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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Sup Critic

Over lockdown I've recently become obsessed with Fergie's 2008 banger 'glamorous'. Great song, great vibe (though my flatmates recently called noise control on me after I played it for the umpteenth time in a row). But could you please tell me what the flossy flossy is? I can't quite figure it out, and I tried urban dictionary and everything. I'm pretty sure its not about dental hygiene, even though Fergie does have great teeth, and I'm pretty sure it isn't about that weird game all the zoomers were obsessed with a year ago.

Regards,
Mystified Marvin

Ps. I would like to leave you with a poem I wrote:
If you're sippin' without reminiscin', you're doing it wrong
When lockdown lifts I'm going to the McDonalds drive through on Andy Bay Road, It's gonna be raw as hell

Cheers.

Hey Critic

I'm pretty sure that defacing fancy cars would be a better piece of political praxis then recycling. And you know what the best thing is? You can do both!

Regards,
Uteless youth

What's the deal with seagulls over lockdown? They're staring at me, standing up on my neighbour's roof. Why are they like this? With their small beady eyes, their skwarks and their trash-picking ways. They really make you feel like everything's going to be okay. Thanks seagulls. I know if you can do it, I can too.

Thanks,
Billy the cone.

Hey Critic

I loved the cover last week. Guts you can't print. Oh well, I guess lockdown is tough on us all. Speaking of rough, so is the homebrew me and my flat made last week. It wasn't good, it tasted like extra yeasty marmite. When will it end, Critic? My dad called, he recommended i should buy a three litre thing of apple juice, some bread yeast and a balloon next time I go to the supermarket, and make some cider like that. But my mum said I should just do it with raro: because there's "nothing like pineapple piss". Can I please have some advice, or at least letter of the week? Help me Critic, I'm "confused and dis-oriented" to quote the NPCs from simpsons hit and run.

Cheers,
The queen of crown plaza

Everyone should be watching the Paralympic Games

If you're bored in lockdown, and you were hooked on the Olympic Games a few weeks back, Tokyo has even more action for us with the Paralympic Games over the next week or so. It's free on TVNZ On Demand, streams for most of the day, and honestly, is even more entertaining (and wholesome) than the Olympics. Wheelchair rugby, wheelchair basketball, and wheelchair fencing are all very exciting, our 9-time kiwi gold medallist Sarah Pascoe is swimming, and there are even sports that aren't in the Olympics like Boccia and Goalball.

In conclusion, go watch the paralympic games.

-Cones McGee



Editorial: An ode to Singstar, the very best lockdown activity

By Erin Gourley

Lockdown boredom takes you to some weird places. You cry at TV shows, get emotional about your no-stakes game of poker, learn how to play field hockey and hurt your back.

I know of just one game that involves no pain, only fun and bad singing: Singstar. Singstar is the perfect lockdown activity because it takes up a fuckload of time, is really fun for you, and sucks for your neighbours.

Once you've got it up and running, a logic puzzle which can take hours, Singstar brings you together. It's not like karaoke, where the challenge is to sing well. No, Singstar wants you to sing in exactly the same way as Lyrnyrd Skynyrd did in Sweet Home Alabama. There are no points for originality. It's an equaliser that means you don't have to be good at singing to be good at Singstar.

Singing badly doesn't just provide entertainment for your flat. Recorded videos of your flat will entertain their friends and even people who don't know them, because people trying to rap along to Ice Ice Baby and the Rap Meter telling them they're "awful!" is funny. The light entertainment of being able to laugh at other people is something you don't often get during lockdown, so it's a relief to see someone fail.

Singstar is the perfect revenge tool for the neighbours whose ten year old son who constantly practises the

keyboard loudly and badly. Bad singing is so much worse than bad keyboard playing, and it's louder too.

There is nothing wireless about a PS2. The Singstar mics only have cords a couple of metres long. Singstar literally tethers you to the TV. In that way, it's perfect for a lockdown because you have to stay inside. But instead of thinking "oh drat, I have to stay inside because I'm in lockdown," you feel like you're staying inside because it's 2008 and you have just got a PS2 with Singstar. The childhood excitement floods back along with the lyrics to Belinda Carlisle's Heaven is a Place on Earth.

Playing Singstar takes forever, because the PS2 games you owned in 2007 are inevitably scratched up. Some songs just won't play and will make the entire game crash. RIP Sean Kingston's Beautiful Girls, arguably the best song on Singstar Hottest Hits. Restarting the game every so often kills a lot of time, and stretches your entertainment out for the whole evening, as well as giving everyone some much needed vocal rest.

When you wake up the next morning, you'll have a vague sense of embarrassment (did I really attempt to sing Aretha Franklin's RESPECT?) and no voice. It's like you've been out partying, even though you've just stayed in your lounge. And that, my friends, is the beauty of Singstar in lockdown.

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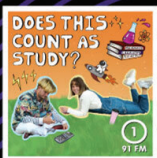
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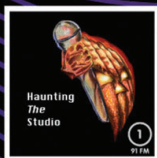
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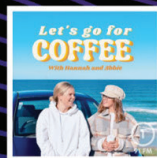
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The Students Behind the Forsyth Barr Vaccine Clinic

And how the University ignored their concerns

By Erin Gourley

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

The two student leaders behind the pop-up vaccination clinic at Forsyth Barr stadium feel that their concerns were ignored by the University.

Melissa Lama and Karamea Pēwhairangi gave up on asking the University for help with establishing a student-focused vaccination clinic. They turned to Te Kāika instead. Just a week after their plan was born, there was a two-day vaccination clinic, running from Monday 30 August until the 31st, at Forsyth Barr stadium. Because it seemed like not many students were awake in the mornings, they moved the timing of the second vaccination clinic to 12pm–7pm.

"It's been such good vibes, people are dancing,

socially distanced of course," said Melissa when asked how the clinic was going. "We've had a lot of people saying 'I wasn't even thinking of getting vaccinated until I read about this clinic,' which is what we want."

It wasn't easy to get here. Melissa is President of the Pacific Island Students' Association at Otago, while Karamea is Tumuaki of Te Roopū Māori. "We were trying to advocate for the University to take responsibility and accountability to provide vaccination clinics for all students, and in particular, groups like Pasifika and Māori. It's been an ongoing issue. Even since before the lockdown announcement, the University hasn't come to the table or shown any thought to protecting

our students, especially from these vulnerable groups," said Melissa. When these concerns were raised with the University, Melissa says their response was "real blasé".

"So again, as we do, Māori and Pacific people have to continue to do things ourselves for our people. And this is just one example of that," said Karamea. Through the collaboration with Te Kāika, they've managed to help students at Otago and the broader Dunedin community as well. There are no limits on who can get vaccinated at the Forsyth Barr clinic. Accessibility was a big part of the reason they wanted the clinic, as lots of North Dunedin students don't have cars to drive to the vaccination centre in South Dunedin.

Both Karamea and Melissa said the lacklustre response from the University came from a lack of understanding about equity. Karamea said that "they need to take responsibility in taking care of the students that pay all this money to attend their University" and follow through on messages of wellbeing and support to Māori students. "You have Māori and Pasifika students and staff telling you how to actually support their wellbeing, but the thing is they're [the Uni] not willing to actually do it."

"To read things like 50% of those with Covid are Pacific, I get real emotional about it," Melissa said. "The University is constantly saying 'we're a Pacific university in a Pacific region'. But it's all lip service to me, if you pick and choose when you want to be a Pacific university. How much more data and articles in the news do you need in order for you to take some responsibility?" Both leaders felt let down by the University Otago.

The University's attitude was "oh just go to the other clinics," Melissa said. She explained that, based on feedback from Māori and Pasifika students, that option was inadequate. The students wanted to get the vaccine, but didn't think it was "for them" at this point and were reluctant to take resources intended for the broader Dunedin community.

"It's really highlighted to me that for all this talk about 'Pacific region and Pacific university', your focus on external engagements is not greater than your internal engagements and relationships with us. That's one thing I really want them to realise. It doesn't matter what you say outside, but if you're treating us this way internally, that's not good enough," Melissa said.

When she realised the University would not help, Melissa raised the issue in public conferences, like the Pacific Leadership Forum, because she wanted to see action on it. Somewhere along the way, she ended up being tasked with Pacific Youth Communications Strategy for the Ministry of Health.

"It seems silly but that's what we do in all other aspects of advocacy. We constantly have to go to these events and these conferences just to get heard," she said. In order to talk to people that can actually bring some change here, I've had to push my way into other Pacific forums and take on commitment in those groups," she said.

Karamea said that there was a big manaaki aspect to the whole process. "We are making traction, we're trying to establish a clinic not just for ourselves. We're taking on that responsibility

of trying to get a vaccination clinic for all students."

"It's also a big FU to the Uni of like, okay, we will find another way around this," said Melissa. "We will provide for everybody, because what works for Pacific and Māori is gonna work for everyone."

Acting Vice-Chancellor Professor Helen Nicholson said the Forsyth Barr vaccine clinic "has been largely driven by Māori and Pacific students with support from the University." But Melissa said: "the University have had no part to play in this at all. In fact they've had a part to play in us realising that we can't trust them anymore."

Nicholson said that the clinic "aims to ensure that all of our students have equitable access to the vaccine. While this clinic is targeted at our Māori and Pacific students, we are encouraging all of our students to get vaccinated." She also noted that according to the SDHB, 6513 of Dunedin-based students have had their first dose and 2456 are fully vaccinated. "We are very grateful for the support of our Dunedin-based Māori and Pacific health providers and particularly, Te Kāika in helping to vaccinate our students near where they live."



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Close Election Sees 15% Of Students Elect New Exec

I, for one, welcome our new student overlords

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

A new OUSA Exec for 2022 was appointed over lockdown. The races this year were very close, with most races won by just a percentage point or two.

Three of the races were a foregone conclusion: President (won by Melissa Lama), Finance & Strategy (won by Emily Fau–Goodwin) and Political Rep (won by Te Āwhina–Pounamu–Waikaramihi). All managed at least 90% of the vote against the sole, rather unconvincing opposition candidate, a Mr “No–Confidence” (how can you trust someone with a name like that?)

However, most of the races were incredibly tight, with most candidates taking home the W by only a percentage point or two.

Despite trying to harness the might of both the SUC and the Zucc, Daniel Fitzpatrick’s online–first campaign for Academic Rep fell short by just 33 votes — a single percentage point — to Caitlin Hancy, who took in 50.8% of the vote. This was also the tightest margin of victory for all the

electoral races. 59 extra votes meant Tulsi Raman squeaked home in the Clubs & Socs Rep election against Elena Cruz — giving her a razor–thin 2.12% margin of victory.

A similarly nail–biting race was seen in the three–way smackdown for Residential Rep: just 32 first–choice votes separated front–runners Patrice Le Sueur and Tat Mutingwende (with around 35% each), while Knox sub–master Rebekah Amitrano came in trailing with a very respectable 28% share of the vote. With second–choice preferences accounted for, Patrice emerged victorious, but only by 60 votes (2.18%).

Lily Marsh was elected 2022’s OUSA Welfare Rep, getting 52.97% of the vote to Anna Piebenga’s 47.03% — a difference of 165 students. Even the biggest margin of victory wasn’t exactly a blowout — continuity candidate Maya Polaschek took home 60.13% of the vote in the race against Antonia Richardson, but the difference was still just 548 votes (around the capacity of St Daves, pre–Covid).

A seemingly huge 10.42% separated victor Ravneel Chand and Bible Lee in the race for Postgrad Rep, but seeing as only postgrad students were allowed to vote for this position, this meant just 43 students stood between Bible Lee and the eventual victor Ravneel Chand.

Similarly, while Malaysian Students’ Association President Sean Teow seemed to romp home in the race for International Rep with a 14.72% margin of victory — the largest of all the races — only 29 students stood between him and fellow Malaysian Kyra Butt, who campaigned virtually from the self–styled home of democracy itself (‘Murica).

2021 showed more proof than ever that your vote really affects how OUSA is governed. And a free pro–tip: although a turnout of around 2,800 students was likely the highest for several years, trusting 15% of us (the nerdiest and most politics–studenty 15% of us) to decide on the future of your OUSA is probably not ideal. We’ll keep voting for the nerds.

.....

International Students “Neglected” During Lockdown

Government seems to have forgotten that international students exist

By Denzel Chung & Fox Meyer

Major avenues for international students to get financial support have been shut down by the Government, with no replacement in sight. The New Zealand International Students’ Association (NZISA) have claimed this shows international students are being “neglected” by both the Government and education providers during this lockdown.

In May last year, partially in response to lobbying from NZISA, the Government established an International Student Hardship Fund. It allowed organisations such as education providers or charities to apply for funding to support international students. In addition, the Government worked with the Red Cross to provide benefits to people on temporary visas unable to return home or support themselves. Both of those schemes have since ended – with the emergency benefit scheme ending on August 31.

While support for domestic students continues, the NZISA says this shows that “international students aren’t a valued community in New Zealand, and it shows a complete disregard for the immense contributions international students make to the country.”

In a statement from November 2020, Minister for Social Development and Employment Carmel Sepuloni said: “Temporary visa holders granted Emergency Benefit are expected to actively look for work or other ways to support themselves, including returning home when they can.”

However, the NZISA says that “most of our members deem it unrealistic to abandon their studies and return to their home country”. And although international students are often willing to work, “it has been ever more challenging in the middle of a nationwide lockdown with numerous work restrictions prescribed by Immigration New Zealand on our student visas.” Even students wanting to work in essential services, such as vaccination teams, have been “discriminated against” and “ignored” in favour of domestic students.

In response, the NZISA is pushing for more freedom for international students wanting to work in essential services, including removing working hour restrictions (following the lead of Canada). They say this would “enable many international students to support themselves through the lockdown,” while giving them “an

equal opportunity to support the country’s pandemic response”.

(Non–exhaustive) support services for international students:

Otago University Pūtea Tautoko Hardship Fund: Covid–19 related aid, apply through eVision

OUSA Hardship Fund: apply via OUSA website, up to \$250

Dunedin City Council Consumer Electricity Fund: contact OUSA Student Support, up to \$350 for electricity bills

Foodbanks: contact the Salvation Army (03–4779852), Presbyterian Support FamilyWorks (0508–396678), St. Vincent de Paul Society (03–4770555)

Mental health support: freephone or text 1737; or Asian Family Services for multilingual support (0800–862342)

Immigration New Zealand Repatriation Fund: can help pay for flights home if you or your country’s embassy cannot; contact your embassy in NZ for a letter of support first

Uni Loo Rolls Linked To Deforestation, Human Rights Abuses

Your flat’s toilet paper probably is too

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

Otago Uni is buying toilet paper from a company linked to deforestation and human rights abuses, particularly in Indonesia. This company has been blacklisted by tens of environmental groups worldwide, including Greenpeace and the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF). Your flat will probably have a few rolls made by them too.

If you’ve ever been stuck without reception in the campus toilets and find yourself reading random bits of text around the toilet stall, you may notice a name keeps popping up: Livi. The brand appears on dispensers for toilet paper, paper towels and hand soap. Livi is owned by Cottonsoft Limited, who oversee a loo roll empire stretching from budget brands to Paseo (the stuff you get at your rich aunt’s place which feels like a silk handkerchief on your bum).

Fewer people may know that Cottonsoft itself is owned by Indonesian conglomerate Asia Pulp & Paper (APP), which has been linked over decades to scandals ranging from forest destruction to often–bloody conflicts with local and indigenous communities.

In 2011–12, Cottonsoft were called out by Greenpeace after they found their APP–sourced products contained wood fibre from Sumatran rainforests, with the scandal causing Countdown and The Warehouse to stop ordering from them. In 2013, APP made a “zero deforestation pledge” and even collaborated with Greenpeace for a few years. In 2018, though, Greenpeace cut ties with the company after they “failed to provide a credible response or take further action” to new allegations of deforestation.

Since then, Greenpeace has been blunt on their stance. “We would recommend not to buy Cottonsoft/APP products at this time, until they reform and can demonstrate they are back on track with their commitments,” says Grant Rosoman, Greenpeace International’s Forests Campaign senior advisor.

It’s not just one lone NGO raising these concerns, either. WWF released a similar statement in 2018, “strongly recommending that companies and financial investors end their business relationships with APP and its affiliates.” In 2018, the (badass–sounding) Anti–Forest Mafia Coalition, who are a group of Indonesian NGOs, revealed that APP’s suppliers had cleared nearly 320 square kilometres of rainforest. As far back

as 2007, the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC) refused to certify their products as sustainable, citing “substantial, publicly available information that APP was involved in destructive forestry practices”. That’s why no Cottonsoft product has the FSC logo, although it is certified by another group, the Programme for the Endorsement of Forest Certification (PEFC).

Kim Calvert, Cottonsoft’s Country Manager, sent Critic Te Arohi a detailed response to these allegations. Calvert says all suppliers of wood fibre (mainly Indonesian) are “legal and certified sustainable under PEFC,” with plantations, pulp mills and other factories all regularly inspected and audited under PEFC and Environmental Choice NZ (ECNZ) programmes. Calvert added that a full list of APP suppliers and environmental reporting can be found on their Sustainability Dashboard website.

Calvert also attached a statement by APP’s Chief Sustainability Officer, Elim Sritaba, from July 2020. Since 2013, Sritaba says that APP have maintained “100% fibre supply from sustainably managed plantations”. Sritaba said they monitor forest cover around their plantations by satellite and have made efforts to regenerate and conserve native forest, as well as investing significantly in fire prevention. In addition, she said they “continue to maintain a constructive dialogue with the FSC.”

However, environmental scandals are not the only kind to dog APP. Just last year, Bongku, a member of the Sakai indigenous community, was jailed for trying to set up a sweet potato farm. He cleared plantation trees on land which was traditionally communally–managed by the Sakai. APP responded that the land, now used for their commercial forestry, “had never been occupied or managed by the Sakai community,” and that they had followed all legal processes in getting Government designation to use the land.

That same year, villagers in Lubuk Mandarsah, whose village borders another APP plantation, claimed the company used a drone to spray their crops with pesticides, while sending security staff door–to–door to tell farmers to give up their land. At least one murder has been directly linked to APP’s security guards.

Sritaba said that “APP continues to work on the resolution of such disputes,” communicating their progress annually. Regional working groups

have been formed to speed up the resolution, and “as of the end of 2019, APP and its suppliers have resolved 51% of the mapped land disputes across its suppliers’ concession areas.” She added that: “There is no foolproof system. We have encountered lapses in the past and will likely make mistakes in the future, but our willingness to close loopholes and stick to our commitments is clear.”

Otago Uni’s Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis told Critic Te Arohi that sustainability issues were raised when the Uni began using Livi products in 2017. “At that time, the company assured the University of its compliance regarding forestry stewardship and sustainable practices, pointing out it is both PEFC and ECNZ certified. The University was told the 1,000–sheet toilet tissue it uses is made in Cottonsoft’s Dunedin factory ... which added weight to our decision.” This factory is a converting plant, which takes bulk “jumbo reels” of imported paper and cuts and packages them into smaller rolls.

Willis added that the Uni “will be seeking further clarification from Livi. The University is currently in tender rounds for cleaning and stores provisions and will be taking this into consideration.”

If you thought the lockdown shifts at your flat could help you sidestep these ethical concerns, think again. Cottonsoft also supply Value (Foodstuffs), Necessities (Countdown) and Essentials (The Warehouse), so unless you’re into the expensive stuff, you’re unlikely to be able to steer away from them. However, spokespeople from both Foodstuffs and Countdown told Critic Te Arohi they were confident that their toilet paper was responsibly sourced, citing its PEFC certification. The Warehouse did not respond to our request for comment.

So what is a cash–strapped student to do? Grant recommends brands which are made from post–consumer recycled paper, such as Earthcare (although competitor EarthSmart is also a Cottonsoft brand). Next best are brands made from FSC–certified NZ plantation forests, like Purex.

Alternatively, given the number of people who have said Critic Te Arohi is “no better than arse–wipe,” this magazine could be a good, locally–made and sustainable option too.



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Students Voice Support for Ending Conversion Therapy

Some churches push hard to mobilise support against the bill as other groups push back

By Elliot Weir and Eileen Corcoran

As the September 8 deadline for public submissions looms, numerous churches, many with Otago student groups, have publicly expressed concern over the Conversion Practices Prohibition Legislation Bill. After this deadline, the Bill will appear before the Justice Select Committee. Many activist, student, and religious groups have expressed their support for the bill, although they urge that additional changes are necessary for it to be truly effective.

ARISE Church sent an email out to their purported 10,000 followers on Sunday night, outlining their position against the bill and encouraging their followers to submit against the Bill. In a response to Critic, a spokesperson for ARISE Church emphasised they are against conversion therapy, and supports the bill being passed, with the addition of this clause. The local Dunedin branch of ARISE Church, which has an OUSA-affiliated club, did not respond to requests for comment.

Other groups like Destiny Church and conservative Christian lobby group Family First NZ have also made clear their opposition to the bill.

Other student Christian groups declined to comment but various Christian students at Otago said they supported the bill. Shar said she is "against conversion therapy because it is cruel and has bad results for queer people". Shar also said that ARISE church's stance "seems misinformed and takes the bill as an affront to religious freedom rather than a way to protect people from

a harmful practice. I personally support LGBTQ+ identities and rights from a biblical perspective, but even for Christians who feel this is not a good thing I don't feel they should support conversion therapy because it hurts people, which the church should always stand against."

The Otago Campus Chaplains also support the bill, saying "it is well-established that attempting to change or suppress one's sexuality or gender is not only ineffectual but also (and more pertinently) harmful. We are firmly against any such practices." Rev Dr Jordan Redding told Critic that "the new legislation protects the right of religious groups to express their beliefs. On campus, there are many different religious (and non-religious) groups, who hold a wide range of views when it comes to sexuality and gender. The Campus Chaplains recognise this diversity and the importance of protecting religious freedoms. However, we stress that freedom of expression must never cross over into coercive practices that cause harm."

Shaneel Lal, the founder of the Conversion Therapy Action Group, spoke to Radio One about the Bill. Shaneel said that the claim that this bill will somehow limit the freedoms of parents and families to counsel their children is untrue and misleading. Shaneel pointed out that unless the person or church is explicitly intending to change a specific person's sexuality or gender orientation, they are still "free to say 'gay people are going to hell.'"

Shaneel believes the bill "does not go far enough" in its efforts to stop conversion therapy in Aotearoa for a number of reasons. Section 9 dictates that performing conversion practices on someone over 18 will still be allowed, as long as there is not "serious harm". The Conversion Therapy Action Group and Pride in Law Otago (PILo), an LGBTQI+ advocacy and community group within the Otago Law School, both argue that the requirement for victims of conversion practises to be under 18 to be considered victims should be removed. Other recommendations include adding intersex people to the Bill, removing the requirement that the Attorney-General consent to every prosecution under the Bill, and extending ACC coverage to harm caused by conversion therapy.

OUSA made a submission in favour of the bill. President Michaela Waite-Harvey told Critic that "OUSA strongly supports banning conversion practices in Aotearoa. The right to be respected and accepted for who you are, how you identify and who you love is a core value at OUSA and should be the norm in Aotearoa." OUSA also agreed with many of the aforementioned recommendations. "Some of the amendments we are seeking are opposing any exemptions for any groups or individuals to perform conversion practices, including a ban on practices against intersex people, and including ACC coverage for survivors. We will be encouraging students to submit in support of the Bill and supply some educational material to aid in their submission writing."

Shaneel encourages people to submit in support. "Obviously quality [of submissions] matters, but quantity matters because it tells the select committee that the majority of New Zealanders want to see this banned."

Submissions on the Conversion Practices Prohibition Bill close on Wednesday, September 8. Submissions can be made on the Parliament website. To find the template created by Shaneel, visit 'End Conversion Therapy in NZ' on Instagram or Facebook.

"Cursed" Pint Night Gig Postponed for Fourth Time

Rezzy Crooks, Jam Henderson and Alex Dykes consider "conspiracy", "shit luck"

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

One specific Pint Night line-up have had their gig postponed and reschedules four times in a row due to Covid. Since the first lockdown cancelled their original Pint Night on 18 March 2020, Rezzy Crooks, Jam Henderson and Alex Dykes have been trying their best to get on the subterranean stage, to no avail.

"Three of them have been cancelled within 24 hours of the gig," said Sam from Jam Henderson. The lineup has stuck together, rescheduling after each postponement, telling themselves "surely it can't happen a second time. A third time. A fourth time. Surely not." But time and time again, an unexpected outbreak of Covid has shuttered UBar and sent the bands packing.

"Obviously it's disheartening," said Alex Dykes, who remained keen as ever to try for a fifth gig. "Playing a pint night is sorta a Dunedin musician's peak ... You've got a guaranteed crowd and you can test your chops. Having the opportunity to do that and then having it taken away is annoying, but we might as well keep throwing stuff at the wall and seeing what sticks. Though the pile at

the bottom of the wall is starting to get quite big."

The logistical shitshow that Alex described as "a controlled one mate, a controlled one" has unfolded over the last year. Four separate gigs, four separate postponements. "It would make a great conspiracy, actually," said Alex. "We're just such a powerful triumvirate that us being together could cause some great natural disaster. Clearly the government has been watching us, chucking together lockdowns to prevent us from getting together. That's totally what it is."

"From my research, we're like the second-best predictor of lockdown in New Zealand, through no fault of our own", said Alex, keen to not make it sound like he was an official source of Covid coverage. The Ministry of Health did not respond to our inquiry about this correlation. But we did ask.

The boys from Rezzy Crooks had their own theory. "I think they make the decision to enter lockdown based on when we have gigs," said Josh. "They see that there's another community case and

they go 'Oh fuck, better head to Rezzy Crook's event page. If they're having another pint night, we're locking down.' Jacinda is out to silence us."

Jamie chirped up and said that he hoped it was a flirting technique. Critic did not ask the Prime Minister if this was true.

Despite the setbacks, all three thirds of the ill-fated triumvirate are keen to keep on pushing. But they're aware of the pattern, and are planning accordingly. "We're gonna strategically work out when people want the next lockdown and book the next gig for around then," said Alex. "Right when people are desperate for that 5% grade bump, we'll chuck a level 4 lockdown in for people to enjoy."

Since their original postponement, Rezzy Crooks and Jam Henderson have each released EP's, with Rezzy recording their third later this month. Alex Dykes and Jam Henderson also both released two new singles. You can find all three acts on Spotify, and, fingers crossed, you can see them jam these new tunes at a Pint Night in your future.

A Third of Hall Residents Headed Home

Uni offers full rebate, students isolating with family question life choices

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

Following the quick shift into Level 4, many hall residents decided to gap it back home rather than stay in Dunedin. The University was quick to offer a 100% rebate to students and subwardens who left their residential colleges for lockdown.

President Michaela Waite-Harvey said that OUSA was "happy" with this decision, and that they had "worked closely with the university to ensure last years retention pay scheme of \$140 p/w for subwardens who remained in colleges was similarly put in place for this year's lockdown period."

The remaining subwardens have been tasked with caring for residents on a more full-time basis, without the assistance of the full residential staff team. The retention pay scheme is "important to recognise the higher workload" of these subwardens, according OUSA. Halls have

been permitted to operate as a single bubble, with the University mandating an "Alert Level Plan".

This plan includes "no self-service for dining, rostered dining if the college environment allows, intensive cleaning protocols, regular sanitisation of recreation equipment, daily check-ins with residents on site, and visitor bans", according to Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director James Lindsay.

Life is different inside every hall, as it always has been. UniCol, the largest Hall bubble of 270 people, is enforcing mask-wearing outside of rooms, and has threatened residents with a five day "isolation period" and drinking ban if they break the bubble. Hayward is apparently enforcing a policy of "no more than four people in a room", something that no other college has

implemented. Cumberland retained all of its subwardens, and reported that residents are having a grand old time with their outdoor space as we move into spring.

UniFlats retained more residents than any Hall, a total of 453. Spread out across campus, however, this bubble has been split into dozens of individual flat bubbles, which cannot be monitored as easily as a single hall can.

UniCol has the largest bubble, but it also had the biggest percentage of leavers. Only 53% of residents remained. Cumberland and Studholm saw the next biggest decrease in residents, down to 58% and 59% respectively. St. Marg's retained the most residents, with 83% remaining. Carrington and UniFlats trailed at 83% and 81% respectively. Is this a good metric for judging which hall is best? Probably not.

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Passwords Changed to Boot Exec from Social Media

Chance that Exec member will accidentally post nudes to the OUSA page drops to 0%

By Erin Gourley
Critic Editor //critic@critic.co.nz

The OUSA Exec was given a taste of social media access and now they want more.

During the first few days of lockdown, they were given access to OUSA's Instagram and Facebook in order to promote the Exec election. Just a little bit, as a treat. That meant that the elected students on OUSA could talk directly with students via story replies.

An anonymous source on the Exec said that "it was really useful because we were seeing comments from students". They used the platform to ask questions like "did your lecturer post content on Wednesday 18 August?" (18 August was the "transition day" to lockdown when, according to University policy, classes should be cancelled). With students responding in "real time", the anonymous source said, the Exec could raise concerns directly with the University and report back on the papers which had posted content during the transition day. "We could pass them on to the Uni and say this person broke the rules," they said.

But their free reign was not to last. "Basically we got an email that said, 'We've noticed that you've been posting, and the Exec takeovers are over, so we've changed the password.' We didn't even get a chance to screenshot the messages we were getting from students, we were just locked out," the source said.

OUSA's CEO, Debbie Downs, said that: "Access was reverted last week, not anything to do with lockdown, but because the nomination period had ended."

Usually, the Exec are not able to directly post to the OUSA accounts. Since 2016, the OUSA social media accounts have been run by the Marketing and Communications Department. "This ensures that the channels are managed through one point rather than having multiple people post to social media channels," Debbie said. "Rather than hampering communication it means we communicate as effectively as possible with the student body. The student executive meet weekly with the Marketing and Comms team to work on executive campaigns and messaging."

The Exec disagree, according to the anonymous source. "It's not ideal when all we hear consistently is 'OUSA doesn't engage properly with their students,'" they said. "This is how it works in the commercial world, but we're not a business, we're a union."

"The only direct contact we have with students is emails and students don't use emails," they said. "Social media is easier, we get more engagement with students and we actually hear what their problems are. We can take it into Uni meetings and say: 'this is what students have been telling us.'"

The source thinks that the solution is a "separate platform" for the Exec. "We're trying to do advocacy and we're battling with the advertising for a concert that's happening in three months, it makes no sense."

The Exec are still trying to get greater social media access and the source said that conversations are ongoing.

Extra Course-Related Costs Look Unlikely

Students yearn for the rose-tinted, cash-filled lockdown of 2020

By Alex Leckie-Zaharic
News Reporter //alex@critic.co.nz

During the lockdown last year, the Government gave us the ability to put ourselves into an extra \$1,000 of debt by expanding the course related costs scheme. But not this year. Students remain frustrated at the lack of financial support.

Education Minister Chris Hipkins did not respond in time to comment on this situation.

Many hoped that the scheme would carry over into 2021, helping to ease the impact that COVID-19 continued to have on tertiary education in New Zealand. However, that wasn't the case. Students are nearly three weeks into lockdown, and haven't heard a whisper of support.

Any course-related costs that we could have claimed technically aren't permitted to be used for rent, or for food, or anything else important anyway. The money had to be used for things that were, well, course-related. Given that

everyone was studying at home anyway, Critic asked students what they really spent last year's \$1,000 cash injection on.

Jimmy* withdrew the \$1,000 immediately, ostensibly for a new computer, but quickly hit up his dealer to score enough weed to last him throughout lockdown. He wasn't alone. Many other students who spoke to Critic said that they invested their extra 1k into something to "take the edge off". Another student told us his plan to score took a dramatic turn when the cops busted his dealer mere hours before he was meant to get a (contactless) delivery.

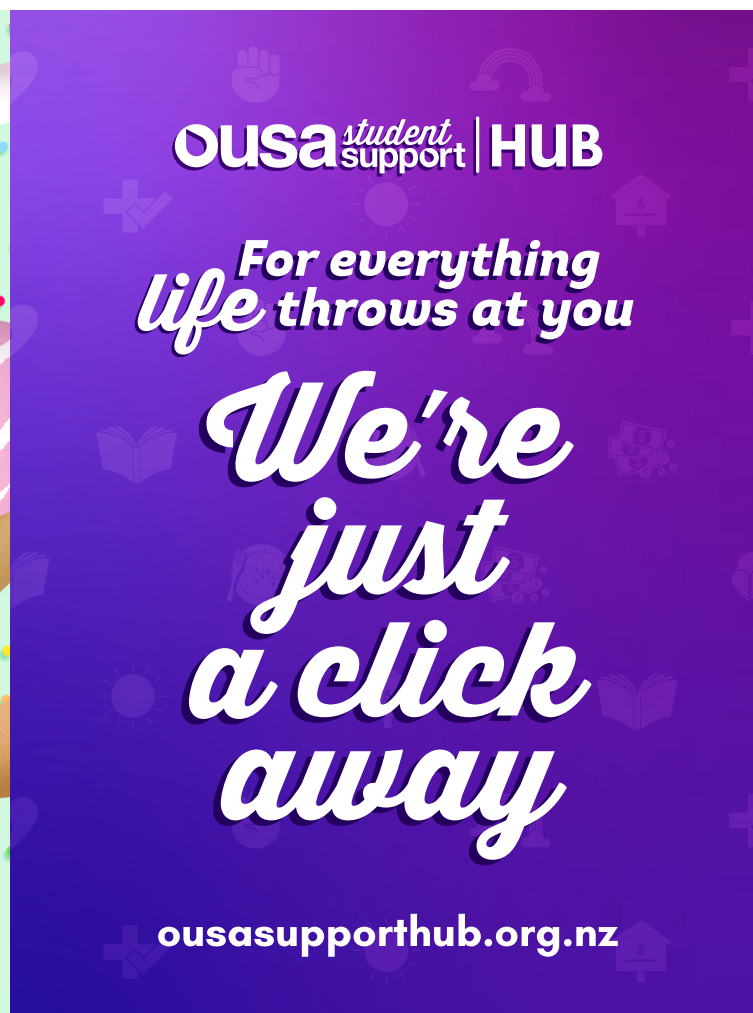
Entertainment was another popular answer, with many students picking up gaming consoles to stave off boredom while stuck indoors. One student told Critic that the normally action-packed flattening goods Facebook pages were still relatively active and students would nip out of

their bubbles to deliver all manner of devices contact-free.

Some students who were lucky enough to have patches of grass in their backyards decided to engage in a bit of green-fingering, with both actual plants and house plants frequently being touted as a fantastic spend of money. While most students didn't go too overboard, Ella* said between her and her flatmates they spent nearly \$1,000 on various house plants, overflowing the flat with greenery.

While the end of this lockdown feels tantalizingly close, students want a stimulus like they received last year. Given that they spent this money so wisely and with such scholastic ideals in mind, the decision to not renew the scheme remains perplexing.

In the words of one student: "I just want some more government-funded weed, man."



PRESIDENT

Michaela Waite-Harvey

Kia ora e te whanau

Lockdown 2.0 is bringing some real challenges to our student community and I wanted to update you all on what we're doing during this time to lobby the university on your behalf. After the university fumbled their email to students pretty badly in the first few days we're now more looped into not only what the emails are saying but the decisions behind those emails. Key things were working on for you right now is how to make the special consideration process as easy as possible for students to access, because the last thing you need to deal with right now is tertiary bureaucracy.

We're also working hard to ensure equitable outcomes for students

and sub wardens in halls, last lockdown the university gave partial rebates for fess and retention pay to subbies. We think as a bare minimum this should happen again, although were aiming to secure a 100% rebate for those that have left their halls. OUSA Student Support have been working hard for our tauira, whilst it's not great to see how many students are accessing our hardship fund its good to know students are reaching out for help when they need it. For more information on our hardship fund and student support go to the HUB at ousasupporthub.org.nz

As always, if there any issues you're facing in your online classes, in your flats or in halls, or just need a yarn hmu at president@ousa.org.nz

Ngā manaakitanga,

Michaela x

ousa
EXECUTIVE



TALES FROM THE ROAD:

A HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO HITCH-HIKING

BY CALLUM FINN REASON

Hitchhiking is a noble art. To immerse myself in the hitchhiking spirit — putting Jack Kerouac's dilapidated shoes on my feet and Arthur Dent's soggy towel round my waist — a friend and I took to the South Island roads with our heads held high and our thumbs turgid. Our mission: to hitchhike from Christchurch to Kaikoura, and find out what hitchhiking in Aotearoa is really like.

Exhausted after a weekend in Dunedin spent singing, hiking, skinny dipping and dancing round bonfires, we stood on the side of the road heading north from Christchurch. Sand trickled from our pockets, our Warehouse-cardboard signs drooped and were more or less unreadable, but we didn't have to wait long. In under ten minutes we were picked up by a bearded Otago master's student, who told us he was mainly just "studying mushrooms". He asked us to mind the bong as we climbed in his disorderly little van.

We drove for 15 minutes before realising he was turning off towards Nelson, and we were reunited with the side of the road almost as quickly as we'd left it. Our next lift arrived in under ten minutes again, a young woman working in the Kaikoura tourism industry. Travelling by herself, she took the precaution of checking our IDs and before long we were off, finding a shared enthusiasm for the Shrek soundtracks. One dragon-donkey romance and a swampy love affair later, we arrived in Kaikoura and said our goodbyes. We walked away feeling our expectations had been far surpassed.

This is not how the world perceives hitchhiking.

Hitchhiking, in its depictions on screen, has become a symbol of danger — it's a great way to introduce a sadistic murderer on film. It provides a cheap plot mechanic for having stranger-meet-murderer, before murderer, slices / chops / severs / strangles / explodes stranger. There's *The Hitcher*, *Road Games*, *Wolf Creek*, *Dead End* — the list goes on. Watch one and you get the idea: anyone who hitchhikes, or conversely, anyone who picks up hitchhikers, has around a 50/50 chance of being a monstrous, murderous maniac. This perception is backed up by real-world examples, too.

Hitchhiking in New Zealand include Jennifer Beard, in 1969, and Mona Blades, in 1975. These are cases which have gone unsolved for decades. Countless other examples exist overseas. The stigma around hitchhiking has led to its illegality in a catalogue of states around the world. Locally, the New Zealand police discourage visitors from overseas from hitchhiking. There are, however, locations where hitchhiking is not only legal, but outright encouraged, like Cuba. Hitchwiki, an online guide to international hitchhiking, claims that in Cuba “there may be more hitchhikers than cars. Private cars are very rare and consequently almost everyone hitchhikes. You will see hitchhikers at nearly every crossing, bridge or highway junction.” Picking up hitchhikers is mandatory for Cuban government vehicles with spare seats.

New Zealand, too, is surprisingly popular for hitchhikers. Despite any stigma, many do not consider hitchhiking in New Zealand to be dangerous and Hitchwiki calls it “an extremely easy country for hitchhiking” where hitchhiking is “legal and comparatively safe”. Helping the hitchers are the tips littered across hitchhiking websites to limit the possibility of getting made into a shitty horror movie remake of your tragic death: travel in pairs (especially if you’re a woman), get a read on the driver before hopping in (i.e. if you catch a full-moon-blood-thirsty-lunatic vibe, walk on), and when you find a suitable ride text the vehicle’s registration to a friend and make it clear to the driver you’re doing so.

Even if hitchhiking is safe, is it worth it, especially when there are at least seven more convenient options? Dunedin hitchhiker Louis Freeman has been getting his thumb out for strangers on a regular basis for five years. He argues that hitchhiking is one of the only ways to meet people outside your own bubble and “it really makes you realise how little you see of hundreds of different parts of society.” Louis adds that hitchhiking builds your social skills as you have to learn to listen and interact with all kinds of people.

Dunedin’s own mayor is known for his hitchhiking tendencies too. While he was a councillor, Mayor Hawkins told Stuff that hitchhiking was great for “getting fairly honest feedback from people you wouldn’t necessarily get turning up to make submissions on the annual plan, or resource consent decisions.”

A 2001 study by sociologists Graeme Chesters and David Smith provides evidence for these ideas, concluding that hitchhiking promotes sociability and cooperation. This is in addition to the environmental benefits, as a notably carbon neutral way to travel that Louis describes as “an act of rebellion against excess.”

THE FACT REMAINS THAT THE LOUDEST PRAISES FOR HITCHHIKING COME FROM WHITE MEN, AND THEY DON’T FACE THE SAME SAFETY BARRIERS THAT MANY OTHER PEOPLE DO. IT’S SIMPLY NOT AS EASY OR SAFE FOR A WOMAN OR A PERSON OF COLOUR TO COMFORTABLY GET A RIDE WITH SOMEONE THEY HAVE NEVER MET.

The fact remains that the loudest praises for hitchhiking come from white men, and they don’t face the same safety barriers that many other people do. It’s simply not as easy or safe for a woman or a person of colour to comfortably get a ride with someone they have never met. This problem isn’t endemic to hitchhiking though, and it will take systemic and societal changes until it is even close to perfect.

For Louis, hitchhiking is ultimately about getting up in the morning and not knowing who you’re going to meet or where you’re going to end up sleeping. He once hitched with a couple who invited him to stay at their house, cooked a delicious meal, and played board games with him. Another time he hitched a lift from a woman in Spain who was tremendously excited and bought him a vegan breakfast in a tiny village which Louis suspects never saw tourists. Closer to home, Louis and a friend once hitchhiked with a guy who ran an organ pipe museum from a church in a tiny town an hour north of Dunedin.

From a German couple who spoke no English to a miner who hadn’t seen sunlight in a month, getting picked up by people from all walks of life means hitchhikers like Louis are rich in memorable experiences and connections. To anyone who can, I couldn’t recommend it more.

Do You Believe in Love After Lockdown?

Tales of romance, bongos, and piss jars

By Asia Martusia King

The pandemic has had its moments. Other than the hallowed launch of Pokémon Go in 2016, I’ve never experienced such a sense of community before — which is odd considering we aren’t allowed to physically hang out. A lot of us formed socially distanced friendships with neighbours. We wrote letters in our windows, reenacting Taylor Swift’s You Belong With Me music video. We formed unlikely bonds, dreaming about the day when they’d wake up and find that what they were looking for has been here the whole time.

Relationships formed over lockdown are as weird as you’d expect. Piss jars, illegal cheese rolls, bongos, and orgasming to ABBA are some of the delightful tales you’ll read from people turning their lockdown romances into reality. But what happens when you finally meet your socially distanced friend in real life? For some, it’s like catfishing in reverse. You’ve seen them at their worst and fallen in love with their gradual mental decline over the months. Meeting the socially-adjusted version of them in a regular context isn’t the same. The shackles of your trauma bond are broken forever.

For Esther it all started when Nick*, the lone boy next door, started blasting Mamma Mia through his UE Boom. Her flat could not resist his sweet siren call. “We went outside to dance in the garden, and after that, he would play Mamma Mia for our flat periodically. We’d sometimes play Mamma Mia back. We began leaving each other messages in the window — checking up on each other, song requests, inviting him to play games over Zoom, that sort of thing.”

“It was cute, but got a bit much at times. He got a few noise control warnings for all the Mamma Mia we made him play. One time my partner and I were having sex and he started playing Mamma Mia halfway through it. We didn’t want to stop so [my partner] ended up cumming right at the climax of Voulez-Vous when the music peaks and they go AH-HAH.”

When entering Level 3, Esther’s flat hosted a pōwhiri and invited their communal boyfriend over to join their bubble. She described it as “awkward” — nobody remembered how to talk to humans, least of all Nick, whose balls by this time were unfathomably blue. He got upset when learning about Esther’s relationship, and began whinging when she wouldn’t let him slap her butt.

Esther’s flatmate “discovered a weird territorial streak when we actually met, and I still feel weird about it. I much preferred the friendship from a distance when music was played back and forth,” he said. “In person I just got irrationally mad. Like, these are MY friends! This is MY bedroom! What are you doing here, you MAN?!”

“I liked my idealised Nick more than the real one. And I think he liked idealised me more than actual me. Also he was dry.”

“So dry,” another flatmate agreed.

Esther and Nick are still acquaintances and have hung out occasionally at flat parties. He is now dating a highschooler. However, Esther laments, the magic was gone and “it will never be the same.” To this day, hearing Voulez-Vous makes her feel a certain way.

Continues over the page >>



Ruby and her neighbours bonded in lockdown over a jar of human piss. "Our neighbors were quiet people," Ruby began, sighing and taking a lusty drag of her cigarette. "We rarely saw them before lockdown but our kitchen sinks had windows facing each other. Once lockdown started, we started a neighbour sighting tally. Every time we physically saw them we added a strike to the kitchen backslash."

"Then we started communicating. It all started innocently. We both put pineapples in our window. Then I hung up my painting of Peppa Pig being crucified. They replied with a plush teddy anteater in bondage rope. We exchanged drawings of genitals, and funny quips."

"We continued exchanging hellos and doodles. We even celebrated people's birthdays and graduations through window writing. I quite liked it, a rare human connection."

"But they say you should never meet your heroes," Ruby whispered through gritted teeth. And yet that's just what they did. Their bubbles held a socially distanced meet and greet outside of their houses. The neighbours had baptised them with new names over the weeks, as they'd watched them through the window. "I was Lucy, and [my flatmate] Heath was called Andrew. My neighbour then told me that they thought Andrew was a dick."

"In the days following this conversation, our messages in the window had a good flow," Ruby wrote 'Andrew wants ur pee,' in what she thought was a "hilariously absurd comment". "But alas, they responded with a hot jar of piss on the windowsill. I'm not sure whose piss it was."

For some reason, the urine offering didn't deter Ruby from visiting the neighbour's pissy flat once restrictions lifted. "I won't lie, it was fucking weird. They had a whole cupboard full of Uno decks, and other oddly specific things. But I still see them around. They get less weird the longer I know them."

"Meeting them really ruined the magic of the strange people in the window," Ruby murmured. She clenched her fist and snubbed her cigarette butt into the ground. Perhaps it was just a trick of the light — but I thought I saw the sparkle of a single tear caught in the corner of her eye.

Jenny met a lad in lockdown who ended up becoming her boyfriend. She was on Tinder during level 4 due to "attention and boredom", but one fateful swipe right changed everything. Unlike the good and responsible citizens from our other tales, they decided to burst their bubbles and illegally meet up for a date. "It was the first time I hadn't slept with someone on the first date, because we were social distancing," Jenny laughed.

"Initially, nothing was going to happen," she said. "I went on ghost mode on Snapchat so my best friend wouldn't know where I was, but we were in fucking lockdown together, so that was a bit stupid. He's from the south

and I'm not from the south so it was all flirting like — ha-ha, you haven't had a cheese roll before? You've gotta get a cheese roll. And so I got a cheese roll from Night n' Day, and we had our first date at 10pm on that disgusting bench outside Willowbank Dairy."

"We were both drunk and I ate the cheese roll and gave him a review. Then we went home — he went to his house, and I went to my house. We didn't touch. We did an air fistbump though."

The cheese roll tasted fine, but Jenny is lactose intolerant and hasn't had one since.

Jenny and her illicit paramour didn't meet again until lockdown restrictions were lifted. It took a while for them to become official, as his Tinder bio specifically said that he wasn't after a relationship. "It was quite tortuous before he decided to get in a relationship with me. We were just good friends, but now it's going good." Jenny credits their blossoming relationship to his mullet, which she describes as "quite nice".

In regards to meeting him for the first time in real life, Jenny said that she "was surprised that he was shorter than me, which was quite funny [...] I think he looks like those hamsters that are really fat and look like spheres."

Jenny also has an anecdote about her flatmate, a star-crossed romance that was never meant to be. "My flatmate Daniel, and the girl who lived in the flat across from us, had the same bong. Did you see people holding up Taylor Swift signs? I made a Tik Tok of them holding up notes. That's why I made a TikTok account. Her name was Emma (age 22), and they were gonna have a cute date but Daniel was a fucking idiot and it didn't happen. That was the end of it. But they had the same bong, which was cute."

We're in quarantine again, so here are some tips for wooing your neighbour:

- Be the naked window neighbour
- Construct a telephone across the street with tin cans and a string
- Serenade them with lute music over your shitty speaker
- Play badminton over the fence
- Blow kisses really hard
- Pee in a jar for them
- Dress up as each other
- Dress up as a Parisian painter with a fake moustache, striped shirt, and a beret. Paint them on your easel
- Hijack the 1pm show and stream your thirsty TikTok account instead
- Have a crank (cry wank) because you'll never feel the sweet touch of another human being ever again



LOCKDOWN LEISURE:

GAMES TO PLAY DURING LOCKDOWN



BY RUNZE LIU, CITIZEN OF THE ISLAND OF CLUB PENGUIN, MEMBER OF THE CLUB PENGUIN ELITE PENGUIN FORCE (EPFM), FELLOW OF THE ROYAL CLUB PENGUIN COLLEGE OF TOUR GUIDING (FRCPCTG), CLUB PENGUIN FIRST PARTY LIST MEMBER OF THE CLUB PENGUIN PARLIAMENT (MP) BASED IN ICEBERG SOUTH, CLUB PENGUIN FIRST PARTY SPOKESPENGUIN FOR PENGUIN AFFAIRS, AND SPOKESPENGUIN FOR POLAR BEAR ERADICATION

Given that we're once again being drawn into the international virus mayhem, it's more important than ever to stay busy rather than thinking about imminent death by delta, the melting polar ice-caps, or the resurgence of nationalism across the globe. And what better way to do so than ingesting copious amounts of alcohol, nicotine, and childhood nostalgia? To help you suss the latter, Critic Te Arohi has compiled the seven sickest ways that you can get a throwback fix without leaving the comfort of your flat's wifi connection (#stayhome).

CLUB PENGUIN REWRITTEN

Despite Disney and Adobe trying to murder our favourite Antarctic wonderland, they're still up, running, and better than ever. The team at Club Penguin Rewritten have managed to keep the penguins waddling around outside of their igloos without masks or social distancing. However, the process of porting the now-defunct Adobe Flash Player to HTML5 isn't seamless and some minigames don't work, nor can Puffles be adopted. But there's still enough of the old game left to ensure you can penetrate your igloo's walls and structural integrity before disappointing your arrow keys, liver, and parents at the Dance Club with Candice.

Goes well with: Blue Cruisers and gear

NEOPETS

From the outside, Neopets looks like it has changed. But once you've got an account, it's pretty much identical to how it was when you were ten years old and asking for a slice of the Giant Omelette to feed your starving Uni (i.e. the unicorn-shaped Neopet). Like Club Penguin, Neopets requires a lot of coins and has a whole economy going on, but Neopets is better because of the sheer amount of free stuff you can get. A lot of that free stuff is based on gambling, spinning wheels and playing tambola, which is a bit dodgy now that I think about it. Unfortunately most of the games require Adobe Flash, but it was nice to relive my childhood by getting a slice of omelette. It sounds like they're working on updating the games, so we can hold out hope.

Goes well with: Web browsers that haven't been updated since 2019 and cocaine

POPTROPICA

By the author of Diary of a Wimpy Kid, Poptropica gets you jumping across islands to solve trivial mysteries, sometimes featuring big missing carrots or Director D's Toupee. Come to think of it, I always used to cheat by using walkthroughs to solve everything. Unfortunately, when I logged in to play, most of the islands I loved, like Spy Island, Time Island, and Counterfeit Island, were not available due to Adobe Flash discontinuation striking again (those bastards). But there are new fun islands, and you now have a player home you can decorate and invite people into. Cool.

Goes well with: Billy Mavs and weed

COOLMATHGAMES

This one brings me back to year 12 French, when Madame would be going on about les subjunctives as me and the blokes I was sitting with would be on our computers trying to make it in Run 3. Madame of course was happy all of us were taking notes, until she got suspicious and walked on over. As we all frantically changed tabs to our notes, only one kid was caught and Madame made him move his desk into the centre of the class. Unfortunately, Adobe strikes again, as CoolMathGames needed to pull most of their old titles due to Flash discontinuation. Not all is lost however. The old classics like the spinning, cuboidal tube rolling, spacebar destroying Run 3 and a few others are ported over in their astronomical glory.

Goes well with: Speights and PCP

EVEN THOUGH MOST OF OUR CHILDHOOD IS LOST FROM THE SENSELESS MURDER OF ADOBE FLASH, THERE ARE SOME THINGS THEY CAN'T TAKE FROM US: ANALOG GAMES.

HIDE AND SEEK

Easily one of the best games from primary, hide and seek (or HAS for the pros) ticks all the boxes of creativity, problem-solving, and cheating. The hardest part about it is counting to ten at the start, or to ten thousand depending on what kind of friends you have. The sky and the outer boundaries of your landlord's property is the limit in the lockdown edition. Acceptable locations include: lurking within the crawlspaces, hiding up in the roof, contorting yourself around the hot water cylinder, or jumping in the closet.

Goes well with: Kahlua and LSD

DUCK DUCK GOOSE

Remember that time in kindy when that kid forgot the word for goose? Me neither. Now, who doesn't like running around in a circle while intoxicated? The beauty of this game is it requires your undivided attention at all times, as who knows when you'll turn into a big beautiful goose from a little ugly duckling. Some level of adequate depth perception is essential in order to make it to the right gap in the middle. One of the unbridled joys of this centrifugal game is the risk that you will fail at bipedal movement or gastric retention. To avoid the embarrassment of having someone more sober point a shower head or a hose at you, make sure that you dodge everybody else's vomit.

Goes well with: Canterbury Cream and synthetic cannabis

HACKY SACK

With the streets now void of metal death boxes, lockdown is the perfect time for street hacky sack championships. A fantastic option to build camaraderie within your bubble, hacky sack is great for improving hand eye coordination, and the colour co-ordination of your tie-dyed outfits. Since god is dead, and you have to believe in something, it may as well be hacky. Before 1969 when the sack was discovered, the world only existed in greyscale. This game will make you grateful to be alive in the current moment.

Goes well with: vodka and lemonade

TAG

Likely the most dangerous game on this list, the best thing to do in a small confined area with numerous trip, slip, and broken glass hazards is to run around chasing people and screaming the words "tag, you're it!" The elegant thing about this game is its simplicity, as all you need to know is if you're in or not. All the other rules, like "you need to hold on for three seconds", were always bullshit. They don't apply with our impressive university-grade maturity, if or when it exists. This makes tag the most exciting, adrenaline-rushing, bone-breakingist game to play in your bubble. To take it up a notch, include Bill Gates in your game by tagging your arm with a Covid vaccine.

Goes well with: Cleanskin and huffing petrol

ELASTICS

A close relative of hand-clap games and skipping ropes, elastics were popular at primary school around the age of eight. All you need is a length of elastic to string between two people's legs, and a third person to jump around in the middle. As you jump, everyone chants "England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, inside, outside, puppy dog's tails." The rhyme doesn't make sense, but life doesn't make sense at the moment, so have fun with it. Make up your own rhymes! There are no rules! They took away Adobe Flash and destroyed our childhood and elastics are all we have left!

Goes well with: Pink Cruisers and No-Doz



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The Guy with the Suit and the Synagogue: Peter Grace

By Annabelle Vaughan with additional commentary by Kate Hellings

Peter Grace is known to most as a lecturer of New Zealand foreign policy at the Department of Politics, or the mysterious 100-level International politics tutor. Grace is best known for his kind and soft spoken demeanor, his dedication to his students, and a penchant for Savile Rowe suits.

Many only knew Peter on a surface level, with rumours about his life before academia often swirling around the department. Until now.

It was a gloomy Tuesday morning. Sitting in town stood a towering and intimidating, yet glorious building: Dunedin's deconsecrated Jewish Synagogue and headquarters of the elusive Freemasons. From the towering entrance hall emerged a smiling and eager Peter Grace, who welcomed us into his home.

We walked down the wooden hallway, footsteps echoing, and Peter began to give us a tour. He showed us the former ballroom, his pool table, a bedroom which used to be the prayer hall, complete with an unnerving eye looking over the room. An altar has been converted into a closet.

Eventually we made it to the living room and he asked exactly why we were interviewing him. The answer? Because he's a middle aged man who wears Savile Rowe suits and lives in a deconsecrated Jewish synagogue. He's straight out of a Bond film. But more seriously, our lecturers are interesting people who have lived many different lives prior to University.

Peter wasn't always an academic. "I didn't go to university when I was young. I got thrown out of school, my headmaster told me 'I think it's time you move on Peter.' I was on every single committee but I did no fucking work at all. I had worn the teachers out," he said. After leaving school, Peter took the first job he could, as an advertising cadet for the New Zealand Herald.

"It was the lowest of the low, you would grab newspapers and punch a hole in them," he said. "But there was something romantic about working at the Herald in the days of hot type before computers, it was exciting and industrial. The place was like a rabbit warren with corridors that led nowhere."

After working at the Herald he was offered a job at an advertising agency. "I decided I really wanted to be a copywriter. Advertising was worth it [back then], Mōet was flowing as you were working, you worked hard and played hard. It was very rock 'n roll in those days."

After gaining more experience in the industry, Peter started his own advertising agency. "We were bored shitless with it after ten years,"

he said. "You get to the point where you say no one will hire me, I only had one track."

After being diagnosed with a rare form of cancer, Peter began to think more seriously about his life, his happiness, and his achievements. "It was not a big deal. It was a rare cancer, one in a million people get it. It's a common cancer among dogs. The surgeon was quite excited about it. Once they cut that out, they said if it doesn't come back in a year, you'll be fine. My wife said 'what the hell do you want to do with the rest of your life?'"

That ignited Peter's passion for learning. "I said, 'I want to go to university,' and I picked Otago. I had been thinking about it for a long time, like ten years. When you are starved for intellectual content you pick up books, and you think you understand them but you don't. So I came to Otago and did a BA. The plan was to leave and do something else," he said.

After finishing his BA, Peter completed his Masters in Politics, looking at Russian foreign policy. Although he had originally been recommended by a friend that he should only do one paper a semester, Professor Janine Hayward laughed and said he would find four "manageable". He said, "back then I wanted to do my PhD, and now I'm hoping to submit it in December."

One of the notable features of Peter Grace are his suits. He wears second hand suits once owned and worn by former New Zealand diplomats and politicians. The suit he wore during our interview was worn by a former New Zealand Ambassador to the UN Frank Corner. According to Peter, "Frank Corner is the most legendary New Zealand diplomat, he went to the best houses in London to get his suits made. I got the suit, and looked in the pocket and it said 'made of Frank Corner' in the pocket."

"I don't have a problem with things being old, look at the house. My watch is a 50 year old Rolex, it's the same model as Sir Edmund Hillary's was. I like second hand things, my car is second hand." Peter owns a 1970s Bristol 411, a model so rare there are only two in New Zealand.

In academia, he specialises in foreign affairs. Using the Taliban takeover of Afghanistan as an example, Peter said that "people forget the lessons of 20 years ago. They forget how bad the Taliban were in terms of their treatment of women and the desecration of cultural sites. We knew that 20 years ago. The world is an evil place, we can't keep trying to stamp out evil because it reappears in other places."

In terms of domestic politics, Peter said that he has never voted for National or Labour in his life, and never will. "I don't like clubs, and they're another club. I don't like people who vote that way because their parents vote that way, or people who vote out of an 'us and them relationship,' the friend and enemy thing," he said.

Instead, Peter turns to minor parties. "My first vote was for the Values Party which was the old Greens. I was interested in Values at 18, I wanted to fight for them. I spent about ten years in the wilderness where I didn't vote at all because I was nightclubbing and going to the pub. When I came back to Auckland, I voted for ACT, which was a hideous mistake," he chuckled. One day, Peter said he was approached by a friend who recommended he read Paul Temme's book titled 'The Waitangi Tribunal: the conscience of the nation'. "It was a revelation. I started voting for the Māori Party, and I have ever since. Māori have to have stronger representation. Even if you don't agree with what they're saying or their policies, I still believe the Māori Party needs support."

When asked about his initial response to the book, Peter said: "I was willing to give my house away after I read the book. This country is so fucked, the only way to fix it is to start from scratch and give Māori everything they deserve. I'm a bit of a champagne socialist, but I still think we've got a long way to go to fix that."

When asked about the top three moments of his life, Peter said it had to be his time as a journalist in New York City, spending a week writing at Def Jam records. "In 1987 I went to New York, writing for Rip It Up magazine. I was standing on 7th Avenue, we had just come out of a deli and there were three limos lined up. Run DMC was getting into one, I asked for an interview and Run said 'talk to my publicist.'" Naturally, Peter asked.

Before he knew it, he was whisked away and thrown into the offices of Def Jam records. He recalled that, "everyone would be yelling at each other at the top of their voices" in the offices. His time at Def Jam also included watching Texas Chainsaw Massacre with the Bestie Boys before they got big, and partying with comedy legend Eddie Murphy. But it didn't stop there. Upon returning to Auckland from his whirlwind time in New York City, Peter said he got "full of himself." "So I said to my mate, we should have interviewed Andy Warhol. I got him on the phone, and he died two weeks later. I got the last interview on the planet. It was charming, he was fun."

When asked about his advice to young people trying to find their way, he says that money and power aren't everything. Instead, life is much more about making your own decisions, rich experiences and telling stories. "I didn't navigate my life, I stumbled. I want students to be problem solvers, not follow someone else's instructions. I can't think of anything more disheartening than following someone else's dumb descions."

He recalls when he first began in advertising, "there was this guy [in the office] who would get up and charm you for an hour with the things he'd done, and I thought: 'I want to be like that guy,'" he said. "It's not about money and power, it's about terrific experiences and telling stories."



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OCTAVIA COOK'S (seaslug), 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

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K9MD:

THE CLEVER CANINES THAT CAN HELP COMBAT CANCER

BY ASIA MARTUSIA KING

Levi von Heisenberg's work day is as follows. He wakes up, carools to work in rural Mosgiel, and smells jars of piss. Levi is a German Shepherd and member of K9MD, a team of darling medical detection dogs who are learning to sniff out cancer in human urine.

Could a dog save your life? Pauline Blomfield, the human founder of K9MD, says yes. Aotearoa has one of the highest rates of cancer in the world. Every single day, 63 New Zealanders are diagnosed with cancer, and every hour it claims one more life. Dogs are outrageously accurate at early detection. Levi has 250,000 scent receptors in his nose; we have a measly 5,000. He can accurately screen 28 samples in 20 seconds, and 400 in a week.

Each cancer has its own unique volatiles (smelly stuff) and each dog is specialised in sniffing out a certain kind. Levi is a fan of bowel cancer, while Freida's partial to prostate. The newest member of the gang is Ace, a springer spaniel puppy who is the first dog in Aotearoa to be trained to sniff ovarian cancer. Any dog can learn to detect disease, but K9MD's cancer canines are specially selected for their strong working lines and good genetic nose baseline.

Driving up to the laboratory, the first thing you see is a "NO DOGS ALLOWED" sign. The laboratory is fully sterilised and you must be a special VIP dog to access it. They work a regular 9-5 week, then return home to chill with their families.

"They know that they're here to work. The dogs are incredibly well looked after; regular vet checks, hydrotherapy, they go to the beach, the farm, for walks in town. We try and mix it up for the dogs. The work that they're doing is quite repetitive, so we want to make sure they're happy and have a lovely work-life balance."

The training rooms of the facility are full with scent detection stands. Within these stands are either positive cancer samples, grown onsite and at Otago University, or negative samples. The trainer hides behind a screen so that there's no interference while Dr Dog sprints down and whiffs each sample. When he detects a positive case, he alerts his human by popping a squat. "We also teach that it's perfectly alright not to find anything. In the real world conditions, if you're putting samples out, you don't know whether somebody has cancer or they don't. We don't want dogs giving a false positive."

"Anything that gives off an odour, you can train a dog to detect. It's how you implement that within the health system



operationally. The urine test is simple – people are usually pretty okay to give it. If you ask for a blood sample, or a faecal sample, or in the case of prostate cancer stick a finger up someone's bottom, they'll go, 'I don't think so. I'm fine!' So we say, pee in a pot. Easy."

Pauline isn't telling you to replace your medical specialist with a dog, cute as that would be. "What we are wanting to do is create a simple diagnostic urine test as a value added tool in the fight against cancer," she emphasises. "In New Zealand, we have an urgent list, a non-urgent list, and a surveillance list. Unfortunately, the surveillance list is getting larger and larger. That surveillance list is perhaps someone who had a colonoscopy and was told they're fine, but genetically are predisposed to having bowel cancer, because their mother and grandmother died of it. How many specialists are there who can perform a colonoscopy? There are not enough to meet the demand. We can help out with that surveillance list. Instead of somebody worrying if it's going to be five years before they have another [colonoscopy], we can test them every year, or every six months. And if the dog says yes, you go to the top of the list."

Basically, we know that dogs are cancer-sniffing pros. It's just about proving it with data. There are three stages: first is proof of concept, teaching dogs to detect odours, and validating them in a kind of doggy graduation. Second is diagnostic test accuracy, which involves estimating the sensitivity and specificity in real world conditions with urine samples. Finally, the dogs will undergo a randomised control trial, so that Pauline can show off their high diagnostic test accuracy.

K9MD is not yet government funded and relies entirely on sponsors. With more support, it can expand its facility and detect even more cancers. If you are rich, consider being sugar daddy to these very good boys and girls, and also me.

"Bark woof woof bark," concurs Levi in agreement.

You can donate to K9MD at k9md.org.nz/help-us/donate





OPINION: Please Don't Get Pets in Lockdown

By Asia Martusia King

Mamma mia, here we go again. Some people thrive in lockdown. If you are anything like me (condolences) you get lonely and sad instead. You begin to think, wouldn't it be nice to adopt a gorgeous fuzzy son/daughter? You'd have the benefits of pet therapy. You'd be giving an animal a home. You could put a photo of it in your Tinder bio, and every pair of undies within a 161 km radius would go flying into the sun.

Don't do it.

Pets are not a project. They don't exist to keep you entertained in quarantine.

I have never been more stressed than when a boy gifted me a live goldfish in first year. I had to buy a big fucking filtered tank and oxyweed and food and medicine and change 25% of Rupert's water every second week. I dedicated my life to that dinky fish and he still died of swim bladder disease, God rest his soul. The point is that too many people, such as the boy in this story, aren't willing to realise that pets are living creatures that rely on us for literally everything. It just blows my mind that any student believes that, while studying in Dunedin, they are fully capable of giving those living creatures the life they deserve.

I've seen your student flats. They're nasty as hell. They're not good environments for anybody, human or animal. Most students can barely keep themselves alive, let alone a living creature who is entirely dependent on them for sustenance. Animals rely on routine. You must get up every morning and feed them breakfast, and then feed them again at nighttime, whether or not you're hungover or have a kickass party to attend. No exceptions. Do you have the time in a day to give them attention, or thousands of dollars in vet bills saved up for emergencies? Probably not. Studylink barely covers rent and pizza as it is.

Many of us shudder at the idea of living in Dunedin for twenty years after graduation. Most of you will stick around for three years and then fuck off to Wellington (or Melbourne if you're artsy), leaving your pet abandoned and confused. You could move your pet with you, theoretically — but you could also just hold off

on adopting until you're in a stable environment, saving not only the expense but massive amounts of stress for your pet.

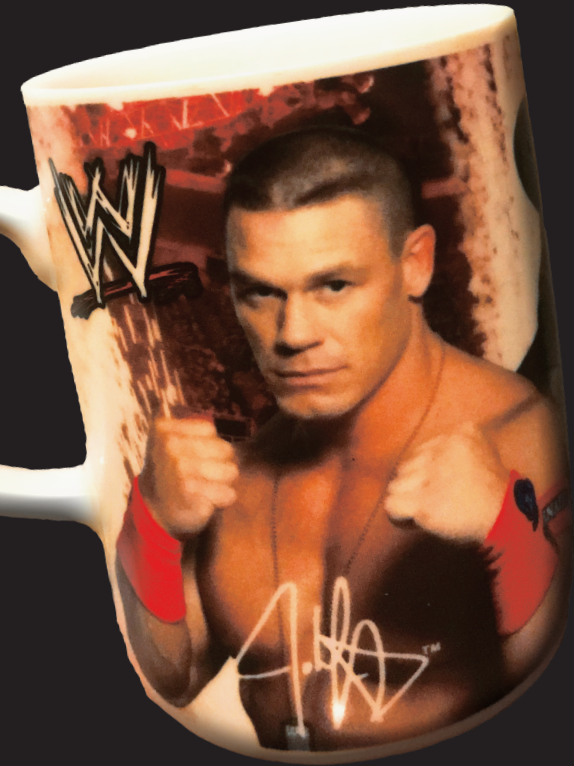
At least you'll give the animals a loving home for a while, right? More likely than not, the pet will grow attached to you and suffer greatly upon being relocated to a new family. During lockdown, you and your pet are together 24/7. They develop separation anxiety. Fostering is one option, but it takes a certain fortitude to love and care for your new child, only to eventually give him a new home. Most of us aren't that strong.

Another huge thing to ask yourself: do your flatmates agree? If your cat pisses on your flatmate's computer, or shreds up the landlord's furniture, you must be willing and able to pay for the damages. Are you going to take full responsibility? Are you going to rely on your flatmate to dogsit every time you visit your parents for the weekend? Will you phone your flatmates any time you have a one night stand, asking them to feed your cat in the morning?

I knew someone who adopted pets over lockdown with the intention of giving them away after graduation. It was cute at first, but once lockdown ended, they became preoccupied with university and stopped taking care of them. Additionally, they would frequently spend the night at other people's flats and stay there indefinitely, leaving the pets hungry and neglected. The responsibility of buying essentials, feeding, changing the litter box, registering with a vet, and spaying fell entirely on the rest of the flat — who hadn't asked for pets in the first place. It sucked for the flatmates, but it sucked for the neglected animals so much more.

Some people say we don't deserve animals. They are wrong. I am so excited to have a giant caucasian ovcharka and a fat ginger cat named Eggs Benedict one day. That day, though, is not today. Please wait until you're an actual adult, perhaps even with a career and a (gasp) house, presuming you didn't do a BA like me.

Lockdown isn't forever. Student life isn't forever. Pets are. If you truly love and care for animals, please, don't get them just yet.



THE POLITICS OF FLAT MUGS

BY KEEGAN WELLS

Unless you're a soulless robot, you have a favourite mug. So do all your flatmates, and they are different mugs. The politics of flat mugs are an underlying, unspoken rule amongst flatties in Dunedin. Conflict begins to brew when someone steals another person's mug, or said cup is "borrowed" and left in a bedroom. With our snap lockdown leaving many people stuck in flats and unable to get home, the politics of the flat mug has been thrust into the spotlight.

In order to get to the bottom of this social phenomenon, and find out how lockdown has affected this widespread debate, Critic reached out to you, the people. We began this hard-hitting investigation in the most scientific way known, an open-ended social media poll.

Every single respondent claimed to have a favourite mug, and it sparked a long debate about what makes a good mug. The results highlighted volume, girth, surface area of exposed drink, aesthetics, sip-ability, and gulp-ability.

Oliva, one of the participants, reckons the best mug is "like goldilocks". It can't be too big nor too small, and it has to be comfortable to hold, not too slippery or too sharp. Handle size and shape are an important aspect as you want to feel comforted by your mug.

Does size actually matter? Respondents said that size does matter: a good mug will have enough volume to keep you satisfied, but the surface area of the drink can't be too high or your cuppa is likely to cool off too quickly.

The design part is where things get a little more heated. Certain people prefer

comforting, cozy designs with a minimal pattern or light tone to them. Others prefer their mugs to have character to them, with ironic slogans such as "It's not a bald spot, it's a solar panel for my sex machine" or my personal favourite which has "Top Daddy" on the handle. Mugs can hold sentimental value. One respondent's favourite mug is from Jackson Hole Ski Field, and was given to him by his parents.

Another quality that affected my decision to adopt the Top Daddy mug is the sex appeal. Otago student Ben claimed that the sex appeal of a mug is extremely important as it evokes certain feelings. Ben went on to say the mug is a "minute mood shaper and is cumulatively significant for a thirsty boy like myself". He reckons that even if you think sex appeal doesn't matter in your mug choice, subconsciously it's a factor. [Ed - my flatmate spent \$60 on a handmade boob mug so this is accurate.]

What goes into your favourite mug? Is it a single-substance mug where only tea is allowed? Or are alcohol, tea, and coffee all consumed from the same vessel, maybe even at the same time? Critic's highly reliable social media survey returned the idea that if alcohol was to enter their favourite mug it would have to hold the same essence, for example Irish coffee or an espresso martini.

Most people who have dedicated tea mugs refuse to taint their purity. One student claimed "you don't defile something so beautiful with cheap piss". Another student was under the opinion that alcohol in a mug gives off "housebound alcoholic energy and sometimes that is exactly what I am". We might all be moving towards this point, so

take a pro-tip: you can fake blow on your alcohol mug to pretend it's hot coffee in your morning zoom lectures. Alternatively, mulled wine on a cold morning will force you to hold the mug like it is a hot tea.

Does your mug have to be your own mug though? A few people in the survey claimed their favourite mug was not purchased by them because "everything tastes better when it is not yours". However, most people said you can't use another person's favourite mug. It's one of those unspoken rules, like don't swipe through photos when handed a phone.

One student said nobody else can use their mug or violence will be brought upon them. Another participant claimed there is always the forbidden fruit element of using other people's things, like a toothbrush, but a mug is sacred. One dissenting opinion did claim that other people are able to use their mug because it proves how good the mug is.

There is one absolutely certain way of protecting your mug however — you can refuse to wash it. Ben is the sole drinker of his mug. He claims that his thirsty flatties are "lured in by its sex appeal but are effectively deterred by its unsanitary state". The benefits of this method include saving time and gaining an intensified personal connection. The disadvantages include his recurring illness and the fact that his partner doesn't kiss him anymore.

The dynamics and politics that surround students' favourite mugs are treacherous. Your favourite mug brings a sense of comfort and home to your life. If you take care of it, it will take care of you.

LOCAL PRODUCE
By Annabelle Vaughan



Best known for their funky, genre-spanning sound and playing plenty of pint nights, Dunedin band Black Sale House are leaving a major mark on the Dunedin music scene.

The group of five, made up of Masin on vocals, Samuel on keyboards, Finn on guitar, Joshua on drums, and Sol on bass, sat down with Critic to talk about their musical journeys, eclectic sound, and their goals for the future.

Each of the boys has had an interest in music from an early age. "It's a family thing for me," says Masin. "I'm a third generation musician. Before I joined [Black Sale House,] I was doing solo music for a year before I came to Uni." Sam has been playing the piano since he was a child, and spent most of his young adult life filling in for various bands and doing session work. "Last year was the first time I've joined a band, and we all want the same thing, it's so fun," he says. Joshua started playing drums at age ten. At University he met the other members, saying "these guys came along, and I found this perfect group of people, it's been such a great experience." Sol has been playing bass for around four years now, previously gigging with cover bands, and guitarist Finn says although no one in his family was musical, it's always "been around him."

"We've got three members from Dunedin, one from Christchurch, and one from Australia. There's a musical difference there, which has influenced us to not stick to one genre. Especially playing live, our set list is hard to figure out, because our energy and vibe change per song," says Masin. Sam agrees, saying "we've got songs that touch all sorts of extremes, someone might be heavy rock, but once we get our hands on it, it comes out as something that can be recognised as our sound." Finn says the group also aims to write and create in a way

that doesn't "pigeonhole" them to one genre. "We've tried to add new ways of looking at things," he says.

The group are determined to see how far they can take things, and want to make a mark on the new generation of Dunedin Sound musicians. Sam says that when the boys are playing and working out songs, the goal is to create something new. "There are bands that slot nicely into the Dunedin sound, but we want to appeal to the new wave of students. We all study music at university, so there is a market for it. We want to write songs which are important to people," says Sam, adding that "the new scene is a lot more diverse than the old one."

Sol says it's interesting to see how the Dunedin music scene has developed in recent years. "We are different to the classic Dunedin sound, it was more punk but we are more reggae and funk. It'll be interesting to see how it evolves over the next generation. You've got grunge bands, psychedelic rock, solo artists who are playing acoustic sets, and even Pequeño jazz nights. It's all being embraced," he says. "I love music, there's nothing like being on stage, we all share that feeling. I'd love to make a living out of it, as long as I'm having fun," says Sam. The others agree, with Sol saying "it would be amazing to play some big venues and festivals, at the end of the day it's about having fun and an outlet where we can play music." Finn says, "the enjoyment is why I do it. It started off in our bedrooms jamming, a year later we are playing in the stadium. It'll be awesome to see where that can go, parents always talk about uni bands, so it'll be great if we can create something for people to look back on."

Black Sale House are always playing local gigs around Dunedin, and their music is on Spotify. Follow their social media to stay up to date on upcoming gigs.



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HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Times are tough. You’re probably bored out of your brains at home. Try watching all your lectures and keep on top of things over lockdown so the workload doesn’t pile up.

Lockdown activity: *studying with lofi beats*



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Your emotions probably have the best of you right now. Try to stay focused, and keep your eyes on the prize.

Lockdown activity: *walking to podcasts*



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

It must be hard not being able to answer those booty calls. Looks like it’ll just have to be you and your vibrator for this lockdown.

Lockdown activity: *cumming*



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Now is the perfect time to be away with the fairies. Admire the birds by your window, bake some cookies and take in the sunshine.

Lockdown activity: *Reading on the roof*



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

The only thing that should be inside you is some juicy Pfizer. Time to get vaxxed, baby.

Lockdown activity: *book your vaccine*



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

Use this time to reflect on the year. Some new awakenings may come to you in this time of uncertainty.

Lockdown activity: *journaling and meditation*



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

For all my leo men out there, hit up that beezy from a few weeks back. You never know what might happen!

Lockdown activity: *finding love*



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

Love Island got you feeling lonely? No worries, try rekindling some old romances from pint night and parties. A little sneaky snapchat never hurt anyone.

Lockdown activity: *binging reality TV*

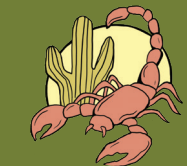


Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Things are tough right now. Looks like it’s time for you to smoke some weed, abandon all responsibility and think about your place in this small and fragile universe.

Lockdown activity: *have an existential crisis*



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Try not to stress on the little things. It can be hard, but it’s best to try to keep things in perspective. Watch a funny movie, or wank off to try ease the stress.

Lockdown activity: *turn off the news*



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Your adventurous nature and hyperactive tendencies will not be doing well in such conditions. Try calming your restlessness down by finding new, non-erratic hobbies.

Lockdown activity: *planning your 2024 Contiki*



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

Studying and working from home is your worst nightmare. Try to set up a solid routine, and don’t let your unorganised and irrational flatmates get to you.

Lockdown activity: *practicing tolerance*

BOOZE REVIEW:

WHITE WINE

By Chug Norris

Now of course, white wine is a pretty broad category. But there’s a reason I’m not distinguishing sauvignon wanc and presling. There is simply no way I am going to review every slight fucking variation of white wine especially considering that there are hundreds of wineries for each wine. The \$10 shit everyone in Dunedin buys is all the same wine with different labelling anyway. My respect goes to the goon companies that just get on with it and label their wine as either ‘red’ or ‘white’.

Being a sophisticated and cultured fourth-year and drawn in by the allure of free alcohol, I attended a wine-tasting pre-lockdown. Our team won, by the tried and true strategy of always picking the opposite answer to the other teams. After many congratulatory drinks I was black-out drunk for the second time this year.

The night ended with me throwing a vacuum cleaner and running halfway to UniPol before realising my flat was in the opposite direction. While I am certainly not proud of my actions, they are evidence of the potent hypnotic effects of wine and particularly the white wine that I had consumed in large quantities that evening.

In the fight for the supermarket golden ratio, white wine goon and NZ Lager are neck and neck. NZ Lager is substantially less punishing than goon. Having said that, there are many nicer white wines for about \$12 a bottle which, with an average of 7 standards per bottle, puts them at a better price than most RTDs on the market. Because you can buy wine in smaller quantities, a bottle is the ideal option for a medium-sized night, which makes it perfectly suited to the bored alcoholism of lockdown.

On paper, white wine ticks all the boxes. It is not fizzy, it is high percentage, and it is incredibly cheap. But there is something missing that means it never quite leaves you as satisfied as other drinks. It is not as refreshing as beer or seltzers, and not as easy to keep down as many other RTDs.

At its core, the inconsistency of white wine keeps it from being truly good. There is no guarantee that the bottle of Hardys you bought at your last BYO will be the same as the one you buy the next time. It is hard to gain the level of familiarity that makes other beverages like beer and RTDs such go-to drinks in Dunedin. But at the end of the day, if you want to get buzzed in a cheap and not totally unpleasant way, you could do a lot worse than white wine.

Tastes like: acid, sparkling grape juice (if you’re lucky), metal

Pairs well with: ABBA, diabetes, Diazepam

Froth level: the veggie drawer in the fridge

Taste rating: 6/10, you get what you pay for



RATE

OR
BY SASHA FREEMAN

Making a lockdown bingo with your flatties since you all know each other FAR too intimately now (e.g. Niamh asks how to spell something).

Going for a run, it's such an event. I do my eyeliner for that shit these days.

Beer pong practice, those sexy breathas won't know what hit them!!!

At least one flatmate cutting or dying their hair in lockdown, that's how we know this is really happening.

Finally doing the flat meals you've talked about since the start of the year <3



HATE?

Lockdown horny oh my GOD. I just wanna smash, the grass is always greener :(

People breaking the rules. Get off the flying fox guys that's not allowed!!! If anyone prevents me from hopping on the pull for one SECOND longer than it needs to be, I'll throw hands.

Lockdown sad :(Everyone hates it here but i feel like it's worth saying that if it's really getting you down please seek help from 1737 and such x

Wake up at 8am, read one (1) page of a book, then it's 6pm and you haven't eaten all day.

The song Bad Habits by Ed Sheeran. I hate it here, it has been looping in my head for a week.

The Critical Tribune

Parents Bribed Uni to Stop Students from Returning Home: OIA

The email from Otago suggesting Health Sci students who went home were “gambling with their academic futures” was a result of pressure, begging, and bribery from parents, according to emails released to the Critical Tribune.

In an email that caused stress for many students wishing to be at home for the Level 4 lockdown, staff from Otago Uni discouraged students from returning home, saying first-year students who left Dunedin were “missing out on work required for terms” and taking a “gamble” on their academic future. The Uni later apologised for the email, and the stress it caused. They did not apologise for the use of a Margaret Thatcher quote in the email, which arguably caused far more stress and frustration for students.

Emails released under the OIA show that this discouragement occurred after dozens of emails from parents, insisting that the Uni do whatever it takes to prevent their kids from returning home. “We will happily make a donation to the University’s board if they ensure my child does not return home this lockdown. Last year all Thomas did when he came home was play Far Cry 4, masturbate in his room, and try and hide the smell of vape in the living room. We just want some peace and quiet.” Another email read: “My daughter eats all of the snacks in our pantry and does not clean up after herself. Our family trust will provide the Uni with a new conference centre if you keep all the students away from our North Shore property. Please.”

It is unclear when plans for a new conference centre for the Uni will be announced, but they are expected soon.

Lecturer Busily Planning Extra Work For Locked-Down Students

While most people are stuck at home with their schedules interrupted, one Uni lecturer is not letting lockdown stop his plans for the year. If anything, he’s planning to make it busier than ever before, with a flood of new assignments, projects and unit tests.

Physiology lecturer Dr Mas Sochist told the Critical Tribune “students will have all this extra time to study, now that they’re forced to stay at home, and they can’t go on the piss or do whatever the fuck they do outside of class. And they’ll be a lot more focused and engaged too, since there’s nothing else to distract them. If anything, I’m actually doing them a favour lining up these four online unit tests during the lockdown period.”

“All these extra assignments will be good for their mental health too,” Dr. Sochist added. “After all, you’ve got to keep yourself occupied over lockdown, right?”

While the Critical Tribune was there to watch Dr. Sochist tell his class about the extra lockdown assignments over Zoom, we could not gauge immediate reactions to his grand plans as the only student to show up to his lecture arrived 15 minutes late, and stayed muted with their camera off the whole time.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

Stud-y Session

This experience came right on the back of a great one nighter, a wonderful night with such a hulk of man. Totally destroyed my ass and I loved it. We arranged to meet at his (we'll call him Dave), and planned out a little study meeting with some fun and maybe even a friend after.

The sheer girth of Dave's cock planted deep in my ass made me want to move my hips. How could I not? Such a fat warm cock inside me yet with the task of cock warming while the blonde finished his essay was a hard task.

“You're distracted,” Dave's voice brought me back.

“I was wondering about later,” I said, my attention wavering between the cock in my ass and thoughts of who this “friend” might be.

“Oh, are you excited about Steve coming over?” Dave teased, his eyes growing dark. “Maybe he'll like you too.”

There was a knock on the bedroom door. I froze, completely naked on Dave's lap with my cock out.

Standing surprised in the door was the bulking man we had been talking about. It took the man all of a second to process that I was sitting planted on Dave's cock.

“What's this? I thought we had plans this evening,” the man wondered, a low rumble to his voice. Then we got started.

Having Steve's stupidly warm cock in my mouth was a treat. The salty taste of his precum made me rut back into Dave's thrust. I wasn't aware of anything. My head was swimming and thighs shaking as I got fucked, Steve cruelly thrusting down my throat now. Moans were gagged out of him when he got space to breathe. Other than that it was wet, choked sounds.

It was so much, the sound of skin slapping and the heat that radiated off them, especially Steve. Then there were the thoughts, so divine and lewd. Both of them truly desired to make me their bitch, to keep fucking me. I wanted it as badly as they did.

When Dave suddenly wrapped his hand around my cock, I flinched at the touch, my leaking dick previously forgotten about due to the focus on the cocks inside me.

Spit or lube slicked over his cock while he trembled in pleasure while Dave kept throat fucking him.

Finally, there was the climax, with so much cum shooting out over my body as I writhed between them. All for me to be placed back on Dave's cock while the two continued to study.



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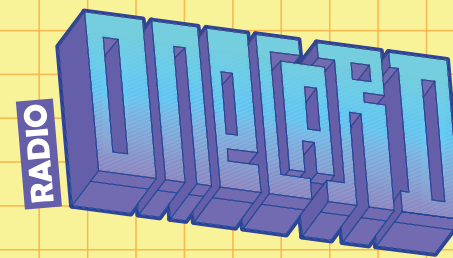
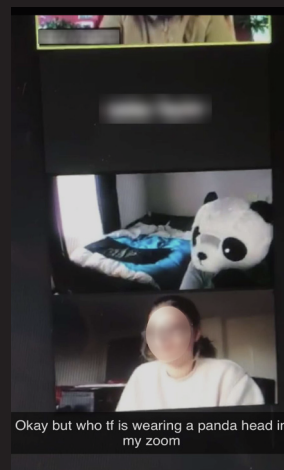
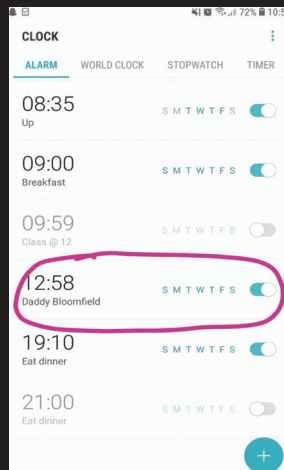
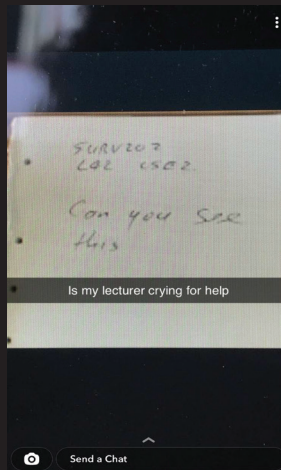
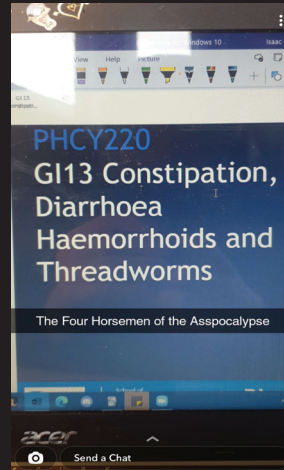
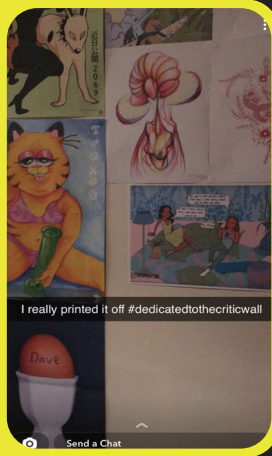
SNAP OF THE WEEK



WANT CLOUT? SEND A SNAP TO THE TRAP.
BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF  Red Bull

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT THE CRITIC
FACEBOOK
TO CLAIM
YOUR REDBULL



THE ONE CARD
THAT GETS YOU
DISCOUNTS

COSMIC

10% discount on full-priced items.

SUBWAY

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a footlong meal deal for free.

UBS ON CAMPUS

10% discount on full-priced items.

LUMINO THE DENTISTS

\$69 new patient exam & x-ray, plus 10% off further treatments (excluding implants & orthodontics).

STIRLING SPORTS

10% student discount on all full-priced items.

CORNERSTONE INK TATTOO STUDIO

10% student discount on any tattoo, not in conjunction with any other special.

RA HAIR

Global colour or retouch, treatment, mini shampoo and conditioner for \$149. Keratin smoothing and supporting take-home product for \$199. Add on eye trio to any service for \$30.

OTAGO MUSEUM

2-for-1 entry to Tūhura Science Centre to see the butterflies, Monday to Friday only.

SLICK WILLY'S

5% off storewide.



91 FM

Deal of the Week



1\$ off double scoop ice creams

SAL'S AUTHENTIC NEW YORK PIZZA

\$20 large cheese pizzas all day Tuesdays. Student ID required.

BURGER PLANT

Cheeseburger OR Chook Burger & Fries for \$14.

TASTE OF TANDOOR

2-for-1 Curry Special - everyday between 4 to 7pm (dine in only). 15% student discount on entire bill after 7pm.

BAILEY NELSON (ONLINE)

Protect your pupils this semester with 20% off. Use code 'OWEEK20' at baileynelson.co.nz. Offer ends 5 April 2021.

ROB ROY DAIRY

Mondays & Tuesdays upgrade to a free waffle cone*. *Excludes gluten-free option.

LA PORCHETTA

10% student discount on food and drink.

POPPI'S PIZZA

10% off regular large pizzas and waffles.

TM AUTOMOTIVE

\$55 warrant of fitness fee.

ONLY UR'S BEAUTY PARLOUR

Eyebrow wax OR Thread (top and bottom) for \$12 with Student ID. Ori Student Special: Brazilian Maintenance for \$28.

TAKEICHI

Free special topping with every bowl of Ramen.

ADJØ

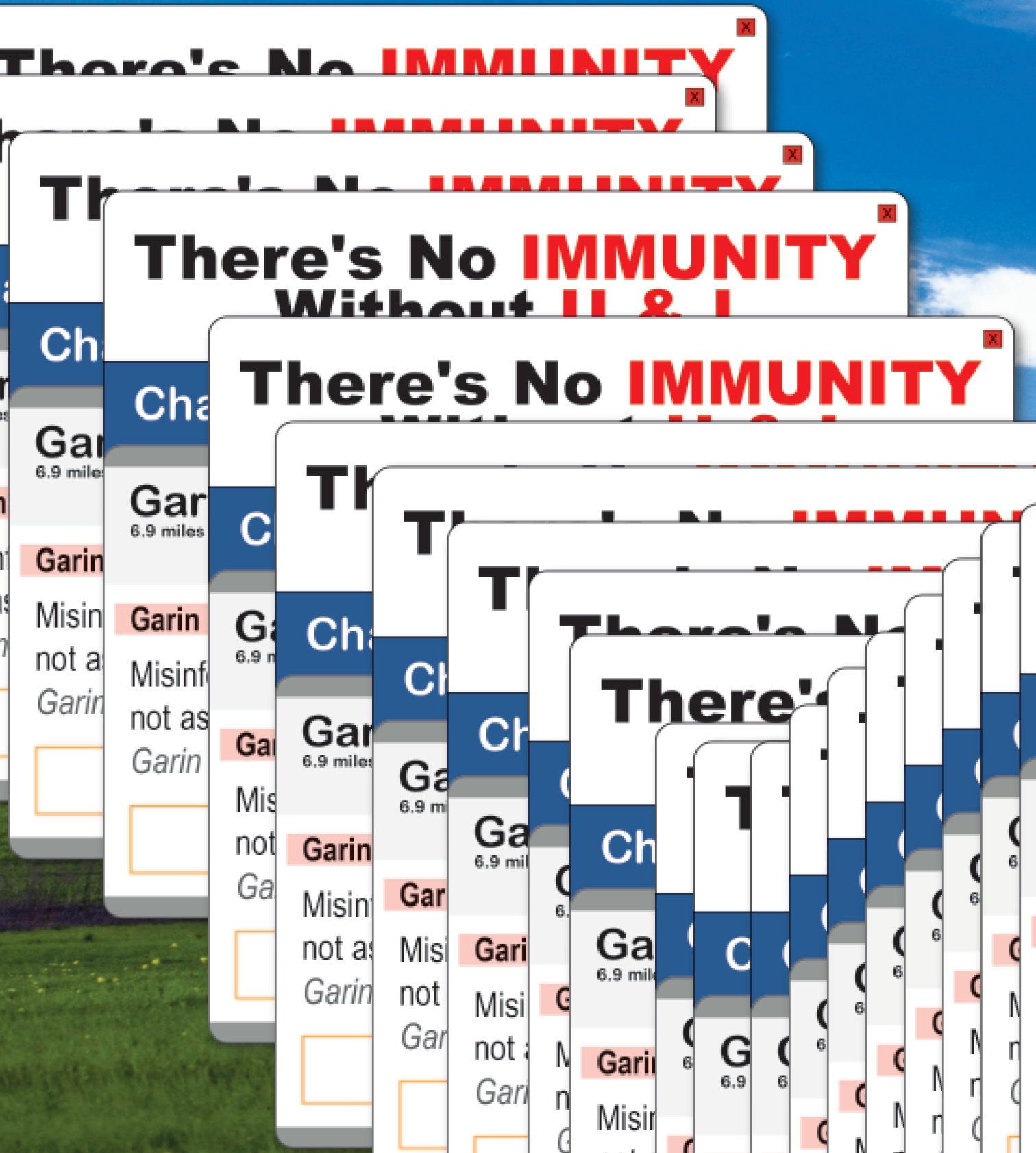
10% off everything at ADJØ (excluding already discounted deals and alcohol).

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