment. Vodka pairs extremely well with pickles, however you can upgrade to pickled jalapenos for a spicy kick which pairs exquisitely as a tequila chaser/ mixer.

- Pros:** free pickles
Cons: people who haven't tried it will judge you

Berocca

This is a similar concept to the Powerade one. The idea here is to stay one step ahead of the hangover. The strong flavour of Berocca totally masks even an extremely generous mix of vodka, the fizziness also serves to get you pretty buzzed.

- Pros:** masks any alcohol, theoretically eliminates hangovers
Cons: if you go swimming everyone will see when you piss in the pool



Māori Hour Wholesomeness

By Susana Jones

Māori hour is an incredibly wholesome phenomenon. I am not Māori and am not speaking on behalf of Māori and never will. I am just here to comment on a cultural phenomenon I’ve observed, one which is interesting, special, and unique to Aotearoa.

Imagine this. You’re at a flat party having the most splendid time. You and your mates, and your mates’ mates, are all big-chilling to the max. The air smells like sweet strawberry shortcake clouds, yeasty beer, God’s greatest green gift to earth, and musty sweat.

You’ve all made it to the end of the night. It’s late and well past bedtime, almost time to wake up actually. You get up to leave and as you sluggishly approach the door, you hear the distinct and unmistakable clobbering of a pair of Red Bands (much more notorious than, and not to be confused with, red bottoms) from down the hall.

You whip your head back around to the congregation of your friends in the lounge, just in time to witness a hunting-and-fishing-coat clad, gumboot wearing, mullet-growing Māori man enter the room. He’s got the grace of Aaradhna and the swagger of Dennis Marsh.

He turns off the UE boom, halfway through Mambo No. 5 (A Little Bit of...) by Lou Bega, and commands the attention of the room. He’s got a guitar strapped to his back. He swings it around to his front in one swift motion, sets his foot upon the arm of the couch, and rests the guitar upon his bent knee. You’re in a deep trance, aided by sleep deprivation.

You watch as he starts strumming the sweet strings, the notes echoing through the flat, bouncing off the walls of the lounge. Soon enough, everyone around you is singing waiata. Some are naturally talented, really good, they’re harmonizing and everything. Others not so much — but it doesn’t matter.

This is Māori hour. And I feel bad for anyone who hasn’t experienced it.

Māori hour signifies the end of a night on the rark, when everyone’s almost off to bed but not quite. It’s also a gentle way of respectfully letting everyone know that it’s simply home time.

If you’ve never had the privilege of experiencing Māori hour, you should immediately hop on Spotify and jam the playlist dubbed ‘Māori shed party’. It might be the closest thing you’ll get to Māori hour, and matches the vibes exactly, precisely.

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You’ve been hired to write a news article for Critic Te Arohi’s next issue.

What’s the headline of your article?

By Elliot Weir

1. Your birth month

January - Breatha

February - Grange Street Flat

March - MFCO lecturer

April - Renowned stoner

May - Nerd

June - Wholesome grandma

July - OUSA Exec

August - Broke Castle Street resident

September - Student journalist

October - Environmental activist group

November - Dave from Maharajas

December - Your mum

2. Your first initial

A - Uncovers truth behind

B - Goes head to head in local body election against

C - Arrested after threats towards

D - Makes amends with

E - Donates to

F - Calls out bogus claims made by

G - Cuckholds

H - Vandalises

I - To make formal complaint to Advertising Standards Authority about

J - Claims uptick in disorderly behaviour is thanks to

K - Announces pregnancy with

L - Involved in fisticuffs with

M - Wins court case against

N - Formalises business partnership with

O - “Holds no grudges” towards

P - Helps clean up public image of

Q - Talks to Critic about serious incident involving

R - Spotted snorting ketamine with

S - Buys weed from

T - Terrorises

U - Files restraining order against

V - Taken to tenancy tribunal by

W - Spills the details about a “wild night out” with

X - Offers help to

Y - Pleads with

Z - Marries

3. Your favourite colour

Red - Stinky

Orange - Radical

Yellow - Completely drunk

Blue - Supposedly innocent

Green - Broke

Purple - Problematic

Pink - Furious

White - Dangerous

Black - Desperate

Other - Rogue

4. Your last initial

A - Landlord

B - Fashion industry bosses

C - Pub owner

D - Proctor

E - Mob of students from Logan Park High School

F - MILFs

G - Anthropology lecturer

H - University of Otago board members

I - David Seymour

J - TERFs

K - Instagrammer

L - Right-wing militia

M - Students studying at Robertson Library

N - Conspiracy theorists

O - Bioethics professors

P - Dunedin News admin

Q - Auckland Uni students

R - Uniprint shop manager

S - Vice-Chancellor David Murdoch

T - Person with “here for a good time, not a long time” in their Tinder bio

U - Judith Collins

V - ODT editor

W - VUWSA Exec

X - KFC worker

Y - Leith Street Flat

Z - Shitposting page admin

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408 words

English (United Kingdom)

125%



Image: Ring tailed lemurs in Highgate – Animal Attic series, 2019

BRUCE MAHALSKI'S AMAZING ANIMAL MURAL-SKIS

BY ASIA MARTUSIA KING

Living in Dunedin, chances are you've seen a variety of street art — a couple of hoiho beside Market Kitchen, or the rooster outside of CJ's supermarket. Bruce Mahalski is the artist behind these creations, performing necromancy on the Animal Attic's ailing taxidermy, bringing them back to life as murals. (In case you don't know, the Animal Attic is the taxidermy collection in the Otago Museum).

I sat down with Bruce for an interview. We met at his private collection, the Museum of Natural Mystery, sipping tea on a couch while surrounded by thousands of bones. "If someone saw this museum from the outside, they might superficially glance and get the idea that it's a museum of the macabre, and I'm some kind of death freak," he said, showing me his latest piece: an artwork made of gannet skulls. "But actually it's a museum promoting conservation." Bruce has always tried to create art pertaining to conservation, and his murals, which he's been painting since 2005, are an extension of that.

He describes the murals as a form of "social impact". By getting Otago Museum's collection out on the street, he hopes to encourage visitors to Otago Museum in turn. "I've always loved the Otago Museum. [The Museum of Natural Mystery] is like a child of the Otago Museum. When I was young, there wasn't a zoo in Dunedin, but there was the Animal Attic. I thought I'd try to channel that love." As of today, Bruce has over 20 exterior murals under his own name, plus countless others that are interior, abroad, or under pseudonyms.

Animism, the belief that everything in nature has a distinct spiritual essence, is a core part of his work. "I try to imagine when I'm making art that I am living in a pre-European world, and I am a primitive animal. I see myself as an animal of the world that just happens to be alive at the moment. I'm an animal at the cusp of extinction, and I just wish everybody could see the world in the way that I see it."

Bruce's latest piece is a common mudpuppy skeleton, a darling aquatic salamander. He's drawn to the curious and quirky, especially when there's narrative involved. Bruce's iconic hoiho got tagged over recently but he's not too salty. He's planning to replace them with the Animal Attic lions, who escaped the circus in 1978 and roamed the streets of Lawrence. They knocked over a kid named Craig who got an awesome scar on his face.

"I'm not going to paint the mural for someone unless it's got some story to it," is Bruce's dogma. "It's the same in [the Museum of Natural Mystery]. A lot of the objects are not interesting in and of themselves as an object, but what is interesting is the story it tells, the connection within an individual."

When deciding on what animal to paint, Bruce says "a lot of murals are about negotiating with the wall owner. If you've got a wall, I'll put something on it, for either nothing or koha. I'm drawn to insects, the small stuff. I like painting microscopic things on walls. Nobody's really doing that so I've done a few murals with plankton around the place. I used to work with plankton when I worked at NIWA, I've got a soft spot for them. I'd like to draw a giant crab. A few more crab murals would be nice."

"I've been criticised about not painting native animals. Do you know how many fucking tui I've painted? As long as I'm concerned, if it's at the Animal Attic, it's a native animal to me. It's local and it's got that story to it."

Usually Bruce gets permission for his murals. Smaller pieces only take an afternoon to complete. He explains that "a lot of it is about speed if you're doing illegal stuff. I actually came into it legally as an art teacher. To me, I want to get art up first and then get away. So I've learnt to do things very quickly."

In saying that, "there's a few paintings where I've just really loved a wall and done it covertly," he admits. "The council says you need resource consent to do a mural over ten metres square. No other city has this, because murals are temporary, but Dunedin for some reason sees them as permanent. There's a few people on the council who don't like what I'm doing, and I don't get any support from them. But I get a huge amount of support from the museum."

Regardless, "Dunedin has become well known for [street art], and on the whole I think it's been a great thing. It's all in the eye of the beholder, isn't it? Street art, graffiti, Banksy, in the beginning it's like — we don't want that, it's illegal. Then people started liking it, they started to adopt it, and it transitioned to something we pay thousands of dollars for. People came on board with the fact that this is something we see as giving back to our community, and I've seen that effect myself with certain murals I've been involved with. Where the community is really engaged with the mural and felt like a possession of it. A love for it. A willingness to protect it."

It's true. Many of his murals have become Pokestops. Even Bruce's museum is a Pokestop. He had no idea about this until I told him I caught an Aipom before our chat.

To Bruce, good art is about starting conversations. "I don't give a fuck about the money, or becoming a famous artist. As long as I can make a living, I'll just keep trying to be a science and environmental communicator. We're on the cusp of extinction at the moment and we need to pull our socks up."

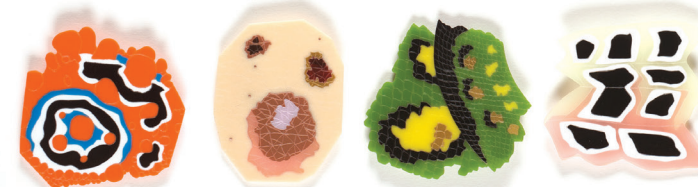
I asked Bruce what creature from the Animal Attic he'd bring back to life, on the condition it would be a tame and loyal companion. "A wombat," he replied solemnly. "I love wombats. I went to Tasmania a few years ago and hung out with wombats. Echidnas would be a close second. Wombats [are] amazing. I just love wombats. Cubic poos."

The interview finished, as Bruce had to buy a new heat lamp for the flesh eating beetles in his garage. He is a bizarre and wonderful creature. Do yourself a favour by checking out his work.

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OCTAVIA COOK'S (sealup), H (human), A (anaconda), L (locust wing), L (locust body), O (owl), W (wood) 2021 Acrylic, silver. Courtesy of the artist and Anna Miles Gallery



Octavia Cook
Alexandra Kennedy
Ed Ritchie
Justin Spiers

SUITE
A DPAG Biennial
Contemporary Dunedin
Programme: **Part Two** **20/21**

Local Produce at Te Korokoro o Te Tūi

Two weeks ago Critic Te Arohi hosted a concert, in collaboration with Radio One and the School of Performing Arts. Night Lunch, Porpoise, and Dale Kerrigan all gave electric performances in the new recording space, to kick off the first of many Local Produce events.



CULTURE / ĀHUA NOHO / 20

**LOCAL
PRODUCE**
By Annabelle Vaughan

Teddy Penrose

aka Logan Burrell

Photo: Rosa Nevison

Otago student Logan Burrell is well accustomed with the Dunedin music scene. After playing in several local bands, he has since branched out on his own solo project, releasing music under the pseudonym Teddy Penrose. Critic sat down with Logan to chat about his creative projects, upcoming plans, and what it's like being part of the Dunedin Sound.

Currently studying Music and International Business, Logan had his start in the Dunedin scene with the band Jam Henderson. "That was formed through my friend Sam Elliot and myself meeting at a party that had a terrible band playing, and we decided hey, if we're going to talk about how bad a band is we should probably have a band ourselves," he said. After being part of Jam Henderson for a while, Logan continued to meet other Dunedin musicians, such as Peter Molteno who runs 235 Studios, where he later recorded his single at. When he's not performing, Logan also co-hosts the BLT Show on Radio One. However, this year he decided to branch out on his own. "I've been playing with a bunch of people at University, but I am going outside of that. Teddy Penrose is my solo project, and I've got one single out with more coming in the summer," he says.

Logan has been playing music for as long as he can remember, beginning to take it seriously in his later high school years. "[Music] was something I always did, I thought it was something everyone did, going home and playing instruments. But then when I got to high school I had a few good mentors and I started to write music and play in bands and I fell in love with it, especially playing in a band. It's so much fun playing gigs," he says.

As for his musical influences, Logan is a bass player, which is heavily incorporated into his sound. "Everything for me stems from bass, I'm incredibly into motown music. There's a bass player called

James Jameson who reinvented bass lines so they could be played melodically. I tend to hold a lot of that when I write songs. It's about the bassline. For most of it, trying to create something you can groove to and that people can't help but bop their head along to," he says.

While being in the Dunedin scene helped kickstart Logan's music, he says there are some challenges when it comes to breaking out solo. "It's very much a family based community, everyone is on the same level of struggle, so we end up pulling each other up a lot of the time in contrast to a bigger city, where there's so much competition for gigging. But down here, everyone is helping each other out," he says. "However, the cost is that it's hard to break yourself out of that classic Dunedin sound, as we all sound similar, there can sometimes be limited variation, but that's not bad either."

Logan says his favorite part about making music is gigging and watching how crowds respond to his sound. "It's the moments when you look around in the crowd, usually between a verse and a chorus and you see one person sticking out to you who's really vibing just by the look on their face, it's seeing emotion in other people because of what you're doing," he says.

As for the future, Logan says he wants to continue releasing solo music, and hopes to base his career around music. "I don't know what that means yet, whether it's performing, but I'd love to make money from music so I could spend more time doing it, I used to maybe see myself in an office job, but I don't vibe with that anymore I suppose," he says.

Check out Teddy Penrose on Spotify.

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MUSEUM**

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HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

It's time to give yourself a pat on the back. It's nearly the end of the year, and you've made it this far. Keep pushing onwards my Aquarians xx

Habit to break: procrastination



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

You are an expert at calling bullshit - but there's a time and a place, and it's not on the piss. Try not to ruin any relationships in drunken rage.

Habit to break: projecting your opinion onto others



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

I've never met a pisces who wasn't cool, hot and smart. But, don't let your ego get to you, especially with those mid terms.

Habit to break: over committing to things



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

Lockdown will give you some much needed time for study and reflection. Things are on the up!

Habit to break: self criticism



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Stuck in lockdown with your flatties? Try going for a morning run to rid yourself of pent up rage.

Habit to break: having a short temper



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

You should start taking more control over your finances, that means you can buy more outfits for the upcoming spring season.

Habit to break: being irresponsible



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

The burden of responsibility and logic is getting the better of you. Stop having your head in the books and try to live a little. Watch a movie, go to a gig, throw up in a club, get arrested.

Habit to break: studying till you burn out



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

It can be tough at the top, baby! Remember, don't let the haters stop you from doing your thang. Keep soldiering on.

Habit to break: caring what others think



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

Don't listen to all the things your flatmates are saying. It can be hard to control both your personalities.

Habits to break: smoking

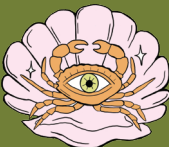


Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Eat a fucking bagel. It will do wonders for you. Cream cheese is best for filling. Hit different after a hangover.

Habit to break: holding onto toxic relationships



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Desperate times call for desperate measures. In this case, desperate measures means alcohol.

Habits to break: cynicism



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

One day, try choosing emotion over logic. Why do you always have to be the sensible friend? It's time to fuck shit up.

Habit to break: fixing other people's problems

BOOZE REVIEW: SPEIGHT'S



By @stassielijoshbeer

If you're sick of the average chat of our weekly booze review and want to see some serious reviews of more quality beers, then check out @stassielijoshbeer on instagram. They are three flatmates who have committed to doing in-depth reviews of a bunch of NZ crafties. Just to fuck with them, this week I asked them to review the most uncrafty beer in existence, Speight's. Here it is:

Back with a Dunedin classic that no Otago student has drunk in the past ten years, except for out of those 300ml cups that UBar try to pass off as pints on a Wednesday, we're drinking Speight's Gold Medal. A drink that has lost its way, in part due to the fact that:

- It's only 4% ABV.
- Kinda tastes like dirt and grass.
- It's still at the price point of a premium lager.

Gold Medal is now well and truly living in the shadow of its skinny, boring, younger brother — Summit Ultra.

Speight's is a beer for the ages, if the ages are vomiting in the UBar toilets or getting drunk with your racist uncle on Christmas Day. It is a staple of the dirty south however, and we won't ever have it bad mouthed, regardless of how awful it tastes.

There is something in the air when you crack one open. There's some sense of pride when drinking Speight's in Dunedin, like you're doing something right. It is the sense of belonging that you always seem to be striving for but never can find.

Dunedin hilariously remains a place where the student population rarely drink this drop. Maybe it's out of fashion, maybe it's nostalgic, maybe it's a genuinely palatable beer — it depends who you ask.

We think it is just alright, but we will drink when we have it. Then again, we are just a bunch of alternative wanks who drank crafties when we were 16, pretend to know what hops are, and have made it our personality trait so you probably shouldn't pay any attention to that.

Tastes like: muddy water, a southerly breeze

Froth level: telling everyone how your dad was way gnarlier than you in the '90s

Pairs well with: Swandris, tradition for tradition's sake

Taste rating: 5/10, mediocre

The Critical Tribune

Breather Develops New Pull-Tab Method to Open Cans

A local breather, Devan, has after years of experimentation reached a breakthrough in accessing the liquid contents of RTDs.

By pulling the tab on the top of the can, a hole is opened which allows convenient sipping without any mess or unnecessary brain injuries. Until just one week ago, Devan and the members of his flat, originally named "Da Boiz", had never attempted to pull the tab on the top of cans.

"Usually I just smash the can into my head until it all sprays out and I can drink it, it's called a rhino bro ahaha," Devan said. He proceeded to demonstrate a rhino and vigorously encourage the Tribune's reporter to try it. "Do you know what a shooley is, mate?" he asked after smashing a can into the reporter's face. It was at that point that the interview concluded, with the reporter making a quick exit on foot.

Some have expressed concerns that this breakthrough may signal a dangerous development in breather intelligence. One PPE student, Augustine, was particularly concerned with the development. He said, "without the reduced brain cells from rhinoing, this development may have a snowball effect. Soon they may realise that breaking tables and jumping through windows is bad for them."

Horny Singles in your Area Still Ready to Mingle, Despite Level 4 Protocol

Critic can confirm that the plethora of lonely MILF's advertised by sketchy websties are still "seeking company" in these trying times.

Apparently unaware of, or at least willfully ignorant of, the lockdown procedure, these charming ladies have not backed down from advertising themselves on the internet. Critic reached out to as many of these women as possible, to assess their plans for "sharing affection" without bursting their bubbles.

We could not receive comment from any of them, as our attempts to connect were met with staunch paywalls, bright red warnings from Google Chrome, and alphabet soup URLs. These lonely women, many of whom have "recently lost a spouse", must be in dire straits as lockdown looms, which is not a great time to be advertising for love in the gulleys of the internet.

While we could not make contact with them, the Tribune would like any Horny Singles in Our Area to know that we are wishing you our very best and hoping for a speedy end to this social crisis on your behalf.

Dunedin Hospital Moves Geriatric Ward To Face Hayward College

Following complaints from Dunedin Hospital's children's ward about seeing "certain naked activities at night" from Hayward College across the road, the Hospital has stumbled upon a win-win situation: moving the geriatric ward to face the hall of residence instead.

Dr. Burt Klooger, Geriatrics Unit Clinical Leader, told The Critical Tribune that this move was initially forced by space concerns in the ageing building. "The children's ward insisted they had to move away, and the only available space big enough was the old folks' unit. And Lord knows these geezers have enough trouble getting out of bed, never mind getting it on, so we thought seeing a bit of youthful action could be the thing to lift their spirits a little bit."

The move has been a terrific success, says Dr. Klooger. "It must be something about seeing young people so lively and active that perks them up, I guess," he said, as faint chants of "DRINK MOTHERFUCKER DRINK!" and a bass-boosted remix version of Frank Sinatra's "Fly Me To The Moon" rumbled in the background. "They've even been passing tips and tricks back and forth with Hayward residents, which would be kind of sweet if some of those tips and tricks weren't illegal. I've even had to report some matters to the Poli—," he said, before the interview was interrupted by an urgent call from the geriatric ward.

As the Critical Tribune's reporter was leaving, Dr. Klooger was spotted hobbling out of the ward, bruised and with "SNITCHES GET STITCHES" carved, in elegant cursive, on his forehead.

Hardcover Novel in Student Flat Hopeful of Finally Being Read

A hardcover copy of "The Luminaries", which has been gathering dust in a shady corner of a Dundas Street flat, is optimistic that it will finally be read over the lockdown period.

The 2020 edition of Eleanor Catton's book was purchased as a Christmas gift last year, by the ex-partner of second-year English student Kerry. Despite its heartwarming backstory, down to the soppy love note on its front page, sources confirmed to the Critical Tribune that the book has been left in the exact same position, on a slowly-collapsing Warehouse bookshelf, since it was transported from Tauranga in February this year.

"It's fucking humiliating," said the 832-page novel. "I'm a critically-acclaimed Man Booker Prize-winning novel, for fuck's sake. But they haven't even touched me. They read, all right, but it's all Twitter bullshit smut about fucking animals, or something like that. Even that cheap excuse of a rag gets more love than me," it said, gesturing to the dog-eared copies of Critic Te Arohi on Kerry's bed, all turned to the 'Moaningful Confessions' page.

"This time is different, though," it said. "Lots of downtime between lectures, nothing to do... Surely this will be the moment where they reignite their love of fine literature again. I'm optimistic."

At press time, the novel was getting retrieved from the bookshelf, for the first time in six months, to prop up Kerry's iPad as they played an episode of "Too Hot To Handle".

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FUCK! I CAN'T COOK

BY ALICE TAYLOR
@ALICEOLIVIAEATS



Falafel

I was inspired to publish this recipe for two reasons. Firstly, while I am a proud and devoted lover of cheese and carbs, I realised that the majority of my most recent recipes were incredibly beige, creamy and cheesy. And secondly, lunch is by far my least favorite meal to make. Lunch comes at the most inconvenient time, which means I need to plan ahead. But for whatever reason I seem to have a deep hatred of packed lunches – it often needs to be kept in a fridge and/or reheated, and you have to wait for about ten minutes to access a microwave that barely works. Or it (and by it, I mean my Vogel's vegemite sandwich) just tastes like shit. As a result, I normally give up entirely and buy yet another \$5 scroll from the campus shop.

However, I think I might have found the lunch that solves all of these problems – falafel! It is easy to make, cheap as chips, and does not need to be reheated but instead can be enjoyed at room temperature. I tend to pop four or five in a wrap and off I go. These are great frozen, they work as burger patties, and they are also delicious with chips and satay sauce for the ultimate hangover cure.

INGREDIENTS

Makes around 24 falafels (I tend to have 4-6 per serving)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 cans chickpeas, drained and rinsed | 1 tsp paprika |
| 1 onion, peeled and roughly diced | A bunch of parsley, roughly chopped (basil or coriander also works) |
| 6 cloves garlic, peeled and roughly diced | 1 tsp salt |
| 4 Tbsp flour | Pepper |
| 2 tsp cumin | |

METHOD

1. Preheat the oven to 180 degrees Celsius.
2. Because this makes a lot of falafel, I tend to blend up the mixture in two batches. Add half the chickpeas, onion, garlic, flour, cumin, paprika, parsley, salt and pepper into a food process, and blend until it forms a slightly sticky, coarse mixture that can be rolled into balls. This should only take a minute or so, but you may need to scrap down the sides to make sure everything is blended evenly.
3. Tip this mixture out into a bowl and repeat the process with the remaining half of all the ingredients.
4. Once that is blended, add the mixture to the bowl and mix together to make sure everything is evenly combined.
5. Take a small ball sized amount (slightly smaller than a golf ball) and squeeze and roll into a ball. Place on a lined baking tray. Repeat with the remaining mixture.
6. Bake for around 15-18 minutes, or until golden. This will depend on how large the falafel is. Alternatively, you can shallow fry these in a pan until golden.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

Juicy Stuff in a Juicy Van

This story begins with a weekend trip to Queenstown with the girls. Drinking? Yes. Lines in town which are shorter than two hours? Yes. Hitting the slopes while we're at it? Big yes.

Half a bottle of fireball and a full face of makeup later, we find our way to town. By this point, we're all pretty fucked up and don't really know where we are, or how many shots we've deleted. All we know is we're here for a good time not a long time. All of a sudden we bump into a friend from Dunners who's in Qtown with his mates. Immediately, one of them catches my eye. I start chatting to this guy and lose track of where my friends are, as they go to the bathroom or something. I honestly don't give a shit where they are, as I've already set my sights on screwing this boy by the end of the night.

A quick boogie with him turns frisky and at this point we both know where this is headed. Here is where we reach our first problem of the night: where are we gonna do the deed? I'm staying with my friend's parents who probably wouldn't appreciate me having a root in the guest bedroom, so that's an instant no from me. When I ask him what his accommodation situation is he tells me that he's staying in a Juicy van rental, which is parked on the side of a main road.

I guess that'll have to do. Who doesn't love a bit of freedom camping after all?

We stumble back to the van and things get heated pretty quickly. My dress is torn off in a matter of seconds while he starts playing with my tits and goes down on me (nice). I'm pretty stoked with my current situation as he's already delivering more than your typical Dunners breather ever does. I suck his dick for a little bit and then we get right to it. We try to put it in for a bit but sadly we both realise he's afflicted with the deadly curse: Pilly Willy. Realising a good fucking probably isn't on the menu for the night we pull the plug there and then.

At this point it's 3am, I'm a solid 40-minute walk from my accommodation and I'm a bit too fucked

up to stand up straight. He very kindly offers for me to stay the night in his van and says his mates are all staying at the hotel tonight. He says can give me a ride home the next morning. I enthusiastically accept his offer as cuddles seem a lot more appealing than a dusty walk of shame. We shuffle up to the upper bunk to crash for the night.

This turns into the second, and worst, problem of the night.

I'm suddenly jolted awake by banging noises, hushed drunk whispers and doors opening. I feel a whole van load of people enter underneath us. When I try to whisper "what's going on??" (a reasonable fucking question after all), I'm promptly shhed. This is when I realise that his friends are not staying at the hotel. They've all decided to pile in to sleep in front of the door, my only exit, and on top of my clothes. I'm naked, drunk, cold and in a van full of people I don't know. But my goal was to get fucked down and fucking hell, I'm gonna get what I came for.

I start groping him again, at which point he has recovered and is back in action for round two. I get on top and start riding him, lying horizontally because the roof is so low I'll bash my head if I even try to sit upright. When I'm moving back and forth the whole fucking van moves too. I don't even know how I managed to contort my body to get his dick inside me but I consider it an athletic achievement.

The next morning, I sift through all the sleeping bodies to grab my clothes, decide I can't be fucked finding my socks, and crawl out the door. My dusty ass starts walking the long trek home, but the guy yells after me: "Hey, I still owe you that ride!"

The whole van – including the 3 passed out dudes – is taken for a joyride to drop me off straight to the front door of my accommodation. He drives off into the sunrise taking both my dignity and my socks.

Thanks to Juicy Rentals for letting this girl get it in xx

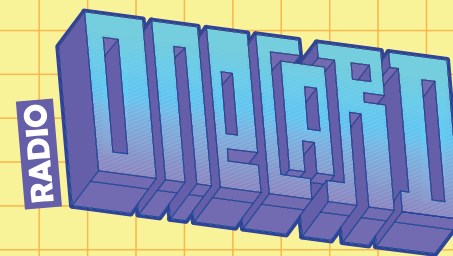
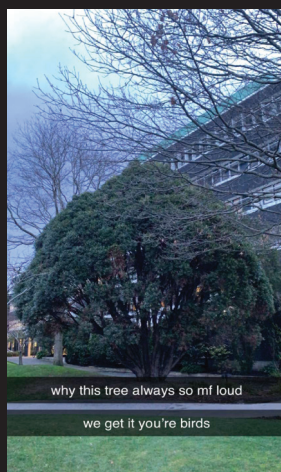
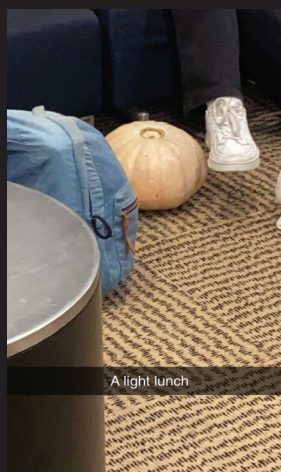
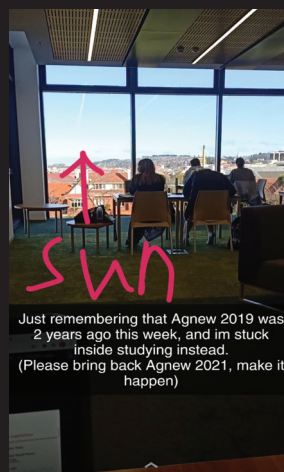
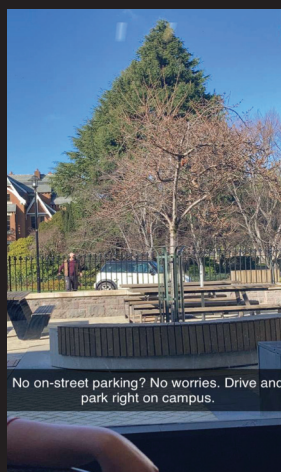
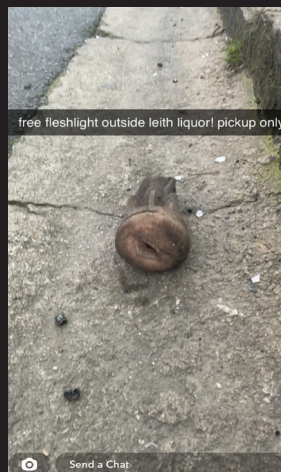
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