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LETTERS

University Book Shop Great King St + On Campus

CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ

LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$25 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK Hello,

I was reading an article about the largest land owners in NZ and found apparently Otago Uni owns 19030 Hectares of land. They were given 100,000 acres of land (around 40,000 Ha) in 1870 under the Otago Endowment Act. Of the 40,000 Ha it seems they sold off around 20,000 and lease the remainder.

With 19030 Ha that makes Otago University around the 19th largest owner of land in the entire country notwithstanding Maori land or land owned by the Crown/councils. Pretty interesting I thought. Maybe worth some further investigation by Critic.

-J

Dear Critic,

I am emailing in regards to a study playlist that was promoted in issue 20. I thought wow lovely a study playlist that has been proven to work and seems to have some psychology behind it. There I am sitting in the central library on a particularly tired Sunday, happy because I have just picked up the latest critic, just settling down to do a particularly dense politics reading on Machiavelli. I press shuffle play on this new playlist and bang Night We Met by Lord Huron starts playing and flashbacks to the night before of me sobbing in my bedroom hit. I would like to thank the MANT252 students for creating this playlist but would kindly ask that they remove that particular track. Did not fit the mood or vibe I was going for.

A very tired student excited for a week off

To Critic.

The University has a monopoly on student ID cards and they know it. I recently lost my student ID card at the hands of the Moana Pools lost property box. In need of another card, I visited the ID office. I was aghast to discover the cost of student ID cards has risen from \$25 to \$28.50. This is an annual increase of 14%, which is about DOUBLE the rate of inflation (in the second guarter of 2022).

I understand the ID office worker's wages need paying, and there's overheads like one camera and one piece of plastic. But please, think of the students who could have spent that \$3.50 on a bag of mushrooms (a meal in itself) at Veggie Boys.

Please dear God may it not be \$30 for a new ID in 2024. There might just be a student boycott.

Yours sincerely,

A student lacking money but at least identifiable

Dear Critic,

I am from a Social Action Project group for a Developing Leadership paper, and our initiative is to give tips for improving mental health to students on campus. We've included a QR code that you can scan to see some tips on wellbeing. The most important step is getting started, and even by reading this letter, you're doing exactly that!



Critic,

In New Zealand, the land of the Golden Calf, (it is the "Moo- Cows"/ the dairy industry) that "He turned their waters into blood: and slew their fish." (Psalm 105:29 Common Book of Prayer). In Ancient Egypt, in the 9 Plagues of Exodus it was

I do not understand the 3 Waters. However, I have a friend who thinks water is the most valuable thing we have. He even got out a marker pen in a nightclub toilet and wrote on the condom-vending machine, "Why not try a glass of water? Not before. Not after. But, instead of".

Yours sincerely Anthony Skegg

To all it may concern,

I was one of the 50 people who sat through the OUSA candidate's forum for Mayor. It was exactly as tedious as it sounds, but at the end of it I was left with two key takeaways.

1: Richard Seager is a massive transphobe. Enough said

2: Aaron Hawkins is the best candidate, and students should vote him #1.

Of all the candidates, Hawkins best exemplified both the passion required to be proactive in the city, and the right temperament for the role of Mayoralty. He was the only candidate to both explicitly name-check climate change and Te Tiriti as the two campaign priorities, he reaffirmed his solidarity with trans rights, expressed an interest in saving music venues, and addressed the student concerns of Albany St safety.

His case for re-election was strengthened, in my opinion, by no other candidate really highlighting why they would do a better job, or be a better Mayor than Hawkins is currently. You might have your concerns or gripes with Hawkins, and the DCC over a number of issues. That is fair. But out of the current pool of candidates, Hawkins is the strongest choice for Mayor.

Hi,

I am an Al postgrad. I liked your "Al" themed Critic. Although your portrayal of the science was accurate, I thought it might be useful to write a quick note summarising how deep learning algorithms work and some potential ethical issues they pose, just in case people want more information.

"Neural networks" are algorithms loosely inspired by the brain. In theory they are universal machines capable of performing any calculation, but in practice they are quite limited. Human beings have an internal model of the world and can learn new things from a single experience by comparing it to concepts they already understand. Neural networks on the other hand are basically statistical correlation machines. You have a "training" dataset that is often millions of pieces of data. The neural network learns patterns in this data by making guesses and making tiny adjustments to itself every time it gets a guess wrong. At the start these guesses are random but, in the end, it learns a program that maps a given data input (such as a picture) to a given output (such as a label: cat or dog). In no sense does the program "understand" what it is doing, it is purely adjusting its calculation to maximise the probability that it spits out the correct output. So called "large language models" such as GPT3 are next word predictors: they learn which words statistically tend to occur together. They are then able to effectively mimic human language by completing the end of a sentence based on the words likely to come next. Ask it a couple of probing questions however and you will see it has no understanding of what it is saying.

This type of reasoning is called inductive reasoning: I see white swans every day, therefore all swans are white. This type of statistical inference has been legitimately useful in science, engineering and medicine. There is scepticism among academics

that deep learning systems can be intelligent. Human beings are really good at using common sense to make guesses. These algorithms still don't have this ability to use common sense and it seems likely we will not get there with the current induction / deep learning paradigm.

Aside from these "Science fiction" concerns, there are three immediate ethical problems. Firstly, these methods are data hungry which means that companies and governments are incentivised to collect massive amounts of personal data which is used to violate people's privacy and manipulate them (like in the Cambridge Analytica scandal). Secondly, it does not account for outliers in the dataset, such as the proverbial black swan. This means these algorithms will have rare but catastrophic failures. Think of all the stories of self-driving cars crashing for no reason. Thirdly, the way these algorithms make decisions is opaque, a complete black box. You cannot ask the algorithm "why did you come up with this decision" because it is the result of the summation of millions of tiny calculations. This means that we cannot trust the algorithms are making decisions for reasons we would be ok with. This is especially important when they are used to determine things like who should get a bank loan or who should be suspected of a crime, etc. This gets into the issue of bias: harmful social biases that we do not want to reproduce may be present in the data we feed the Al which may make it racist, sexist, etc.

The truth of the matter is that Al as a field is probably a long way away from general intelligence. In the meantime, these algorithms have become more integrated with our lives, in ways most people aren't aware of. It is important for us to understand what these algorithms are and what they are being used for, so that we can have a say. In this way we can maximise their benefit and minimise the harm they cause to the average person.

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE



THURSDAY 08 SEP

FEATURE EVENT: Radio One 91FM presents Excerpts from Franz Kafka's 'The Trial' Adapted by Dean Parker, and directed by Sam Pretious ALLEN HALL THEATRE 1-2PM & 7-8PM / \$5-7

Tickets from humanitix.com

The Songs You Know & Love w/ Sam INCH BAR 8PM / KOHA ENTRY

Star Dust (Night 1)
TE WHARE O RUKUTIA, 20 PRINCES STREET 6:30PM / \$30-40 Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

FRIDAY 09 SEP FEATURE EVENT: Radio One 91FM presents Excerpts from Franz Kafka's 'The Trial' Adapted by Dean Parker, and directed by Sam Pretious ALLEN HALL THEATRE 1-2PM & 7-8PM / \$5-7 Tickets from humanitix.com

Audio Visual Drop Kicks & The DOG WITH TWO TAILS 8PM / \$10 Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz An Evening with Julian Temple & PMK INCH BAR 8PM / KOHA ENTRY

SATURDAY 10 SEP

John Egenes INCH BAR 7:30PM / KOHA ENTRY Negative Space Club feat. E-kare, Frost, Ruinz, Strop, Blub, Danny Creature, YinMn, Demons Keep Out, and Acid Police XYZ 8PM TIL LATE Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

SUNDAY **21 AUG**

Sunday Jazz with Big Jazz Apple INCH BAR 4PM / KOHA ENTRY

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Air Force base (yikes), and the second red flag was that it was clearly for-profit, with \$4 bottled water and the likes. There's a great three-part Netflix doco on this, check it out.

Anyway, the event organisers hired the biggest names of the day without really researching what those bands actually stood for. The '69 Woodstock saw indie greats play their hearts out, and Woodstock '99 saw Korn, Kid Rock, Insane Clown Posse,

and of course, Limp Bizkit. It was riotous from the start, with an

red flag was that he decided to host the hippie fest on an US

Editorial:

These "Freedom of

Speech" Protests Remind me a lot of

Woodstock '99

overtly fratboy energy, and it ended in a mass riot, dozens of injuries, assaults and fires.

The event organisers repeatedly ignored the fact that they'd created a sort of breeding ground for unruly behaviour, consistently blaming the violence on a handful of bad apples who were there to cause chaos. They shifted all the blame away from their managerial failures and lack of foresight and

consistently blaming the violence on a handful of bad apples who were there to cause chaos. They shifted all the blame away from their managerial failures and lack of foresight and onto an anonymous, faceless scapegoat in the crowd. They simultaneously destroyed both the stage and scenery, as well as the credibility of Woodstock's legacy.

If any of this sounds familiar, you're not alone. When I went to the Free Speech Union event a few weeks back on campus, it was a tense affair. The event started with a joke about how some leftist heckles were expected, and attracted a packed room of (mostly) older folks with conservative views. When jeers came, they didn't come from some communist, ultrafeminist students as apparently expected; they were coming from far-right audience members so conservative that they heckled politicians for not being right-wing ENOUGH. The organisers explicitly said that having more of a leftist representation on the panel would've made the event stronger, but one student in attendance pointed to the jeers from the crowd as a possible reason that leftists might not have wanted to come.

Over and over, I've heard this excuse given by protest organisers (on both sides, but far more often the right): "it wasn't our group that got violent, it was a handful of extremists who snuck in to cause trouble." And that's exactly what the Woodstock guys said. Problem is, if you don't have the foresight to think that Kid Rock, Korn, and Limp Bizkit (who literally have a song called *Break Stuff*) are going to attract a rowdy crowd, when that crowd materialises and does exactly what they said they were gonna do, you're partially responsible. If your concert, or your protest, is suddenly attracting a disproportionate amount of "bad apples", maybe you need to take a look at why that is, and whether or not your "peace and love" crusade has been hijacked by something more destructive.

It doesn't matter what your kaupapa is – what matters is who you're attracting. Is it still Woodstock if it's headlined by nu metal? Is it still a rally for free speech if it's attended by fascists?



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KARERE / NEWS / 21

Ecology Student Runs for Otago Regional Council

Rivers, buses and climate change resilience are their main priorities

By Denzel Chung News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Full disclosure: Elliot is Features Editor at Critic Te Ārohi. Rest assured that we grilled them exactly how we would grill any other council candidate.

Elliot Weir, a student doing their Masters in Ecology, is also running for a spot on the Otago Regional Council (ORC). As far as Critic Te Ārohi is aware, they are one of only two full-time Otago students running in local body elections this year (besides Jett Groshinski, who we covered in Issue 18, 2022). Like any good ecology student, they've set the task of improving Otago's natural environment front-and-centre of their campaign.

In local elections, regional councils often seem a bit like an unloved, forgotten stepsibling. While city councils get to focus on sexy issues like pipes, parks and parking, regional councils usually have a much narrower scope (regional environmental issues and public transport). People often underestimate how important the ORC is, said Elliot: "[They] make decisions that impact things like the bus network, the health of our rivers, our preparedness for climate change, and the region's greenhouse gas emissions." Despite this, the ORC often flies under the radar, and Elliot's concern is that if there is low voter engagement and low scrutiny of councillors "We [can] end up with a council that doesn't truly represent our region."

Elliot wants to improve the quality and outcomes of council decision-making. As they see it, "The council is essentially

letting rivers run completely dry, because they can't agree on how much water should be taken. The rivers that do have water in them are unswimmable thanks to runoff and sedimentation. This was on top of the problems with the bus services this year, which is run by the ORC." Elliot's investigation into the ORC, published in Issue 17, highlighted its slow progress in developing a new plan for effective freshwater management. This echoed two separate reports into the ORC this year, which found strained relationships between councillors and staff seriously affecting their ability to function. While the most recent report has been criticised by several councillors, some have also called it fair.

"The current council is delaying really important decisions, and those delays will have consequences down the road for all of us," said Elliot. "It was frustrating writing about these problems and not doing anything to try and fix them. So I decided to run," they continued: "If I can get elected, that's one more vote towards positive change."

Elliot told Critic Te Ārohi that their three priorities are "healthy rivers, better buses, and stronger climate change resilience." While they admitted that these are "broad goals," Elliot believes that there are many immediate steps the ORC could be taking that can lead to tangible improvements. For instance, they had a swathe of suggested improvements to our bus system: making fares free for under 25s, students, Community Services and SuperGold Card

holders; rolling out an airport bus; setting up more on-demand routes for events like gigs and sports matches; bringing in electric buses; and renegotiating contracts, giving drivers better pay and conditions so there are enough to drive all these new

Having students stand for and be represented on councils which might otherwise be dismissed as "pale, male and stale" is important, according to Elliot: "We can't be surprised at low student voter turnout when none of the candidates are even close in age." Despite this, they argue that taking an evidence-based approach can bring benefits to everyone, whether you're a student or not: "[I will] make decisions based on the best available data, and I'm also confident that I will work constructively with whoever else is on council to make those decisions, and that those decisions will be made for the best interests of the everyone in the region."

Regardless of who you vote for, Elliot says that this year's elections are a golden opportunity to shake up the status quo. "There is a real opportunity to elect new councillors, who are going to do what's best for the land, water, and people of the region... It's important that we vote for councillors who will fight for the necessary changes, and also be willing to communicate and work constructively with other people to turn the current dysfunctional council into one that can make some real change."

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Slimy Nitrate Monster Running for Otago Regional Council

Suggests we fill the swamp, denies affiliation to Shrek

Bv Nina Brown

Slime, a "nitrate monster" that describes itself as "green, slimy, and luscious," wants to be the first non-human on the Otago Regional Council (ORC). Its goal? Money, at all costs. Graciously, Slime took a break from busily expanding its reign over Aotearoa's waterways to sit down with Critic Te Ārohi to talk fertiliser and world domination.

For legal reasons, Slime is listed on the ballot paper under its old human form's name. Much like the Harley Quinn origin story of a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed scientist emerging transformed from a vat of toxic chemicals, Slime was once apparently "Jenn Shulzitski," a natureloving ecologist. Tragically, pollution from a Taranaki nitrogen fertiliser plant meant "she became very sick, never to be seen again...[now] Slime the Nitrate Monster lives in her place." Slime confirmed it was a fan of our "human" comics with similar stories.

Sipping on a glass of alarmingly green water during the interview, apparently from the Manuherikia River, "which is luscious in green slime right now," Slime told Critic Te Ārohi that it will be running on a platform

of good old-fashioned traditional values. It quickly clarified, though, that "tradition" meant "the last 50 years, [where] we have used fossil fuels to expand cow populations and create amazing pollution in our rivers which has allowed me to grow." It emphasised tradition certainly did not mean "the ten thousand years of human agriculture when we didn't need synthetic fertilisers".

While some candidates may try to hide their funders and supporters, Slime was admirably upfront about who's helping its campaign along, taking the opportunity to thank their "friends": irrigation and fertiliser companies, as well as Otago's ratepayers who subsidise these industries. It also gave a shout-out to their "peers who currently sit on the ORC, who ask for more science in order to delay anything that would cause me to lose my hold!" We stan our STEM queens. While it admitted that its desire to keep Otago's rivers slimy was certainly a conflict of interest, it didn't feel the need to disclose it, pointing to the ORC's apparent track record in its defence.

The biggest issue in Otago right now, according to Slime, are "young humans"

wanting to "swim in rivers" and "drink clean water". Slime had a clear message for them: "I am here to ask the young university students to please stay home [during] this upcoming election. Please make sure you do not get involved or voice your opinions in the election, because there can be NOTHING that hampers my continuing domination over your land and water and air." Based on students' dismal turn-outs to anything even vaguelypolitics related, Critic Te Ārohi suggests Slime has nothing to worry about.

Impressed by the political nous of this pile of sentient slime, Critic Te Ārohi asked it whether it had any aspirations beyond the ORC. Tucked into its rivers at night, did it ever dream of world domination? "You know, I have...this could only be the beginning," it replied hopefully. Slime, apparently, is just one of many like it, spending their days oozing through rivers and schmoozing its friends all over the motu. "We are working together, we have allies and are connected to a lot of money." Before you ask, though, Shrek did not seem to be included among Slime's swampy friends. Maybe he's too proletariat.



Get to ADJØ between 5pm & 7pm every Friday for happy hour

OUSA's Annual General Meeting Canned Due To Lack Of Students

Guess we'll never find out what caused the Taj Mahal fire:(

Concerns About "Hidden" Anti-Vaxxers In Local Elections

The power of a vibe check can never be overstated

Bv Denzel Chuna News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Local body elections are not often known for being hotbeds of fake news and nastiness, but there are fears that the post-Covid world has changed this. Critic Te Ārohi spoke to Kayli Taylor, a former Otago student now working at the Disinformation Project, to try and cut through the mess.

The upcoming local body elections will be "the first defined by the infodemic", said Kayli, and is likely to preview the sort of tactics that will be employed in next year's general election. Many high-profile anti-vax groups are now gunning for positions on local councils and school boards, but quietly. A Stuff investigation found Voices for Freedom (VFF) members were being told to "sway the results, throw our weight around", and make Aotearoa "ungovernable". They were, however, explicitly told to "hide their affiliations" with the group, which is a bit of a red flag.

In Dunedin, Tracey and Watson Pita (former coordinators of VFF) are standing for Dunedin City and Otago Regional Council elections, respectively. Tracey told the Otago Daily Times that they have both since left VFF. While she claimed they were "open about their past affiliation with the group," she refused any further comment. Other candidates known to have been associated with anti-vax sentiment include mayoral candidates Lee Vandervis and Pamela Taylor, and Dunedin City Council candidates Veronica Jackman and Malcolm Moncrief-Spittle (who is running as a Jedi).

Kayli said that a lack of transparency was a key concern going into this year's elections: "Voters have a right to know what people are, what they would

genuinely do." Without this, "an information void" is created, said Kayli, where we "don't necessarily know what they stand for. It's a lot of work to go beyond reading their name and bio." Turns out, the 'ceebs' attitude amongst students is a great way to accidentally undermine democracy.

This risk is intensified by local body elections' low engagement; voter turnout at the last elections, in 2019, was just 42.2 - almost half that of the general election. This means even fringe candidates with tiny numbers of committed supporters could make the cut. For instance, it only took Dunedin City Councillor Mike Lord 2,604 votes to snag the last spot at the DCC's table - in other words, less than 3% of eligible voters.

Stereotypically, fake news seems to be limited to boomers who TYPE IN ALL CAPS AND CLICK EVERY LINK THEY SEE ON THE FACETUBE. But while younger digital natives tend "to see themselves as tech- and media-literate," our vibe checks can often be pretty lacking. For instance, most of us find it easy to "identify a goodlooking media website" – but having a bigger budget or a slick webpage isn't always a sign of accuracy or reliable factcheckina.

Kayli suggested that students pay more attention to who they're voting for in upcoming elections. "Check out the framing, the language, that they use to emote particular viewpoints." She had a few pro-tips to better vibe check the info we see and share. Her first piece of advice was simple: think about how it makes you feel. "If it makes you feel very angry, it may be intended to create a high emotional

response, [which] generates virality." As an example, she pointed to a viral story from January, about five kids collapsing at a vaccination centre in the North Shore. That story has since been repeatedly debunked. However, "while it may not be true," said Kayli, "[it] creates a high emotional response. When you see that, you go: 'Holy shit, that's terrifying'." This makes you more likely to share it, even if your gut feeling says it probably isn't true.

Next up is to think of the poster's agenda, said Kayli: "Why is someone sharing this information, and what could they have to gain from it?". Disinformation is created and shared for a reason – whether to make money off virality, or to push a political angle. For instance: instilling fear and mistrust in the Covid vaccine, or in Aotearoa's Government.

She said that "as a citizen and a voter, it's our responsibility to check it out." Activists like Dudley Benson, media outlets like Stuff and non-profits like The Disinformation Project, and Fight Against Conspiracy Theories (FACT) Aotearoa have been doing the mahi to highlight conspiracist candidates up and down the motu. In many cases, it's as simple as finding them on Google and Facebook to do a guick vibe check. If you can get past the 'ceebs' of voting, the least you can do is make sure vou know who the crazies are.

(The Disinformation Project is an independent research group who work together to study misinformation and disinformation in Aotearoa, and the impact it's having on people's lives. Kayli began working for them last year, after finishing her Masters in Peace and Conflict Studies.) OUSA's annual general meeting (AGM) happened on Tuesday 23 August. Or at least, it should have, before it was cancelled because not enough students showed up.

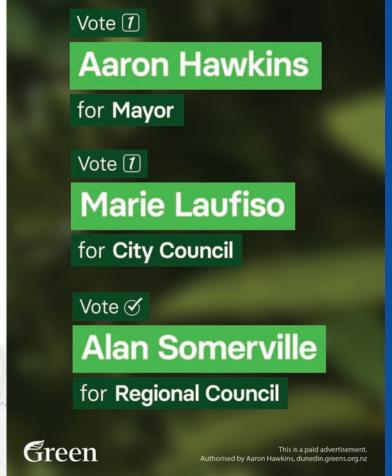
The AGMs, also known as "Student General Meetings" (SGMs), are theoretically meant to be a chance for students to have a say in how our very own students' association is run. According to President Melissa Lama, it is compulsory for OUSA to hold an AGM every year: "We are a governance group that is held accountable by our student population; therefore, it is another opportunity for students to engage with us." However, for the meeting to even become valid in the first place, at least 0.5% of students must attend (100 people). Even meeting this remarkably low bar (known as a "quorum") has been a challenge for OUSA in recent years, with the Exec often resorting to giveaways, or even pulling people in from hallways and corridors, to meet the magic number.

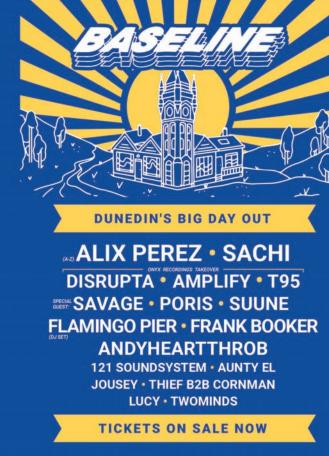
This year was no different. The tantalising prospect of winning a \$200 voucher at Mela did not seem enough to attract the punters. OUSA even let a few "joke" proposals slip through this year, having learnt from the Sign Up Club (SUC) debacle of 2021 that nothing attracts students like a good shitpost. Not even the sheer chaotic energy of getting OUSA to follow through on proposals like replacing the clocktower's chimes with a DnB drop, or allowing the President to declare the "First Nice Day" of the year in Sem 2 and unilaterally cancel all classes, seemed to be able to draw students away from their lunch.

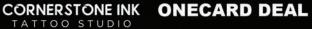
When a team from Critic Te Ārohi and R1 showed up at the Main Common Room to cover the meeting, less than 50 people were present. Some seemed to just be having lunch, oblivious to the AGM sign at the door, the large sound system set up or the team of increasingly panicked Exec members running around trying to draft students into participating in democracy. Despite a last, desperate push to get the numbers up, including attempts to recruit

the flat-pack bed salespeople who were set up outside Union, efforts to resuscitate the quickly-flagging meeting proved futile. Finally, 15 minutes after the meeting was due to start, with little progress being made towards that magic number, the Exec were forced by constitutional rules to can the event. Melissa said she was "gutted we could not meet guorum," but was "hopeful we will find other avenues to engage students, and increase interest in attending AGMs."

Despite generally low engagement in student politics, one event in 2021 managed to inspire significant student involvement, thanks to the shitposting SUC. SUC infamously rallied their members to turn out en masse to submit and vote for proposals, forcing OUSA to consider motions like establishing a second Hyde Street Party, and making Bill and Bill the official Uni mascots. Despite drawing enough students to make our students' association do their bidding, OUSA bit back and nullified all SUC's proposals as "breaches of the OUSA constitution".

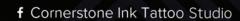






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Christchurch Counter Protest Draws Dunedinites Decrying Discrimination

Critic takes journalism seriously enough to brave a trip to CHCH

By Denzel ChungNews Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Last Wednesday, a small, dedicated group of anti-fascist protesters confronted a crowd of Counterspin Media supporters in Ōtautahi Christchurch. The anti-fascists hoped to "get their narrative" out, and stood in opposition to a protest marked by intimidation and Islamophobia. Despite the fact that the Counterspin protesters seemed very concerned about the erosion of their "freedom of speech", they insistently heckled and shouted over the speeches given by anti-fascists.

The "Ka Tū Kotahi Tātou" ("We Stand United") protest was first publicly announced by activist Dudley Benson at 7am – an hour before it was due to start. It was called after Counterspin's founders, Kelvyn Alp and Hannah Spierer, were arrested and charged for distributing an "objectionable publication," reportedly including footage of the March 15 massacre. According to organiser Sina Brown-Davis, their appearance in court presented a perfect opportunity to "show that there are New Zealanders out there that love our Muslim whānau... getting out there in a positive way was the best way to counter the hate".

They numbered around 15, with Sina and activist Jack Brazil among the three travelling from Ōtepoti. Following a similar model to the recent Anti-Fascist Ōtepoti protest (which we covered in Issue 14), they

tried to stay cheerful, peaceful and positive: dancing, singing, playing upbeat music and chanting "Haere atu" ("Leave!") to the gathered Counterspin supporters.

Unlike the Ōtepoti protest, though, this was notably more tense, with the antifascists being outnumbered almost three to one. The eclectic group they were facing included anti-vaxxers. conspiracist "sovereign citizens" and white supremacists, as opposed to Dunedin's store-brand racism. Craig Bromley, an Ōtautahi mavoral candidate, was livestreaming from the protest site. But even as Craig was denying charges of "racism," insisting the Ōtautahi massacre was an "atrocity" committed by a "psychopath," Philip Arps, who was jailed in 2019 for sharing a livestream of the massacre, was grinning and chatting just metres away, wearing a shirt emblazoned with neo-Nazi imagery. Arps is also on the ballot for a local school board, an election which currently has only about a 20% voting rate.

Despite the tension, it was a generally peaceful affair, and songs like "YMCA" and "Dancing Queen" from the anti-fascist side helped to calm faceoffs across a police barricade. While they faced repeated misogynistic, violent and Islamophobic threats, the anti-fascists were under strict instructions to stay peaceful and "not engage" – the closest they got was an

attempt to drape a Pride flag over Craig's livestream (which he later complained was "assault").

The anti-fascists read a statement by Azad Khan, from the Foundation Against Islamophobia and Racism. Condemning Kelvyn and Hannah for "igniting racial hatred," the statement warned: "Online hate goes on unabated, and we know there is a direct link between online activity and real-world consequences." This was followed by a second statement from Rafiqah Abdullah, who said that "complacency [about misinformation and hate speech] is for the privileged... one attack is an attack to us all... [these are] not singular events, but part of the tentacles of white supremacy."

Though threatened and outnumbered, Sina told Critic Te Ārohi they had achieved everything they wanted to: "We stood in solidarity and dignity with our Muslim whānau. And more importantly, we got our narrative out... with our kōrero, and the beautiful statements from our Muslim whānau."

She was optimistic that protests like this would continue to embolden others around the motu: "It's just beautiful to be at the beginning of a national movement... We're all in this together. United we are strong, and our unity, love and hope will defeat their hate."



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ODE Watch

Beginning the day with a bang

Club Constitutions Won't Have to be Revamped Quite Yet

Initial outcry generates productive response

12

OUSA club execs were frustrated last by one anonymous student club exec, week when a request went out that all who said that "it's a massive ceebs, like, of course it's gonna create work for [the OUSA clubs would have to redo their OUSA admins, that's literally their job, they constitutions. This would have been a very get paid to do that." lengthy process, and a lack of consultation ruffled some feathers. Action by the OUSA Student Exec has seen this backpedalled, After several club execs reached out to

with the addition of a consultation process. Critic Te Ārohi and to the Student Exec. the Exec team reached out to Clubs and Socs to ask for the initial request to be The original email sent a new framework for a club's constitution, and asked club repealed and for a consultation process to begin before sending a further request. representatives to retrofit their existing This suggestion was taken on board, and constitution to the new style. The email joked that this would create a bit of work will be followed through until the 4th of September. Maya Polaschek, Admin VP for for the students, but even more for the OUSA admins, which was not well received OUSA's student exec, said that "clubs are

not required to use the new constitution for reaffiliation this year, but are welcome to do so, or to adopt any of the enclosed amendments, if they so wish."

By Fox Meyer

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Instead of redoing their entire constitutions, club execs were welcomed to review the proposed changes and offer feedback ahead of next year, which they were grateful for. One club president was thankful, and said that "honestly, I wasn't gonna do it initially. I'm literally on the slopes right now. I'll happily make some suggestions though."

Teens caught with drugs

A SPILLED bong left a pair of young Dunedin men in trouble with police after officers smelled drugs in their vehicle.

Always clean your bong, kids.

Musk wants to be cool. He smokes pot and has good taste in music.

He dated uber-cool pop star Grimes.

The ODT doesn't care about being cool. They still call weed 'pot'.

"The quality was disappointing — probably the worst I have seen in my 26 years in the industry," he said.

A review of last week's graduating class.

WELLINGTON: A new report warns the country's protections to stop big tech companies spying on schoolchildren appear far too weak.

Omegle is fine, tho...

LEO Edginton reckons he landed on the moon this week.

I'll have what Leo's having!

Gone in a flash, loved lager back

Minutes after a vardie.

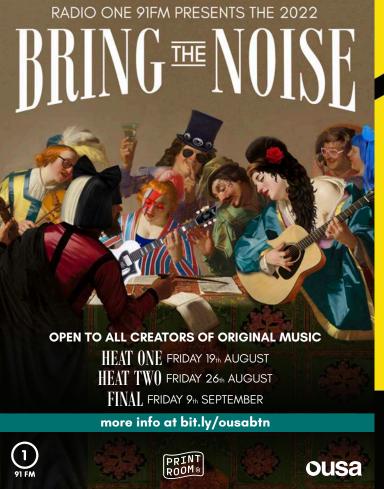


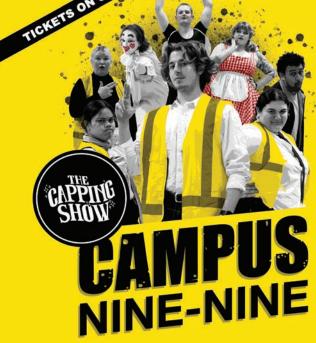


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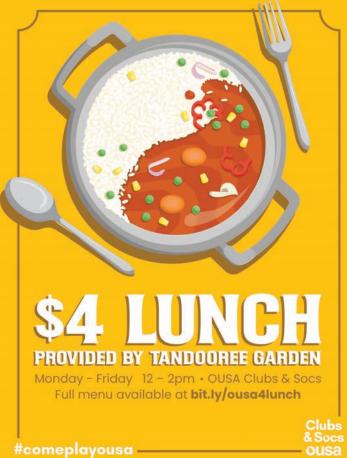
as part of Diversity Week

We bring the world to you!

Saturday 10th September 10_{AM} - 3_{PM} | The Link f International Cultural Expo

OISA

ousa







Sean Teow

Kia Ora Everyone and Warm International Greetings!

Wishing everyone all the best for the upcoming mid-terms! Being on that assignment grind is hard but you've got this, just remember to look after yourself and your mates. It's always good to celebrate your hard work with friends as well.

If you're thinking of traveling but you've got too many commitments but you really want that muchneeded change of environment then I've got some exciting news. I can't buy your flight tickets but I can invite you to the International Cultural Expo (ICE). It's basically a festie that features our Cultural Club Whānau and all their amazing cultures that aren't native to New Zealand. It'll be full of fun cultural games and activities that you've probably never

even heard of, plus we've got some performances throughout the event to keep you entertained.

If you're interested come on down to The Link on the 10th September, you can find more details on the events page under OUSA's Facebook Page. We can promise you'll have lots of

On another note, you'll find there have been more International Students around recently because of the border recovery, don't hesitate to strike up a convo if you're keen about learning about other cultures. New Zealand's been kind to me so I only wish the rest of our International Tauira can share the same kiwi hospitality with you beautiful peeps.

Hope the rest of sem goes alright as well and stay safe till then!

Sean Teow International Students Representative

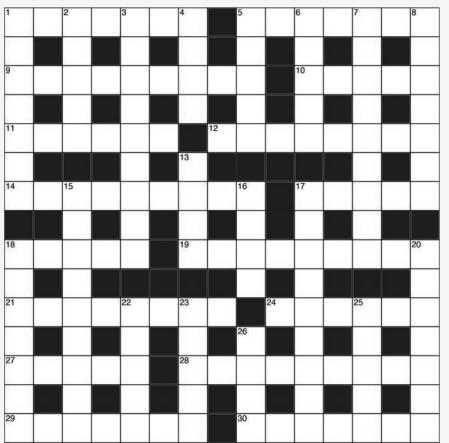
EXECUTIVE



PUZZLES

BROUGHT TO YOU BY MAZAGRAN KEEPING CRITIC CAFFEINATED 36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

CROSSWORD



Crossword note: We aren't including in the clues whether the answers are multiple words anymore.

ACROSS:

1. What all your friends (5) are getting after grad

(7)

5. Shy (7) 9. Spotify is full of

them (9) 10. Narnia lion (5) 11. Prologues (6)

12. Pittsburgh ice hockey team, OR, a hint to the highlighted 29. Lyrics: "Raindrop, clues (8)

14. Disgusting (9)

17. Tooth collector?

18. Fringe (5) 19. Helmet part (9)

21. Cheese companion (8)

24. Aniseed alternative (6)

27. Sneeze noise (5) 28. Not manual (9)

" (7)

30. Older folks (7)

DOWN: 1. Star Wars head villain (7)

2. Corn or wheat (5) 3. Islands with big ass 17. Angler (9)

4. Nightfall (4) 5. Moisten the turkey

tortoises (9)

6. Cool kid's speak (5) 7. One who lies (9)

8. Actress Lohan (7) 13. Tattletale (4)

15. Boy with a permanent hard-on?

16. Stick (4)

18. Barrage (7) 20. Royal residences

22. Nest (5) 23. Civil rights org. (5)

25. Breatha scrumpy

26. Cash machines (4)

WORD BLOCKS

Make up the 9-letter word hidden in these blocks, using every letter once.

S	R	Р
S	O	0
0	Ш	R

В	_	Ш
I	Z	I
Т	D	ı

Е	Т	I
С	M	S
S	0	С

WEEK 20 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. MERCURY 5. MOSHPIT 9. ELEMENTS 10. COPPER 12. IDOS 13. IMAGINE 15. RIORDAN 17. ATHEISM 20. OAR 21. MEDIANS 23. MULDOON 25. KRYPTON 27. DATE 29. NICKEL 30. ACCIDENT 31. AUTOPSY 32. RAMADAN

DOWN: 1, MAELSTROM 2, REEK 3, UPENDED 4, YETIS 6, STOMACH 7, PEPSI 8. TERSE 11. DISARM 14. GOLD 16. NOSING 18. IRON 19. MANHATTAN 22. ANTWERP 24. LITHIUM 25. KENYA 26. YACHT 27. DECOR 28. LEAD

WORD LADDER SOLUTION: FAKE-FATE-FATS-NATS-NETS-NEWS

SUDOKU

5 6 2 9 3 4 8 2 3 8 3 6 2 4 8 5 9 2 5 6

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VOTE								TH	HIS					

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

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TUDENTSQICOP

OCNIXPNTMDL

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IJGNDNKFRZZT

F L M Z I V N F W C H D

XEGASSEMSUVI

URVENSURELSEMSN N D B K Y Y G V D E N A V Q F

OEWYMONIIWU

UBPMUHHIVW

There are 10 differences between these images





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6 8 3

OTHERWISE

NUTJOBS

CONTROL

RIGHTWING COULD

ELECTION

DUNEDIN

ARONUI / FEATURES / 21



From Gold Miners Gold Diggers:

How Attitudes Towards Immigrants Have (and Haven't) Changed Since the 1880s

By Denzel Chung and Lotto Ramsay

Ōtepoti was home to some of Aotearoa's earliest non-pākehā tauiwi, with thousands of Chinese lured to seek their fortunes in Dunedin, a place they called San Gam Saan – the "New Gold Mountain". While few intended to stay on, many were forced to, forming a community whose legacy remains across Aotearoa to this day. But while their challenges and persecution seem like ancient history, ones that most people respond to with a dismissive "that was how they did things back then," a closer look reveals just how little things have changed about how we view immigrants as a nation.

The origins of Chinese history in Dunedin were mostly pragmatic: as the gold rush ended and miners began leaving in droves, the Dunedin Chamber of Commerce spied an opportunity to keep the (economic) party going. Chinese were seen as "well-behaved" and "hard-working", able to produce gold from areas which were abandoned by other miners, and most importantly, "large consumers of foodstuff and store goods". These miners were almost exclusively young, impoverished men from the Guangzhou (Canton) province, deemed the fittest in their families and the most likely to survive the dangerous voyage overseas. The autobiography of James Shun, who was seventeen when his ship from Hong Kong was met with a storm, recalls: "In the hold where our beds were, there was a foot of water. Then all the passengers began crying out, 'Save us!' I did not hear on whom they were calling to save them."

20 ARONUI / FEATURES / 21 ARONUI / FEATURES / 21

European gold miners had largely left for the West Coast when the gold ran out in the Otago fields, leaving the Chinese migrants with the scraps. Despite having poorer tools—often brought from home—the Chinese miners were diligent, frugal and thorough, willing to pore over the same plot, syphoning specks of gold previously unnoticed or unwanted. But this oft-celebrated "hard-working, industrious nature" obscures the fact that, like many immigrants today, most were starting from a place of profound disadvantage. Working hard was not necessarily "in their genes", but a matter of survival because of the conditions imposed on them. Ineligible for the subsidised fares paid to encourage British settlement, many were already in debt after paying for their passage over. Additionally, unlike most pākehā miners, they had to earn enough to support families overseas as well as themselves. To supplement their scarce income, many ended up doing low-paying labour for pākehā farmers, like gorse-cutting and ditch-digging.

In China during the late Qing Dynasty, greener pastures overseas were marketed as an invaluable opportunity for advancement, or at the very least to make enough to provide a better life for their families back home. It took about £100, or roughly \$20,000 today, to achieve what many miners dreamed of: a ticket back home so they could reunite with their families, enough to expand their family's plot of land, or perhaps to start a small business. Many failed to achieve even these modest goals. As David Ng wrote in his 1962 thesis: "[some] lived in their old age, lonely and uncared for, living on the charity of their countrymen or by Government aid... they had not even heard of their families and relatives for years, and could not hope to see again their native land." Around 200 Chinese were buried in Ōtepoti's Southern Cemetery from the 1880s to the 1920s – the vast majority were gold miners who did not have the money or family connections to send their bodies back home.

These tough conditions did not stop rising resentment, particularly from the few remaining pākehā miners. They saw Chinese as having "low morals [and] segregated ways of life", and the fact that they were willing to work long hours for relatively low wages was seen as "being detrimental to the general standard of living". The very things that the pākehā working-class saw as a threat, though, the rich

saw as an opportunity; the strongest defenders of the Chinese were "representatives of the landed, mercantile and professional interests... [who] praised the Chinese for their industry, thrift and ancient culture and civilisation".

As the gold ran out and Chinese miners began moving into cities in search of work, the hostility stepped up a notch. In 1871, a local newspaper reported that "All classes agree that the Chinese are eating up an inheritance that we should leave for our race in the future." The pressure prompted the Government to set up a "Special Inquiry into the Chinese Question," which found "There was no special risk to the morality and security from [Chinese] presence in the Colony." Lawmakers and the public, however, were not ones to let facts get in the way of their feelings.

In the succeeding decades, a steady drumbeat of increasingly punitive legislation was introduced. The "Asiatic Restriction Act" of 1881 introduced a poll tax (initially £10, soon increased to 10 times that) and limited the number of "Asiatics" a ship could carry based on its weight. The Immigration Restriction Act of 1920 meant any non-pākehā migrant required a special permit from the Minister of Customs. The adoptive mother of Kathleen Pih-Chang, who grew up to be Otago Uni's first Chinese graduate, had to schmooze the Governor-General in order to get her into the country. She even went as far as to christen the five-year-old Kathleen after the GG's daughter.

Even the small trickle of refugees Aotearoa accepted from Japanese-occupied China, in the midst of World War II, were initially sent on temporary visas, with the country ready to spit them back out at a moment's notice. It was only public pressure that stopped the Government from sending them home in 1947, as the Chinese Civil War violently raged. The Dunedin Presbyterian Church's Public Question Committee pleaded: "With inflation and civil war in China, it would be inhumane to force their return and to tear apart families now united... many children are at school, and their companionship with our children in lessons and play is of great educational value to young New Zealanders, especially in view of our tendency to insularity and isolation."



LEFT: Arrow Falls. c.1900. MS-1007-009/009/024 Hocken Collections Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago

RIGHT: Lye Bow, 1900s. P2002-053/1-093

Throughout these years, the door was never "officially" closed to Chinese. Yet a steadily increasing pile of administrative and bureaucratic hurdles was growing: onerous thumbprinting requirements; English language exams; and even increased powers for Police searches (on suspicion of opium) all served to effectively prohibit Chinese, and indeed most non-pākehā, from immigrating for the next century or so. Just like the neighbouring White Australia Policy, Aotearoa's "European society" and "European heritage" was thus constructed — an artifice maintained by punitive legislation, racist attitudes and sophisticated bureaucratese, which could market the nation as an egalitarian paradise while still upholding stark inequalities.

Occasionally, the quiet parts were said out loud. According to William Massey, Prime Minister from 1919-1925, these laws were "the result of a deep-seated sentiment... that this Dominion shall be what is often called a 'White' New Zealand." As late as 1953, a report from the Department of External Affairs stated: 'Our immigration is based firmly on the principle that we are and intend to remain a country of European development. It is inevitably discriminatory against Asians – indeed against all persons who are not wholly of European race and colour. Whereas we have done much to encourage immigration from Europe, we do everything to discourage it from Asia."

The first halting steps towards changing this discriminatory system began in the 1970s and 1980s. However, just like in the 1860s, the prising open of Aotearoa's doors came not from a change of heart or conscience, but by calculations to improve the bottom line. As the United Kingdom began to distance itself from its colonial remnants and draw closer to Europe, Aotearoa was forced to scout for ways to kick-start their flagging economy. And just like in the 1880s, immigrants were seen as the motu's golden ticket.

In 1987 the Immigration Act was passed, forming the foundation of the system we have today. Under our current system, immigrants who have skills that are deemed to be valuable by the Government have preference. As of 2022, this "Green List" contains 56 jobs, from

surveying to food technology, from otorhinolaryngology to dairy farming. The majority of the remaining immigrants to Aotearoa are either family members of the above skilled people, and refugees (which make up about 1-2% of migrants annually).

As in the past, the primary issue now is not so much explicit wording of legislation but implicit welcoming and acceptance. The Government may welcome you with open arms if your job is on a "skills shortage list," but applying to get a job that way is a different kettle of fish. Almost every immigrant will be able to tell you about periods spent working minimum-wage jobs because, perversely, while the Government accepts overseas smarts and qualifications as being good enough for Aotearoa, a lot of local companies won't.

A report by Diversity Works found a striking "migrant pay gap" amongst those immigrating from different countries. The highest paid migrants, South Africans, earned on average \$4/hour more than the average pākehā (15.4%), with Americans, Canadians, Brits, Irish and SE Europeans (Greeks, Hungarians, Polish etc.) not far behind. On the other end of the scale: South East Asians, Koreans, Chinese and Japanese on average earned \$4/hour less than the average pākehā. The gaps persisted even for migrants who have been in Aotearoa for long periods of time. Headlines of human rights abuses towards migrant workers, particularly Recognised Seasonal Employers (RSE) workers, are all too common.

While much has changed for the better since the days of the "Yellow Peril" in the 1880s, many of the lenses we see immigrants through have remained the same. It is still fundamentally a system which sees them as a resource to be tapped and taken advantage of. And while the immigration system has been tightened and loosened over the few decades, as fear mongering over "immigrants taking Kiwi jobs" competed with a desire to plug skill shortages and boost the economy, it is at its core the same: a system which weighs migrants up financially. And migrants, back then as they are today, are worth their weight in gold.

Asiatic Restriction Act 1896 (60 Victoriae 1896 No 64), NZLII

60 VICT.]

Asiatic Restriction.

[1896, No. 64.

New Zealand.



ANALYSIS.

itle. reamble. hort Title.

2. Interpretation.

(1.) Poll-tax.

3. Limitation of Asiatio passengers.

4. Master to furnish list of Asiatics.

5. Master to pay 200 for year Asiatics.

Master to furnish list of Asiatics.
Master to pay £100 for every Adatic.
Penalty for breach, or if Asiatic lands or escapes.
Gertificate of payment of poll-tax.
Gertificate to be evidence of payment.
Penalty on Asiatic for avading the Act.
Transhipming of Asiatics.

- ANALYSIS.

 13. Ship may be detained if Act
- 14. In cerauit of payments due under this ship may be sold.
 15. Court may give time to pay.
 16. Governor may remit penalties.
- r 17. Non-naturalised Asiatics to be deemed aliens.
 18. Naturalisation of Chinese prohibited.
 19. Court to decide nationality.
 20. Moneys received payable to Public Account.
- Provisoes.
 22. Regulations.
 23. Repeals. Saving.

1896, No. 64.

An Act to prevent the Influx into New Zealand of Persons of Alien Title.

Race who are likely to be hurtful to the Public Welfare.

[Reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure thereon.]

WHEREAS it is expedient to safeguard the race-purity of the people Preamble.
of New Zealand by preventing the influx into the colony of persons
of align race:

BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED by the General Assembly of New

234

**Initiation of means prescribed by rules or regulations to be made by the Governor in Council under this Act: made by the Governor in Council under this Act: means prescribed by rules or regulations to be ship" includes steamer and sailing-vessel of every description, whether British or foreign.

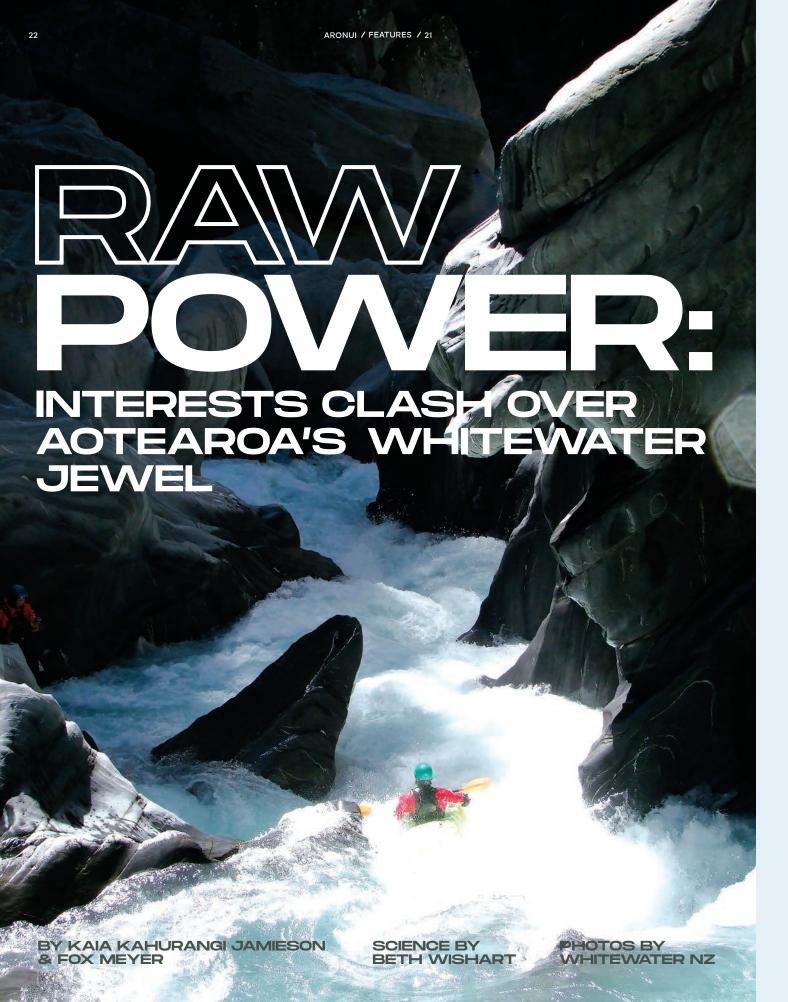
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The Waitaha crushes through West Coast boulders like a churning blade. The awa (river) is an iconic, temperamental, visually stunning and ecologically significant part of the taiao (environment), admired by all who have seen it. It is home to threatened species like blue ducks/whio, longtailed bats, kākā and kea; it is culturally significant for its link to local iwi of the same name; and Morgan's Gorge – a narrow channel of frothing, pure water – is held as the pinnacle of kayaking and canoeing in Aotearoa.

In short, the Waitaha is "skux as fuck", as described by Gooch, the gear officer for the Otago University Canoe Club (OUCC). As we move into a green economy, however, the Waitaha's roaring rapids are attracting attention from outside the global kayaking community. Westpower, a community-owned company on the West Coast, is leading the charge to tap the Waitaha for hydropower, and is currently in the process of pitching a hydro scheme to the government - for the second time. It's created a microcosm of a debate we see raging globally, where we have to balance maintaining our current standard of living against preserving the few wilderness areas we have left, and it's pitched kayakers against a power company and the local iwi.

Westpower's initial pitch was rejected by the government, with Environment Minister David Parker saying the application was declined because establishing the power scheme in this location would have significant impacts on the natural character of the area, the intrinsic value of the area and the people's enjoyment of it. This decision was controversial; on one hand, the scheme could bring jobs to the area and create renewable power, while on the other, it could have major environmental, ecological and cultural impacts. Westpower's original 2016 pitch was rejected by the government in 2019. On June 1st 2022, Westpower launched a renewed bid asking the government to reconsider the hydro-scheme. "It's sort of like if your mum says no, then you go ask your dad, that sorta thing," said one disgruntled kayaker.

Westpower is currently between a rock and a hard place. They have to choose whether to repitch now, against the same government and opposing groups, or wait to see if a new government is elected. Problem is, the land they want to build on is being reclassified by DoC, and could be rendered untouchable by the time a more cooperative government comes along. In the meantime, Westpower and the local iwi are united in their support of the project, mostly because of the security it would provide to nearby communities. The 12,000 homes powerable by this project otherwise risk being cut off from the national energy grid in the event of a natural disaster which, if you know anything about the West Coast, is just an average Tuesday.

Most of the submissions opposing the scheme seemed to come from those with a passion for the outdoors, particularly from keen kayakers, many of whom are at Otago. One submitter explained that "The Morgan George and upper Waitaha River represent the pinnacle of whitewater runs for the most skilled of expert kayakers," reasoning that this warranted "the river's statutory recognition and protection, alongside other beginner, intermediate, advanced and expert runs throughout the country; some of which are protected under by Water Conservation Orders". Another submission, this one in favour of the scheme, dismissed this argument, positing that "the objections from the kayaking community are largely overstated," because

"the extreme water[s] of the Morgan Gorge [have] very rarely been kayaked successfully." Kayakers argued that this was precisely their point: it's not the pinnacle because it's the most explored, it's the pinnacle because it's one of the most challenging.

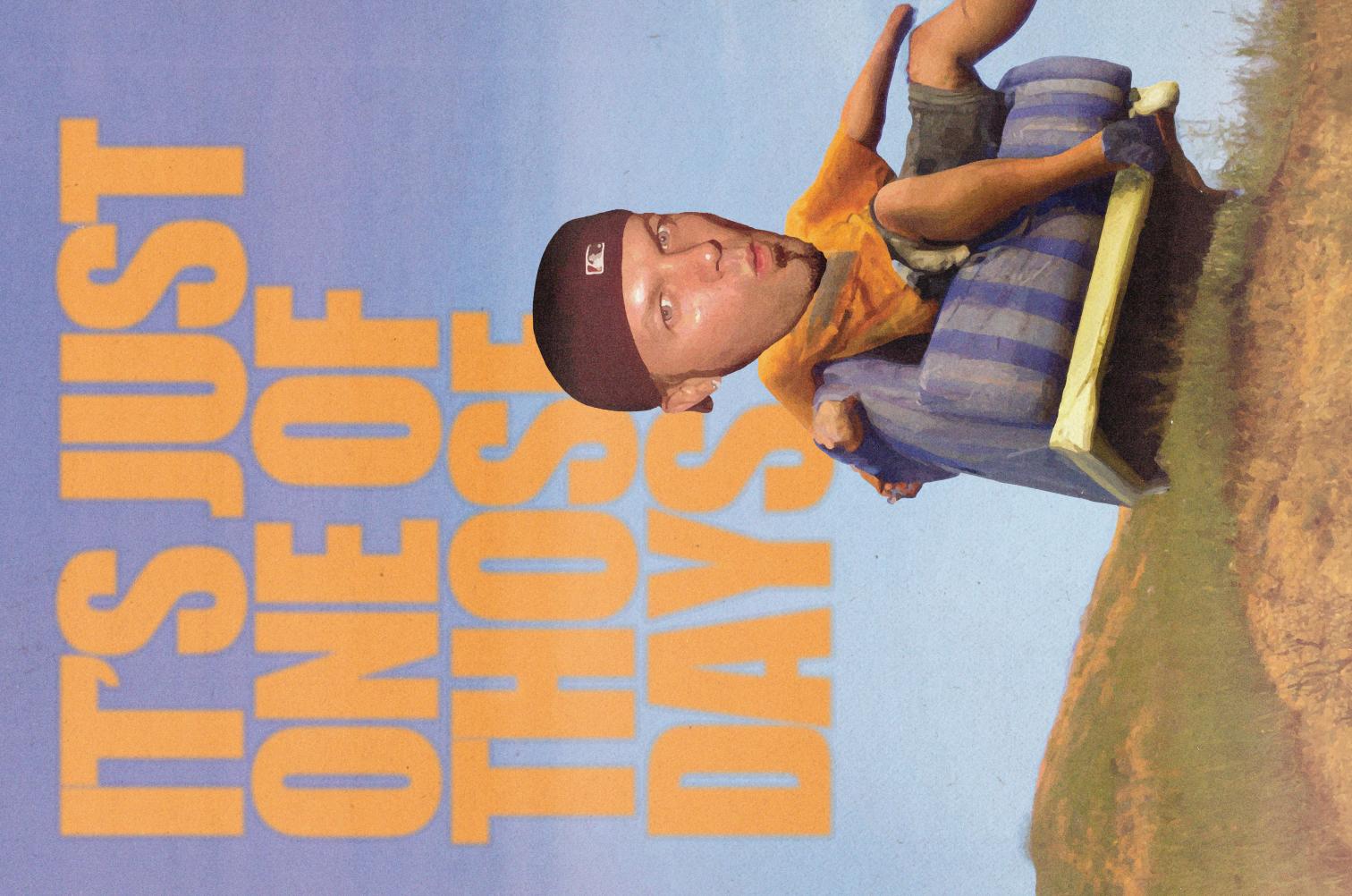
We went to OUCC to learn a bit more about what the Waitaha was like, and why so many kayakers were passionate about preserving its natural state if they were unequipped to paddle it in the first place.

Paddling the Waitaha is often compared to climbing Aoraki (Mt. Cook) in regards to the challenge it presents. For this reason, the river is widely known and admired, even if very few have paddled it. Mitch (club health and safety officer) is one of the few who have tackled the river, while Gooch (gear officer) is yet to attempt the intrepid dangers of Morgan's George. Mitch described that he didn't oppose the scheme solely for its impact on kayaking, but its wider ecological implications: "There are so many habitants of the Gorge. When we went there, it was the first time I saw blue ducks," (rarer than kiwi, whio/blue ducks are also endemic to Aotearoa, with only 863 pairs counted in the Department of Conservation's 2021 census). "We saw a family of six of them, just floating around. Damming the george will well and truly scare them away."

"I don't think a power company can see the exact footprint they'll put on this place - it'll be so much concrete, the road, the huge pipes," said Mitch. Gooch added that a dam would even increase noise and light pollution in an otherwise effectively untouched area. "I couldn't think of anything grosser than drying it out," explained Mitch, "There's a swing bridge that goes over the bush, and walking over that, looking down and seeing the river dry would just be heartbreaking."

But claims of a "dam" seem to be slightly misguided. Both Francois Tumahai (Chair of Westpower's Mana Whenua Panel and Chair of Te Rūnanga o Ngāti Waewae) and Peter Armstrong (CEO of Westpower) insisted that there was no such "dam" in the works. "The project would see a small weir built," said Francois, and it "does not require damming a river or creating a storage lake", according to Peter. That being said, the same language differences (weir vs dam) were seen during the 2019 debate over the original scheme, with Westpower execs insisting on the word "weir", and David Parker and the media calling it a "dam" nonetheless, as it diverted water out of the river. Peter explained that while his team has tried to make this distinction clear, "Unfortunately, this [difference] appears to have been overlooked in the heat of the debate." But to the kayakers, be it a dam or a weir, it just wouldn't be the same Waitaha.

Claims of environmental insensitivity were rebuked by Westpower and Francois. "Our relationship with the whenua will not be affected," said Francois. Westpower acknowledged that there would be as small an environmental impact as possible, there would be benefits, too. They cited "improved access to the tramping track to Kiwi Flat (excluding private land), and support toward the blue duck programme" as examples, as well as "information about water levels and a link to a web camera at Kiwi Flat". Lastly, "up to four no-take-days per year and a contribution towards a training programme have been offered to kayakers," by Westpower.



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Liam, an avid kayaker, did not think that the no-take days and training were entirely well thought-out. "The four no-takes a year, yeah, that doesn't work," said Liam. "In an environment like Morgan's Gorge, on the West Coast, in the most unpredictable weather in the country, there's no way you're gonna be able to [align] those no-take days with an actual weekend that's gonna line up with the weather. That's just not logistically possible. You'd need some soothsayers to see into the future, or something." And as far as the training was concerned, "that's a logistical nightmare" as well. The drop into Morgan's Gorge, "the most awesome, unbelievable part of the river", can currently be achieved by a moderately-able paddler (the second half of the river is far more challenging). But with the proposed weir, and the sluice on top for kayak access, that approach gets much more technical. "It would require a team of people setting safety, possible rope skills, and different management systems... [is Westpower] providing training in hi-tech rope skills and approach skills, along with the \$800 rescue course that it costs to become that kind of proficient? They'd have to offer that to any grade 3 paddler in the country, if that's something they wanted to do." Besides, the mere presence of a weir "would completely destroy all of the recreational and visual value of being able to paddle into this unbelievable gorge".

Like Liam, other kayakers persisted in their claims that the awa would be irreparably changed. "It's a bit gut-wrenching... it feels like I'm missing out on this for some corporate greed or something," Gooch explained, before going on to elaborate that the scheme doesn't feel necessary enough: "If this one station was gonna power all of New Zealand, and it was gonna reduce the carbon footprint of New Zealand immensely, then I'm sure a lot of people would have different feelings, including me."

As an alternative, the kayakers brought up the Lake Onslow battery scheme. The reservoir in Central Otago is currently in the process of being developed to store potential energy: roughly 1,000mw of it, compared to the potential 20mw from the Waitaha. In fact, the energy stored in the Onslow reservoir is so massive that, in theory, the hydro battery could power the entire motu until it ran dry. But Onslow is not a dam, it's a reservoir that water is pumped into, uphill, when energy is abundant. When it's lacking, water is released downhill to generate electricity. Hamish Darling, who cut his teeth on the OUCC exec in 2018 before graduating to fill the role of President of Whitewater New Zealand, described his tautoko for the Onslow project. His position is "so super for the Onslow concept. I'm not antigreen energy, but I am pro-protecting wild rivers and pristine West Coast spaces, especially." Outside of hydroelectric renewable energy, wind farming is another industry on the rise; Hamish explained that there are "currently three proposals for solar wind farms on the Canterbury Plains, all over 100mw, which are closer to West Coast communities [than the Waitaha hydro scheme] anyway". But transmission lines for that power would still need to be built, and wouldn't provide the same energy security.

Onslow's relevance was dismissed by supporters of the Waitaha scheme. "[The Waitaha scheme] is quite different to Onslow," explained Westpower. Onslow is not "a net producer of energy, but will rather act as a large battery, storing energy when is plentiful and releasing it when it is scarce. New Zealand needs to approximately double the amount of renewable energy it produces over the next

30 years and this will have to come from true generation schemes like the Waitaha."

"[IN THE EVENT OF A NATURAL DISASTER], HAVING A HYDRO SCHEME IN YOUR BACKYARD WOULD BE IMMENSELY HELPFUL."

Another claim the kayakers disputed was that the Waitaha scheme would provide local energy to the West Coast, which they said was nonsensical because Aotearoa operates on a nationalised powergrid. It didn't make sense, to them, to tap a West Coast river only to have that relatively miniscule amount of energy shipped centrally and redistributed. But that wasn't the point of the claim, according to Francois. He clarified that this local power source would not be needed all the time, but in the event that the West Coast is cut off from national power (in, say, an earthquake), having a hydro scheme in your backyard would be immensely helpful.

Speaking of earthquakes, the West Coast is certainly due for a big one. The Alpine Fault, Earth's longest terrestrial straight line, is a special one. What makes it special is the consistency, regularity and subsequent predictability of its ruptures, which happen every 300 years or so. The last rupture was in 1717 - you do the maths. A recent Te Herenga Waka (Victoria University of Wellington) study indicated that there is a 75% chance of the fault rupturing some time in the next 50 years, with 82% probability that multiple sections of the fault line will be involved in a rupture, making it likely a magnitude 8+ event, which sounds like it will define a generation. They expect up to eight metres of horizontal displacement, two metres vertical, and intense shaking, all of which would be felt by the Waitaha, and any new infrastructure Westpower is about to put on it. Westpower, however, was confident that their design was adequate. "The risk of an Alpine Fault rupture has been considered and will be accounted for in the design of Scheme and the way key structures are built. Importantly, none of the civil structures straddle the Alpine Fault, as they are all situated to the east of the fault," (unlike Franz Josef's petrol station - unrelated - which sits directly on the fault's surface trace).

Finally, the kayakers brought up another option: the existing Arnold Hydroelectric Power Station, on a river near Greymouth called the Arnold. The station was commissioned back in 1932 and is rated at 3 megawatts (mw), a measly sum compared to the Waitaha hydro scheme, which would produce a maximum of 20mw of power. Bolstering this project instead of starting a new one was preferable to Mitch. "The Arnold is so gross," Mitch laughed, "It's got farmland all around it, it's got so much agricultural runoff and sewage runoff, so it's already really polluted. You've already got [another option] just staring you in the face, so why go harm something so pristine?"

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What Mitch is referring to is Trustpower's past proposal to build a further structure on the Arnold, a power scheme which would produce a mammoth 46mw. Trustpower was granted approval for this scheme by the government back in 2010, but, after deciding the project was possibly not economically viable, the company let the consents for the scheme lapse in December of 2020.

Now, in 2022, in spite of previous denial and continuous objection, Westpower seeks to have their Waitaha hydro scheme proposal reconsidered by the government. Critics of the scheme have questioned why Westpower is retrying for consents given Aotearoa is still governed by the same Labour government, that the groups that initially opposed the scheme are still vocal and active, that projects like the Onslow station are closer to completion, and that we are ever closer to an earthquake that could alter the entire awa. Supporters of the plan cite the same factors as last time: energy security, encouraging future business, minimal impact, and a willingness to play ball. But it's still unusual for a scheme like this to be resurrected so soon after being struck down; Hamish reckons the decision to repitch the proposal now is related to local land reclassification processes that are currently underway.

600,000 hectares of West Coast land, owned by the Department of Conservation, are currently classified as 'stewardship' land - stewardship being the least protected of DoC's four levels of classification. Critic wrote an article about this in issue 14 (2022), but the SparkNotes version is that while DoC is responsible for roughly 8 million hectares of land that is protected for its conservation value, most of this has not been properly assessed for its specific value

due to the sheer magnitude of land. Much of the land that DoC was given in 1987 has been tagged 'stewardship land' while it waits for further assessment.

Stewardship land is generally considered the easiest classification of DoC land to be approved to build on, and the Waitaha falls into this category. But the Waitaha area's classification is being reconsidered. If DoC finds the land to have more conservation value than can be advocated for under the "stewardship" classification, the land will be reclassified into one of three other possible categories. The reclassification and Westpower's hydro pitch are two distinct, separate issues. However, Hamish wonders if there's a connection: "if the reclassification goes ahead, it means Westpower can't just wait for a different government which is pro-development of remote West Coast valleys," because the land would have more protection. He speculated that Westpower (backed by locals) is trying to get their second chance proposal across the line before DoC's bureaucracy (backed by paddlers) caught up to them.

Peter at Westpower dismissed this, and said that the timing was "pure coincidence", merely "one element in a basket of ongoing legislative changes that we are currently navigating." He explained that Westpower has been working hard over the last three years to revise their plan, which included "reviewing the legal basis for the decision, consulting with local stakeholders... and further refining the design of the intake to reduce the visual impacts on the landscape as far as possible."

Hamish still wasn't sure. "Yeah, nah." said Hamish. "It's a race."

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FU: Facebook University



Happening now Horse Girl 101



Mr Hands, 80+



Starts in 69 minutes

Find out your **Hogwarts House Using Tarot!**



Luisa, 420+



Today at full moon

Amethyst Crystal Meditation



Julie, Billy, Sarah, 63+



Tomorrow at 2pm Fuck Yeah Stamping!!!1!



Daniel, Jock 200+



Saturday at 3pm **Live Butterfly** Sex! (18+)



Your mum, 69+

It's no secret that University is expensive as fuck. A dick-measuring competition of who can get deeper in debt, if you will. Fees-free only gets you so far, for those lucky enough to have qualified for it. After that, it's around \$35.75 per lecture for the average student excluding the pricier degrees like medicine and dentistry. Perhaps something to keep in mind the next time you are considering skipping a lecture. Just saying.

And so, sick of the neoliberal scams that have put such exorbitant prices on education, Critic Te Arohi turned to online Facebook events to see what crap there was to learn outside of the classroom - for free!

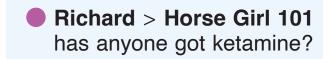
The world of Facebook events presents like a bot-saturated Mad Hatter's tea party, nevermind the fact that you're on a website that is at best an empty void for boomers to yell into and companies to harvest data from, and at worst is an active threat to democracy. Forget about that for now though. The discovery page is a battleground of middle-aged-crisis hobbyists (bless their hearts), spiritual gurus promising to GET YOUR LIFE BACK ON TRACK, and scientists peddling seminars on incredibly niche theorems.

I signed up for them all.

Expectations were low heading into my two-week crash course of a remarkably wide range of topics. The somewhat severe lack of graphic design skill, or general technological competency really, of the event pages was initially misleading, and so the most I expected to learn was how to download some really air-tight security software. How wrong I was.

We got the ball rolling with a Horse First Aid webinar. Naturally. There were a few hurdles to jump over (heh) to gain access to this coveted event: after five minutes of sitting in the Zoom waiting room, an email containing suspicious links to discounted horse medication was sent to my inbox. Was this a front for a ket black market? Would my thirst for out-of-pocket knowledge inadvertently threaten my decadeold promises to Harold the Giraffe?

Hopes were crushed when my eventual entry into the Zoom was met with a PowerPoint presentation on the main causes of death in horses. Colic was killer number one, for all those wondering. This webinar was a horse girly's wet dream, covering all things equine (a word I learned in the presentation) with a generous portion of horse-related humour that went right over my head. My mum never let me ride horses. At the end of it, though my human first aid knowledge remains frightfully scant, I can now (maybe) help a choking horse if it comes down to it. Top tip: the Heimlich manoeuvre will NOT work. I asked.



Next up was a Q&A Zoom with a tarot card reader. Admittedly, the most I knew about tarot before joining was that it had something to do with divination, so as a Harry Potter stan, I was pumped. True to the format of any class, there was some light prep-work involved in drafting a question to ask during the session. My eyes shone with the possibilities, but was quickly shut down after some googling revealed that asking when you're going to die is a big no-no in the tarot universe. Guess it tends to be a bit of a buzz kill or something.

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As predicted, the entire session had the vibe of a Professor Trelawney divination class, right down to the reader's periodic eye-rolling and muttering (to spirits, I suppose) as if possessed. I half-expected when it came my turn for her to tell me I had The Grim, or whatever the tarot equivalent is. Overall, it was a grand time: we tested the vibrations of online dating sites to decipher which would help one woman meet her soulmate (spoiler alert: not Tinder), confirmed someone's decision to move overseas to girlboss a new business venture, and told another hopeful that no, it was not a good idea to have their ex in their life. Bad vibrations.

Spirits were high heading into the next event. This one required the noble sacrifice of an actual (\$35.75) uni lecture in order to attend a free hour-long online stamping class. A simple trade. To clarify, we're not talking about postal stamps here; this was ink-stamping, and it is a very serious craft. This was a community of people who live and breathe stamping; they snort lines of glitter and huff craft glue. As the host expertly took us (her inferiors) through the card-making process, the comment section was chockfull of "super cool"s, "gosh"es and, my personal favourite, "embossing is kind of magical, isn't it?" Word. I was quickly learning, however, that these Facebookers liked to play it fast and loose with the word "free". The host posted a 32 item supply list racking up a total of US\$571.50 (NZD \$891.61) ten minutes prior to the class. Now, I realise many of the regular attendees (the more hardcore stampers among us) would have been in possession of a lot of these supplies already, but as an aspiring stamper I felt disenfranchised.



Unfortunately the trend of faux free education continued into the next event as I was saddened to learn I had missed the train for a free creative writing class. To be able to attend the next would require coughing up 5 million Vietnamese dong. To that I say: fuck right off. This class was most certainly NOT the fun, funky and fresh kind of learning I was on the hunt for. Things were looking grim.



Nina > Amethyst Crystal Meditation Can I burn weed instead of sage?

But wait! The breathwork meditation session on the "inner smile" was my knight in shining armour, a ray of sunshine through the dark clouds of capitalist deception and trickery. The class was scheduled for a Wednesday afternoon – i.e. hump-day nap-time. It was an intimate group of five on Zoom led by a doctor of acupuncture and Eastern medicine, and self-described psychic since the age of 13. We were all encouraged to create a space of calm beforehand. Lacking the crystals (amethyst was recommended) and burning sage others proudly brandished, I settled into my pillow fort with a steamy mug of noodles. In all honesty, this class was exactly what the doctor ordered. At this point in the semester with assignments and tests coming out of our asses, I'd say you couldn't go far wrong with a meditation break. Or just a nap. Fairly certain that's how the session finished on my end, anyhow.

Science Week at the Australian Butterfly Sanctuary provided even more wholesome content. The butterfly caretaker hosting the livestream felt like that well-meaning teacher-aide at your high school who became the collective mother of all the students. Viewers were treated to a tour with Mother Butterfly through the exhibit which very much resembled the one in Otago Museum, except the experience came without the stinking heat and \$12 admission fee. It also came without the tactile ecstasy of butterflies landing on your arms, so I guess you get what you pay for.

We learned some fun facts about the lifecycle of butterflies, got a cheeky sneak-peek at an upcoming black-light exhibit demonstrating how the insects see, and even got a couple juicy close-ups of what one could only describe as butterfly porn – a tad inappropriate for the class of Year 3 students whose teacher said "hi" in the comment section, I thought. Shout-out to Mother Butterfly's husband for hyping her up in the comments!

After a more stimulating couple of weeks than my lecture schedule provides, this haphazard online course was a smashing success. If you are keen to avoid those pesky Uni obligations and acquire some niche knowledge, this is the place.

The biggest lesson learned, however, was that there are actually some really wholesome communities of people online. Due to technical difficulties, they may sometimes be easily mistaken for an underground drug ring, and in some cases it might just be a scam, but in most cases the classes on Facebook events really are passionate individuals sharing their interests with others. And that, my friends, is what non-commodified education enables.

ĀHUA NOHO / CULTURE / 21 CRITIC INVESTIGATES IF CLASS REPS GET THEIR PIZZA PARTY

BY RUBY WERRY

Picture this: it's the start of the semester, and you are once again reluctantly sitting in a packed lecture theatre for a paper you're definitely not going to pay attention to. Your lecturer then begins the class by asking for a class rep. After a long awkward silence and a few glances across the room, some poor soul eventually raises their hand, volunteering to fulfil the position, on one promise: a free pizza lunch. The promise of free food is basically a Pavlovian-ingrained orgasm for malnourished students, but since Covid, many promises are going unfulfilled – most disappointingly, the promise of free pizza.

When Critic heard pizza was provided to some class reps (but not all), there were immediately questions. Domino's or Pizza Hut? Sal's or Hell? Did all class representatives get pizza, or just the enthusiastic ones? Given the fact greasy pizza is one of the four core student food groups, this warranted investigation. Is the pizza offered worth being a class rep? And most importantly, is the promise of free pizza even real in the first place, or is it some sick conspiracy to lure us in to be class rep?

Sage Burke, Student Support Manager at OUSA, explained that any pizza promised to students would be coming from the professors, not OUSA. He told us that while OUSA has never promised free pizzas to class reps, they're looking to expand the class rep training with heaps of free modules, at events "with snacks". Could this finally be it? Is this the pizza party? No. "Students already eat enough pizza," explained Sage, "we find that they actually prefer other snacks". We kept digging.

Jamie was a class rep for HIST245 last semester, whose lecturer dangled the familiar lure of generic 'free food! But a pizza party? "Nah,

I don't know anything about that," she said. Given that Jamie has been class representative five times in two years (mad respect, but also why) it's uncertain if there's anyone who deserves a \$5 cheesy garlic roll more than her. But apparently HIST245 didn't manage to follow through on that free food promise. In fact, according to Jamie, only one paper did: HISTIO2, Global 20th Century History, and she didn't even get pizza. Home baking and chips were provided instead, which may actually be an upgrade. Jamie rated it a solid 8/10. "I mean, Covid meant a lot of training was held online over Zoom. So that's probably why I didn't get the food for other papers." Unfortunately, Zoom training did not yield a single byte to eat. Despite seemingly not needing that pizza incentive, Jamie does agree that it would sweeten the class rep

Currently a geography class rep for a second time, Merlyn was also perpetually stuck in Zoom meetings. with no food or pizza, but she had heard from a friend that was class rep for MARIII2 that there was a training event... with snacks! Could this have been the promised land of pizza? "Apparently the snacks were sandwiches and fancy fruit like pineapple. I was gutted to have missed out. I guess they just forgot to tell some people?" Forgot, indeed. This was only adding more evidence to the evolving theory that pizza might only be for the science class reps, which would track, subject funding-wise. Just look at the elevators in Burns vs Mellor. Yeah, sure, it was Covid that meant humanities students didn't get pizza. Totally.

But then we found out that the science students weren't getting pizza either. Ella, who was a class rep for MICR22I also had her promised pizza disrupted by Covid and meetings conducted over Zoom. "I

understand why we didn't get pizza, and I'm not angry about it. On a scale of I-IO, a mournful 4 describes my emotions." Perhaps the Microbiology Department couldn't afford pizza anymore so instead created Covid in the labs and released the virus into the world? People have done worse to avoid less. This pizza party was beginning to look less real than Mark Zuckerberg's smile, and we were resigned to accepting that maybe the true pizza party was the friends we made along the way. Then, like a piece of pepperoni rising from a sea of cheese, we found our unicorn: a class rep that had gotten their pizza party.

In 2019, before Covid hit our shores and disrupted the class-rep-pizzasupply chain, Alison* was a class rep for PHYSI9I. A group of class reps all received their pizza, from Domino's, although Alison also speculated there could have been some Pizza Hut in there. But not only did Alison receive pre-Covid pizza, in 2021 she received a pizza for her work as class rep for INDV307 - the same Domino's/ Pizza Hut hybrid as the PHYSI9I. It seems like, just with everything else, disruptions to the pizza-class rep pipeline were caused by that damned virus. What started as an exciting myth-busting exercise turned up the usual suspects, although the question remains if pizza was exclusive to the science degrees, or if the more artsy students got their free pies, too.

Nature is healing, and pizza has been reinstated into the class rep ecosystem. So if you're hit with a hankering for pizza, responsibility, and no respect, just know future papers, free from the burden of Covid, have no reason not to deliver – unless Monkeypox puts us on pause again. Until that happens, you make sure you get that free food. Cheese ain't cheap these days.

*Name changed.

AN INVESTIGATION INTO DUNEDIN'S UNDERGROUND FISHING CULT BY HUGH ASKERUD

With food prices skyrocketing over the past couple months, and student allowances increasing only ever so slightly, it seemed suspicious to see so many students with full bellies around central campus. With many others huddling around their open ovens, the presence of pot-bellied breathas around our Leith River raised some questions. Is it possible that this cabal of co-conspirators have turned to our natural ecosystems for survival? Why someone would wish to consume anything out of the Leith, I was not sure – so I had to investigate. I put on my best fish disguise and tried to get hooked.

It's likely that this conclusion has already come to you, but what if members of the student population are being supported by a Robin Hood-esque fishing creed who distribute Leith trout to the poor and Leith rats to the rich? While this theory may sound outlandish, the mass amounts of trout and salmon which are inserted into the Leith each year make it a relatively thriving ecosystem for marine life – at least in terms of numbers. Excusing the abysmal state of the water quality, the Leith (theoretically) could be as good as any river in providing the sustenance all humans need. Obsessing over the image of a Smeagol-esque student, ripping into raw fish with their bare fingers, I headed down to see what would bite.

The cult was not going to be an easy find, as evading the watchful eye of the fisheries officer would be an essential function of the group. While it is legal to fish on the Leith, this legality is only restricted to some sections and times of year – meaning students are required to covertly game for trout, righteously pursuing an end to the inequality which the student life presents them with. The extent of the group's secrecy became clear in my initial confrontation with Harbour Fish, which turned up no leads and only served to thoroughly confuse the employees in store.

Unperturbed, I next consulted Hunting and Fishing. They gave me an oddly specific recommendation as to what rod I should use to snag trout from the Leith, and while I wouldn't be buying a 1/8oz jig head anytime soon, Hunting and Fishing had at least pointed me in the right direction. At this point I needed to stop and think: had I gotten in over my head on this one? Could not only Hunting and Fishing but also Harbour Fish be involved in a Leith conspiracy, and did the DCC have money in the game?

Fearing for my life, I continued down the treacherous path of journalistic endeavour, seeking wisdom from Alex, the head of OSSHC, who would hopefully shed some light on the matter. While Alex claimed he was "not much of a fisherman" (a likely story peddled by a leader of the only fishing associated group on campus) he relinquished the name of his co-conspirator: Kynan. It

was hard to ignore Kynan's obvious charm as we began messaging but he had undoubtedly faced public scrutiny before and was most likely well versed in the art of deception. Despite this, Kynan revealed that yes, indeed, there is a group of regular Leith fishers out there (although not united, and focused predominantly on the art of fishing as opposed to the promise of kai). Delving into his bag of trade secrets, Kynan revealed that "Most fish are of smaller size which are harder to catch using common methods." While these methods were not revealed, the imagination doesn't have to stray too far to realise that the swish and flick net method from everyone's tadpoling days would probably do the trick. Shockingly, Kynan only recommended eating the trout "if you want to catch some diseases", leading me to question if the dream was really over - or was Kynan still covering the tracks of Leith's fishing cult? Was it that the fish were filled with a myriad of toxins, or was it that the fish were so delicious and nutritious that Kynan and co. were willing to do anything to stop the public from getting in on

Appealing to the only real truth in this universe (opinions from drunk students on Castle Street), the question was humbly raised: "Would you eat trout from the Leith?" and the natural follow up: "Have you ever considered joining a cult?" One bedraggled looking breatha by the name of Angus mused that "there's probably some new species in the Leith we haven't discovered yet, like the Simpsons Movie." Despite this sentiment, Angus claimed he was "for sure" heading to the Leith for a fish in the coming days, which is the kind of spirit we love to see in a young lad. Next on the billet was Victoria, a self-proclaimed surfer who suggested she "Wouldn't eat trout from the fridge" (trout don't usually live in fridges but okay). After carefully considering the possibility of fishing cults she concluded that she didn't "know [if fishing cults were real], but sign me up if they exist". It seems the fishing cults of Dunedin have evaded even the watchful eye of the gossipy masses. Nonetheless, the sheer enthusiasm exuded by the public suggests that if a cult doesn't exist already, it wouldn't be very hard to set one up.

Pondering the issue, I sat down by the Leith with my head in my hands. So many unanswered questions still remained! Is there a secret fishing spot I haven't checked? Are trout really all that bad? Could Kynan be lying? Shrugging my shoulders, I picked up my rod and cast off. I went home without any answers (or fish, for that matter), but what I did go home with was something far more important: the framework for creating my own fishing cult, the names of potential recruits, and the identities of those who may seek to destroy me. And also a bunch of parasites. Seriously, don't eat those fish.





You decide: which of these couplets is from recent Critics, and which is from the past? Check the answers at the end to see if you guessed correctly.

2018 or 2022?

- a. With a housing crisis on the rise, the Uni cracking down on student parties, and concerns about international student fees, we took a look back at the Critics of yore to see what's changed. To absolutely nobody's surprise, it doesn't look like much has! Turns out we've always been a bunch of broke alcoholics shivering in mouldy flats. Be the change you want to see in the world, or something.
- **b.** Well, it's come to this. We ran out of drugs to do, weird artists to interview and ways to make fun of commerce students. So, what do you do when you run out of ideas? We decided to look back at Critic's past, and see if all the students bitching about Critic being "better back in the day" are right.

2004 or 2021?

- **a.** The growing popularity of [leader's] national party suggests that racism is attaining a new respectability.
- **b.** Several members also debated infiltrating and "reinventing" the National Party to spread white supremacist ideas to a greater portion of the population.

- a. Some animals are apparently sexier than others. Dogs German Shepherds, and Danes specifically — appear to be the most popular. This is closely followed by horses.
- **b.** Animal themed vibrators are common, as it seems cuteness detracts from sordidness.

- a. Griffiths thinks the inside lifestyle many students lead in winter needs to be broken up by "learning to touch with nature"
- **b.** The annual J Day protest, organised by the Ōtepoti Cannabis Collective, was designed to continue pushing for cannabis law reform, in light of the "momentum for change from the community".

ĀHUA NOHO / CULTURE / 21

2004 or 2022?

#1	a. You've seen it before: the house stinks of rubbish, there are
	beer bottles everywhere, the toilet is caked and then there are
	the classic piles of mouldy dishes in the kitchen.

b. But look to the news, to social media, even to advertisements, and you'll see it everywhere: students on the piss, piss on the streets, streets strewn with empty cans and once-unbroken bottles. It's the Dunedin we've grown to expect.

a. Yes, some landlords are negligent cheapskates, but some tenants revert to the Neandrathal lifestyle as soon as they move out of home and away from mummy.

b. An anonymous Dunedin property manager in Dunedin said that "there are groups of guys who don't do themselves any favours, where they have treated the property badly and not taken responsibility for it."

a. "How desperate are they when they're renting?" she asked. "Will they take [a dingy flat] because they're desperate?" The answer seems like a yes.

b. Flats conveniently located centrally in the campus area are liable to remain as dilapidated as ever because there will always be students keen to rent them.

a. OUSA pissed off with Uni, as usual.

b. The Student Executive board for OUSA have breached their own accountability policy.

a. We reached out to the Jedi Society of New Zealand to gauge their opinion.

b. Communism is looking appealing.

a. 44.3% of students said they drink once or twice a week

b. Those in Halls are identified as the heaviest drinkers, with 72% drinking at least weekly, and 7% drinking four times a week.

a. There have been several incidents in which staff and residents' cars in the adjoining carpark have been vandalised, as well as various scuffles including a three-and-a-half hour fight during capping week.

b. Armed with nothing but spray paint and a huge cone, our mysterious culprit was unleashed to wreak mayhem on flat walls. We know him as the Castle tagger. At home, he goes by "Rad Tad".

a. Otago University has been approached over and over by emergency service representatives asking for something to be done to reduce the rate of piss-soaked student antics.

b. Security has been beefed up in Dunedin's troubled Botans

a. Cancerous growth of drunken students

b. Castle Street residents have been confronted with the emergence of human shits on their cars and driveways.

#10 a. The international complexes are famous for free power, Halloween parties, and the most Americans per square metre in all of Aotearoa (not verified).

b. Our international students have tried all available avenues to stop the University from exploiting them.

a. Dunners came 9th in "overall sexiness", which seems impressive enough until you realise that we were beaten out by 8th-ranked Gore.

b. Unlike dirty Chirstchurch, Dunedin does not have sex shops galore in the city centre.

6b = 2004. 7a = 2004, 7b = 2022. 8a = 2022, 8b = 2004. 9a = 2004, 9b = 2022. 10a = 2022, 10b = 2004. 11a = 2004. 2004 or 2022; 18 = 2004, 1b = 2022, 28 = 2004, 2b = 2022, 38 = 2022, 3b = 2004, 4a = 2004, 4b = 2022, 5a = 2002, 5b = 2004, 6a = 2022,

.....

2004 of 2021: 1a = 2004, 1b = 2021. 2a = 2021, 2b = 2004. 3a = 2004, 3b = 2021.

2018 or 2022: 1a = 2022, 1b = 2018.

Where the FUCK am I meant to be stunting my pussy?

Dunedin's queer scene for the most part consists of one bar, UniQ, a Facebook group, and the occasional drag queen or king. These folks are doing the absolute most, don't get me wrong, but what we desperately need is gueer nightlife aimed at students.

It's no secret that town here is shit. However, queer people deserve a safe space in which we can have just as shit of a time as everyone else. I want to have a shit time because the music was ass and I remembered that I hate people, not because I dressed too gay and it got late and I started feeling extremely unsafe. I want to be able to use the men's room and not be asked if I was doing drugs when I was just doing gender. I want to stop hearing stories of my friends being kicked out of clubs for kissing people of the same sex, or for being "too drunk" when they were visibly sober (and trans). I once took a trans girlfriend from Auckland out for a cute town date night while she was visiting Dunners, but it just turned into us vandalising TERF posters on the verge of tears, while drunk breathas circled us. In that moment, I felt ashamed that I'd brought her to this city.

Dunedin isn't known as a queer city, despite our student population. The Dunedin subreddit regularly receives questions from aspiring students who are looking to move down, but are afraid to because they're queer. This is unacceptable. We need to change our image and gay it the fuck up. Auckland and Wellington boast prominent gay clubs, where you're guaranteed to get your fishnets hooked on someone's leather harness and overhear frightening sex stories in the bathroom. The hyperpop is bumping, the fashion is life changing, the vibes are immaculate. You're safe, you're hot, you're gay, and so is everyone else. There are weekly drag shows and regular community events. The same can't be said for Dunedin - yet.

It's undeniable that the Uni has gueer groups that are doing the absolute most for the student community, and they have established a safe environment on campus. However, this is of course restricted to daytime events or community activism. What we really, truly need is regular queer nights at clubs in town, where gay students can get just as fucked up as the rest and feel comfortable doing so. Overpriced cocktails in hand, oldschool gay anthems on the speakers, people casually asking your pronouns. Unironically paradise. Woof, our resident gay bar, hosted gueer club night 'Heterophobic' in June. Staff told us it was "really great" to attract a "younger, more wild" crowd as a special occasion, but "it would be so different if there were gay clubs" aimed at students. Again, the team at Woof have done a phenomenal job at supporting the gueer community, but we simply cannot rely on one venue to carry all the weight.

Regular gueer nights at local clubs would do wonders for the student community, and Dunedin as a whole. Imagine if Eleven or Catacombs had a gueer night every month or even fortnight - no obligation for advocacy or community work, just putting aside one night every so often to play Lady Gaga and shut down homophobia. That's all I'm asking. As Critic has previously covered, the shittiness of town and lack of student bars is largely to blame for the depravity of current student culture, and we need an outlet. Queer nights at clubs would attract a decent crowd that knows how to party, and improve the town experience overall while providing a safer environment for communities that really, truly need it.

Also, first club to do a queer night gets a performance from my drag king alter ego, Boo Khaki, for no charge. I will get my (plastic) cock out, for the good of my people and my city.



TîMMY the FIRST is a rapper, songwriter and producer based here in Ōtepoti who has been creating music for years. Critic caught up with the graduated neuroscience student to chat about how he got involved in the music scene as well as his upcoming projects.

It all started when a mysterious keyboard was left at Timmy's childhood home. Timmy began to teach himself how to play melodies and songs on the keys, eventually creating his own original music. "I would randomly write songs with my sister, just for fun. I found myself recording melodies and hooks on my mom's phone. This is when I was probably like nine, or ten." Growing older, music remained a grounding force in Timmy's life. For a time he considered it a side hobby, though he continued making beats and freestyling with mates, uploading his videos to Instagram. It was this and the community it brought that caused Timmy to reconsider music as a core part of his day-to-day life. "I was kind of going through a dark phase and music was that one thing that brought me out... It just felt great. Being able to create something and put it out there, watch people interact with it and connect with people differently... I really want to keep taking it further because I feel like it's something I'm meant to be doing."

Hip hop was Timmy's introduction into making his own music, and the style allowed him to also blend together his passion for poetry. "I used to keep it low-key but I like to do poetry. Hip hop or rap music was the first genre where [I could find that mixed together, music and poetry]." Timmy's music reflects his own experiences, feelings and self. His most respected artists are those who write about their own lives but are able to create space for the listener to relate through their own experiences. "I could talk about anything but I guess the anchor is something that's real, something that I really resonate with... A lot of my songs are just something that's been in my head, that I wouldn't say but I'd be able to express it to music.'

Although hip hop is where it started, Timmy's latest music delves into a range of different genres. "[Hip hop was] the first



of the time... Nowadays, the demos and the songs I've got in my vault are everything from a ballad type of track, a rock type of song, hip hop and R&B. All that." Timmy has various processes in creating his tracks. If at home, he's able to build his own melodies and beats starting from keys, otherwise he might work together samples from his own older material or online. He then works with a producer to elevate it to the final product. though on occasions, Timmy has made tracks entirely in-studio with the producer.

Ōtepoti's hip hop scene is under the radar compared to the more dominating DnB and rock scenes. Still, artists who work in this genre here know that local audiences are keen for the scene to flourish. Pre-pandemic, hype was being generated as Timmy, along with four others, put on their own hip hop shows as Vorscé. "People were actually so excited for it. It was a crazy Pint Night show...I feel like people are actually keen to hear something different. I guess It's just a matter of the scene and Dunedin opening up to allow hip hop to shine through."

Follow TîMMY the FIRST at @timmythefirst1 to keep up with upcoming releases and gigs.



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RANGITAKI / COLUMNS / 21

influence on the

Every week, we send two writers to an art exhibit in Ōtepoti Dunedin. One of them will choose a specific piece, and describe it to the other without them looking. They'll try to figure out what the piece actually is before diving into their thoughts on the entire exhibition. You can't ascribe any one meaning to any one piece of art, so this functions a bit like a game of artistic telephone. Let's dive in.







Oliver Perkins' A Kind of Arrow:

Esmond:

This piece has got a feel of violence and sharpness to it, both in its colour and form. It really experiments with the boundaries of its own material and medium, and is quite conceptual. It's a work that arouses emotions in the viewer, even if for some that might just mean confusion.

Ok, this has got to be modern art, right? Probably a kind of sculpture? Perhaps using metal, like steel or iron?

The answer:

We're looking at Oliver Perkin's piece, Untitled; it's painting #3 in his A Kind of Arrow exhibition at DPAG. In this exhibition, the canvas becomes the medium, as does the gallery space itself, the coloured walls being works in the exhibition. Perkins takes a knife to what we think art is, or perhaps a crossbow. Let's see if his arrow's got a point.

Oliver Perkin's A Kind of Arrow has been the hardest exhibition to review so far, consisting of abstract paintings and colourful interventions to the gallery space. But first let's address the enormous, conceptual grey shape in the theoretical room: many people hate abstract art with an irrational passion. You may take one look at it and ask, "Why has this person just shoved canvases inside each other and called it art?", and honestly, you'd be asking a bloody good question.

To appreciate this exhibition, understanding some of the canon of abstraction in western art is obviously useful – something that's now even less common thanks to Otago University shutting down the art history department (RIP). DPAG wisely provides a mini crash course on abstract art, in the form of the exhibition in, on, over as a walkthrough prelude to Perkin's exhibit. It contains several different works that take different approaches to abstraction. For residents of North D, this may well be unnecessary for enjoyment: Perkin's canvases speak to the same impulse of conscious deconstruction as the frame of a former couch. Some of the violent, rust-red paint splatters will have you leaning in like is that blood?

What Perkins really urges us to consider is the materiality of painting. Canvases slide under the sliced slits of each other, like back in primary school, sticking safety pins through the top layer of skin on your fingers for fun. Cuts in the paintings expose the wood the canvas is stretched on, and even the watercolour paint often seems accidental, as though

Perkins decided to put his workshop tablecloth on display at the last minute. This is painting that destroys itself to the point of sculpture. Like all abstract work, you have to meet it halfway. Some of the works aren't much to look at at first, while some seem only like pretty colours. But by slicing, inserting out and in, and even breaking up the gallery space itself, Perkins is doing a dissection. You may be left asking: how are these even paintings? And that's exactly the right question.

Something you may not immediately realise is a part of the exhibition are the interventions Perkins has made to the physical gallery itself. Walls have been painted to block primary or secondary colours, transforming the gallery itself into a giant Mondrian composition painting. Dividing walls are placed in a position that leaves a gap that is just not quite wide enough as you would expect, which leaves you constantly aware of how your body navigates through space. It's kinda like that awkward interaction when you're walking down the street and trying to move out of the way of someone's path. You go right. So do they. It's an awkward impromptu dance.

Perkin's exhibition asks us to challenge our own understanding of what makes a painting. And no, before you say it, your two-year-old could not have done this - two-year-olds should not be using knives.

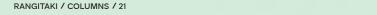
Recommended song for your visit: Burning Down the House by Talking

Watercolour and size on canvas Courtesy of the artist

Acrylic, ink, spray paint, size on canvas

Oliver Perkins Watercolour and size on canvas



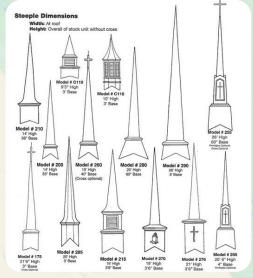


■ MR. WORLDWIDE

This week, we have an image supplied by Trish. We got last issue's submission correct: Chris was in section 266 of Capital One Arena, for the Roger Waters gig in Washington, D.C. We guessed just one level up, but the same section.

First thoughts: It's gloomy, it's dreary, it's brickish... it's gotta be Scotland.









Alrighty, I can't tell what direction we're looking in because it's overcast. The trees aren't of much help because it's autumn and the leaves are mostly gone, but I'm seeing more deciduous trees than pine, so that's a hint. There's an obvious steeple, and the building style is reasonably consistent. But this skyline should be easy enough to find. Luckily for me, Scotland has, like, four cities, so I'll just knock those out first. We're gonna focus entirely on the steeple, which is light brown and features a clock face just above a large gabled opening, which is - I expect - across from a body of water that's hidden by trees. Trees like water.

Let's actually figure out what style of steeple that is, so I can just google it. Hm, not much there, actually. Might have to brute force this one, after all. I'm just gonna go to Google Earth and look for steeples surrounded by this sort of green roofing. Okay, well it's not Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee or Inverness, so I guess it's not Scotland. But it looks so much like Edinburgh I'm having trouble moving on.

But I guess I'll have to move on. Ah, here's a doozy: in the bottom left, which you probably can't even see in print, there's a flag wrapped around a flagpole. I can see yellow. This is Europe, so that gives me the Ukraine, Sweden, Germany, Romania, Andora and Bosnia to go through. Jeez. Okay, I'm gonna hazard a guess that it's gonna be either Sweden or Germany.

German steeples are looking promising: most have clocks, and most have the green roofs. But they're also usually in pairs, and they're way more tricked out than this one. If Germany is going for bells and whistles, maybe Scandinavia will be more minimalist. Time to google "Swedish steeples". Hm, yes, these do look a bit thinner and taller, with the same colours. I'll take a squiz. Sweden also only has like four cities so it shouldn't be too bad.

I started in Stockholm, and explored for a bit, finding many steeples. But one called out to me: the one on Oscarskyrkan, a Lutherian church. It's bang on, I just was having trouble matching the green roofs to what I saw on Google Earth - but I guess the colour must have changed at some point. That being said, everything else lines up, and I'm confident.

Final answer: Trish is in Lusthusportens park, Stockholm, Sweden, looking at Oscarskyrkan church. She's standing in the tower of the Villa Lusthusporten, next to Wi Landskap. Bonus points to me for being right about the water.

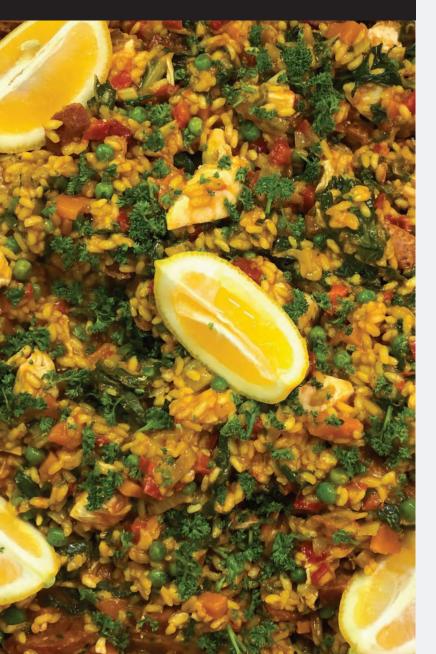
Want to send in your own picture? Send an email to maps@critic.co.nz and we'll give it a shot. Correct answers

42 RANGITAKI / COLUMNS / 21 RANGITAKI / COLUMNS / 21



BY ROSIE JOYCE @SKUXXFOOD

CHICKEN & CHORIZO PAELLA



If you're feeling it, swap the chicken for prawns – this is more traditional and very skuxx. Simply add them during the last 5 minutes of cooking. I also like to chuck a seasonal green in there for #health, silverbeet or spinach works well!

INGREDIENTS Serves 5

Olive oil for frying

Salt and pepper to taste

600 grams chicken breast or thighs, chopped into

or thighs, chopped into bite-size chunks

250 grams chorizo, thinly sliced

1 onion, diced

2-4 cloves garlic, minced

1 carrot, diced (same size as onion)

1/2 cup diced red capsicum (this isn't currently in season so it's cheaper to buy frozen!) 2 tablespoons of tomato

2 teaspoons of smoked

paprika

1 teaspoon of turmeric

500 grams paella rice or arborio rice

1 can of tomatoes

500 mls of chicken stock

800 mls of boiling water

1 cup of frozen peas

Lemon wedges (essential) and parsley (optional) to

METHOD

- Add 2 tablespoons of olive oil to a very large, shallow pan over a medium/high heat (if you don't have a pan large enough, try using two). Add in the chicken and cook until just browned on all sides. Remove from the pan using tongs to ensure chicken fat stays in the pan.
- Add another 2 tablespoons of olive oil to the same pan and when it's hot, add the chorizo. Fry for at least 5 minutes, until browned, allowing as much oil as possible to come out of the meat and into the pan. Using tongs again, remove the chorizo from the pan, leaving the oil behind.
- To the same pan, add onion, garlic, carrot and capsicum. Stir and fry for 5 minutes, until onions are soft and translucent. Add tomato paste, smoked paprika and turmeric, stir and fry for another 5 minutes.
- 4. Add the rice, canned tomatoes, chicken stock, and a generous amount of salt and pepper, stir to combine. When the rice has absorbed all the liquid, add in half of the boiling water. Bring to a boil then turn down to a simmer and put a lid on the pan and allow the rice to absorb the liquid for around 5-10 minutes. Remove the lid and add the rest of the boiling water, stirring continuously until the rice is soft (about 15 minutes).
- Add the frozen peas and cooked chicken and chorizo to the pan. Stir to combine and cook for a further 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Squeeze over lemon juice or serve with lemon wedges and parsley. Enjoy!

BOOZE REVIEW:



MAKES AN EMBARRASSMENT OF STEINLAGER CLASSIC

BY CHUG NORRIS

Steinlager Pure is like the younger sibling that outshines their elder in every way. Despite the marketing for both drinks being so similar that even experienced piss fiends would confuse them, the Pure version of Steinlager is infinitely better than its Classic cousin. But the quality of Pure also begs the question: since Steinlager have made a beer so superior to their original line, why do they continue to release Classic?

It seems that much like a parent encouraging their kid even though they know they aren't going to win a gold medal, Steinlager continues to make Steinlager Classic out of sympathy. While a noble endeavour, there is no denying that in all respects, Steinlager Pure is superior.

The taste of Pure is exceptional. It is simple, clean, crisp and inviting. Each sip is like a pat on the back from an approving father figure. In disappointing contrast, the taste of Classic is filthy and vaguely sewerish, with each sip going down like unwanted attention from a creepy family friend.

Steinlager Pure refreshes the soul as if it were brewed in a crisp, secluded mountain spring untouched by

human pollution. In comparison, Steinlager Classic has the refreshingness of a beverage made from melted dirty snow, and used plasters.

Just like everything packaging-wise, the price of Steinlager Pure is identical to Classic. They usually come in at 22 dollars a box which results in an exceptionally average 1.4 dollars per standard. The green packaging of Classics is an obvious Heineken rip-off, while the chic white of the Steinlager Pure is instantly more aesthetically pleasing.

If Steinlager Classic were the only beer that Steinlager brewed then maybe it would not seem that awful. But they have produced Pure – better in every way. It is not as if they produced an alternative style of drink, merely developed the same drink, but better. Steinlager Pure puts Steinlager Classic, and most other green-bottle beers, to shame.

Tasting notes: grainy, crispiness.
Froth level: a bubbling mountain stream.
Tastes like: Steinlager Classic but so much better.
Overall rating: 8/10







RANGITAKI / COLUMNS / 21





AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18

Sometimes, your airheaded ways can cause you to drift off, leaving you un-present during conversations. Work on this and learn how to live in the moment, as this time of life is often so fleeting.





PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20

You're probably feeling pretty anxious and upset right now about some recent situations in your personal relationships Perhaps take a step back, reassess and trust what your gut tells you.

Hangover cure: a hot girl walk.



ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19

You absolutely love to use your BeReal, which is funny, because you are possibly the least real person in the world.

Hangover cure: green tea and a face mask.



TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20

You've become more confident and assertive recently, and people are recognising that within you. Continue standing your ground, it will pay off in the

Hangover cure: greasy brunch.



GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20

Gemini, you're about to embark on some pretty big adventures in the next few months, and you are full of excitement. But remember to enjoy the present, and spend quality time with those around you. The present is just as important as the future!

Hangover cure: Netflix and a joint.



CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22

Don't let the haters bring you down, Cancer. Often your actions are taken the wrong way, and others may say bad things about you.

Don't stress about this, as those close to you will see you for who you really are

Hangover cure: stale toast and panadol.



LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22

Usually I'm a bit harsh on Leos, so it's time you get a half-decent horoscope. Your delusional sense of self confidence and ability to command a room is actually quite an achievement. Stay groovy.

Hangover cure: just do gear.



VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22

Try coping with all your problems via humour. Feeling fed up with the flatties? Take the piss out of them. Failed a test? LOL. Having relationship troubles? A few sarcastic jokes never hurt anyone.

Hangover cure: cold shower and a root.



LIBRA *Sep 23 – Oct 22*

There is nothing more unhinged than a Libra with a crush. Your flirtatious and easy-going nature is challenged, and you feel out of your depth. Don't panic, revel in it. Feel all those gross and messy emotions, you need it.

Hangover cure: black coffee on the front



SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21

Scorpios are so cool and unpredictable. Are you feeling numb and dead inside, or violently emotional? Who fucking knows.

Hangover cure: tactical vom.



SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21

It's time to get on the grind. You've done enough fucking around this semester, so it's time to get your ass into gear and your priorities straight. No more funny business.

Hangover cure: fruber Maccas.



CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19

Are you being a boss or are you being a bitch? There's a fine line between looking out for your interests, and getting in the way of others. Keep your eyes on your

Hangover cure: munch a full cucumber, straight up.

RANGITAKI / COLUMNS / 21

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

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Ted's Bundy

Being a broke Uni student, everyone does things to earn a little extra cash. For me, it was selling my body.

A man (who we shall call Dave), who I've done a few things for, asked me one fateful evening if I could join in for a threesome. I kindly declined. However, I don't think he got the hint, as he started begging and offered \$1,000 to join in. This sparked my attention. After a bit of convincing and talking to my flat, I agreed.

The night came and I prepped myself by douching and having a long shower, mentally preparing myself for what was about to happen. I drove over to Dave's office and he greeted me outside. I walked in and entered his office. Inside was a big desk, a heater on full blast, a few candles lit to set the mood and a bed with a man blindfolded, naked and already in doggy style. Dave then asked me to fuck him.

I don't know this man on the bed, he doesn't know me, and he can't even see me. I feel uncomfortable as fuck. Dave offers me a sniff of his poppers to get me going, so I do. Instantly I feel so aroused and ready to take this man to pound town. I take my penis, lube it up and slide my way into this man and begin to fuck him the best I can. Whilst this occurs, lurking in the corner is Dave... beating his meat with the dedication of Ted Bundy in his youth. Stalking over to the bed, he uses his lengthy fingers to loosen me up. Revisiting the poppers, I had the energy to breed the submissive man underneath me.

After leaving the man underneath me, Dave makes me put on my clothes and places me in another room as I wait for the other man to leave the premises. Dave comes and grabs me

and now it's my turn to be fucked. Hoping my douching earlier had not been in vain, I put myself in the mindset to be filled with his throbbing member. However, the series of events were not what I had expected. Dave took me around his [non-specified workplace], getting to taste all the [non-specified products] in production (which were fucking fantastic) and all the Ted Bundy theatrics really resonated with the way he spoke. After a lot of passion and dedication, and with how clean the place was, I was feeling super nervous for my turn.

Dave took me back to his office and he proceeded to sit down and pull out his phone. He asked me "So what's your bank account?" I'm currently thinking, "wait, am I even going to be fucked?!" I proceed to tell him my details and I see him enter it on his phone and all is done. I'm thinking "this is the easiest grand I've ever earned!" After the all clear, he gets up and blows out the mood-setting candles, turns off the heater, and that's a wrap! We say our goodbyes and we go our separate ways.

Now here comes some juicy information. A few days go by, nothing has showed up in my account. I think "maybe he accidentally put in the wrong information." So I message Dave and ask if this is so. No reply. Another couple days go by, and I now think I've just been exploited for his own sexual gain. I message again asking if he even got my last text, and still not a reply.

After a few weeks of hearing nothing, I have finally given up hope. Although, I have now learnt a very good lesson, one that I shall pass on to whoever is reading this: get the cash BEFORE uou dash.

Have something juicy to tell us? Send your salacious stories to moaningful@critic.co.nz. Submissions remain anonymous.





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SNAP OF THE WEEK

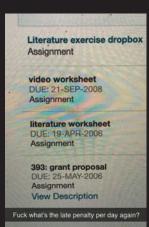
SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG. 3 BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF Red Bull

SNAP OF THE **WEEK**

CONTACT CRITIC ON FACEBOOK TO CLAIM YOUR REDBULL







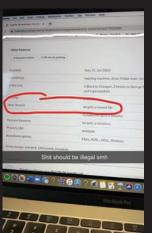


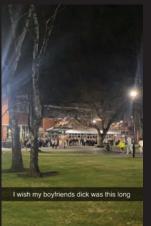




















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