

"THE CHARLENE CHAINSAW MASSACRE"

CRITIC

TE AROHI



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

EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ TO CLAIM YOUR VOUCHER

APOLOGY:

We fucked up and used the wrong pronouns in the article "Trans Student Raises Concerns About Otago Uni," published in our last issue, Issue 5. If you've read this article in print, the student's pronouns should have been he/they.

Critic Te Arohi apologises to the affected student and the trans community. It was totally ignorant not to ask for pronouns and the article should not have been published without checking that. We regret this mistake deeply.

Please refer to the corrected version of the article on our website.

LETTER OF THE WEEK:

Yo Critic

Where tf are all the issues this week? Wanted that sick penguin on my wall but canny find a copy anywhere. Missed last week too. Wtf is up? Did your distributor get lost or did you stop printing copies? Wtf is going on? Will accept a formal delivery to my flat instead.

Sincerely,

I just want a fucking penguin

Dear Critic,

What the fuck? Fuck you. Why is this issue so Good? The fucking Poke Hoiho cover page? The Mythbusting feature? Fucking Feathery Friends & Funky Fiends??? What the actual Fuck. I'm keeping the centrefold of Ōtepoti by foot. The poor Little Blues suffering from dicks camping near their nests, the spot piece on Gen Zero, the photos of the drag show.

How DARE you publish such a magnificent collection all at once without some kind of warning label? My eyes literally melted reading it. Content created by mere mortals has no business being this good, the gods will surely punish us all for your hubris.

The only solace you can provide me is a promise that we will see more Pokemon cards featuring all the wildlife in Dunedin.

Sincerely,

Awaiting the wrath of the heavens

Dear Critic,

It's bad enough having essays to write in the mid sem "break". It's bad enough to have an unreasonable workload. But it's fine, that I can live with.

What I cannot live with are the assholes who WRITE THEIR OWN NOTES INSIDE LIBRARY TEXTBOOKS!!!!

OML it is not that hard to take notes on your computer, in a A4 book from campus shop (they're \$1.50 at the moment) or at the very least to rub out your notes when you're done

You might think this ain't a big deal. I would reply that it's inconsiderate to future users of a textbook, it distracts from the text because someone else has editorialized over the source material and is just rude and selfish. When I go to read my Marx I want to read Marx, not the incoherent scribbles of a pretentious LLB/POLS major who thinks they're being edgy by scribbling all over the textbook

You know who you are, sort your shit out

Dear Critic,

I confess I'm a heathen Vic student, down for the weekend - and a loyal Salient reader. But I wrote a poem and thought it was funny:

Sonnet for Dunedin

How to describe a city built on lust:
The air is laden with libido love,
The sexual organs never left to rust,
The ringing tune of shove on shove on shove...
Cathedral spires look down with disapproval,
They watch the students go about their lives,
And pray for the post haste and swift removal,
Of horny bees living in randy hives,
But beekeepers play at the same themselves,
The Mums and Dads who up till now were left,
Collecting dust high up upon the shelves;
Of touch and feel no more are they bereft,
When down they kick to revel in our Dunt,
To cop a feel of his ... and her ...!

Cue "Victoria" by the Kinks as I moonwalk out the room.

Dear Critic,

I can't disagree more with the Dispensary slander on the food page in your last issue. 2/5?! Almost half the score of a VEGGIE BOYS COFFEE?! I resent the people who make me wait 5 minutes to buy my bag of apples because they've decided to buy their coffee from a produce store! Dispensary is easily the best cafe on campus with the fattest food, loveliest staff, and a bangin soy flat white.

Regards,
Dispensary Daddy

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**THURSDAY
15 APRIL**

DnB Allstars: Dunedin feat. Enei & Jakes, Pola & Bryson, & Catch-22, with Tenze and ODDYC
CATACOMBS
10PM
Tickets from ticketfairy.com.

Milk - 'III' Album Release feat. Kane Strang, Residue, Centre Negative, and Dudley Benson (DJ set)
WOOF!
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.

**FRIDAY
16 APRIL**

Miles Calder - 'Autopilot Life' NZ Album Release Tour
DIVE
8PM
Tickets from tickettailor.com

Ollie Crooks Trio & Guests
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
7:30PM / FREE ENTRY

**SATURDAY
17 APRIL**

Fre3dom w/ special guests
WAITATI HALL
8PM



EDITORIAL:

Harlene Certainly Left Her Mark on Otago

By Erin Gourley

Harlene left Otago a few weeks ago, but that was too early in the year for Critic Te Arohi to have our shit together. We're writing about her legacy now.

Her exit was quiet. There's not a lot of fanfare about Vice-Chancellors, despite the impact they have. The University announced she was leaving, we all said "oh, really?" and moved on. A slick new webpage, with the nicest photograph of the clocktower that I've ever seen, went up advertising the open VC position, but Harlene started to fade into the background before she even left.

She slipped out the back, but it's not like she was never here. She changed the University of Otago forever.

Denzel's article gives you a recap of Harlene's time at Otago. The timeline shows, surprisingly to someone like me who's only been here for the second half, that her term started out amicably. I started at Otago in 2016, which coincided with the start of Harlene's second term as Vice-Chancellor. It seems like by that point, a lot had changed in terms of her relationship with students.

I can't imagine Harlene going to the OUSA President's flat and giving them a cake for their 21st birthday. Throughout my time as Otago, no one saw Harlene as a person who would do that kind of thing. But that's what she did back in 2012.

Somewhere there is an origin story, where she decided that kind of personal interaction with students was no longer a focus and turned to the dark side, where the University Council would make big changes with limited student consultation. The moments where she did interact with students and laugh with them are lost beneath her legacy of department cuts and redundancies. Sadly we'll never know what she thought, because we forgot to ask her for an interview, not that we thought she'd give us one anyways.

Harlene made some tough decisions and people resented her for that. As a first-year humanities student, I definitely did. There were protests against cuts to the humanities and she was the target. The University administration is complicated and bureaucratic and huge. It doesn't have a face, except for the Vice-Chancellor. She is the person we blame, because of her role.

Departments and support staff were slashed during her ten years as VC. An OIA shows that 630 staff were made redundant between 2010 and 2020, 587 of them within Harlene's term at Otago. Seeing Otago receiving positive media coverage this year for being the only University with "no redundancies due to Covid" is bittersweet given that huge number.

Those decisions changed Otago forever. Entire departments, namely PE and Art History, are gone. Marine Sciences narrowly avoided the same fate.

Harlene came to be the embodiment of the ruthless cost-benefit analysis that the University conducted to cut these departments. She was the one repeating these messages, even if they were influenced by a government focus on STEM at all costs. She told us that there aren't many humanities students, so it's okay to cut their funding, and the sciences fulfil the same role in society in terms of critical thinking anyway. This kind of logic was necessary for her to spout because it justified the cuts at the University.

By repeating those messages to affected staff and students, she became a scapegoat. I guess I'll never really be sure how much was the woman, and how much was the institutional demands.

Anyway, later Harlene. Good luck at CUNT (Curtin UNiversity of Technology).

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CRITIC

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Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, info@mediacouncil.org.nz



Goodbye, Harlene

A Timeline of Our Glorious Leader's Time as Vice-Chancellor

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

It was a Friday afternoon that no human alive will ever forget. 19 March 2021, the day that Great and Glorious Vice-Chancellor Doctor Professor Vada Harlene Hayne ONZM BA MS PhD left our beloved University.

Temperatures plunged as the Sun hid its face in sorrow. Angels wept in the skies up above. That Friday night, alcohol poisonings spiked as students, distraught by the tragic news, drowned their sorrows in toasts to our Outstanding Leader before kicking wheelie bins over in despair. Police cars and ambulances blared their sirens around North Dunedin all night, a fitting tribute to our Supreme Protector.

The University declined to comment regarding our Queen Mother's significant changes and achievements, which we found strange and disappointing, considering Her reign was nothing but significant achievements and highlights. Looking to correct this omission, we humbly present the most outstanding moments of our Wondrous Captain's decade on the throne, realising that us mere mortals at Critic Te Arohi could never fully appreciate the sheer privilege of being in Her presence all these years.

17 February 2011

Her Eminence was appointed as future Vice-Chancellor of our Glorious Institution for five years, to take over from outgoing head-honcho David Skegg in August. Students rejoiced with O Week celebrations, and 258 couch fires were alighted in an unprecedented act of praise and worship.

19 September 2011

Our Victorious Counsellor, showcasing Her magnificent strategic genius, sought to boost the struggling All Blacks' efforts in the Rugby World Cup by implementing a campus-wide

alcohol ban. Sober students discovered that rugby, not alcohol, had been their passion all along, and the ensuing burst of support from Dunedin delivered the trophy into New Zealand's hands just a month later.

8 August 2012

In a stunning show of Her unparalleled love and compassion for students, our Beloved Master arrived at OUSA President Logan Edgar's flat on his 21st birthday, presenting him with a chocolate cake. In the face of such awesome beauty and raw power, Logan admitted to having only "a little bit of a crush" on Harlene, a true testament to his sexual self-discipline.

7 July 2013

In a (genuinely) brave and powerful move, the University invited the Dalai Lama on campus to speak, despite political pressure stopping everyone from Auckland Uni to John Key, the embarrassing uncle of New Zealand, from officially welcoming him. Rumour has it that the Otago Uni cap Harlene gifted His Holiness hasn't been washed since, lest Her sacred touch be lost.

23 February 2014

Showing further proof of Her boundless wisdom and entrepreneurial genius, our Eternal Guide invested in the University's sponsorship of the Highlanders, a glorious strategic masterstroke that to this day links Aotearoa's third largest university with its fifth most successful Super Rugby franchise.

19 May 2014

The Patron Saint of Education rightly condemned binge drinking and the Hyde Street Party, uniting students with boomer Dunedinites and the University administration against our true common enemy: alcohol. The party "won't truly be a success ... until

we can take some of the edge off the very dangerous intoxication," the Righteous One told the ODT.

3 May 2015

As Critic Te Arohi and Radio One's parent company, Planet Media DL, collapsed under \$250,000 of debt, our Unfailing Light said she "applaud[ed] OUSA for taking a closer look at the services they are funding," which plainly should not have included media read by the vast majority of students. Anyway, there is no need for other sources of information, for in Her is the culmination of all wisdom past, present and to come.

2 February 2016

Our Knowledgeable Steward was reappointed as Vice-Chancellor, to serve another term of five years.

20 September 2016

Trouble-makers and ruffians expressed concern that our Fair Beacon was proposing to make cuts to the Humanities. The Wise One put quill to parchment, and wrote an opinion piece for the ODT defending the University's honour. "Despite the proposed changes, we have no plans to close any humanities programmes," She wrote, a promise believed by trusting students and staff.

12 May 2017

The warm, tender gaze of our Wise Captain extended into the flats of North Dunedin, as the University proposed to install CCTV cameras around North Dunedin's streets. Criminals cowered in fear and students rejoiced at yet another opportunity for Harlene to enter their hearts and homes.

23 July 2017

Showcasing her propensity to be bold, yet at the same time endlessly kind, the Everlasting

Counsellor quelled fears that up to 300 jobs could be lost as a result of the Support Services Review. She promised that in an “exciting” move, only 182 full-time equivalent staff would be fired.

5 July 2018

After seven years of scouring campus to find a location worthy for the honour of our Beloved Helmswoman, the Altar to the Service and Kingitanga of the Vice-Chancellor of Otago (AskOtago) opened its doors. An elaborate temple built on the twin sacrifices of student study spaces and staff jobs, a small price She was willing to pay.

9 August 2018

Two malicious websites, askotago.com and askotago.co.nz, appeared to cruelly mock the reputation and good name of our Guiding Star's IT procurement department. A provocative question surfaced: “Who is Charlene Chainz?”

27 September 2018

Enraged by the outing of Her underground rap-god alter-ego, our Holy Mother's anger developed into a ruthless bloodlust, and the University Senate concluded that only a departmental sacrifice would quench Her righteous fury.

Art History was no real loss, a mere humanities programme of little significance. Gazing on the features of our Glorious Leader

is all that we need to show the culmination of history's artistic marvels.

20 September 2019

A dirt-digging OIA from Critic Te Arohi backfired spectacularly. All it revealed was details of our Blessed Saviour's humble and modest lifestyle. A mere \$22,000 to travel to the UK, Germany, and the USA, and just \$4,000 extra for accommodation, truly proved that She is one with the struggling masses. Be assured, students, that She feels your pain.

26 March 2020

Showcasing Her indomitable courage, our Generalissimo spat in the face of a puny little flu-like virus particle, boldly declaring that the University would remain open, that in-person classes and laboratories would remain terms requirements. By removing one seat from the 500-seat St. David Lecture Theatre, the safety and security of the university was liberated from pesky Government regulations on mass gatherings.

31 December 2020

Ever kind and loving even in the toughest of situations, by the end of 2020, our Brightest Sun had generously and selflessly distributed \$26.6 million to 587 former staff members since the beginning of Her reign in 2011.

We salute these brave 587 martyrs who realised (with gentle reminders, known commonly as ‘redundancy pay-outs’) that

their continued presence at University was inefficient and cost-ineffective. They selflessly sacrificed their jobs, weeping with tears of joy and gratitude at the thought of being able to help bring the University back into surplus. We will remember them.

19 March 2021

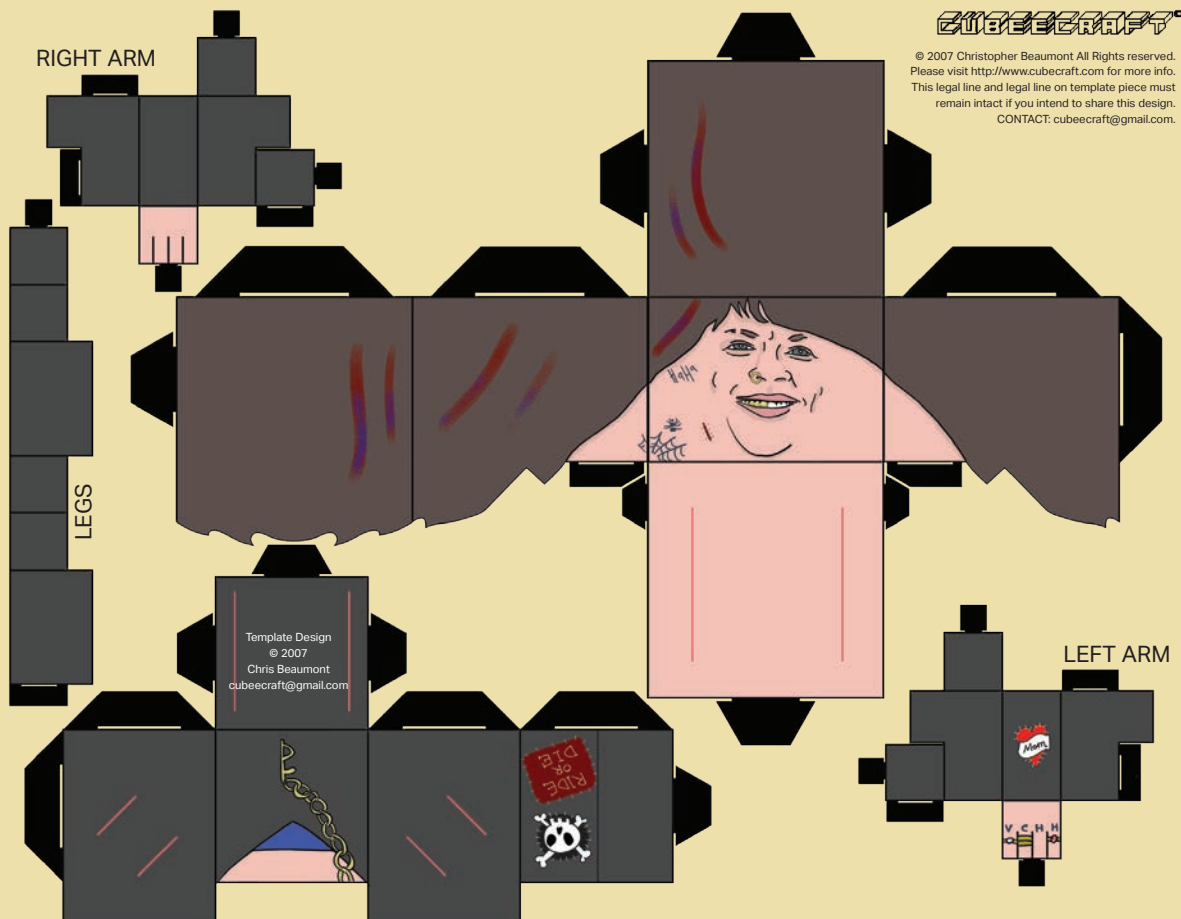
My disappointment was immeasurable and my day was ruined. We shall not speak of March 19 again. The scars are simply too raw.

6 April 2021

In a mysterious and completely unexpected move, Google searches for “Perth flights” from Aotearoa New Zealand spiked dramatically. The only plausible explanation is that this is due entirely to the departure of our Gracious Lord.

Though She will physically be at the Curtin University of Technology from now on, She will spiritually remain our Eternal Guide until Her inevitable Second Coming or, alternatively, until the Clocktower succumbs to a climate-change related extreme weather event, which should happen within a couple of decades. Either way, we wait in anticipation for that day.

May the love of Harlene, and the peace of Harlene, and the ruthless profit-making efficiency of Harlene, be with you, forever and ever. Āmene.





Myanmar Fundraiser Yeeted From Campus Then Promptly Un-Yeeted

In other words, the University actually responded to student opinion

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

The University initially refused to allow an on-campus food fundraiser for activists in Myanmar, but reversed its decision after a “strongly-worded email” from OUSA President Michaela Waite-Harvey.

The fundraising Burmese students were shocked when Property Services said their food stall could not operate within University grounds because it would “interfere too much with commercial outlets who pay to be on campus”.

The students reached out to OUSA, who then got in touch with Property Services about the fundraising ban. “This was an example of an unfair and outdated policy and I am very thankful for how quickly property services have worked with us to not only approve a fundraising food stall for the Burmese students but also that we have now committed to sit down and review the policy to allow more students to fundraise outside the union building,” said Michaela.

Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director James Lindsay said that “the Myanmar democracy fund-raiser stall has now been approved after the Otago University Students’ Association president asked us to reconsider our standard approach because of the exceptional circumstances affecting our students from Myanmar.” He also said that the University is currently reviewing its general policy and considering allowing more fundraisers on campus.

Michaela said that “as OUSA had endorsed the protest earlier this year we have also committed ourselves to help anyway we can.” The fundraiser will now take place on 15 April.

For one of the people hoping to raise funds, third-year microbiology student Hay, the

Myanmar crisis is personal. As an international student, she is considered a threat by the military regime, risking arrest if she tries to return. Her own family are on the run, forced to abandon their family home. Though she’s thousands of miles away, that doesn’t stop her, and many other Burmese students, from taking action.

One of these planned events was a fundraising stall on campus, selling food and helping to raise awareness for the crisis. To set up their stall, they needed to talk to the University’s Property Services division, who manage campus grounds. They sent an email, and after “about a week,” they got a response saying:

“We appreciate your efforts to raise funds for such an important cause. However, selling food on Campus grounds interferes too much with our commercial outlets who pay to be on campus. Unfortunately, for this reason, we cannot approve your request to use University grounds to fundraise for this cause. We would like to wish you the best, and if there is anything more I can help with, please do not hesitate to call.”

While private food trucks do operate around campus, all outlets within University buildings (i.e. cafes, the food court and the Campus Shop) are owned and operated by the University. “The reason for traditionally declining requests is because they compete with commercial outlets on campus that pay rent/a licence fee for the right to trade on campus and have other costs, including staff,” said James Lindsay, but they are reconsidering this reason during the review of the fundraising policy.

Hay was astounded. “I understand if it’s Union Lawn, there are lots of food trucks usually there, but we can’t go to any other places.” Especially gutting was their offer of “anything more I can

help with”. “This was the help we needed!” Hay said.

At \$5.50 per boxed meal, the activists had hoped to raise \$1,000. This would go to local organisations, helping people who have been “driven out from their lifetime homes for participating in the civil disobedience movement”.

“They are currently living on the roads, with no home, no shelter, no food,” Hay says. She estimates those funds can provide living and medical costs for 30 households - in other words, with at least 3-5 people per household, almost 100 or more.

“It’s just a one day thing, just from 11-2... We have a limited capacity to make food, it’s not going to be the same amount the commercial operators are doing. It’s small-scale - that’s why we’re shocked.”

Protesters supporting the overthrown, democratically-elected government have been shot on the streets. On Saturday alone (Armed Forces Day in Myanmar), over 100 were killed, including children as young as 5 years old.

The rejection left the group scrambling to find another location, reaching out to the Polytechnic, the Dunedin City Council and even the Dunedin News Facebook page. For Hay, time was of the essence: “If we delay this, the [money] transfer is going to take some more time. It’s getting worse day by day... Every minute counts.”

The Myanmar Food Drive will take place on the 15 April on Union Lawn from 11am - 2pm. You can buy fried rice or curry for \$5.

David Seymour Shoots Nerf Guns, Discusses Student Life

“Not all laws are bad”

By Fox Meyer

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

David Seymour was on campus, and in an exclusive interview with Critic he revealed that he does not know how long six inches is.

When asked how many beer cans tall he believed himself to be, David did some quick maths based on the assumption that a can of beer was “about six inches tall”. It was unclear whether he did not know how long an inch was, or whether he was comparing a beer can to something of a similar length that he also calls six inches.

David also talked about important issues, like which animal every major political party would be. “ACT would be a dolphin,” he reckoned, “because it has the largest brain-to-body ratio. And NZ First would be a moa because they’re extinct.”

We yarned for a bit about international fees, and why they were so high. David believed that the price reflects the value of a NZ education, and that people who can afford it will buy it.

He didn’t have much of a plan for an Alpine Fault rupture, but he reckoned that not many people high up in politics did either.

We talked about kids these days. “There’s no evidence of the idea that kids these days are less responsible and are taking more risks and stuff like that. This generation, statistically, is a goody-two-shoes,” he said.

Back in the good old days, David attended a wild Castle Street party and hooked up with a woman (gasp). “We still talk,” he said, expressing surprise that the misso he got with that day stayed friendly with him after the dirty deed was done, as we all are.

Student life isn’t all piss-ups, though. “You have much greater comforts to be thankful for, but there’s also a lot more pressure,” he said, “there’s much more competitiveness in study. It’s easy to rag on students, but by and large, students today are much, much, better behaved and more responsible than they used to be and face much higher competition.”

The smoke fewer ciggies, though. “How do you even afford them,” asked David, “what are they now, \$38 a pack? That’s like, a lot.” Yes, that is a lot. “And that’s an outrageous policy but we won’t even get into that.”

David said that vaping is “such a good example of free enterprise actually helping people quit something dangerous and live healthier lives. And then state control makes it as difficult as possible for people to stop sucking tar into their lungs and start sucking water vapour.”

We finished the interview with a nerf gun competition. Neither man won. Both were disappointed. On the way out, a bemused Seymour signed the office copy of Murdoch Stephen’s excellent 2020 novel, *Rat King Landlord*, wishing millennials “best wishes” on their quest to end the landlord class.

Thanks, David. We’re gonna sell that for at least \$150 one day.

S



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Otago University Stops Funding The Conversation

Academics will soon resort to disreputable publications like Critic Te Arohi

By Quintin Jane (R1)

The University of Otago has stopped funding academic publication The Conversation as part of pandemic-era budget cuts. Every other University in New Zealand currently funds the service, according to the logos displayed on the publication's website.

The Conversation, launched in 2011, is an open source, not-for-profit platform for academics across the globe to publish informed pieces in their area of expertise, which are often picked up by media outlets.

A University spokesperson confirmed that academic staff were not broadly consulted on the decision. They noted that the University will continue to maintain commercial relationships with Newsroom and The Spinoff.

Over 100 University staff penned an open letter to the Vice-Chancellor's Advisory Group (VCAG)

urging them to reconsider their decision.

"We question the wisdom of this particular decision," the letter said. "We would like to be assured VCAG has considered all of the direct and indirect value this on-line publication offers to society, the University and individual staff."

The letter noted that in 2020, University of Otago authors contributed 46 articles to The Conversation, 29 of which were picked up by Stuff and 14 by the New Zealand Herald. These articles had a global reach of 3.2 million article reads.

Science Communication Professor Nancy Longnecker spearheaded the letter. She said that this was the "worst possible time" to cut funding. Since New Zealand has had such a successful response to the Covid-19 pandemic, there is currently huge interest in the research and commentary coming out of Otago. "Many

media outlets these days are very stretched in terms of not having specialist science reporters, and not having the time because the news cycle is so quick. Something like The Conversation provides a platform where academics can provide a thoughtful and well documented piece of information that can be used."

Professor Longnecker said that by cutting funding to The Conversation, the University has restricted academics' access to mainstream publications.

A spokesperson for the University said they would prefer to keep their relationship with The Conversation, but that this decision was necessary to maintain service levels for students and to avoid staff redundancies. The University will be reviewing this decision in 2022.

To listen to the full story, tune in to Radio One News on Thursday 15 April.

Hyde Resident Concerned About Funding Party's Music

What if we just linked up a few UE Booms for Hyde and played Darude Sandstorm on repeat?

A Hyde resident was surprised to discover that OUSA does not fund the music or staging at the Hyde Street Party. Organising the DJs and music is left up to the residents.

"Imagine the party without music," Amelia said. "I was astounded."

OUSA's CEO, Debbie Downs, said that the "Hyde Street event requires an enormous amount of resourcing from OUSA, the cost of which is substantial and mostly includes safety and security measures". She said that OUSA has "never programmed any entertainment or covered the costs of staging/production for flats".

"No flat is under any obligation to provide entertainment, the number of DJs on the street changes every year depending on what residents want for that year," Debbie said.

Amelia said that the Hyde residents were contacted by an event organiser who explained how the funding usually works. "Basically they said we run it and we provide everything to do with music and private security for the guys who are on stage. I think it's morally not right that OUSA take credit for the party without providing the music or helping the event organisers," she said.

After Critic spoke to Amelia, she sent us a screenshot of a message from one of the event organisers who help the residents with music. "Looks like we jumped the gun a wee bit", the message said. "We've just been informed by OUSA that they're going to help us out with the stage/sound system this year to make sure everything runs as smooth as possible."

Amelia said she was "happy that the guys (DJs/organisers) are getting help from OUSA".

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

NO HYDE? NO WORRIES!
7TH APRIL - 17TH APRIL

TOP 40 DJs
Fri 9th | 9pm - Late

NICHOLAS FRANCHISE UNLEASH: THE FRANCHISE TOUR
Fri 16th | 8pm - 12am

CORSTAL X DISTORTED PRESENT: ALIGNMENT TOUR
Thu 15th | 8pm - 12am

NEXUS EVENTS PRESENTS: WILLY MAV
Sat 17th | 10pm - Late

STARTERS 157 frederick street startersbardunedin

Almost Half of Hyde Lottery Winners Don't Follow Through

"Oi, come Hyde bro" isn't as convincing as it used to be

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

802 students did not claim Hyde tickets in the most recent lottery, with work and money stopping many from going.

OUSA Events and Operations Venues Manager Jason Schroeder said that: "Overall there were 4,694 lottery registrations. The initial lottery returned 1,922 winners. Not all of these, however, took up the offer of tickets and as such a further 802 have been drawn from lottery and are about to be offered [the] chance to purchase tickets later." Quick math by Critic Te Arohi (which involved rounding up hundreds of students and counting off their fingers one by one) showed this meant 41.7% of first-round Hyde lottery winners did not end up buying tickets.

Students we talked to gave a variety of reasons

for giving up the chance to come Hyde. Harrison was caught in a capitalist clusterfuck: he got "fucked over by the power bill and they didn't refund my money before cut off". While he was willing to borrow money to pay for the tickets, he didn't, and "the pricks [at work] declined my leave anyway" even though he'd "applied for it ages ago". Similarly, Lam was "waiting for money to come in" before purchasing the \$50 tickets, "but it came in after the cut off time... like 10 minutes later".

Critic Te Arohi is convinced that a malicious globalist plot is hell-bent on sabotaging Hyde and is not above abusing inbuilt power imbalances within Aotearoa New Zealand's neoliberal financial and economic systems to do it. By slightly altering payment settlement times between multinational banks, a ripple

effect occurs wherein StudyLink payments (coincidentally) come in just moments after the cut-off times for Hyde, restricting access to all but the moneyed upper-classes.

Only a complete and violent left-wing uprising, involving the systematic purging of the bourgeoisie 1%, allowing control of the means of production to return to the proletariat, will safeguard our sacred right to get absolutely shitfaced on a cold residential street in the middle of North Dunedin without pesky things like money and unsympathetic bosses getting in the way.

On the other hand, Emma said she didn't buy tickets because "none of my other mates won either". Our socialist revolution cannot do much about that.

Beerfest For JAFAs Went Well

You can now go to Beerfest twice a year

By Fox Meyer with additional reporting from Naomii Seah (Craccum)

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The Auckland Beerfest run by OUSA went well. "We think there's about 3,600 people here," said OUSA Events Manager Jason. He spoke over a background of rambling guitar and slurred conversations.

"OUSA gets some funding from the uni, but we are constantly having to find new revenue streams, and sometimes that means taking a risk," said Jason. Based on how lit the Dunedin Beerfest gets, OUSA decided that an Auckland version would bring in some cash as well.

And it was indeed a busy weekend. LAB was playing, the Beacon Festival was on, and the Home and Living show was pumping. Still, a couple thousand punters showed up to get pissed on craft beer, despite the many options of what to do that weekend. "Ah yeah issa great time bru," slurred one man. "We'd definitely come again next year," his missus said.

Jason reported that a good range of people came. "We're really happy with the turnout," he said. "Even if they're dressed like Aucklanders, haha."

The event made money for OUSA and breweries advertised Dunedin with a pint in hand. Posters showing Dunedin in all its glory were hung, and a big gothic Dunedin sign was displayed at the front of the event.

But some people were too sloshed to recognize that. "What, really? It's from Dunedin?" said one festival-goer. "Dunedin is, like, way on the other end of the country. Wow."

Regardless of whether or not the punters excelled at geography, OUSA still pocketed their cash. "I'm like six drinks down," said another man, "so I guess I'm vibing. I'd definitely come again." Ticket sales helped OUSA raise money this year, and based on the success, Jason said that they'd likely do it again.



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Breathas Pretend to be Reporters to Watch Themselves Get Tackled on CCTV

Impersonating Critic: a crime punishable by a Critic article about you

By Fox Meyer

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Hello,

I'm Joseph Fare from the Critic magazine and we would like to know if we could possibly have the cctv recordings of the smoking area where a couple people were seen jumping the fence and getting taken out by the bouncers. We'd like to make a story on the efforts of bouncers in the community and how they work to keep people safe.

Thanks heaps

Joseph Fare is not a Critic reporter. In fact, he's not even a real person.

Joseph Fare is one piece of an elaborate ruse constructed by five very crafty breathas. On 27 March (a Saturday night), Kev D Don and Malz Whare were hauled by the scruff of their necks from Starter's Bar. The boys were two of five members involved in a failed fence-jumping attempt that would lead them to pretending they work for Critic.

Wanting to relive the "very dusty night", the boys decided to email Starters to get CCTV footage under the pseudonym Joseph Fare, who claimed to be a reporter for Critic Te Arohi. Starters forwarded the email to OUSA, who forwarded it to Critic, saying "no, you can't have CCTV footage, that's a breach of privacy." Critic was like "wait, what? We never requested this. Who the fuck is Joseph Fare?"

So we did some sleuthing. We found "Joseph's" Soundcloud, and then his Facebook, and within an hour, Joseph and The Boys™ were sitting on our couch ready to relive their fraudulent exploits.

They gave us the full yarn of what happened that night.

"We couldn't be bothered waiting in the Starter's line," explained Kev. So him and The Boys decided to sneak in. "Most people jump the fence," he explained, "so we thought we'd take the sneaky route and just jump the roof, aye."

Some girls on the balcony of the upstairs flat showed them "the good spot" to jump the fence. Like a group of munted meerkats, The Boys stuck their heads above the fence, scanning the crowd for a good opportunity to sneak in. "I was like fuck it, this is our time," said Kev, "and I hopped over." He was immediately tackled by security. Not seeing security deck his mate, Malz followed Kev over. "I landed on my back and as soon as I got up I was on the ground again."

Kev and The Boys hold no grudges against security, who dragged the two out, scuffling them up a bit on the way. "While they were draggin' us out we were like yeah right, fair play," said Kev. "Security's doing a good job aye."

Josh didn't hop the fence. He'd seen what had happened to his two partners in crime, and backed off with "the Bro Tom." The last man, Lukey, was successful. "I wasn't at Starters at the time, but I heard "yo The Boys are on the roof", so he made his way to the bar to join. "I got to Starters and saw how long the line was, so I just waited until security wasn't looking and just walked right in the front."

Lukey was eating munchies when he saw two boys getting dragged out. "I realized, yo, that's Malz and Kev, I know them," said Lukey. He didn't intervene. "We heard people cheering as we got dragged out," said Kev. "We were like yo, nice, but then it turned out they were cheering for security."

The Boys aren't keen to repeat their adventure, and don't recommend their route to others. "After what happened", said a scratched-up Kev, "we're happy just sitting in line next time."

The Boys do know how to write a convincing request for comment, though. If their cat-burglar career falls through, they may make for excellent journalists.

Otago Tutors and Demonstrators Have Formed a "Network"

ominous music plays in the background

By Erin Gourley

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Tutors and demonstrators at Otago Uni have formed a network aimed at getting better, and more consistent, pay rates.

Spokesperson for the Otago Tutors and Demonstrators Network, Joshua James, said that the Network was started because "we've heard anecdotally many breaches of employment law (such as tutors being expected to do unpaid work), and many breaches of the university's own policy when it comes to tutors (policy says that all tutors and demonstrators must have an induction prior to the start of the contract — many are not being given this)."

The first step of the Network was to release a survey on their Facebook page, to "formalise this anecdotal data into more concrete evidence and present it to HR showing the glaring

irregularities" in the pay rates of tutors and demonstrators.

Allie*, a tutor in the Humanities, said that tutors and demonstrators are "a group of people who have never in the past had the opportunity to discuss with one another their conditions and pay." "

"I feel like the end goal [of the network] is to unionise the tutor and demonstrator workforce," she said. "I'm furious that nothing's happened before. I've only just become a tutor and I had no idea that it was this bad."

"For doing more or less the same things, there's completely different treatment across lots of different disciplines and faculties and divisions."

Allie gave the example that she was paid for two hours prep time per tutorial, whereas some tutors were given up to five. She attributed the treatment of tutors to the fact that they were students with "less experience in the workforce [and] greater proximity to your career prospects".

"Many tutors and demonstrators don't feel valued by the university, despite their important role in higher education, so we will be suggesting ways to HR that these roles could be improved," Joshua said.

You can find the Otago Tutors and Demonstrators Network on Facebook or email otagotdn@gmail.com.

*Name changed.

ODT Watch

Too tight for rubbish truck

JOHN LEWIS

DUNEDIN'S Cosy Dell is getting a little too cosy for some residents who say their street is being blocked by people parking on both sides of the narrow road.



"I want you to drive that rubbish truck / Right into this Cosy Dell" – Cardi B, 2021, after reading about Cosy Dell's struggles in the ODT and amending the lyrics to WAP.

"He said 'you go off first', so I teed off and bang, a hole-in-one.

That's hot.



"HEEEERE'S JOHNNY!" says My Mate John's Furniture Warehouse's Easter mascot, a terrifying bunny who we can only assume is based on Jack Nicholson in The Shining.

"I'm hoping we do get an impressive result because it shows the public they're [rabbits] still out there."

We must never forget that the rabbits are still out there.

IT was an egg-cellent opportunity to bring people together and celebrate the Easter tradition.

Take a shot for every egg pun the ODT made over Easter.

BIRDS tampering with a network were the cause of a "massive boom" which left an area of Te Anau without power yesterday.

Birds intentionally tampering with Te Anau's electricity supply again. What can you do.

The birds did not survive the event.

:(

N



PRESIDENT Michaela Waite-Harvey

Kia ora e taurira mā

A few weeks ago I hosted OUSA's race relations week panel and that brought forward some really important issues amongst students and staff here at Otago. The most obvious discussion point was on Mirror on Society, which is a lesson in positive change towards equity being challenged by closed minded individuals.

At the panel the Race Relations Commissioner Meng Foon very wisely said to fiercely protect affirmative action because we cannot leave equitable outcomes to chance, we must actively enrol and employ staff to write historical wrongs.

If you are at all passionate about protecting affirmative action pathways like Mirror on Society I implore you to do this: call out racism. If your friends, family, classmates or lecturers delve into racist rhetoric about Māori or

Pacific students being less worthy of their admission call it out. That rhetoric is what puts affirmative action in such a precarious position and what gives some decision makers the fuel to undo all the good work these policies achieve. OUSA and Te Roopū Māori sit on the Mirror on Society Review Committee and I want to reassure you that we'll be fighting to protect the policy and its exceptional outcomes for students, I hope you can do this small act for Karamea and I to make our work on the committee that much more powerful.

If you're super passionate about this topic and want to have a korero, email me at president@ousa.org.nz

Ngā mihi,

Michaela Waite-Harvey

Michaela x

ousa
EXECUTIVE

WEEK 3 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS:

3. Universal, 7. Inane, 8. Spry, 10. Arana, 11. Beer pong, 12. Original, 14. Motu, 15. Ibis, 17. Westport, 20. Children, 22. Matte, 23. Huia, 24. Roast, 25. Nightmare

DOWN:

1. Waikato, 2. Greta, 4. Image, 5. Support, 6. Wasabi, 9. Prompt, 11. Baldwin, 13. Inside, 16. Beijing, 18. Outlaw, 19. Theatre, 21. Extra, 22. Mario

WORDWHEEL ANSWER: Balance

LETTERSEARCH ANSWER: Wildlife

SUDOKU

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CROSSWORD

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ACROSS:

3. Underskirt (9)
7. Catastrophic (11)
9. Basically weed for cats (6)
12. Caribbean island: ____ Rico (6)
15. ____ Winfrey (5)
16. Pasta sauce that includes parmesan and butter (7)
17. Diet that excludes dairy and grains (5)
18. Remorse (6)
21. 'Mountain' in te reo Māori (6)
23. This team recently beat the Crusaders in Christchurch (11)
25. Toroa is the Māori name for this bird (9)

DOWN:

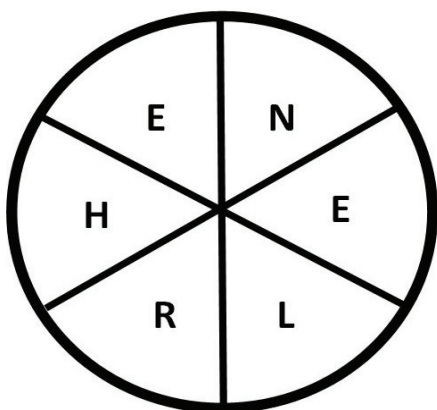
1. Powerhouse of the cell (12)
2. Noise that cows make (3)
3. Summit (4)
4. Kiwi ice cream brand (6)
5. Overused phrase (6)
6. Hidden reference in a game or movie (6,3)
8. Type of long-necked dinosaur whose name means 'thunder lizard' (12)
10. Breathe in (6)
11. Cs get ____ (7)
13. Ideal place (6)
14. Restore (9)
19. Evil takes a human form in ____ George (6)
20. Fasten (6)
22. Insects that form colonies (4)
24. Australia lost a war against this flightless bird (3)



LETTERSEARCH

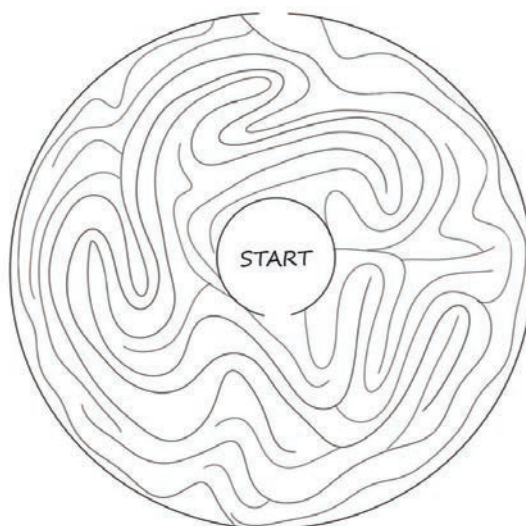
Find the letters hidden in the margins of the magazine's pages and unscramble them to find the mystery word.

WORD WHEEL



Insert the missing letter to find the word that runs either clockwise or anti-clockwise around the wheel.

MAZE



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.





LOCKED IN:

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN RAS WERE LOCKED DOWN IN RESIDENTIAL COLLEGES

BY ANNABELLE VAUGHAN

Lockdown exposed problems with residential colleges. Residential assistants (RAs, this year known as Sub-wardens) had heavy expectations placed on them. Whether it was managing first years' mental health or fighting for fair pay, lockdown placed a spotlight on conditions of work in residential colleges that have been ignored for too long.

In early 2020, concern about Covid-19 spread across the University, with students and staff wondering how colleges would operate when a lockdown was inevitably announced. Lydia, who worked as an RA at one of the University-owned colleges, said that when Covid-19 began to take hold in New Zealand, the "college had information that things were happening, but we weren't sure what it was". When the news of lockdown finally arrived, she was "waiting for it to happen" and "concerned with how it would work with classes for me, and the first years who hadn't experienced [university] before".

Talitha and Liam, who were RAs at one of the private, non-University owned colleges, said that the lockdown announcement sent students and staff into a frenzy. The first thing the students and RAs were told by college management was "go home if you can."

Liam felt as though from the very start this was terribly poor management. "It sent hysteria through the hall. People were terrified. They were sitting in the dining room bawling their eyes out, this had never happened before," he said. "I didn't feel like the planning was there, and it was so unorganised. We had over 100 people in a college and we were trying to plan bubbles of five with limited amounts of toilets, showers, and dining spaces."

The constantly rising alert levels and constant stream of news meant that everything was happening quickly. "The news would come out, then an hour later we were called into a meeting to discuss a plan of action," Talitha said. The lockdown announcement "freaked people out about finding flights home" and "students were asking me if the University was doing

anything about helping people get home," she said. She didn't have the answers to those questions.

Jamie Gilbertson, the Senior Warden of all Colleges, said that he began wondering what Covid-19 would look like in New Zealand when the pandemic started to bubble up on the news. "When we saw things on TV that were happening overseas, we all started thinking: 'what if?' As soon as we got back to work in January, the University started actively preparing," he said.

Many first years made the decision to go home. For Lydia, this meant there were only 60 residents left in her college. The remaining students were organised into smaller bubbles out of caution. "We got them to organise their own groups which meant they ate together, all of their social interaction was in that group, and they moved rooms so they were on the same floor." Lydia said that although the first years would be interacting, it was harder to form a deeper connection with students due to having to remain socially distanced. "The ability to mix groups and meet different types of people was limited."

Andy Walne, the Master of University College, said that the colleges acted on the advice of the Ministry of Health when it came to adhering to level 3 and level 4 restrictions. "A college was one bubble, but then within that we separated students into groups of four to six. Each bubble had their own dining area or bathrooms where that was feasible to do so and maintain social distancing within the college," he said.

As lockdown progressed, Liam described how it was difficult for RAs to ensure that first year students were still getting the services they were paying for, despite the circumstances. "People pay so much to go to a college, how do we maintain that service while there is a global pandemic?" he wondered. Talitha said that the experience of the first years was drastically different to what previous students had experienced. "The alert levels and online classes, with no experience of being in a lecture theatre, or going to rugby games, experiencing what we would have known. It's really tough, I feel for them," she said.

People were terrified. They were sitting in the dining room bawling their eyes out, this had never happened before.

The RAs who stayed in their colleges were expected to maintain a relationship with students who had left through online methods. "We still had to manage all of our students through social distancing and the ones who were away at home, we had to be talking to them regularly. It was difficult and time consuming just to be able to connect with these people all around the country. We had to write reports on students that had gone home every two weeks. We had more team meetings, and more phone calls," Liam said. "I had a few overseas students, so finding ways to communicate with them in a different time zone was difficult. People would talk about their home or financial situation, and that was difficult."

Problems arose when the colleges announced a policy that RAs would be paid the same, regardless of whether they stayed at the college or went home. "There was a level of dislike for the policy of 'you get paid the same if you go home.' There were cases of RAs staying and then leaving after this decision was made. There was a bit of 'we're doing all the work, but they're getting paid the same,'" Lydia said.

Liam said his role became more time intensive at the college due to having to enforce rules, as well as providing online support. Lydia worked longer hours too. Liam said that the (non-University owned) college never accounted for the amount of extra time that the RAs were working. "We were working way over 20 hours and still being expected to pay the same amount for our hall per week," he said.

"For the first week of lockdown we didn't have any other staff coming in, some of us were doing admin work, even security and maintenance. We were given ten minute slots to talk to residents, but I would spend extra time on the phone with them making sure they were okay," said Talitha. With added responsibility, came more hours which ended up being questioned by management. "When we were writing down how many hours we were doing, we got questioned and started keeping log time sheets. For a lot of us, it came out we were spending a lot more time communicating with these residents than the staff thought we were."

The RAs at Talitha's college did get an extra Covid payment, but "that was after [a] back and forth of them not wanting to give it to us," she said.

In regards to the University owned colleges, Jamie Gilbertson said that every college's response to Covid-19 was different. "People had to make a decision whether to stay or go which took a little bit of time, and we helped with that as best we could. It was difficult for everybody," he said. In terms of changes to RA roles, Jamie said that "all the concepts of pastoral care continued, but it was in a national pandemic, so the context changed."

Liam thinks that the lack of pay, draining conditions and excessive hours exposed the inequities which still exist for RAs, especially those in privately owned, affiliate colleges. "I think it's totally fucked that we pay around 17k a year for a service which we don't fully receive. There is no pastoral care or academic support offered to RAs. I found it tone deaf that the University was implementing these payments and recognising the extra work Sub-warden's had done, but affiliate colleges weren't implementing it. It's unfair," said Liam.

Liam said that the privately owned colleges were on the defensive when it came to questions about pay and fair conditions. "This is a business to them, this is profit to them. It should be a public good — not to profit off young students or their parents," he said.

Liam quickly became fed up with the lack of action, and decided to take matters into his own hands. He started a union for RAs, making submissions to the college board about the unfair treatment he and his co-workers faced in comparison to other colleges.

"There wasn't [any extra support,] and nothing that we didn't fight for. I don't know why we expected something, Covid didn't stop the terrible things that happen in colleges, it made it intensify. We were never pulled up and asked 'what's your situation?' There was no talk around our financial or family situations," he said.

Jamie was optimistic about what RAs got from the lockdown. "You can't get this from a training course, how to manage a community in a pandemic. We really value RAs. They are our front line, they got a unique experience. It was remarkable when I look back on it," he said. "We didn't ask for it and we didn't expect it, but we went on a journey that proved to be interesting and the community spirit shone through."

Andy thinks that if another lockdown were to occur, all colleges are prepared and have fine-tuned their policies. "We've got a better idea of what's coming, we'd be able to give them more confidence from the start as we would know what's coming."

The former RAs said there is a long way to go when it comes to equity and sufficient support for RAs. But they would still encourage others to give the job a go. "If you have the heart for it and you care for young people, then do it. It's unpredictable, anything can happen. Just because Covid is there, it shouldn't prevent you from doing anything you want to," said Talitha.

"Heaps of people I know have gone back again," said Liam, "but it isn't tinted with rose coloured glasses anymore." He doesn't think things will change in residential colleges until a law change requires better support for students and RAs.

THE COMMITTEE:

A TALE OF CASH, COCKTAILS AND CONSPIRACY

BY ELLIOT WEIR



It's August 2018. You're in Year 13. You're covered in pimples, you don't know how to blowdry your hair, and your fashion sense is what can only be described as preppy-grunge. Your on-and-off high school girlfriend has just broken up with you because you had a Skype call with another girl. Zoom is just a thing that Sonic does when he goes fast.

You're in Dunedin for a tour of Otago Uni with your family, even though you don't want to think about Uni. You don't know what you want to do with your life but you're excited to wear your leavers hoodie for an embarrassingly long period of time after you graduate at the end of the year.

On your way to meet up with your family to visit Otago Museum, you pass Mellor Laboratories, in its final days of construction. It looks like something from a sci-fi universe, except for one concrete wall, crumbling from years of neglect. Beneath it is a corridor leading into the ground. Thinking you'll stumble upon a circle of tradies having their smoko, you follow the tunnel. Instead, it leads to a grand iron door with a digital door lock. For the meme, you punch 6969 into the keypad and to your surprise the door swings open to reveal an enormous hall with a long meeting table in the centre.



At the head of the table sit distinguished-looking old men and women adorned in university robes. You recognise Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne, and sitting beside her, her alter ego Charlene Chainz. They look identical, except Charlene slouches low in her seat wearing a durag and gold chains. Also seated at the table are police officers, city councillors, and men in suits, with larger, musclier men in suits and speed-dealer sunnies standing in the shadows behind them.

Maps, diagrams, documents, and photos are scattered across the table. One diagram shows George Street covered in coloured dots and details about a lab in Wuhan. Another has a map of Coastal East Otago with 'Evil Lead Poisoning 2021 Plan (Revised Edition)' stamped on it in bold red letters.

The boomers on Dunedin News are right. They've always been right, you realise with a gasp. Your eyes are now wide open.

The apparent leader of this sinister cabal approaches you, gives you a large envelope, and tells you to take it in exchange for never speaking of what you just saw ever again, or else. You peek inside and see a fat wad of cash and a gold and blue ring. You're scared shitless at this point and so you nod your head and scamper outside, trying to process what you just saw. As you catch your breath at the bottom of the tunnel, you overhear voices from back inside the creepy assembly room.



"Where's the ring?"

"Oh shit. It was still in the envelope."

"Find the boy. Unless he manages to dump \$20,000 in a day it can't be hard to find a scrawny kid with a wad of cash. Get the ring back. Whatever it takes. The Committee depends on it."

"Find the boy. Unless he manages to dump \$20,000 in a day it can't be hard to find a scrawny kid with a wad of cash. Get the ring back. Whatever it takes. The Committee depends on it."

You hurry away, slowly realising the enormity of what has just happened. You're stuck with 20 grand in cash and a creepy ring. If you keep it, The Committee will hunt you down and probably throw you into the Leith. "You'll be sleeping with the fishes," mutters Charlene Chainz in your imagination. You shudder.

If you give the cash away to someone, you risk roping them into this mess. You're going to have to get rid of it without a trace, ASAP. No expensive jewellery, designer drugs, or a truckload of goon. You don't know what you're going to do, but you're sure as shit not showing up to the family museum tour.

FIND THE BOY!!!



When thinking of ways to burn through a lot of cash quickly, arcades are the first thing that comes to mind. As a high schooler, you want nothing more than a Timezone in the Meridian Mall. One with Mario Kart, DDR, and maybe even bumper cars. Alas it's 2018, and you can only dream of such luxury. Megazone is your only option, so you head there. You head straight for the games without giving laser-tag a second thought. Speedrunning a game of minigolf takes you about 15 minutes and only burns through \$9. Then you head to space invaders, burning through \$60 in about half an hour.

You give the basketball game a try because you suck at shooting hoops, but as you pay for your second game a tall, handsome, dark-haired guy walks up and asks to join. Flustered at his smile, you stammer out a "yeah sure". You struggle to keep your eyes off his shitty band t-shirt even as he wins your game with more than double your score.

"Again?" he asks, as your eyes meet his and he reaches over to pay for the next game for both of you.

This could work, you think to yourself. We could run off to Mexico together. We could get married in a little chapel on the beach and sunbathe on the sand together. He doesn't need to know about The Committee. Shit. The Committee. No, you can't bring him into this.

You run out of MegaZone and into the street, only \$80 dollars poorer. You could go to the Dunedin Casino, but you're only 18 and you feel like with your luck, you'd end up with more money than you started with anyways.



Your next best idea is to repeatedly go down the Moana Pool hydro-slide. You think it will cost every time you go down the slide, but upon arrival you realise you only have to pay once for the full swim and slide experience, unless of course you go down the slide, sprint outside the pool, tear off your wristband, and re-enter. So that's what you do. Pretending you're not a student, you pay the full \$12.50 entry fee, strip to your underwear, sprint up the tower, slide down, then run outside and pay again. The slide itself only takes 50 seconds to travel down, but the extra steps add another 5 minutes every time.



You only last five slides before the lifeguard bans you for running near the pool, not wearing proper swimming attire, and just generally freaking everybody else out. You walk out of Moana Pool, 30 minutes and \$62.50 later.

Thinking back to why you came to Dunedin gives you more inspiration. Lecture theatres can be rented out at a steep price, even just to watch Netflix, and this is exactly what you need. You hire Castle Two at \$590 for a session. Despite the session lasting more than a few hours, you only have time for one 24 minute episode of Garth Marengi's Darkplace on the big screen.

The day is turning to evening and you still have \$19200 to yeet, so at this point there's one real solution. Get shitfaced.



You quite like the idea of buying the most expensive drinks at the bougiest bars, and given what you've burnt through on a night out before it can't be hard to get rid of even more when you're actually trying to. At Pequeño, you sit on the fancy leather couch and down five \$19 martinis one after another like a tragic James Bond. You also order a couple of even fancier cocktails and down those, before leaving for the next bar on this upmarket pub crawl you've embarked upon. You visit Carousel followed by Zanzibar and get kicked out of each for the state you're in, but not before downing half-a-dozen cocktails of the most top-shelf liquor they had in stock.

Absolutely trolleyed, stumbling down George Street at 10.30pm, and still holding onto about \$18700, there's one last thing you can think of to try and spend this money. Heading to AskOtago, you demand to enrol in study for 2019. Somehow you make yourself clear through slurred sentences and they oblige. After some discussion, you enrol in a Bachelor of Science. Just to make sure that money really goes to waste, you add a MFCO minor. When you ask to pay upfront in cash however, you're reminded about the fees free first year that's just been implemented. Dammit Jacinda.



It's time to do what you should have done in the first place. You break into a Castle St flat, steal a couch, stuff the wad of cash into an old couch cushion, and set the whole thing on fire in the street. You return to your parents drunk and scared, but at least you've gotten rid of the cash. You feel your pockets to double check there's no change lying around and find the ring is still there. You decide to keep it. After all, it can't be that important right?

THREE YEARS LATER

You have fewer pimples, better style, and you've spent a lot more than 20 grand on your time at uni. Your MFCO minor arguably got you somewhere and you're writing for Critic Te Arohi. You've suppressed the memories of the events three years prior and the envelope is still locked away in your desk drawer. You are writing a feature on student drinking culture and harm reduction when you get an email from Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne. She tells you that she knows who you are, and asks you to meet later today.

In a dank room beneath the clocktower, she explains that the money The Committee gave to you three years ago was intended to be used to find a replacement Vice-Chancellor when Harlene left. The ring should be held by the heir to the Vice-Chancellorship. It holds the power of The Committee, she tells you. The Committee thought they'd lost the ring for good, until your familiar face started showing up in Critic recently.

The Vice-Chancellor begs you to give up the ring and offers to pay off all of your student debt, and provide a lifetime's supply of craft beer and fancy cocktails.

You refuse. You walk out of the dimly lit room knowing you have to destroy the ring at all costs and strip The Committee of its grasp on power.

With another gasoline-soaked couch next to you and a lighter in one hand, you open the envelope ready to cast the ring into the fire and destroy it. The Dunedin sun reflects off the ring as you pull it out of the envelope. It shimmers in the light, emanating a glow that you can't help but be transfixed by.



In a moment of egomania, you slip the ring on your finger and feel the power surge through your hand and arm to your chest.

After all, why not? Why shouldn't you keep it?



You are the Vice Chancellor of Otago University now, and you have The Committee in the palm of your hand. You let out an evil laugh and look up to the sky.





DUNEDIN'S VEGAN FOOD REVIEW

CRITIC WENT BROKE EATING OUT FOR A WEEK SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

BY KEEGAN WELLS

JITSU



I tried out the spicy tofu pirikara and the spicy katsu vegan meat bento. The spicy tofu, although not all that spicy, was great due to the sheer size of the 'fu. It was a slab of pressed soy you could build a shithouse out of.

To say my life was changed forever after the spicy katsu bento box may be an exaggeration, but words cannot describe the beauty of this dish. It made me feel ugly. The box doesn't even have skin and hair but I compared myself to it anyways, and lost. It could've bullied me in primary school and gotten away with it because it of being so pretty. It's the kind of box that never gets a speeding ticket.

The fake meat was insanely crispy and mimicked the texture of actual meat. The pickled veggies, wee spring rolls and dumplings were great as well.

Pairs well with: My first orgasm

Price: \$17.50, have your parents take you here when you celebrate a big accomplishment (no, passing BSNS113 doesn't count)

Rating: 9/10. Worth making a sober walk to the Octagon, or trying to find parking in Octagon

KIND COMPANY



Kind Company (formerly Kind Grocer) is a bougie vegan cafe located on George St. The food is exceptional and varied, from sweet banoffee hotcakes to keto-vegan bowls and BBQ burgers. They also have delicious cabinet food that changes daily but usually includes donuts, sandwiches, salads, and raw slices.

The only thing I could afford after spending a lot of money this week was the \$10 meatball sandwich, which was delicious. The sauce was plentiful, bread was fresh, and I couldn't tell it was fake meat.

The downside is the price. Most of the lunches cost at least \$24, smoothies and shakes around \$11 and alcoholic drinks range from \$10 to \$22, which made my wallet say "please stop". This is me crying out for a sugar daddy so I can drink vegan alcoholic shakes.

Pairs well with: Trendy vegans and Instagram influencers

Price: May as well be international student fees

Rating: 7/10. The food is delicious, but you need the vice chancellor's salary to pay for it

LET THEM EAT VEGAN



This is a cute shop tucked away behind Beam Me Up Bagels in centre city. It seems they subscribe to the “only open three hours a week” fad which is popular among vegan places. It took me three tries to find them open.

They offer a menu that changes daily, composed of a hot sandwich, cold baguette, a burrito of some sort, and a pie. Their tofu banh mi baguette is delicious. The sauce, the jalapenos, and the crispy tofu combine for an incredible flavour profile.

Unfortunately, a lot of their not-meats/uncheeses taste very similar. I’ve ridden Let Them Eat Vegan once. I feel like they’re gonna start asking me to follow their Soundcloud if I give them too much attention.

Pairs well with: Picnics and cottage core lesbians

Price: A good food to cost ratio (\$10)

Rating: 7/10

WATSON'S EATERY

In my fresher days, I would find a boy to hook up with just so that I didn’t have to walk back from the Octy. The move was convenient, but it’s no longer to my taste. Watson’s is similar. It seemed amazing when I first got to Duns, but now I find it overpriced and feel it doesn’t offer anything special.

I ordered a hot cross donut and a cauliflower wrap. The cauliflower wrap was pretty good. They offer nice sauces, but it wasn’t anything to write home about. The hot cross donut, however, was absolutely delicious. It was filled with a creamy center of cinnamon and nutmeg and reminded me of all the other walks home from the Octy that ended in creamy centres.

Pairs Well With: School uniforms and learning to kiss in the Meridian Mall

Price: Just take my kidney already

Rating: 7/10



BURGER PLANT



I don’t think Burger Plant is that exceptional so I brought along my flattie who’s in love with it, to balance it out. We split the chook bites with spicy sauce for \$4, I got the regular cheeseburger, and she got the Mumbai.

The chook bites were not chicken-like, but they were extremely crispy, and the sauce was delicious. For \$4, you can’t go wrong. The best part of my burger was the pickles, but my flatmate raved on and on about the butter chicken sauce on hers. I also tried the \$5 sundae, which was huge and had heaps of caramel on it.

Pairs well with: DnB music and young vegan breathas

Price: Great deals on smaller meals, similar prices to non-vegan places re: burgers

Rating: 7/10

DOMINOS

Dominos is like that kid from my small hometown: you only see him on the piss, real dusty, or making headlines. If you eat cheese, you’d probably hate their vegan cheese, but I’m used to settling.

Dominos dropped the ball by taking away the vegan Hawaiian pizza with fake ham, which was amazing. The veg trio with vegan cheese isn’t terrible but cooked spinach on pizza is gross. Overall, not the best but I’ll come back when I don’t want to cook.

Pairs well with: ‘I don’t drink on an empty stomach’

Price: Not nearly as bad as realizing you’ve spent \$3 buying sambuca shots for freshers

Rating: 5/10. This would be higher if they still had vegan Hawaiian



NANDOS



Nandos is the quiet kid on the fast-food block who's always been there but is only just starting to come out of their shell. You're out in town with the lads, and your mate Mark, the Archbishop of Banterbury, suggests you take the banter bus downtown for a cheeky Nandos. But Danny, who's an absolute Bantersaurus Rex, has been vegan for a year now, not to mention this meme has been dead for even longer.

Nandos has evolved recently, and sports a new menu with multiple veggie and vegan options. Their Great Pretender protein may not taste exactly like chicken, but the texture and peri peri flavour is undeniably yum, even if you do have to get the max spiciness to really get any spiciness at all. Up your spice game Nandos, not all of us enjoy a barely mild butter chicken. The grilled broccolini is a surprising hit as well, and the chips are as good as ever.

Pairs well with: Bants

Price: A bit more than your average fast food, but less than your average vegan food

Rating: 8/10

MIGA HAKO

I am an absolute hoe for a good rice ball. Miga Hako have two options of vegan rice balls: sweet chili cauliflower, and edamame, carrot, and beetroot. Both options are \$3.50, which is incredibly reasonable. The cauliflower, which you can also get served on rice with other veggies, is god-like. The cauli bits are crispy and the sweet chili sauce they use is absolutely fantastic.

They have a range of options, but no fake meat, which is okay because everything else is so tasty anyway. It's quick, close to uni, and hits the mark every time. You also get to see Richard, who is the Dave from Maharajas of Korean food.

Pairs well with: Subtle flirtation with Richard

Price: Quite reasonably priced for food that makes me feel like a healthy vegan

Rating: 8.5/10



A CAN OF BAKED BEANS



It's a dusty Sunday. You can't be fucked driving anywhere and your house has already been blacklisted for one too many frubers. You're broke from eating out vegan every night this week. You look on your food shelf, and there, in all her glory, is a can of baked beans. Now, in my experience, warm beans are better, but that's not technically necessary. Cold beans work just as well.

You know what they say. "Give a man a bean, he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to bean, and he'll be a bean for life." Canned beans are the perfect meal. Filling, incredibly cheap, and if you eat directly from the can, the only dish you gotta wash is the spoon. Next time you see someone eating their cold beans in central, maybe don't be so judgmental. They could be the next Jesus.

Pairs well with: Sitting on the toilet and using Poop Map

Price: Cheaper than my old boss

Rating: 6.5/10. Points were deducted for the dignity you lose eating cold beans

 **Nando's**
Great Pretender



**HIGH-PROTEIN
PLANT-BASED PATTY**

Available now at
Nando's Octagon.

Let Us Live:

TW: sexual assault, harassment, femicide

Ōtepoti and the world need to address gender-based violence

By Eileen Corcoran (R1 News Reporter)

Sarah Everard followed all the rules women are taught from birth. She spoke to her boyfriend as she walked through a park home at 9pm on a Wednesday, she wore comfortable and warm clothes, and shoes made for running. Still, it didn't save her. She was killed on March 3 2021. A police officer is on trial for her murder.

In the month since Sarah was murdered, women around the world have been united in mourning, fear and maybe most prominently, rage. In London, a vigil for Sarah at Clapham Common — the site of her murder — was met with a heavy-handed police response, only exacerbating that fury. Closer to home, a protest in Pōneke on March 31 was attended by hundreds, rallying behind a simple message: let us live.

Sarah's murder, committed by a strange man in the dark, represents a fear deeply held by most women and gender minorities. However, the severity of this fear does not represent reality — sexual offences where the victim and offender are strangers are only a minority of sexual offenses in New Zealand. Most are committed by current or former partners, family members, or those otherwise known to the victim.

In Aotearoa, one in three women experiences sexual or physical violence at the hands of a partner in her lifetime. 50% of women murdered in this country are killed by a current or former partner. Sexual and gender-based violence occurs in relationships of all kinds and must not be viewed in a binary manner, but the vast majority is perpetrated by men, and most victims are women. Sarah's murder is not a random, isolated tragedy. It is symptomatic of a global epidemic of violence towards women, as well as gender minorities.

Since January 2019, New Zealand Police data shows that 944 sexual offences have been reported to police in the Southern police district (which covers Ōtepoti as well as the Otago and Southland provinces). Only a minority of sexual assaults are reported to police in Aotearoa. A report from the Ministry of Justice in 2020 estimated that only 6% of women who are sexually assaulted report it to authorities.

Three Otago University students were disciplined with regards to sexual assaults last year, but as Thursdays in Black representatives told Critic earlier in the year, this likely only represents a small percentage of sexual assaults within the student population. Karyn Thomson, Director of Student Services at Otago, says there are numerous reasons students who have been sexually assaulted might not seek support or justice, including fear of retaliation from the offender, fear of shame and judgment, and the impact of going through the court process upon their study and lives. She identified Te Whare Tāwharau as the primary provider of support for students affected by sexual assault, saying the shelter "blends academic

research and expertise with best-practice" in preventing sexual violence and supporting victims.

Dr Melanie Beres, Associate Professor in the School of Social Sciences at Otago University, says that despite the low statistical likelihood of a woman being sexually assaulted by a stranger, the prevalence of street harassment and catcalling "erodes that feeling of safety, even if the people doing it have no intention of physical harm." Commonplace kinds of sexual harassment feed into a culture where women and gender minorities are forced to change their day-to-day actions to feel safer.

Rebecca Shepherd, an executive member of Thursdays in Black Otago, says that widely held attitudes to women's safety, "broad attitudes which a lot of people have, and don't always realise they have", are the underlying factor in the issues that we face in moving towards a world without sexual violence.

No single approach is going to solve every aspect of sexual assault and gendered violence. Thomson says Campus Watch escort upward of 30 students home on busy nights, and all Campus Watch teams have at least one female staff member. She says that the University plays an active role in creating a safe environment for its community, and that Campus Watch is "the only tertiary campus [with a] 24/7/365 security/pastoral care service in New Zealand."

Dr Beres says trust needs to be built between police and marginalized communities, such as Māori and Pasifika populations as well as the community. She says that a trusting relationship between the police and those communities "takes a long time to build, but not a lot of time to dismantle." Without that trust, members of those communities are far less likely to approach police after being assaulted.

Rebecca believes that improving education around sex and consent is a crucial factor in reducing instances of sexual assault — not only in schools, but in universities and within the police. She said tertiary institutions "need to be held responsible for things that happen on campus."

A study out of Auckland University earlier this year, led by Associate Professor Janet Fanslow, emphasised that engaging men and boys in education around consent and sexual assault is crucial, as they are most likely to perpetrate such crimes. According to Thomson, Te Whare Tāwharau do offer prevention programmes within residential colleges at Otago. But if such programmes are the answer, it will take a lot of care to structure and teach them correctly.

To listen to the story, tune in to R1 News on Monday 12 April.

The Critic Mid-Sem Haiku Competition

Nothing screams Easter like a haiku competition. We asked you to send in haikus and you did, in moderate numbers, so thanks. While only the top 20 could be published and only the top 5 get tote bags, we were in equal parts inspired and depressed by all of them. If you wrote one of the poems in the top 5, email features@critic.co.nz or message our Facebook to claim your tote bag.

You sent us haikus
We laughed, counted syllables
Art is beautiful
– Critic Te Arohi

Top 15

I shit my pants on
Castle street I regret it
drugs can suck my nuts
– A participant of sex

Winter draws near now
time to stop buying long whites
here come the long nights
– Oscar

Health scis in the lib
Body parts on MacBook screens
When will their dreams die?
– Sean

Drinking all break long
get my school shit done in time?
Not a fucking chance
– Jesse

I WRITE THIS REPORT
WHAT THE FUCK IS A D-LOOP
JUDGEMENT AT MIDNIGHT
– Nicholas

The UberEats guy,
On my front doorstep again.
(I just love dumplings)
– Lauren

Sexy rubber shoes
Good for sleeping or standing
Have sex in your crocs
– Ku

I wrote a haiku
I wrote it for the Critic
They did not like it
– Dave

In my flat alone
I will study for mid terms
Oops I am now drunk
– Matt

Bless that one student
Asking dumb questions again,
So we don't have to.
– Lauren

I run up and down
Flights of stairs in Richardson,
Because lifts scare me.
– Lauren

Friend request from Kate-
Invite to join Sign-Up Club.
Unfriend. Fuck off Kate.
– Ben

My flatmates never
Change the toilet paper roll
I want to change flats
– Briar

To the bestest Bills
Quack Quack Quack Quack Quack Quack Quack
Spread the love my dudes
– Kama

Goon mixed with a sprite
A cheap way to get wasted
Dollar per standard
– John

Winners



My flat loves hummus
We have a big wall of lids
There are thirty lids
– Avery



Write your wanton words
A harsh critic tells the truth;
Mullets are not hot
– Phoebe



There is nothing like
A Crown, for picking it up
And putting it down
– Liam



It's so long and hard
And I'm about to get fucked
Essay due midnight
– Romy



Richardson Building
Comfortingly robust frame
Cold concrete tower
– Simon

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MARGARET DAWSON *Koa. Nestor notabile* 1990. (detail) C type print mounted and laminated on hessian. Collection of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery.



LOCAL PRODUCE

By Susana Jones

Paddy Patterns

Additional reporting by
Sunaina Born (RI)

Paddy Patterns want to crack down on fast fashion, which is one of the reasons they started their business in the first place. "A big thing for us is reusing fabrics," they said. "Everyone's like, oh I need a new town top, time to go to Glassons. And it's like, please don't."

Paddy Patterns are just a pair of gals who make the loveliest handmade clothes (mostly tops) from funky, retro, preloved materials. Emily and Allie, both students at Otago, are the big brains behind Paddy Patterns.

"We've been friends since year seven. We started making some very debatable clothing then," they said.

Emily and Allie started to take sewing more seriously at the end of last year, when their friends showed interest. "We were like, you know what, let's make this into a little business and start selling from Instagram," they said. "We just got way too many clothes but we didn't wanna stop sewing, so we thought to make clothes for other people. We were already doing thrift-flips and fixing stuff, so that naturally went into making our own stuff."

"Personally, I don't want to support fast fashion anymore because I know how important it is not to. I think about how sore my back gets from sitting there at a sewing machine, imagine the people who are doing that and

not getting paid enough."

The gals get all the material for their tops second-hand, from all around the country. "We use all this really cool fabric that sits in op-shops and would otherwise get used as rags. We've thrifted stuff all the way from Auckland right down to Dunedin."

So, how do you get your hands on their creations? "We do custom orders for anyone. Just message us through Instagram. We'll send pictures of fabrics, get the style and size, and then we'll meet you at Uni or post it if you're not in Dunedin."

They're quick as heck too, busting out pieces so fast it doesn't even feel inconvenient to support slow fashion. "We try to bust out custom orders within a couple of days and get them sent out as soon as we can. Most of the time we sit down and do multiple orders at the same time, four in a night maybe if we're going really well and concentrating".

Their prices are incredibly reasonable, hurting your pockets no more (actually, somewhat less) than Glassons would. "We want to cater to students. We think it's silly to be charging hundreds of dollars, or even \$50, for a top. We don't want anyone to be cheated out of their groceries for the week, it's not about that for us."

Emily and Allie clearly have heart and a vision.

"We're not trying to make an exclusive boutique brand. We want our fashion to be accessible for everyone," they said. "We try to make all our stuff as adjustable and changeable as we can. We want to be as inclusive as we can; we want to make stuff to fit people."

Family is a key part of their inspiration. "Each of our patterns and tops are named after someone that's special to us. It's all the things that we really love," they said. Emily's fashion icon is her brother, "only sometimes though. When he puts in effort, he looks really good," she said. Allie's current style icon is her "dad in the '90s".

"Seeing someone wearing our tops is worth way more than getting the money out of it," they said. "I saw someone in my lecture wearing one of our tops. I wanted to ask to get a photo, but I thought that might be really weird."

Emily and Allie are keen to venture into the world of dresses next. "We made a dress that we're still trying to perfect a pattern for. Tiered dresses, that's next on the to-do list."

Paddy Patterns are expecting to be at OUSA's next market day this month (21 April). To get your hands on one of their tops, DM them on Insta @paddypatterns. Listen to Sunaina Born's interview with Allie and Emily at r1.co.nz.



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HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Just because you're an air sign, doesn't mean you can keep ghosting people. It's time to face your commitment issues.

Houseplant of choice: Cobwebs.



Leo

July 23 – Aug 22

Be careful out there. If anyone is going to get arrested or fuck up Hyde street, it'll be you.

Houseplant of choice: The dead basil you keep forgetting to water.



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

With midterms ramping up, there will be more crying than usual in your future. Probably because you have fallen in love with your lecturer again.

Houseplant of choice: Weeping Fig.



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

What's up with virgo men? Your ego needs to be taken down a couple notches buddy.

Houseplant of choice: Aloe Vera.



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

It's the constant screaming, please, just stop.

House plant of choice: *Epipremnum aureum* aka devil's ivy.



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

This autumn season, try getting a new personality. You are in dire need of one.

Houseplant of choice: Weed.



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Have you been judging others recently? That's okay, maybe take a look in the mirror next time you feel such urges.

Houseplant of choice: A big fucking tree.



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Take that MDMA. Send a risky text. Drink yourself silly. Go and live your life my little scorpions.

Houseplant of choice: The mushroom forming in the mould on your ceiling.



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

Mid-sem break would have been a great time for some self reflection. But, you didn't. You are still a menace.

Houseplant of choice: Baby cacti.



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Fuck bitches, get money.

Houseplant of choice: Venus fly trap.



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

The moon is your ruling planet. This means it's sleepy time, go take a big nap.

Houseplant of choice: Maidenhair Fern.



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

Keep being your sarcastic, pessimistic self. Someone needs to keep it real with everyone else.

Houseplant of choice: Leftover New World Little Gardens.

The Critical Tribune

Catholics Gave Up Paying for Uber Eats for Lent

This year for Lent, Catholics gave up paying for UberEats after a mandate straight from the Pope.

"Stop giving your money to a greedy multi-national corporation for Lent," said the Pope. "The Catholic church does not condone giving your money to an unethical company when that food could be obtained for free." Catholics around the world heeded the call and started Fruberger immediately.

Fruber (free uber) is achieved by placing a massive order on Uber Eats and then saying it never arrived. You get a refund and free food, the restaurant still gets paid, the driver isn't liable so long as they took a photo, and only Uber's insurance is out of pocket.

"It barely even counts as stealing," said Jesus. "I'd do it if I was around."

So stick it to the man, know that Jesus is smiling down on you, and dine on the company card. For a company that is funded by the Saudi crown and treats its workers like shit, Uber's policy has left it wide open to exploitations by good Catholics.

Acting Vice-Chancellor Cancels Uni's Moth Protection, Moths Eat Everything

The University Senate last week voted to drop the Uni's moth protection plan. In the days since, moths have wreaked havoc across campus.

"The University has been held hostage by Big Moth for too long," said the new Vice-Chancellor. "As part of this new regime of financial responsibility I promised to bring to my role, I've decided that the money which has long been spent on moth protection is better spent in other areas to enhance the wellbeing of our valued staff and students."

When asked where the new funding would go, the VC mentioned new car parks, paving the Union Lawn and blocking salmon from the Leith "for their own good" as potential "areas of interest".

Extensive Tribune investigations have been unable to determine the ongoing past costs of moth protection, as University sources cited commercial sensitivity. However, industry experts estimated the cost was probably in "the hundreds of thousands of dollars per year."

In the days since the vote, moths have wreaked utter havoc across the Uni. Thousands of dollars of computer cables have been chewed. Clothes left overnight in offices have been found the next day at the verge of disintegration. Across campus, lights have been pulverized. The Tribune understands that moth-related damage is specifically excluded from the Uni's insurance policy.

The Tribune's reporter approached the lepidopterist department but they just cackled manically, rubbed their hands together and said, "our time has come."

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BOOZE REVIEW:

R RODENBACH CLASSIC

BY CHUG NORRIS

Rodenbach caused Black Friday levels of sensation at Centre City New World when they were put on sale for \$1.99 for a six-pack. Ahead of the curve, I managed to grab 48 cans (\$16 worth) before the masses swept the rest away. This turned out to be one of the worst decisions of my life.

In my zeal over the outrageous 33 cents a standard ratio, I missed one key fact: Rodenbachs taste like unadulterated shit.

The first night I tried them, I threw them back up in the bushes outside of my flat. After that I gave away as many as I could to unsuspecting people that visited the flat. But a sizeable chunk still remained.

As the days went by, I forgot the ordeal I had suffered and the awful taste. So it came to be that on a slow Monday night of the mid-sem break, abandoned by all but one of my flat mates and desperately low on funds, I gave them another go. We decided to watch the old Space Jam movie, which is fucking fantastic by the way, and sip at some Rodenbachs. We put them in the freezer to minimise the taste and pinched our noses when drinking them, but the taste was still unbearable. By the time Michael Jordan was doing his epic stretch-arm dunk, I had only made it through half a can.

Rodenbachs are referred to on the can as a “Belgian Ale” but, whatever that means, they definitely do not taste like beer. There is a nasty sour taste that comes with every sip that is not balanced by anything else in

the drink. It's like someone removed the nasty aftertaste of wine goon, mashed it together with old AA batteries, and decided that aging this liquid in oak barrels would redeem the taste.

I have always thought that if the best things in life were free, the closer you can get to free, the better things get. At 33 cents a standard, Rodenbachs are certainly close to free. That did not make them good. Rodenbachs have taught me a hard-earned but valuable lesson about the place of dollars per standards in assessing a drink.

Dollars per standards are a useful way to compare drinks of roughly the same type or quality. It does not work for Rodenbach. Rodenbach can not be called beer, wine, or cider. It is a drink in its own unique category of awfulness, and it can not be compared to other drinks outside of its category. The dollars per standard were great. But when someone fucks a drink up as badly as they have Rodenbachs, they should be paying you to drink it.

Tasting notes: Metallic, that nasty grease that forms on your rangehood

Froth level: Doing a deal with the devil with some bullshit hidden catch

Pairs well with: Vomiting, stripping paint, colonising the Congo

Taste rating: 1/10, just do not

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RATE

The flying fox behind gardens New World. Provides much entertainment on a dusty walk home from town.

Wearing the same top as another girl at a party. It's not embarrassing, that's just how you know you're fashionable.

Adults on Lime scooters. You go king.

BYOs. You don't need an occasion, wine drunk at a restaurant is just a welcome change of scene from wine drunk in your living room.

Camping! It's so cheap and fun, and possibly warmer than my flat anyways.

OR
BY SASHA FREEMAN



HATE?

Spending Easter alone in my flat writing an assignment that was due a week ago.

Geese. The scariest fucking animal and they're SO big irl.

Tutors telling you to 'talk to your neighbour' about the content. Please just let me learn in silence.

David fuckin Seymour. Thank you for your talk about socialism, David, but I learned NOTHING, in fact I lost brain cells.

Otago Uni tacking Otago Anniversary Day onto our Easter holidays. We need all the days off we can get and I feel cheated.

Cars. We get it you're compensating x

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FUCK!
I'M IN LOVE
 BY ALICE TAYLOR
 @ALICEOLIVIAEATS

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

I passionately believe that the most effective way to tell your special someone you love them is through the gift of chocolate in molten form. These gooey chocolate puddings are so easy to make and will make the person you give it to feel very special. If you don't happen to have another person in your life right now, give yourself some love and eat both. Since this pudding is bound to make your special someone stay the night (you are very welcome), I have included my favorite breakfast option you can also make the morning after, because why not make them fall in love with you more?

INGREDIENTS MAKES 2 LARGE PUDDINGS

50g unsalted butter, cubed

65g good quality chocolate, chopped coarsely (at least 50% cocoa solids)

2 free range organic eggs

1/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup flour

Pinch of salt

Extra butter, for greasing

METHOD

1. Preheat the oven to 200°C. Grease 4 large ramekins with butter.
2. Melt butter and chocolate. You can do this by placing a medium sized bowl over a saucepan of simmering water. Or you can pop it in the microwave for 30 second bursts, stirring in between, until fully melted.
3. In a separate bowl, whisk together the eggs, sugar, and salt. Add the flour and baking powder and whisk again to combine.
4. Slowly pour the chocolate into the eggy mixture and whisk until combined.
5. Pour the batter into the ramekins, and bake for 9-11 minutes; They are ready to take out once the surface of the pudding is completely matte. The puddings should feel firm and set on the edges but still gooey in the centre. If you are making them ahead of time, place in the refrigerator until needed.
6. Allow to sit for a few minutes before serving. Dust with icing sugar and serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream.

BEST MORNING AFTER BREAKFAST

CROISSANTS

Savory: Fill with camembert cheese, ham, tomato, and basil. Bake in the oven (180 degrees celsius) until melted.

Make an incision with a knife into each croissant, and fill with a few squares of Whitakers creamy milk chocolate. Bake in the oven (180 degrees Celsius) until melted.

BEST DATE NIGHT SPOTS

I am a passionate advocate for Etruscos. I wouldn't recommend the pizza, but the pasta and garlic bread is phenomenal, and the ambience is so romantic.

Worthy Contenders:

- Beam Me Up Bagels makes the perfect picnic
- Wanting something sweet? Head to Nova for a late night dessert



MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

Piss Poor Confession

My heart dropped to my stomach, I knew he was saying it in a playful tone, but I had spent a dismal night in St Daves trying to fix my assignment. This guy had passed this paper: he could help me make it better. He must have known his comment hurt because he grabbed my hand tightly.

"If you want my help, there's something you can do." Hear me out, he was fit. His bum was so thick, and the shape of his chest made me weak. I was constantly trying to grab his attention. But, it wasn't until we matched on Tinder that things started to heat up. I was blushing with each glance he sent my way, I was simping for this boy so bad.

I would do anything he asked, anything. It started small, a sneaky blow job in the bathroom at uni, and late-night booty calls. But the more I got to know him the more hopelessly I fell for him. I was the student, he was the teacher. I would do anything for this man. He taught me so much, different knots to tie him up with, and a cornucopia of toys. But, then he asked for a little more...

To piss on someone, you need to hydrate. Hydrate, hydrate, hydrate.

I clutched my water bottle tightly, making sure to fill it up on the hour.

We locked eyes in class that day, as I took a large swig. I was prepared. Class finished and I lingered in the hallway, he swept me off downstairs, to the

shower on the ground floor. My bladder was so full, the pressure was making my fanny flutter.

As soon as the door locked, I was all over him. Licking his chest, fumbling for his belt. I produced a pair of handcuffs stashed in my bag, locked him to the handrail, and pushed him to the ground. Sitting on the shower floor, hands stretched up behind his head, he beamed up at me. Excited and rock hard.

He liked to be degraded, so I gave it to him as dirty as I could. A slap across the face and yanking his hair back. Teasingly, I gyrated my ass in his face, making him beg for it. I sat reverse cowgirl and rode his dick until I couldn't take it any more. Each thrust knocked my bladder. Eyes rolling back in my head, the pressure was so intense. I stood up and pushed his face into my pussy, making him eat it. He had to earn all this piss inside me. I pulled his head back, "where do you want it?"

In the grand finale, I squatted over his chest and let rip. He let out a large sigh of pleasure, I could see the golden liquid streaming down him all over his torso and pooling around his dick. I have never felt so powerful and sexy. He was now my little piss bitch. He reached forward and kissed my pussy, taking in a mouthful of my sweet juice. So fucking hot. I shook off the remaining drops I had left in me. Unlocked him and hosed him down. Not before he used the showerhead on my clit while he ate my ass.

Dripping wet and well satisfied, we dried off and went our separate ways.

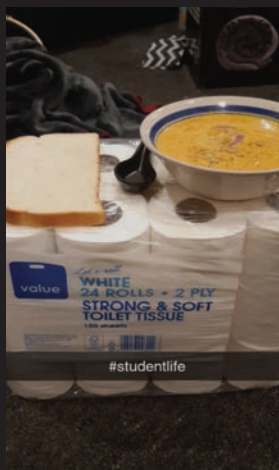
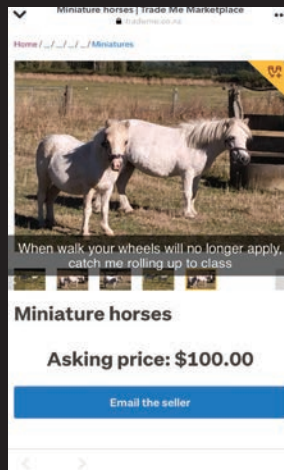
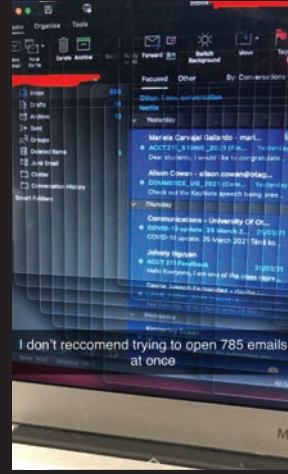
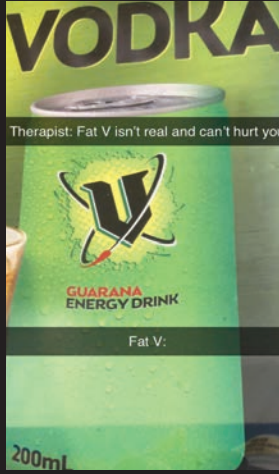
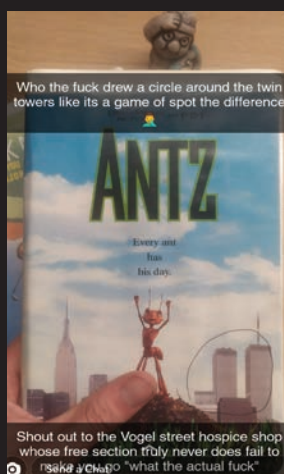
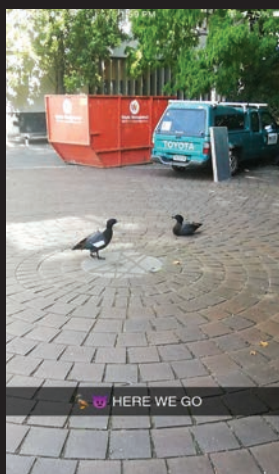
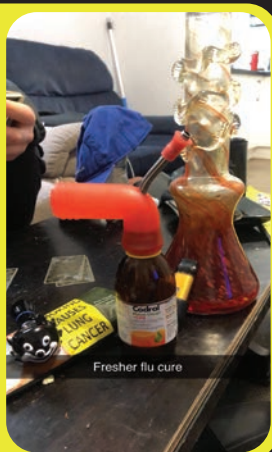
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SNAP OF THE WEEK

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