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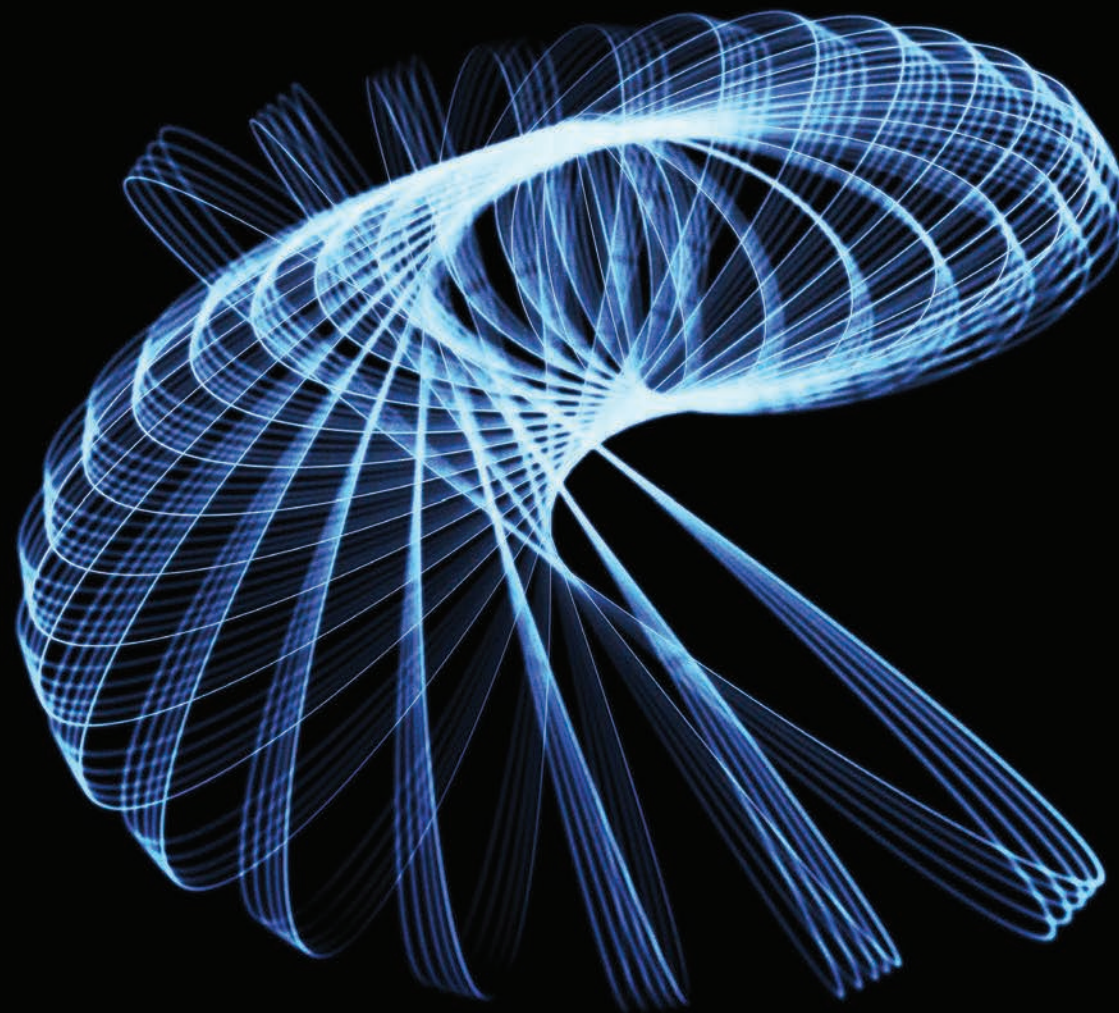
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Kia ora Critic readers,

Firstly, I'd like to start this off by saying a big thank you to Fox Meyer for giving me the opportunity to write this wee letter here. It's really appreciated mate.

Secondly, I'd like to speak a little about tramping. Tramping is a fantastic time, when done safely. Part of that involves taking the right safety gear, including an appropriately stocked first aid kit, a good pair of boots, appropriate clothing, a PLB and some training. Or, as Critic's resident goth did, take people who have all that kit in case things go south. Most importantly, it's crucial to bring a cool head and a sense of humour. Or a bottle of your favourite whisky. Tramping doesn't have to be as brutally hard or as depressing as it can be made out to be - quite often it's the exact opposite of that. I hope that this piece "Goth vs Wild" will make you laugh, if nothing else.

If you get inspired to have a go at tramping after reading this, or you just appreciate the finer points of sitting in a campsite with a nice goon, then come on down to see the OUTC, either between 5 pm – 6 pm on Tuesdays, or 12:30 to 1:30 PM Fridays at the OUSA. Or come to the Bog at 6 pm Tuesday and have a pint and a yarn with me or the rest of the club. We'd love to have you around.

Cheers, and I'll see you in the hills,
Will Henderson-Biss

Kia ora Critic,

It's hard to gauge what education is like if you haven't experienced it outside of NCEA or University. High school was almost entirely achievement standards, while the couple of unit standards I did were this weird mess that didn't count towards university entrance and half didn't get loaded to NZQA.

Turns out unit standards are kinda useful. First Aid? Food Safety? Forklift course? An apprenticeship? Most roles outside of academia or white collar

jobs will encounter unit standards at some point. Yeah, sure, merging all the polytechnics across the country might not seem like the most valuable political experiment, until you learn what those "Industry Training Organisations" are about.

They've rolled the polytechnics on the ground who conduct the training, in to the same groups that employers built up to decide the assignment content. They're going to give us all nationwide infrastructure for enrolling in unit standards and courses, scheduling, notes and reference material, grades, and qualifications. They've decided NZQA wasn't geared up to handle anything outside of dotting out University Entrance, and given the responsibility to those that will make the most of it. How fucken good.

A

Kia ora Critic,

I am writing to you today to express my disappointment in the University's graduation certificate. I am currently a second year Genetics major doing a Bachelor of Science and am meant to graduate next year. I have seen pictures of the certificates before, and boy are they awful. Imagine slaving away for 3 years in your profession, only to see "Bachelor of Science" on your certificate. What utter bullshit is that? Who decided that only your bachelor type should be displayed and not what you're specialising in? When I graduate and show off my certificate, I want people to know what I specialised in. I pay thousands of dollars a year, only to wind up with a slip of paper in which the University can't even bother writing what I actually completed. The hours and hours I spend in my labs looking at zebrafish embryos or fruit fly offspring, only to be congratulated with that. How fucking sad. Please Critic, help change this issue so we can all graduate with a certificate that we can be proud to show off.

Yours truly,
Angry genetics student that doesn't get enough credit for the work she does x



Editorial: It's initiation season

By Fox Meyer

I've been to two universities in the States, both of them had Greek life. Neither was as problematic as Dunedin's initiation scene. Stop celebrating, that's not a good thing.

One thing that you can celebrate (I guess) is that Kiwis would absolutely destroy American frat boys in a drink-off. They'd put them under the table. It wouldn't even be close. There's a reason Americans identify with the 6-pack and Kiwis identify with the coffin. There's a reason Kiwis have a drinking problem.

American frat parties make headlines with student injuries, assaults and deaths reasonably often – more often than is acceptable. It happens here, too, but much less frequently, so it's tempting to say that we aren't as bad. But remember, though, that the USA has 65x more people than we do, so there are bound to be more incidents there than here.

Personally, I think it comes down to a difference in what we celebrate, as drinkers, and how. Dunedin flatters have a lot in common with American Greeks: we both celebrate how much you can drink, and how fast. We both celebrate what you can steal from your neighbours, how good you are at pong. We both like a broken window every now and then.

But Dunedinites take it further. We don't just chug beers, we have yardies. Americans have "forty-hands", which is like Scrumpy hands, but Kiwis have crate day, which is basically just playing forty-hands six times in one day.

That would kill an American frat boy no matter what they tell you. But it's also about how we carry out initiations.

Initiations here are absolutely cooked. They're cooked in the US, too, but there's a marked difference: American Greek life usually has an oversight body, someone at the Uni or some alumni of the frat that is kinda sorta in charge of keeping it under control and supervision. We do not have that here, and it's not a good thing. It's only a matter of time before that lack of supervision leads to an accident that nobody saw.

It's initiation season now, at the rowdiest Uni in Aotearoa. Since we don't (and shouldn't) have someone watching over us at all times, it's up to you to make sure that these initiations don't go overboard. Notice when you've got a gut feeling about something, and think to yourself: "is it REALLY that cool of me to drink someone else's vomit? Is that REALLY what I need to do to get into this flat?"

Year after year, people get initiated, grow up, and then take their turn initiating the next round of munters. And every now and then, one of them might say "y'know what? Let's just add a little new thing to this tradition. Just a small thing." Year after year, those little things add up, and eventually you're left with an initiation "tradition" that's so half-baked you can't even tell what the original recipe was. That's how people get hurt.

Anyway, see you all next year.

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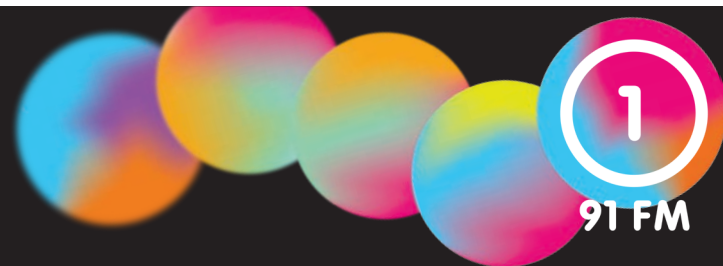
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RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE



WEDNESDAY 12 OCT

The Octagon Poetry Collective feat. poets Kay McKenzie Cooke and Jenny Powell, with MC Richard Reeve
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
7PM / FREE ENTRY / ALL WELCOME

THURSDAY 13 OCT

The Chills
DIVE
7:30PM / \$35
Tickets from ticketfairy.com

FRIDAY 14 OCT

NZSO presents Legacy
DUNEDIN TOWN HALL
7:30PM

Sense of Time, Sunflower Scent, The Allophones, and Jimmy Lotus Band
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM / \$10 / \$15 DOOR SALES / ALL AGES
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Utilize The Remains, Methchrist & Goats
Az
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM / \$10
Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz

SATURDAY 15 OCT

NZSO presents Piano Recitals
GLENROY AUDITORIUM
4PM

Proteins of Magic - Aotearoa Tour 2022 w/ special guest Adelaide Cara
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM / \$15+BF

Bright Sparks – Shayne Carter and the NZSO
DUNEDIN TOWN HALL
7:30PM

Foundry Festival feat. The Bats 40th Anniversary show, with support from 'KOILE
PORT CHALMERS TOWN HALL, PIONEER HALL, THE GALLEY, AND HOLY TRINITY CHURCH
\$40-\$86+BF
Tickets from eventbrite.co.nz

SUNDAY 09 OCT

NZSO presents Fantastic Voyage
DUNEDIN TOWN HALL
2PM

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

Lecturer Brings Protests, Podcasts into Classroom

Hewson, we have a problem

By Nina Brown

Staff Reporter // nina@critic.co.nz

Computer science students in COSC203 have voiced concerns (and confusion) over a recent ethics lecture and assignment by lecturer Iain Hewson. Despite ostensibly being a web, databases, and networks paper, students Critic Te Ārohi spoke to claimed that neither the lecture nor the assignment were entirely relevant to this. Instead, they veered towards vaccine discussion with a side of communism.

To the devoted reader, Hewson's name may be familiar. In Issue 14 this year, Critic Te Ārohi reported on Hewson's high-profile anti-vax views, including delivering anti-vax sermons at his former church, and his involvement in both the February Parliament protests (where he camped for three weeks) and the anti-mandate protest held in the Octagon. While the computer science students we spoke to following the July rally claimed he didn't bring up any "extremist" views in class (bar the occasional comment about masks), this moderation seemed to take a sudden turn recently.

According to the students we spoke to, in one computer science lecture, Hewson brought up communism, "alternative" Covid treatments, and implied that Ashley Bloomfield spread misinformation about said treatments. One student we spoke to said that it was "so close to being anti-vax it was uncomfortable".

As an example of "bad ethics", he referenced the supposed increase in executions brought by communism after the Russian Revolution. COSC203 student Lily* noted this was an odd choice for a computer science paper: "We're computer science students, we don't really know history...why are you bringing politics, especially communism, into this lecture?" Some students apparently responded in kind, with Hewson allegedly walking into

the lecture theatre before one lecture to find a copy of the Communist Manifesto waiting for him.

Asked for comment, Professor Brendan McCane, the Uni's Head of Computer Science, told Critic Te Ārohi that "ethics is extremely important to all computing professionals and is therefore certainly relevant to a paper that focuses on web, databases, and networks." While this may be true, Lily* pointed out that there were plenty of other options out there that Hewson could have pointed to as computer science related examples of poor ethics, such as the systemic racism built into artificial intelligence algorithms.

She said that the lecture "was basically him talking shit the entire time...the amount of times he pulled shit out of thin air to try and get across his point that had nothing to do with computer science, or software, or webs, or databases, networks – anything we'd learned about at all – was just like the whole lecture." Another student, Tim*, disagreed, saying he thought "the lecture was really well-handled, but the essay felt really tacked on."

COSC203 students were assigned an essay about misinformation and censorship, using the Wellington protest as a case study. According to Professor McCane, "since the web is a primary source of information for many people, the topic of misinformation is also relevant to discuss in such a paper."

However, Lily* noted the strange additional resources listed to help, including "a fucking Joe Rogan podcast...I was like what the fuck is going on here?" Tim* shared Lily's bewilderment at the "very anti-mask, anti-vax" podcaster being listed as a resource, saying "it'd be like if you cited a Logan Paul podcast."

Jacob* said that although he didn't "think someone going to a protest means they can't do a lecture on ethics... it definitely felt in parts that he was pushing a bit of what he thought into it." Tim* agreed, saying, "I guess knowing his perspectives on it, it sort of feels a bit weird that you're being marked on your opinions [on the Wellington protest]".

Other students shared Tim's* concerns that "they could be marked down if their conclusions were different to the markers," which were raised with the class rep. Prof McCane tried to allay those concerns, "assur[ing] students that we have a system in place to avoid such biases in marking, and it is clearly signalled in the revised assignment handout that students would not be penalised for coming to different conclusions to the marker."

Following student feedback collected by the class rep, the teaching team "modified the assignment to the assignment to allow students to choose alternative topics." The class rep said he was "really happy with how the department responded and changed the assignment". He pointed out, though, that "Iain definitely didn't spearhead the change, that came from above."

Hewson is currently on leave and was therefore unavailable for comment in time for our print deadline. However, Prof McCane said he "will discuss the matter with him when he returns...We always expect high professional standards of our staff and I will be reviewing with staff how to decide what is and is not appropriate to include in lecture content." We have extended an invitation to Hewson to provide comment, and will update this article online if it arrives.

*Names changed.



"Big Yikes": Heaps of Uni Data Unprotected

Invoices, transcripts and passport details accessible online

By Denzel Chung & Fox Meyer

News Editor // Critic Editor

Using an alarmingly simple exploit, pretty much anyone with an Otago email could access a trove of official University data until late on Wednesday night, October 5th. This included personal contact information, transcripts, academic misconduct warnings and even Otago Uni invoices – but it doesn't look like anything was leaked.

According to a statement from a University of Otago spokesperson, "At this early stage, and to the best of our knowledge, the incident is not malicious and some of the information was [already] publicly available."

Details of the exploit were revealed to Critic Te Ārohi by a student named Joey. He told us that he was "fucking around on the computers with some mates" when he discovered that he could access an astonishing number of ostensibly confidential internal University files. In the understatement of the year, Joey described the discovery as "a big yikes", and said that he mostly found contact information on other students. He told Critic Te Ārohi that he "wasn't really personally affected" by the implications of this, but reached out because "this could really be abused in the wrong hands." So we took the plunge, and found that a list of other students' phone numbers was really just the tip of the iceberg.

We won't tell you how we accessed these files (yet), but we will certainly tell you what we found. Within a minute, we could access:

- Information about current undergrad students, including their personal emails, phone numbers, home addresses, citizenship status, their course details, every first-year recipient of an Otago Uni scholarship and what scholarship they got.

- Information about struggling students, including every student who asked for course advice, when, what advice they received, their degree of confidence as well as details of academic misconduct warnings and appeals.

- Information about international students, including their visa and passport details, their transcripts from overseas, and many of their letters of reference.

- Information about postgrad students, including unpublished Masters and PhD theses, examiners' comments for finished theses, multiple CV's, and – like for every other category – some information about exam results and transcripts. The theses may actually have been made public by the students, not by the wider issue here.

- Information about staff, including staff member names, positions and user IDs, phone numbers and billing details for everyone on the Otago Uni staff mobile plan, and billing details for staff members' purchase cards (P-cards, which they use to bill purchases to the Uni).

–And, finally, information about the Uni itself, including internal admin spreadsheets, minutes of the University Senate and, most incredibly, piles upon piles of invoices, both outstanding and chargeable.

We took this information to the University on Wednesday night (the 5th), right after we finished erasing all First Year Health Sci transcript data. Kidding, we didn't touch anything. The Uni took it "extremely seriously", according to a statement sent on Thursday, and have since shut down all access to the vulnerable database.

The Uni is "currently investigating the extent of the situation, both in terms of any individuals who may have been identified and who has accessed the information." They said that they "will be contacting and apologising to students and staff who have been affected as soon as possible", and that action was taken "immediately" to remedy the situation.

Finally, the statement said "We would like to thank Critic's staff for their responsible handling of the situation to report the incident and ensure that the impact of accessibility to the information was not heightened following the disclosure." Otago Uni thanking Critic Te Ārohi? Hell really must've frozen over.

Stay tuned as we update this story – this is our last print issue for the year, but we'll keep the kōrero going online.



WEEKDAYS 11-12
ON RADIO ONE 91FM — r1.co.nz



Cutlers Allegedly "Pressures" Tenants

Wanted them to re-sign the flat earlier than required

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

A student has accused Cutlers Property Management of using "pressure tactics" to force them to re-sign their flat as early as June. This included advertising their flat for rent before they'd decided what they wanted to do next year, and preparing to hold flat viewings without their consent. Cutlers has since acknowledged that "it was wrong" for them to insist on an early deadline, but provided no further comment as of print time besides the claim that "there is a little more to this story."

On June 13, Phae received an email from their property manager, Matt Petre, asking whether their flat wanted to stay and re-sign for 2023. According to the email, if nothing was confirmed by this date, Cutlers would begin advertising their flat from July 5, and begin holding viewings from July 11. "At that point, we were mostly undecided," said Phae. "But we said we were interested in staying," because they didn't want to potentially lose their flat.

As the weeks rolled on, Phae noticed that almost every email exchange with Matt, from general enquiries to flat repairs, seemed to end with Matt asking about whether they would formally re-sign their flat for next year. As the group were still undecided on committing for another year, they would repeatedly avoid the question. Legally, they would only need to formally commit 28 days before the end of their fixed-term tenancy: i.e., December 3.

Things came to a head on September 9, when Matt told Phae that "you will need to let me know by next Wednesday... [as] we will be holding viewings on Friday." When Phae asked to decline the flat viewing, saying the group still hadn't decided on whether they were staying, Matt insisted that "I am within my right to hold viewings." Under the Residential Tenancies Act, flat viewings can only be held with the tenants' consent, so long as consent is not "withheld unreasonably". He added in a later email that "We have an obligation to our owners to protect their investment... We have given [you] reasonable time to re-sign." The only way the flat viewing could be cancelled, he said, would be if the group formally committed to re-sign the flat.

When asked for comment, Cutlers' managing director Matt Cutler told Critic Te Ārohi that "There is a little more to this story than just a few text messages, however it was a mistake to put a deadline on the tenants and we apologize for that." They did not respond to our requests for further comment.

"It absolutely was pressure tactics... banking on us not knowing our rights," said Phae. Even though she knew she was entitled to stand up for herself, she said raising her concerns felt incredibly intimidating: "[The] strong language [made us] afraid to do anything... There's a power imbalance here. They could just treat us like

shit. Are they going to try and be nitpicky and withhold our bond? A lot of things could go wrong."

At a loss with what to do, she turned to OUSA Student Support for advice. Phae's final email, drafted with their help, re-stated their rights as tenants, threatened escalation to the Tenancy Tribunal if the flat viewing was to go ahead without their consent, and finished by noting several outstanding repairs that still had not been done in the flat, including a tap which had been leaking since June. Since that final email, Phae says that the threatened flat viewing did not go ahead, and the pressure to re-sign the flat has disappeared. However, she says it was still a "shit" experience which left her stressed and emotionally drained. "I didn't want to go out of my way to do this... I [just] wanted a nice, cordial relationship with my property manager." However, she added that if she didn't insist so firmly on her rights, "They would've fuckin' steamrolled over me."

Phae advised that any students facing property manager drama should pay a visit to OUSA Student Support: "It doesn't have to be by yourself." If students know their rights are potentially being breached, said Phae, there's "nothing wrong with pointing it out." "You won't really know [unless you try], and even if they react really fuckin' badly, you have rights. They have to follow the law, even if they really don't want to."



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Stop Your Crying, It's a Sign of the (Local Election) Times

One mayoral candidate gets really high

By Jamiema Lorimer

Staff Writer // localproduce@critic.co.nz

Many signs showed that local elections were in full swing over the last three weeks – including plenty outside student flats. What encourages people to turn their front yards into a massive election advertising space? Critic Te Ārohi talked to some of these flats to find out.

One of the most prominent signs in the student area belongs to Mayoral and City Council (DCC) candidate Lee Vandervis, soaring over the corner of Dundas and Cumberland Streets. According to the students who live at that flat, Vandervis door-knocked their flat early in the campaign cycle.

Putting the sign up doesn't seem to indicate a show of support, though, with the tenants seeming as agnostic towards the sign as they are towards the priorities Vandervis is campaigning on. The sign has been frequently targeted by vandals, but the tenants didn't seem too fussed. In fact, one told us: "Fuck that guy, I don't care." Perhaps it was because, contrary to

our expectations, they never actually got anything for their trouble. Asked whether he compensated the tenants for allowing his sign up on their lawn, Vandervis responded: "No. What would they need compensation for?"

Eagle-eyed observers would've also noticed the sign getting high – originally at ground level, Vandervis' grinning visage now towers 4.1m above passers-by (according to Critic's estimates). According to the tenants and Vandervis, this was apparently because the sign was being repeatedly abused and defaced. While this seems to breach DCC rules, which only permits a maximum height of 2.0m for signs in residential zones, Vandervis says he's never been pulled up by the DCC about this. He added that "the DCC have failed to provide any justification for these new rules," claiming that they "target[ed] my previous placard strategy".

Meanwhile, on George Street, fellow Mayoral and DCC candidate Carmen

Houlahan has a massive sign on what is perhaps the lushest spot of grass for day-drinking on the entire street. Critic Te Ārohi were unable to get comment from tenants in the studio room complex. Houlahan told us that the property is owned by a family member, who allowed her to erect the sign. She did not say whether tenants were informed that campaign signage would appear on their property.

Also on George Street, Elliot Weir – or, at least, a cardboard version of them – can be seen grinning out a flat window. The student, ORC candidate and Critic Te Ārohi's Features Editor approached the tenants directly as well, although they said it was "casual as hell... because we're all mates." The tenants added that this was their primary motivation in putting the sign up, "just to help a mate out".

Signage woes or no, we're all looking forward to the days when these googly-eyed monstrosities retreat back into their holes... until next election season.

Critical Tribune

Local Man Warns of Rampant Scam

Dave, local pishead and student, contacted the news to report a scam. "Hey bro, I just realized the other day that I'm actually being scammed, and I need to tell other people about it", he warned. It was very serious.

"So, turns out, I'm being scammed by my landlord", explained Dave. "I'm giving him, like, 180 bucks a week to rent his house, but it turns out, he doesn't even OWN the house, and he's using my \$180 to pay for the loan for the house that I'M living in, bro. Fucked, aye?" Dave complained that at the end of the day, he's been scammed into paying off the loan of another man's home, and he "feels pretty gutted about it, actually".

"I just want to get the message out there, because I reckon I'm not the only one getting scammed", said Dave. "I just think it's bullshit that I can be lied to like this. Like, after this year, I'll have paid this bloke nearly ten grand, which he's using to pay off the loan on the house I'm living in, and then when it's paid off, HE gets to keep the house, and I get absolutely nothing. It's so cooked, bro."

We tried to provide Dave with some further reading on the matter, including Rat King Landlord, and Das Kapital, but Dave told us he "doesn't know how to read", because "he studies PPE". Fair enough, Dave.

International Students Brag About Snow

During last week's snowfall, international students (mostly American) took to the streets to remind everyone how good they were at dealing with snow. "Kiwis here really can't handle snow", said one American, kitted out in jeans and jandals for a brisk walk down snowy George. "Honestly. The whole city shuts down, like they've never seen the stuff before. It's madness."

Another student we spoke to was upset that his party on Thursday night was cancelled: "I did not spend my underage drinking years sneaking whiskey in a field of Midwestern ice just to have some Kiwis cancel an indoor event because of a dusting of snow", he said, Midwestern-ly. "I've been making fun of people like this my whole life and I'm not about to stop now."

As the snow howled through Dunedin streets, many donned skis and sledges to enjoy it while it lasted. American students, however, remained firm in their belief that this was totally normal and not worth celebrating, even though it is decidedly not normal and definitely worth celebrating. "I'm not gonna frolic, out of spite", said one American. "I refuse to acknowledge this as 'snow'. It's more like pretty rain, and it will get treated as such."

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 **HERE'S AN EASY CHECKLIST TO GET YOUR PARTY THE THUMBS UP:**

On registration:

- Try and register as far in advance as possible.
- Know numbers of people attending.
- Social media is powerful; don't advertise to everyone.
- Know the real reason for the party.

On the night

- It's ok to call for help!
- Don't tolerate bad behaviour from that "one guest"
- If you can't walk through the crowd... there's probably too many people in the room.
- Make sure you have more than one exit open from your flat.
- Keep a few windows open, it's getting hot in there!
- Keep the party on the ground floor.
- Music off, lights on to clear the room.
- Whoever's the party contact - go easy on the bevs, in case we need to contact you.

After the party

- Campus Watch can sort you out with free bins, trailers, brushes and shovels which makes the clean-up easier.

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ODT Watch

Chip shops battered by price rises

Finally, some good fucking journalism

In the face of an avalanche of claims about “fake news”, “alternative facts” and various conspiracy theories, claims which threaten to bury the truth within deliberate falsehoods, for a small amount per week you can be assured the ODT will continue to filter out the real news from the propaganda.

Sorry, but how many paid ads for the Chinese State are in this paper?

The multimillion-dollar rocket collided head-on with the asteroid, which is the size of the Great Pyramid of Giza, around 11.15am yesterday, in the world’s first full-scale planetary defence test.

Weird unit of measurement, but okay

Lawsuit against McDonald’s gets approval to proceed

They finally have to fix the god damn soft serve machine

“It is a cop-out because the job evolves around talking and if his ability to talk is affected then surely this also would have an effect on his ability to do the job.”

Can’t take gear at work :(

But when it comes to moths, that is a different story.

It always is

They have a taste for fine art and will literally eat it.

Proctologist job requirement

In coming weeks, the Dart team will learn whether the collision interfered with the asteroid’s orbit.

But not yet, they’re still on smoko

“God’s looking out for me because he knows I’m not super patient.”

Finding a pack of darts on the street

A fridge was empty save for alcohol and energy drinks — and a bowl of white powder.

Get your 5(grams) a day!

Instead of a sweeping panorama of Lake Wakatipu, she discovered the room had a TV feed of the view from a rooftop camera.

Queenstown: Where are all the tourists? Also Queenstown:



PRESIDENT Melissa Lama

Kia ora, Malo e lelei and Warm Pasifika greetings, Congratulations to all our Taura for getting this far into our academic year, whether it was ugly, good or bad you did that!

I can imagine most of us will be feeling the aftermath of a year that was full of shit outside of our control but also the “hell yeah” moments of knowing you turned up and showed up for your goals and reasons for being here at Otago Uni.

It has been a huge pleasure for me to serve Otago students as OUSA President for 2022, I know this role has helped me learn so much about why scarves are a different kind of breed (no questions asked, no judgements passed haha). I also want to extend my apologies to any of our students who I have not met or felt I have not done a good enough job for, my focus this year was to

highlight why holistic consideration for students must be centered in the services and support we receive as students. We all come here with a purpose to progress our lives into spaces and places that will help those around us or set up our individual career goals that will justify the expensive pieces of paper we work so hard to get. All of your reasons are legit and nobody or anybody can take that away from you!

My parting words is something that has helped me overcome so much as a Pacific woman with many learnings and lessons that are still helping me grow and be better every day. “Always remember your why and never forget that you did not come this far to stay this far”

Keep doing you boo and Good luck for Sem 2 exams!

Melissa Lama
President



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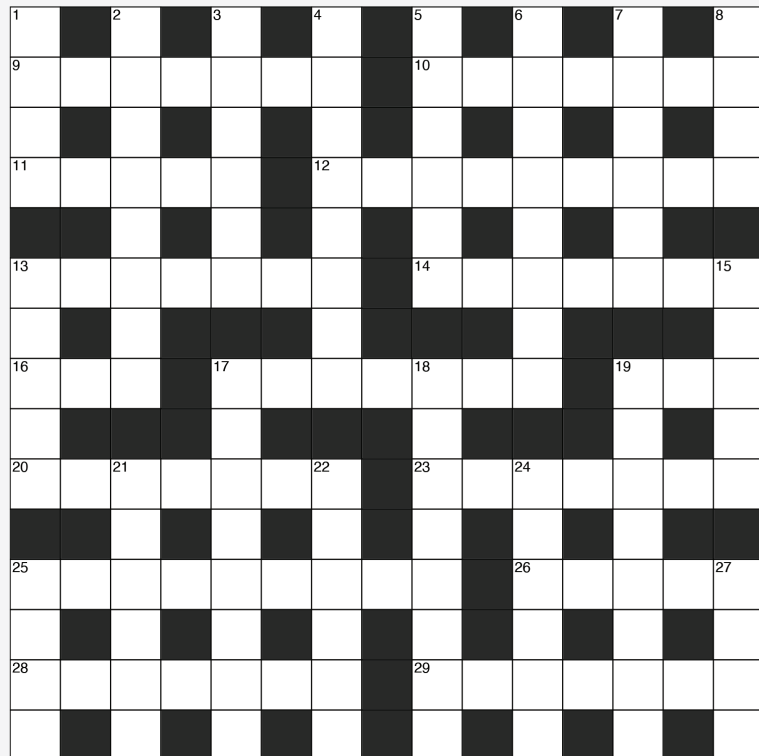
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PUZZLES

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

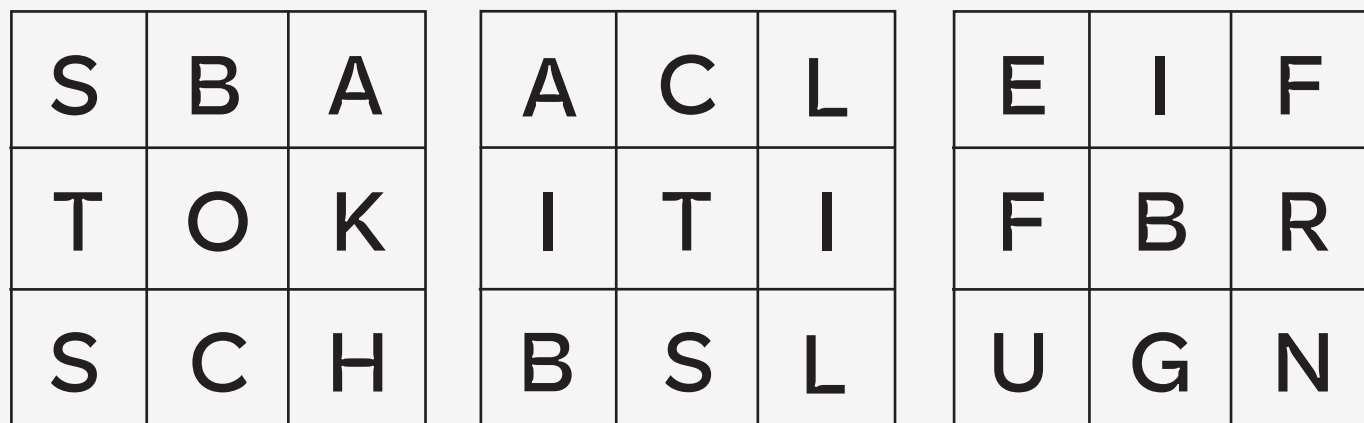
CROSSWORD



- ACROSS:**
- 9. Be, He, or In, for example (7)
 - 10. Phineas & Ferb's sister (7)
 - 11. Kiwi director (5)
 - 12. Funny place to find a ship? (9)
 - 13. Event held on Tatoonie (7)
 - 14. Otago basketball team (7)
 - 16. The NBA's Thunder, on scoreboards (3)
 - 17. Disentangle (7)
 - 19. Campground initials (3)
 - 20. Sleepy weed type (7)
 - 23. Piano student's performance (7)
 - 25. School shooting exactly 1 year before the release of Teenage Dirtbag (9)
 - 26. Mountain in South Africa. OR, the 5 letters removed from the end of each highlighted answer (5)
 - 28. The part of nangs that isn't "oxide" (5)
 - 29. Unwelcoming (7)
- DOWN:**
- 1. Hobbits have big ones (4)
 - 2. Dmitri Mendeleev's 1869 invention (8)
 - 3. US State housing Area 51 (6)
 - 4. A word meaning "offensively loud", but sounds like it should relate to walking (8)
 - 5. Recently-deceased senator from a state next to 3D (6)
 - 6. California Gurls, according to Katy Perry (8)
 - 7. Not a vice (6)
 - 8. Oca, Kohlrabi, or Daikon, for example (4)
 - 13. Lucrative (5)
 - 15. Big scarf (5)
 - 17. In a state of mild pain, distress (8)
 - 18. Netanyahu's constituents (8)
 - 19. She's running up that hill (8)
 - 21. Cyberman's catchphrase (6)
 - 22. Right in the middle of (6)
 - 24. Like an earworm (6)
 - 25. British copper (4)
 - 27. Sinful (4)

WORD BLOCKS

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



WEEK 25 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

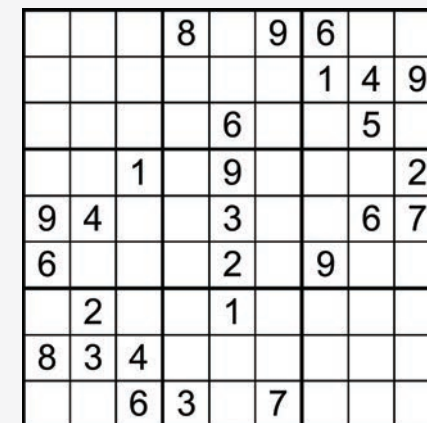
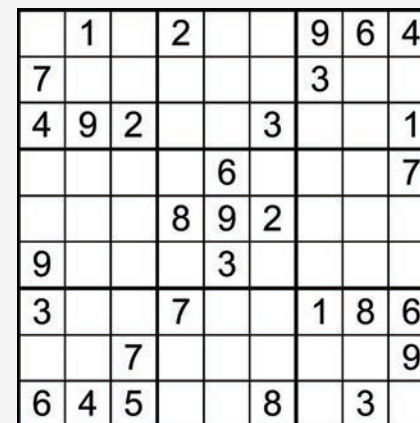
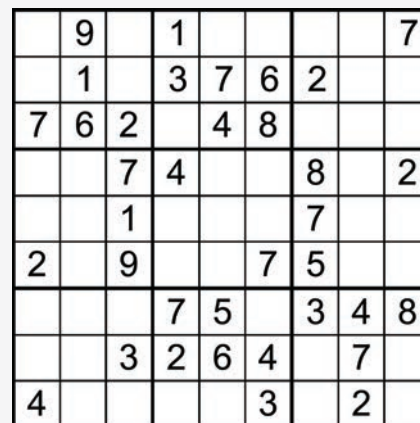
ACROSS: 1. POPROCKS 6. SHERPA 9. EASTER 10. SILICONE 11. LEGO 12. SCHEDULING 15. BECHAMEL 17. ELBOWS 18. STYLUS 19. DEPARTED 20. ELMO 21. MAYDAY 22. ERG 23. CARESSES 26. ABIDES 28. SHANTY 29. STEEPLES

DOWN: 2. ONAPEDESTAL 3. RETRO 4. CHRISTMAS 5. SOS 6. SALAD 7. EXCALIBUR 8. PIN 13. HOLIDAY 14. NEWYEAREVE 16. HALLOWEEN 17. ESPLANADE 21. MISTY 23. ASH 25. SIS 27. IMP

WORD BLOCK ANSWERS: JACKFRUIT, JELLYFISH, EJACULATE

SUDOKU

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WORDFIND

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| BIZKIT | PARAMORE |
| METHODMAN | WEEZER |
| GREENDAY | FATLIP |
| WHEATUS | GANGSTARR |
| FOOS | GORILLAZ |
| TOOL | PHARCYDE |
| KORN | RUNTHEJEWELS |
| BLINK | OUTKAST |

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.





BY
 LOTTO
 RAMSAY

CW: Gore

For a natural science major, I kinda hate going outside. Nature is great and all and I want to help conserve it, but just so other people can enjoy it. Me? No, I'm good thanks. Trying to quit, actually.

Another issue is that my degree is full of what I refer to as the Outdoor Folk. I do not understand the Outdoor Folk and frankly, I am afraid of them. You know the type: MacPac, hiking boots, beanies, geometric tattoos in obscure places, and lots of khaki. I work with a couple of Outdoor Folk, and when one of them convinced me to let them take me on a wilderness adventure for Content™, I agreed. I'm often encouraged to go touch grass, but funnily enough, this gives me hives, and I used to purposefully give myself a grass rash to get out of PE. Sorry, mum. Anyway, I figured I could squeeze 21 years' worth of outside experience into one weekend, and macrodose the shit out of that Vitamin D so that I could then retreat to my nice dark lair for another decade or so.

Unfortunately, it seemed I had once again bit off more than I can chew (and that's saying something, cause I have a weirdly big mouth.) So I got in touch with outdoorsman Will, who's kinda like if you gave a bush survival guide legs and an ego. He kitted me out with tramping gear and a health and safety briefing that I selectively ignored. The location? A surprise, at the mercy of tramp god Will. At last, this goth vers was ready to goth versus wild this bitch.

SATURDAY

7:00am

I'd set my alarm early so that I'd have enough time to do my hair and makeup and finish packing to meet for pickup at 9am. I sleep through my alarm. And my backups.

9:23am

I'm awakened to a "Dude, where the fuck are you?" call from Arlo, fellow Critic gimp and my photographer-slash-accomplice for the tramp. Apparently Will and Gemma, our chirpy ride, have been waiting outside Willowbank Dairy for the last half hour. That's what they get for trusting a goth. They drop Arlo off to come corral me, a mission not unlike herding cats, or one big, feral, chronically tired cat. I stayed up until 1am choosing outfits the night before. I don't care that we're going to the literal wilderness – I need to look fuckable at all times. What if the Moehau (NZ Bigfoot) is real and wants to take me as his bride? Absolutely cannot look mid for him.



10:00am

Arlo helps me do up my chain harness, and after one last fit check (yup, Moehau-worthy) I finally submit to being dragged to the car. Despite this being my idea in the first place, I feel like I'm being kidnapped. Gemma sits at the wheel and is far too bubbly for this early in the morning. It's basically the crack of dawn, for fuck's sake. Will lugs my pack into the car, because I've already refused to lift it as well as offloaded as much of my water onto Arlo as possible. "Oh, this is going to be good," says Will, concerningly.

10:30am

I fumigate the car with hairspray as I start to tease up my death hawk, only huffing it a little, as a treat. We stop off at New World, because the Outdoor Folks forgot to buy dinner, and apparently I have ten minutes to shop. "Surprise number one!" says Will. I didn't have time to do my makeup, and I'm still working on my hair, which currently looks like if Robert Smith had been in a band called 'The Disease' instead. I spend \$50 on salami, and contemplate death (either mine or Will's, doesn't matter). A child points at me from across the carpark. Back in the car, Gemma asks when I was last in nature. "No comment," I say, a little huffily.

11:30am

Surprise two: we're going to Silver Peaks. It sounds like a "mature" porn category, and is not appealing in the slightest. This is also revealed after Will and Gemma tried to convince us that we were going on an alpine tramp instead of a bush one. I briefly had gotten excited at the prospect of being a landmark mountain corpse, only to have the dream ripped away, much like the frozen flesh of a mountain corpse would be, actually.

12:00pm

I HAVE BEEN SWINDLED, BLINDSIDED, AND BACKSTABBED!!! I was promised an easy 2km tramp, but because Will is a dingus and forgot to check if there's a locked gate or not, it's going to be 7km! Fuck this, we're gonna end up in Christchurch! Gemma drops us off, leaving me, Arlo, and Will for the tramp. This changes the game to one Outdoor Person against two Critic gimps, meaning that we could probably team up and eat Will if needed. I'm reluctantly buckled into my pack like a child being strapped into a deathly rollercoaster, and as we set off it is already apparent that I'm far too short to ride.

12:30pm

I just finished my Boss coffee, the first meal of the day. I'm wearing a sports bra filled with my vape, my phone (freshly charged to record these half-hourly voice memos), and a lot of boob sweat. I got to use Will's folding saw to cut down a stick to use as a tramping pole thing. I am already feeling maternal about my stick, even though Arlo is carrying it because I got bored. The Outdoorsman even made me read a map, which gave me flashbacks to the Orienteering Field Trip of '13, the first (but certainly not last) time I was truly humbled by a compass. There are a bunch of pine trees. I hate them. I'm so fucking unfit. Someone spots a flock of Paradise Shelducks flying overhead in formation, and I try and quack at them to carry me off to safety and WiFi, to no avail.

1:00pm

Okay, boob sweat journal. A quick stop. Vape. Fix my hair. I've got some ripe – and I mean RIPE – fucking blisters in my docs right now. My sexy new orthotics are turning against me, and my shoes are full of blood, sweat, and blister goo. I chow down on my salami like Belle Delphine on glass. I've got to cram food into my body so I can have some of the pills that keep my joints from dislocating – something I'd forgotten to mention to Will, who was less than

impressed. Will has a PLB (Personal Locator Beacon) with him, and even though I apparently can't use it if he hurts my feelings, we won't have to pull a YellowJackets if my hip pops out. We're still on the gravel road leading to the actual track, and I already can't keep up with Will and Arlo. I seethe at them, those long-legged floozies.

1:30pm

We finally make it to the Phillip J. Cox track, whose sign says it will take 2.5 hours, far from the 30 minutes I was promised. At least I'm actually in the wild now. We are ten metres in and I am already forgetting who I am. Salami salami salami. Am I getting the bush madness? Is bush madness a thing? I scream into the shroud of trees as we begin our descent. We pass two groups of other trampers in this first hour and a half, who to their credit don't even remotely question why we look like two Boy Scouts being stalked by the Babadook. Will gives them a cordial "G'day" and threatens to teach me how to speak Outdoor. I would rather pull out my own intestines and use them to strap up my bleeding heels.

2:00pm

After half an hour of walking down a mountain – including crossing a fucking RIVER – we now get to walk up the next one. According to Will, this kind of steep crawling is called "grovelling". It's not nearly erotic as it sounds. It's so fucking steep that there are ropes along the track in places where I need to use my minimal upper body strength to climb uphill. I did not consent to ropes.

2:30pm

More uphill. I think the fuck not. (Full disclosure: my voice memo for this one is just a series of guttural screams.)

3:00pm

Just had a good piss in the woods. As I squatted in the shrubs on the flattest bit of mountain I could find, admittedly marvelling at the view from the hill, I'm pretty sure a leaf went in my buttock. I also think I pissed on my shoe a little bit, but I'm not bothered. That's everyone else's problem now. Will feeds me a leaf plucked off a nearby tree and tells me they're a delicacy. He seems surprised when I happily chew and swallow it, because the gag was that the spicy NZ Pepper Tree (horopito) leaves are meant to be disgusting. It's actually the perfect thing to wash down all that salami.

3:30pm

We made it to the top... of the first hill. FIRST. The only thing that's keeping me from stealing Will's PLB and calling a rescue team for my mutilated sweaty ego is thinking about making it to the hut and eating my fruit cup. Looking out for shrooms along the way helps, too. I'm tempted to give Arlo the signal to ambush Will. Gotta be some good eatin' on those meaty Tramping Club thighs.

4:00pm

Will walks back towards us with a concerned look on his face. "Ah fuck. Fuck. Sorry guys, I need to stop and do some nav". I think we've gone the wrong way," he says. My eye-gouging thumbs start to twitch. "Yeah, see, the problem is that there's this blimmin' hut just around the corner blocking our way," he continued, pointing to the hut we'd been trying to get to for the last four hours. Fucking Outdoor Folks and their twisted dad humour. I run downhill to the Phillip J. Cox hut at long last, and start daydrinking.

5:00pm

I'm starting to enjoy nature just as more Outdoor Folks round the corner to the hut. Some of them are Will's Tramping Club friends, because of course they are. I'm bad with names, and also people, so in my head I refer to them each interchangeably with words like Khaki and Tent. Scroggin, perhaps. They're very welcoming and

friendly, which startles goths, so I take Will's saw and run off into the woods to cut down some dead branches for the tent instead.

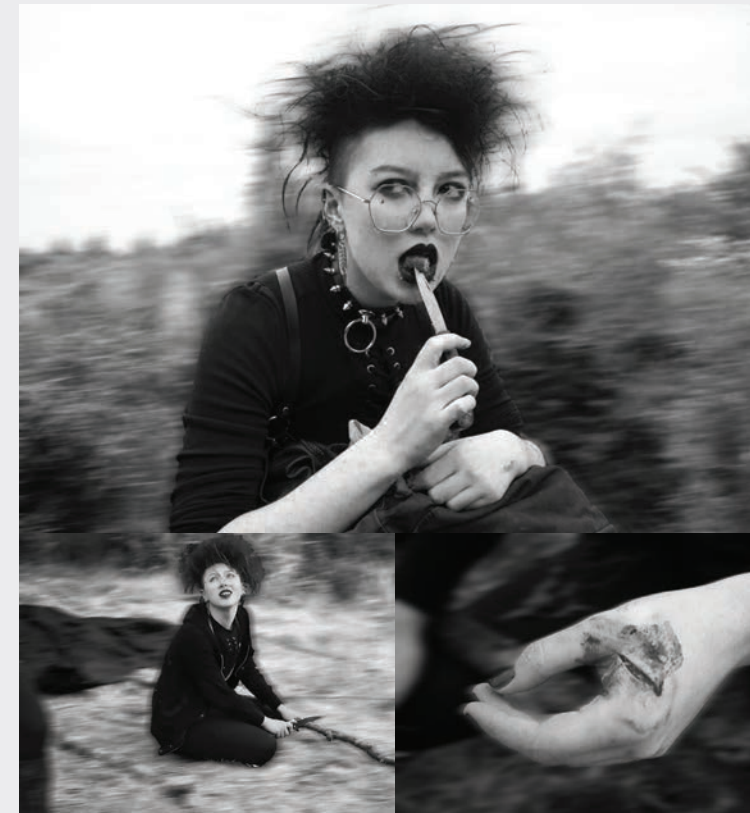
6:00pm

Disaster strikes. An oopsie whoopsie, even. Will wanted me to whittle down the sticks I collected and try to pitch the tent with them, because face it: me trying to put up a tent would be hilarious. It did not go well.

Me: "Wait, do I cut it this way, or like this?"

Will: "Like that. And th—"

Me: "FUCK!"



I cut Will off, and almost my thumb too. I put more force behind my unicorn switchblade than necessary, and promptly drove the knife into the meat of my left hand. Blood splattered onto the stick. I could see the layers of fat and flesh poking out of where my thumb meets the back of my palm. Will was surprised that I didn't flinch, but that's just because I'm so goddam brave. I pinch the cut closed as Will and Boot flock around me with first aid kits. I remember to pose for photos. The wild may be serving my ass on a platter, but I am still serving gothic audacity.

7:00pm

Dehydrated mashed potatoes for dinner. I refuse to help due to my crippling injury, even though I'm so brave about it.

8:00pm

I start taking off my makeup and brushing out my matted hair to settle in for the night, 'cos apparently Outdoor Folks have an early bedtime, and not the 2am I'm accustomed to. My OUTC sleeping bag is a tight-fitting coffin model, which is extremely goth. The goon is passed my way, thankfully. I need it after being made to play card games.

SUNDAY



4:00am

I wake with a bladder full of goon and stumble outside to piss in the woods. I try to get to sleep but can't, so resort to using the empty goonbag reinflated with air as a pillow for my arm while I play on my phone.

7:00am

I am still awake. Will wanted to wake up at 7 to start the tramp back. I let him sleep out of spite. Gemma leaves North D on a rescue mission to come meet us with first aid supplies, as even though I am very brave my wound is getting nasty, and with a rainy day forecast it's only gonna start stewing under the bandages.

11:00am

With a belly full of more mashed potatoes plus a pancake provided by Scroggin, we finally head off. Scroggin and the other Outdoor Folk had left earlier, being blessed with the ability to function at the crack of dawn (10am), leaving me with Will and Arlo yet again. I don't own a raincoat, but I'll be fine in a leather trench coat, right? Right?

11:30am

It is slippery and wet and I hate everything. Gemma met us and switched out my pack for her little Outdoor Folk backpack, which is lighter and complements my 'fit more. I have rescinded to communicating in whines, mews, shrieks, and cries of "Jesus fuck" with every muddy downhill step. Will, hearing my constant blaspheming, asks if I'm religious. "Only sexually," I say.

12:00pm

Mother nature fucked me over so good that I got jelly legs. I manage to wobble and slide back down the mountain, including the fun experience of abseiling down ropes with a slashed open hand. I slip on my ass four times. Luckily we kept the stick from yesterday (my child). We cross the river again, and I emerge a broken man.

12:30pm

Uphill now. I give up and try to take a nap on the side of a track. I want to burrow into the dirt but Will won't let me. And everyone refused to tuck me in! The one time I have a chance to nest in a pile of mud and be covered with a pine frond and no one tucks me in!!! I'm so brave.

1:00pm

I'm 'bout to go full Lord of the Flies on a motherfucker. I make one final attempt to nest, this time by weaving a bunch of sticks together in a bush. As I lay back in it and looked up at the sky, rain poured. So I've angered some god, I guess, but I am an angry god in return. Will interrupts me. "Tāwhiri-mātea, god of the winds, is way scarier than you." I retort: "Okay, well, how about you unclench your asshole you uptight little shit? It's not good for your pelvic floor, man, take it from me." I was hungry.

1:30pm

Exit log. Actually, I wish I could, but I'm constipated. Anyway, exit log because WE MADE IT OUT OF THE BUSH! Still have the gravel road to go, though. But I've conquered the bush! I dug a little hole in the ground and I fucked it. Metaphorically. I am the climate tirade! I'm the ensuing storm. I am one with nature. My brave little tummy hurts.

2:00pm

Mist! Mist everywhere! I want to succumb to the fog! Will had to hold me back from succumbing to the fog, because I stared down the cliff face and wanted to play in it. I wish to return to the fog from whence I came. It's the bush madness. I AM the bush madness!

2:30pm

The end is in sight. I insist on making Will piggyback me across the threshold.

3:00pm

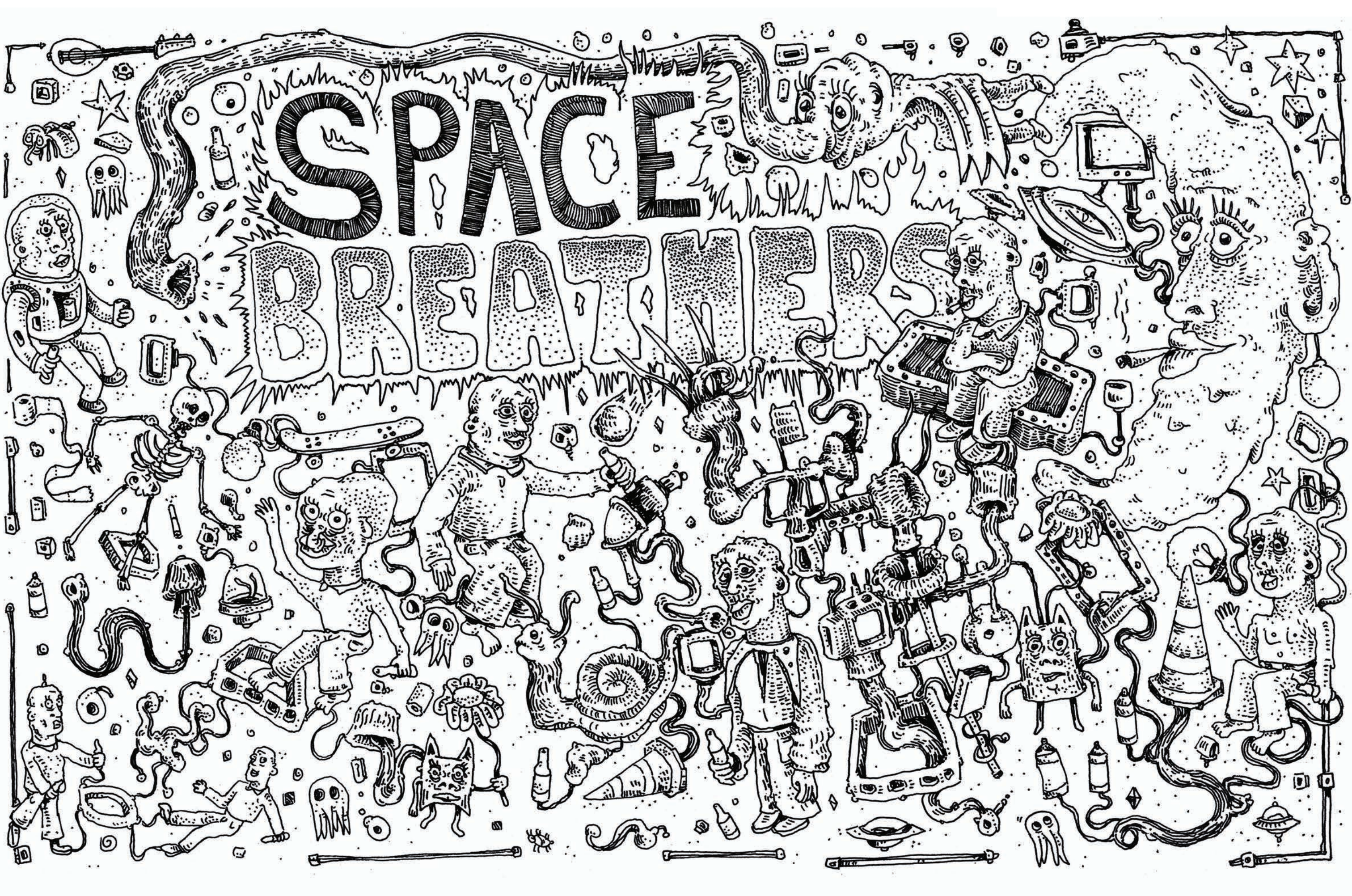
This part is all a blur. The glory of nature is far too much for my withered, introvert goth brain, and when juxtaposed with the taste of civilisation that was seeing Arlo's car waiting for us, I went full ooga booga. Yes, you read that right: I stripped off all my clothes and covered myself in mud, victorious. It was never goth versus wild. I AM the wild, BABY! I do still wanna go home though. I'm literally so brave. I have a major flesh wound on my hand.



Aftermath

I ended up having to get five stitches in my left hand, so that's one point to the wild I guess. However, through my self-diagnosed bush madness I found that I am the wild, which is a draw. Maybe the real wild was the friends we made along the way, like Boot and Carabiner or whoever. Okay, fuck it, let's face it: maybe the only winners, like, ever, are the real Outdoor Folks. On the other, non-Frankenstein hand, the next day I packed and smoked a whole lot of Mother Nature, so as far as I'm concerned that's a point to Goth and I fucking won. GOTH VERSUS WILD, BABY!







A Time-controlled Study on the RTD-Teeth-Grossness Connection

A dissertation submitted in partial fulfilment for the degree of Master of Arts & Dentistry

Beth Wishart, Science Editor

This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed home. Eight little piggys' teeth were submerged in RTDs to see how fast they'd dissolve over time.

The teeth were sourced as humanely as possible and handed over to Critic's Science Editor to run the experiment. Over the course of 15 days, each tooth was weighed and poked with a spoon to see how squishy it had become, and the beverage was poured out and replaced to simulate daily drinking. Certain drinks (Purple G's, Cruisers) immediately changed the tooth's colour, while the less colourful ones (G&T) resulted in the most amount of tooth mass lost to the acidic drink medium. Water was used as a control.

Introduction:

Eight pig's teeth went in various RTDs to see how gross they could get. RTDs are known for their sugar content, and the aim was to understand how fast they could dissolve a tooth. Since finding 10-or-so human teeth is difficult, Critic opted for the next best thing: pig's teeth. After procuring two entire pig's heads (don't ask), Critic's resident goth was tasked with extracting the chompers.

With the teeth secured, they were submerged in various RTDs to see what would happen over a period of nearly two weeks. There is evidence that fruit drinks are more of a threat to tooth enamel than coke, and that grape juice in particular turns teeth to a disgusting state (Aliping-McKenzie et al., 2004; Melo et al., 2021). We made sure to include various fruity bevies in our experiment.

Method:

Ten little pig's teeth entered a plastic bag, ready for their journey into grossness. Nine pig's teeth were used in the final experiment. One was sacrificed in a preliminary experiment with ginger beer to ascertain whether the teeth would turn foul in the first place. After two weeks, the test tooth went a marvellously manky brown and had mini chunks of tooth floating about the glass. This information allowed us to proceed with other drinks to see how gross they would get.

Eight RTDs were purchased from a liquor store close to campus. All were confirmed by a staff member to be popular drinks with the local student population, and were described as "a perfect representation of student's drinking preferences". This selection was chosen to elicit different chemical responses to the tooth enamel, and because they were the prettiest colours.

critic
pissupology

FEATURED RESEARCH ARTICLE

This study funded in part by the Tooth Fairy

Drink Selection:

Purple Goanna's, Apple Scrumpy, Gordon's G&T cans, Cody's Bourbon & Cola, Major Major apple flavour, strawberry Vodka Cruisers, green Seltzers, Red Bull, and water (as a control).

Process:

On Day 0, each tooth was weighed, photographed and placed in its own individual drinking glass. 50 mL of each drink was poured into each respective glass each day. For each day thereafter, the liquid was removed from the glass, and a fresh 50mL was poured in. This idea was from a tip we found (Sherwood Dental Care, 2012) to try and speed up the grossness process.

On Day 1, the teeth were photographed again, to show what even one day can do to a pig's tooth. (Spoiler: it only took a day for them to go horrifically disgusting).

After 12 days, each tooth was weighed and photographed again. Due to the poor lighting conditions (AKA shite Duffers weather), the teeth were put back in the RTDs for another three days. They were weighed and photographed again on Day 15, when the sun came out.

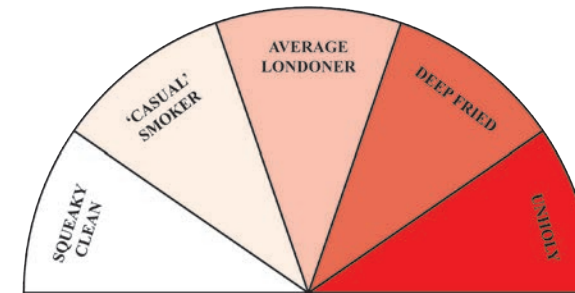
Results:

Each day the teeth got more and more gross. The colour deepened; the texture softened. Many stopped feeling like teeth at all, and transformed into brightly-coloured, mushy, soft-bodied lumps that look like creatures at the bottom of the food chain of a nuclear-contaminated swamp.

Drink	Mass, Day 0 (g)	Mass, Day 12 (g)	Mass, Day 15 (g)	Total mass change (g)
Water	66	73	73	+7
Purple Goanna	91	90	89	-2
Red Bull	60	53	55	-5
Scrumpy	62	59	56	-6
Gordon's Gin & Tonic	88	81	78	-10
Cody's Bourbon & Cola	86	89	86	0
Major Major	69	65	64	-5
Vodka Cruiser Strawberry & Lemon	87	85	86	-1
Seltzers	61	55	55	-6

Water**Seltzer****Cody's Bourbon & Cola****Vodka Cruiser Strawberry & Lemon****Major Major****Gordon's Gin & Tonic****Purple Goanna****Scrumpy****Red Bull****Grossness:**

While taking the teeth out of the glass with a teaspoon, it became apparent that the control tooth was the only one that remained hard. When the tooth was tapped with the teaspoon, it gave a high pitched “tap tap tap”, and the spoon recoiled back up. However when the other teeth were tapped by the teaspoon, it gave a very dull sound and the spoon didn’t bounce back. This adds evidence that RTDs are gnarly on teeth.

**Grossometer Readings:**

The three teeth that went the brightest colours received the highest scores on the grossometer. Scrumpy and Major Major also scored highly because of the nasty shade of brown they went. Seltzers received the lowest score because it barely changed colour and had a moderate mass and texture change.

Discussion:

Overall, there was some spectacular grossness elicited from this experiment, which we consider a success.

The bright (and immediate) colour changes from Purple G, Bourbon & Cola, and Vodka Cruisers made for some gloriously foul visuals. Even the ones that went a manky but lighter brown were enjoyably disgusting to watch. But there was more to it; the colourless beverages also brought about a lot of grossness. G&T lost the most mass and gave the dullest sound when tapped with a teaspoon, compared to the water control. On Day 15, several chunks of tooth were seen floating in the glass.

Conducting a scientific experiment has its challenges, including dealing with a phenomenon called “error”. This is not error as in making a mistake, this is error as in variation. Our pig’s teeth were weighed three times, but due to the “error” of the scales, some readings may not be reliable. Some increased in mass, as they may have absorbed some of the RTD.

This experiment could be improved by procuring more teeth and testing more beverages. That being said, these teeth weren't in good shape to begin with – pigs aren't exactly known for being good flossers. It would pay to test more non-alcoholic drinks, to show that those drinks are also gross for your teeth. A second control of plain ethanol would allow us to see how much of the grossness comes from the alcohol, and how much comes from the other shite added to the drinks. Finally, the grossometer readings could be increased by soaking the teeth for longer, to see how long it takes for the teeth to disintegrate completely. However, there is some evidence that there is little difference between soaking a tooth for seven days or for 30 days (Nascimento et al., 2018). Indeed, the bulk of the grossness from the current experiment happened on day 1. Further research is required on this topic.

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A GUIDE TO THE NIGHT SKY:

Existential Crises Have Never Been So Accessible

By Keegan Wells

The night sky is like your lectures: you catch yourself saying “I should go look at that sometime” and rarely actually follow up. However, this article is not here to tell you to watch your lectures. Lectures cost around a box and a half (\$35) apiece if you’re a domestic student, and you would never throw away a box and a half. Nay, rather, you should go look at that glorious dark sky every once and a while (while you still can) because it’s actually pretty freaking sick. We chatted to some astro-pros about stars, dark skies, and whether Elon Musk is about to ruin it for all of us.

There was a full lunar eclipse in May of 2021. Those that were here remember a great pilgrimage to Signal Hill, Mount Cargill, and other high-up places to see the eclipse; it was wonderful to have that sense of comradeship from North D. The pilgrimage was born out of pure excitement, seeing as the Uni doesn’t offer a degree in Astronomy, only Physics170, which might qualify to be one of the worst potential interest papers you could ever take. Spoiler: it’s not learning about aliens, it’s just physics. That’s in the name, though.

But that’s one of the best parts of stargazing: you don’t actually have to know anything about anything to sit there and enjoy the views. Naomi Arnold, author of *Southern Nights* and a keen astronomer, says astronomy is accessible because “you can drive or be driven to any dark spot and enjoy the night sky. Just take hot drinks and sleeping bags to stay warm”.

Her first experience with stargazing was looking for Halley’s comet. And, while she can’t remember the comet itself, she remembers the feeling it gave her. “It was the same feeling that you got as a small kid when you were allowed out at night in the pitch black, but it was coupled with that vertigo.” She described how we all “have some times when you pause and find yourself in a moment’s contemplation, zoom out, and consider you’re standing on a spinning ball in space. I think that awe of the natural world has never left me”. Aotearoa offers this special mix of existential dread and interconnected immense awe when looking into our night sky, especially with our dark sky reserves.

In 2017, Aotea Great Barrier Island was named the first dark sky island sanctuary, and 4,300 square kilometres in the Mackenzie High Country of Te Waipounamu recently became the largest reserve of this type in the entire world. Having zones like these, which purposefully avoid light pollution, allows your eyes to dilate so you can see more stars than normal. With just a four hours' drive north of Dunedin and an \$18 campsite fee at White Horse Hill Campground, you don't even have to tramp to see some of the clearest skies in the world, filled with more stars than many people will ever get to see in their lifetime.

But even if you don't take a weekend trip up to Aoraki, you can get into quite dark places very quickly. Ian Griffin, current director of the Otago Museum and internationally renowned astronomer who has discovered 25 minor planets amongst other asteroids and auras, said that we're lucky to have our unique geographical position. "You can actually see the Milky Way from the Octagon, which is amazing for a city, but you only need to go 15 minutes' drive away from it and you get some really, really dark skies", Ian said. Anywhere on the Otago Peninsula is great for dark skies, but Ian specifically pointed to Hooper's and Papanui inlets.

The other great draw of Ōtepoti is the Southern Lights, known as aurora australis or Tahu-nui-a-rangi. "It can be absolutely stunning down here, but it can also be very disappointing" Ian said, which can be applied to most things in Dunedin. "If it's a dim display you can't see any colours, so you see this thing that looks like a white cloud near the horizon". However, when the geomagnetic activity is high, "it can be extraordinary. You get these lovely greens and reds, so I think the aurora is one of the unsung hidden gems in this part of the world" Ian says. The auroras are only going to be getting better in the coming years as well. "The sun goes through a cycle every 11 years where you get a climb in the number of auroras and we are actually approaching a maximum in about two- or three-years' time, so the auroras will be getting better."

There are a plethora of websites and groups that will help you see this aurora if you haven't already crossed it off your Uni bucket list. Aurora Australis Dunedin Nowcast, a website run by the physics department at the Uni, tells you how strong the activity is, directs you to weather forecasts to make sure it isn't cloudy, and gives you recommended locations to see it. There are also other Facebook groups such as 'Aurora Australis New Zealand Current Alerts' with over 20k members and even smaller ones just for Ōtepoti.

If you want to dive even deeper into the astronomical world, the Otago Museum has the only 3D planetarium in Australasia that does live shows almost every day, including one by the coolest name ever seen since the beloved series Sharknado. Starting from October 1st, 'Spacetronauts: Epic Eruptions' will be at the planetarium on weekends, and we will too – because we're not dumb enough to miss epic freaking space eruptions.

Both Ian and Naomi recommend the Dunedin Astronomical Society, a very welcoming group of people who are eager to look at and photograph the night sky, as well as the Beverly-Begg Observatory which Naomi recommends as it "is open to the public during the colder months and they also have an Astronomy 101 course which can teach you more – including astrophotography."

Having stargazing opportunities so readily available is something a lot of people can take for granted. But our time with these beautiful night skies is not forever guaranteed. Your time with these skies could be cut short by a personal decision to move to a larger city with more light pollution, or, as both Naomi and Ian brought up, it could be completely out of your hands. The proliferation of satellites, including Elon Musk's Starlink (designed to provide internet access to rural areas via a global web of satellites), can get in the way of the stars – even from a dark sky reserve.

Ian, who is "not blind to the benefits of the internet" believes Starlink is a massive problem for astronomy as "those satellites are already interfering with professional astronomy observations. The Vera Rubin telescope has been designed to survey the entire sky several times a night finding asteroids that might hit the Earth, and pretty much every image being taken by that telescope is being impacted by trails already with just 3,000 satellites out there" Ian said. There are plans to add another 37,000 of Musk's satellites into low-earth orbit. These satellite "trails" are a problem for real astronomy, but they can impact even the most unsuspecting student, too. One student we interviewed said that he'd gone into Mt. Aspiring National Park to take acid and look at the night sky, but "completely lost his mind" when he watched "twin lines of what I assume were Starlink satellites being launched march across the sky". The student said that "I had no idea if they were real or not... It made me wonder if Elon Musk was going to make it impossible for me to see the stars ever again. It really fucked me up. I was distraught, and I'm still not over it."

It's not like we have a say in the launching of Starlink, either. The only regulator with any jurisdiction over Starlink is the Federal Communication Commission [FCC] in the US, and according to Ian, "they don't really care about the night sky, it's not even one of the parameters that they use in approving the satellite constellation". That's right, the governmental group that no one knew about until they tried to take away net neutrality in 2017 is the sole regulating force on what Elon can put between you and the stars.

"The fact here is that there's been no democratic process," Ian said. He then went on to compare the whole situation to the tragedy of the commons: "The first person to get a resource and exploit it can potentially ruin it for everyone else" he said, especially when there is basically zero regulation around the issue. With space now being fought over by a few billionaires, the tragedy of the commons has shifted from pastures and farmers to literally endless space and famously opulent individuals. "It is literally the Wild West out there," said Ian.

With space now being fought over by a few billionaires, the tragedy of the commons has shifted from pastures and farmers to literally endless space and famously opulent individuals. "It is literally the Wild West out there," said Ian.

Naomi agreed, saying "No-one, let alone megalomaniacal billionaires, should be allowed to destroy astronomical research and pollute our shared global night sky to the extent that he's planning". Yet, Elon's cult-like following or 'Musketeers' as they call themselves, "stifle the debate saying 'no, it's not a problem'," said Ian.

There's also something called Kessler syndrome. When the amount of junk in orbit around Earth reaches a point where it impacts itself, it just creates more and more space debris, causing big problems for satellites, astronauts, and mission planners. It takes only one collision or accident for it to happen, and while Ian acknowledged that Musk and his team "are technically very competent", he wondered "if it's unregulated and uncontrolled, and if something goes wrong, it won't be Musk that has to clear things up, it will be the rest

of us". He just "genuinely hopes we don't end up having to clear up a big mess in a few years' time".

In the meantime, the night sky is still mostly intact and entirely, objectively cool. If you're as talented as Ian, you can name minor planets like he did. One for his wife, another for Bruce Springsteen (whose music was playing when they discovered it), or another named for the former manager of his favourite footy team, Arsenal. Ōtepoti is so highly blessed with resources that if you want to learn more generally about the night sky and/or astrophotography, you can reach out to the planetarium, the observatory, the astronomical society, or anyone else you can find. And for all those out there who might be more curious about the history of astronomy, Naomi's book Southern Nights is a fantastic read.

Dictionary of Rare Duds Slang

Acoustic *adjective:* You know, for when you're too good to say the extra fucking syllable. To wank without the use of sex toys, objects, or lubricant. Ex: "I forgot to charge my Satisfyer so I had to go acoustic last night."

Synonyms: Acapella, cavemanning.

Analogue *adjective:* Hand-rolled cigarettes, as opposed to pre-rolled.

Battler *noun:* Someone who seems to be permanently McFucking Going Through It.

Beaks/beec *adjective:* Short for 'could be keen' or 'cbk'. The much rarer inverse of 'ceeb's'.

Beezyhorn *noun:* A girl or woman of a certain calibre. Derived from 'beezy' (bitch) and 'horn' (female).

Boats *noun:* Abbreviation for 'botans', short for "Botanical Gardens".

Breathosphere *noun:* The metaphysical world of breathas and their activities. Ex: "My breatherness may be in remission, but I still have connections in the breathosphere."

Bundy *adjective:* Low quality. See also: 'dusty', 'bogan'.

Cattle *noun:* Frequenters of Catacombs (Cats).

Castle mullet *noun:* The kind of hairstyle that was probably cut by two inebriated men, at least one of whom is called something like Liam or Dylan, with three thumbs and one brain cell between them. Ex: "If it wasn't for the castle mullet, that guy would be kinda fit."

Ceebs *contraction:* Pronunciation of "CBF", which itself is an abbreviation of

"Can't be Fucked". Ex: "Ceebs saying 'C-B-F', so I just shortened it even further."

Coffin *noun:* An eighteen pack of RTDs. Must be significantly more than a standard pack of ten (a box). Ex: "What the fuck are you doing with a coffin on a Tuesday, cunt."

Dawg, like a *expression:* To be feral, apeshit, manic, with the subtext of also being at least a little bit horny.

Fast *adjective:* Something with the aesthetic of bright, electric colours and/or a streamlined shape. Like how painting flames on a car makes it go faster. Ex: "Do I give myself frosted tips? Could be kinda fast."

Fang *verb:* Floor it, send it. Or, send that my way. Ex: "Nah can I fang a dart off you bro?" or "chuck that Suby into

fourth and fang it!"

Geared up *adjective:* On the gear; on MDMA.

Glizz *verb:* To chug a drink, to neck or throat something with fearsome tenacity. From US slang for cock/hotdog.

Graft *verb:* To flirt with someone. Similar to sifting (see below) but is more specific, and with higher effort involved. Not usually reciprocal.

Grouse *adjective:* Neat, tidy.

Grounder *noun:* Someone not from your immediate friend group, nor immediately connected to your group. Ex: "Let's find some grounder party to go sift at."

Hallensteins *adjective:* Basic male shit. Ex: "I can't believe he tagged three other girls in a

LadBible post. That's some Hallensteins shit for sure."

Hogged up *adjective:* Horny. Like, really horny.

Hoon *verb:* To have a drag of a vape, or to crave nicotine. Also a noun for vape. Widely spread across the country, and can also mean to move hurriedly, or as an insult for someone. Ex: "Oi, can I have a hoon of your vape?"; "Oi, can I have a vape of your hoon?" (Note: in theory "hoon" could be used in both places within a sentence, however if you do this you're kinda fucked).

Leshstop: ldk. The inverse of 'Leshgo'.

Mucks *adjective:* Unattractive, plain. The opposite of 'fit'.

Nudie, pull a *noun:* To go on a naked run, usually as a drinking game punishment, or a particularly

unfortunate morning.

Oosh *expression:* An exclamation of approval or respect, in response. Ex: "Just found a full pack of durries on the floor!" "Oooosh!"

Open home *noun:* A flat with broken windows and/or doors.

Peng *adjective:* Cool, good. From Northerner Br*tish slang.

Psspss *noise:* The sound one makes when trying to summon a vape from someone's hand. Usually accompanied by a grabbing gesture.

Rark, on the *noun:* To get shit-stirringly wasted.

Rhino *verb:* To open a can by smashing it on one's forehead. Hint: shake the fuck out of it first. See also: rhino wrestling, when two people fight to rhino a can.

Scummers *noun:* The small blocks of flats that are part of a hall of residence.

Skarnhoss *prop:* A friendly, informal greeting. From "skaarn" ("What's going on?") and 'hoss' (short for "horse").

Shag and bag *noun:* A casual hookup, except one person has a secret crush on the other, with the goal of eventually dating. Like a 'tap and gap' but opposite.

Sheather *noun:* The exact female equivalent of a breatha; a girl who's just as wounding as the lads.

Sift *verb:* To hit on someone, to try to pick someone up. Often no one in particular, with seedy connotations.

Slash *noun:* A piss. Ex: "I gotta take a slash."

Spincycle *noun:* Vape.

Squiz *noun, verb:* To look closely at something, to have a geez.

Susty *adjective:* Sustainable.

Tacky *noun, verb:* Short for 'tactical'. Usually refers to a tactical vom, but a tacky wank is not unheard of either.

Typewriter *noun:* Your jaw when you're high on gear. From the side-to-side chewing or swinging motion. Ex: "Fuck me, that lad's jaw is on full typewriter!"

Vulture *verb:* To vomit while on the move without stopping, usually in a gutter. Ex: "Yoza, sorry I'm late, had to vulture on the way here."

Wounder *noun:* Munter, degenerate. Breatha shit.

Zung *verb:* To finish a KFC Zinger box. Ex: "Oi cunt, give us a bite of your burger." "Nah, fuck off, it's been zung."

OPINION ON VIP ENTRY:

Nā Skyla, Ngāti Hine

Special Admission or Special Treatment?

For too long, Māori have been surrounded by the stigma of relying on handouts and “free money” from the government. There are social expectations of what Māori are meant to be, and if you don't fit a particular narrative, then you aren't Māori enough. A plastic Māori. Many of the University's current Māori students are the first in their families to pursue tertiary education, making them the first to break through the barriers that are the long-lasting result of terrible native school curriculums. But their successes are often challenged, with ridiculous proposals like the 2020 Med School mayhem, the alienation of students who receive Māori scholarships, and the disregard of white-passing Māori.

Low-decile schools and minimum-wage jobs are a standard expectation for a lot of Māori who learn to ‘make do’ with the life they've been given. For many students, Māori scholarships have forever changed the future of their families – breaking the cycle of underpaid and uneducated workers for generations to come. But academic successes don't guarantee widespread success, as tauira Māori are subject to bullying and mistreatment on the basis of having received a Māori scholarship, or access to Māori admissions in competitive programmes such as law and FYHS.

Māori have been treated as inferior since Treaty days. With separate schools for Pākehā came separate curriculums, plunging Māori children into classrooms that emphasised domestic housework and labour training rather than core subjects, leaving them with skills only relevant to minimum wage paying jobs, effectively forcing Māori into an underclass. This can still be seen today through the continuous influx of Māori in low-decile schools and low-paying jobs. As of 2019, 25% of New Zealand students were educated by low-decile schools, with 45% of these students being Māori. Considering these stats, it's almost a miracle that a noticeable chunk of health science students are Māori, despite the aforementioned disadvantages. Countless whānau would consider university, let alone med school, to be a dream come true; a step into the future. But these dreams were momentarily dashed with the rise of a new proposal in 2020, established on the basis of “special treatment”. The 2020 proposal was to cap the amount of Māori and Pasifika entry pathway spots in medical school, as well as investigate the University's Mirror on Society Policy. But are special admissions really to be likened to special treatment?

NTKA President Te Wharau Walker (Ngāti Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Pīkiao) shared that though he was not directly impacted by the 2020 med school controversies, he felt it through his friends. “It was harmful at the time because it applies everywhere – it starts with capping entry numbers, then you have them barring Māori entrance pathways altogether.” Te Wharau explained, sharing that people relate to who they see themselves in: “it makes sense that Māori patients are going to demand for Māori doctors in a system that continues to fuck us over.” Te Wharau called the University's 2020 proposal to cap Māori entrance numbers ridiculous, saying “even if we are advantaged over others, the majority of Māori who study do it for the benefit of their community. None of this is for personal gain – if you knew anything about us, you'd know that.”

Firm in his truth, Te Wharau argued that Māori entrance pathways aren't actually as special as most people think. “Have you ever thought about why these pathways were established in the first

place?” he challenged, nodding to the lived realities that indicate very little privilege, and more so systematic abuse and mistreatment. According to Te Wharau, health professionals continue to overstep tikanga Māori and then wonder why Māori are reluctant to see a doctor. “Being a doctor isn't always about book-smarts, it also requires empathy and respect,” because who would respect a person who mispronounces their name and disregards their culture? “Pākehā see Māori as always receiving special treatment, but where's the special treatment in our stats? Half the New Zealand prison population are Māori, same with the unemployment rates and kids in low-decile schools – those are not indicators of privilege.”

As if that weren't already enough to deal with, many Māori are still being gaslit into feeling not “Māori enough” to take up Māori spaces. For Lydia Dale-Barrett (Kāi Tahu), who grew up separated from her culture, she actively refrained from applying for Māori-targeted scholarships and programmes. “I thought I would be taking opportunities away from ‘real Māori’, despite having experienced the same hardships through intergenerational trauma... I felt like an imposter.” A familiar concept for many, imposter syndrome has become rife among Māori communities, disconnecting people from pursuing pathways established for their success in a Western world. Whereas for Mere*, a white-passing Māori, her experiences are similar to that of Lydia. “[Not looking Māori] stopped me from joining groups outside of kura (school) or taking up Māori leadership roles because I questioned if I really belonged there or if the opportunity should go to someone more fitting.”

But it all comes down to a matter of birthright – both Lydia and Mere believe that despite being denied their Māori identities, if you whakapapa Māori, then that is enough. “It is unfair to reduce the Māori population to only those with darker skin, or those who can trace their whakapapa because colonisation did a real number on all of us,” Lydia said, to which Mere also agreed. “Due to colonisation, we're all at different stages of our journeys with Māoritanga. No one should feel ashamed of learning about their own culture just because of where they are in life and what they look like.”

In recent years, students have taken to social media platforms to debate these issues, particularly in response to the 2020 med school proposal. Having been compared to a handout, few non-Māori students argued that the proposal had “nothing to do with racism and all to do with merit,” while failing to mention other admission pathways, such as rural entry, suggesting that the argument was actually all to do with racism and little of merit.

In a country where Māori make up just over 3% of the medical workforce, one would hope that Māori students are embraced as the changing face of their communities – instead, they're met with more adversity and convinced that it's a privilege. The narrative never seems to change; funny how scholarships are a handout, but generational wealth isn't. “We're out here making big moves that our whānau have prepared us for – the only difference is that we're doing it for them, not ourselves. That's the thing about being Māori, it all comes full circle. I reckon Pākehā could learn a thing or two from us,” said Te Wharau, “we're breaking down the barriers that wanted to keep us hidden, but here we are.”

*Name changed.



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LOCAL PRODUCE
By Jamiema Lorimer

Becca Caffyn

"I'm good at feeling and feeling deep," Becca Caffyn laments on her new song 'Replacement Blonde.' The sorrowful ballad is also the title track of her debut EP. We caught up with Becca to talk about her latest music, change and processing these feelings through songwriting.

Becca Caffyn is a singer-songwriter. Originally from Hamilton, she moved down to Ōtepoti in July to study here at Otago. She is currently majoring in music and minoring in criminology. The decision to become a musician occurred in Becca's formative years. "I always knew I would do it at some point," she shared. It was throughout high school that Becca started performing, first singing then picking up guitar, then writing her own material, all before she turned sixteen. "But," she admitted, "I didn't play anything to anyone until my last year of high school." She spent her first year out of high school in the Parachute Music artist development programme, which only intakes around four musicians per year, honing her songwriting and studio skills.

"[It's a] bit of a downer at times," confessed Becca of her own music. "I tend to gravitate towards the sadder side of things." Taking after the folk and indie genres, she primarily writes for guitar and occasionally keys. At just nineteen, Becca's ability for keen and wise lyricism really does justice to the musicians who inspire her. "Right now, there's a really great collection of female singer-songwriters who are just killing it. I love it," she said, citing Phoebe Bridgers, Julia Jacklin, Lizzy McAlpine and Holly Humberstone as key influences.

'The Replacement Blonde' is Becca's first EP and came out on September 23. Across the four tracks, Becca paints detailed vignettes of people and places, dipping into others' perspectives as often as she lays out her own feelings.



Her tender lyrics are set to intricate melodies on backdrops ranging from mellow to haunting. The songs were all written within a short period post high-school, when Becca had to simultaneously deal with a breakup while moving out of her family home. "I was figuring out how to do life in a different city and not living at home. Then, without a specific person," she shares. Becca's songwriting was an outlet that helped her cope with the transition. Jokingly but honestly she added that her friends were tired of hearing about the same person. "You just [have to] keep writing songs about it, get it out of your system."

It was early in the breakup that Becca penned the title track 'Replacement Blonde.' She was alone in her room on a Friday night, observing the nightlife through the lens of Instagram. "I was thinking about him going out. Thinking 'who is this person who's going to take up the spot that I used to take up, in his life?'" Becca was blonde at the time, and knowing her ex had a thing for blondes led her to the idea of her replacement. "Who's gonna be the new blonde?"

You can listen to Becca Caffyn's EP, 'The Replacement Blonde,' on major music streaming platforms. She has some release gigs in the works for when Uni kicks off next year and you can keep up with these by following her on socials (Insta: @becccaffyn).

In the Eye of the Beholders

By Madeleine Fenn & Justina King

This column is supported by DPAG, but they have no influence on the reviews.

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.



Deborah Rundle
Loss 2021
Artificial grass, photograph, timber frame
Courtesy of the artist.

nature danger revenge

God is a (pissed off) woman

Maddie:

This piece is multimedia, partially made from quite an unusual material. It has environmental themes presented in a somewhat comedic way. It also involves photography.

Justina:

Ok, so I'm guessing a mix of traditional and digital art? Something to do with Papatūānuku, or just some kind of depressing laugh about how the climate crisis is going right now? Final guess is the piece by Sorawit Songsataya, 'cause it's digital?

The answer:

Close, but no cigar. We're looking at Deborah Rundle's 2021 piece: Loss. It's a multimedia work made of artificial grass, timber frame and a photograph of a skink, commenting on survival in an artificial world. It's part of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery's nature danger revenge exhibition, which has to be the coolest title we have yet encountered. It sets the scene for this ecofeminist exhibition perfectly: God is a woman. Her name is Mother Nature. And we might have made her a little bit angry...

Centred around painted works by the late Alexis Hunter, *nature danger revenge* is a subtly feminist show sinking its teeth deep into the anthropocene. Artists Evangeline Riddiford Graham, Deborah Rundle and Sorawit Songsataya's works were commissioned in conversation with Hunter's paintings, and naturally take on relationships, both to the earth and to other people as their subject matter. Hunter's paintings feature forms and faces, sometimes human, sometimes animal or vegetable, sometimes combinations of the three. Nature, in Hunter's vision, isn't something outside of us, but a collection of impulses and environments that humans also comprise and exist in. Don't forget: you ARE an apex predator. Add that to your daily affirmations.

Hunter's brush strokes at times border on the feral, suggestive of prowling, suggestive of teeth. The cat (?) in *Passionate Instincts XIII* (1984-5) is a dead ringer for Scarface Claw, famed of course for his appalling howl episode. Indeed Hunter's paintings speak to the appalling howls in us all, lurking somewhere in our psyche... for some, closer to the surface than others. In *Pride* (c.1981), human figures sport tails and animal masks, reminiscent of pagan revels and furrycons alike. And the colours, oh the colours! Gestural pinks, foliage greens, and bloodlike scarlet slashes. This is truly the work of a painter who loves painting, a strange thing considering Hunter started as a photographer. Perhaps these paintings represent her own unhinging moment. Or perhaps there is something about a wet medium such as paint that makes it a bodily experience to use, perfect for the orgasmic - ahem, organic - subject matter of these works.

There are naturally a lot of common themes between the other artist's responses and Hunter's paintings. First and foremost is the obvious commentary on our world's current climate state (i.e. chaotic, bad, uh oh). Common subjects in the art are other natural creatures, for example the skink found on artificial grass in Rundle's *Loss*, living unnaturally. This juxtaposition of creatures living the life they are used to, against a constantly changing, destructive world is central. The artists are not only questioning what kind of world we are heading towards, but also how advanced human technology will collide with powerful Papatūānuku, a force which can override humanity as a whole. Hunter's *Creation* particularly stood out as commenting on these issues, depicting new, perhaps inhuman, faces rising out of primordial soup. Although the name of "Creation" is positive, it shows a race is being born in a world that is falling apart, perhaps the next generation. The harsh, saturated colours of the environment are dangerous and insecure. Even the sky looks like it's on fire.

Sorawit Songsataya's piece *Crown Shyness* (2022) is an acknowledgment of the advancement of human technology. Our species, so consumed with technological power, believe we can take over nature too. And yet the piece is also a homage to the beauty of trees, reflecting how complex our relationship is with the earth. Perhaps Evangeline Graham's *Mother Juggernaut* (2022) sums it up best: it's an audio transcript of a needy daughter's phone call to her mother. Earth is the mother of mankind, and we've got some serious mommy issues on our hands.

Recommended song for your visit: *Flesh Without Blood* by Grimes.



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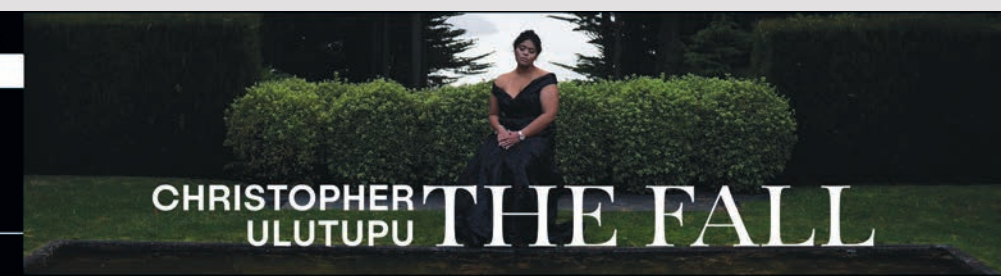
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CHRISTOPHER
ULUTUPU **THE FALL**

MR. WORLDWIDE



This week, we have an image supplied by Ben. We got last issue's correct, Jeff was in Auckland, specifically Queens wharf, looking at that art place.

First thoughts: It feels like this photo was taken in Aotearoa due to the trees but there's also trains, so. We'll see.



Analysing the style of graffiti on the train cars confirmed our suspicions that this is in Aotearoa. Due to Critic's affiliation with graffiti artists throughout the country, we were able to communicate with them through our private contacts. We gave them detailed descriptions of what the graffiti looked like, and they suggested that its origins are in the North Island, so that's where we start our search.

From the lack of attempts to repurpose any of the train cars for housing, we can rule out Auckland and its rampant housing crisis. After many hours of going up and down the entirety of the North Island we realised that we shouldn't have given this job to the only legally blind person in the office. Once we got rid of the blind writer, we realised that the side of one of the train cars was clearly marked with Tranz Metro which immediately links this image to Wellington (just kidding, blind writer is still here).



Researching "train graveyard Wellington", we were sent to a Stuff article detailing that these Wellington Commuter trains are being ripped apart due to asbestos. Spicy. Within the article, there is an image which has a very similar - if not the same - singular tree on top of the hill. It also states that the destruction of the train cars is taking place within the Wellington landfill. Going to the closest place possible via Google street view, we can very clearly see the exact group of trees as in the original photo provided by Ben. We can also see the tops of the train cars in the background.

Everyone at Critic Te Ārohi is hoping that unlike everyone else in Wellington, Ben isn't k-holing here while being exposed to large amounts of airborne asbestos.

Final answer: Ben is at the Wellington landfill admiring the delectable asbestos-riddled train cars. Yummy yummy.

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

T.M. AUTO

Heading away for the break?
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SERVICE OR WARRANT

11 Howe St, North Dunedin



Budweiser

BOOZE REVIEW — IS UNPATRIOTIC — BY CHUG NORRIS

Every country in the world has a national beer. Australia has VB, New Zealand has, for some fucking reason, Tui, and Budweiser is known first and foremost as the national beer of the trainwreck of a country that calls itself the United States. But something seems wrong about Budweiser representing the US: it is too understated. You would expect their flagship beer to be called something more inspiring like “Freedom Juice” or “Right to Beer Arms.” Defending the world from terrorists (well, only the Islamic ones) is thirsty work that should be rewarded with an epic, liberal-owning beer, with a similarly yeehaw name and brand.

Fortunately, Budweiser is incredibly drinkable. It is largely flavourless, slightly too sweet (they have probably added corn syrup) and with just the right amount of fizz. But as a ‘Murican beer it is a massive disappointment. You would rightly expect a country famous for its comically sized buckets of soft drinks and enormous plates of food to produce bottles of beer at least twice the girth of regular stubbies. But instead the bottles are only a measly 25 mL bigger than ours. Could it be that the excessive consumption and decadence of US culture is exaggerated? No, surely not. The real reason their bottles of beer are not twice the size of ours is that US citizens have inferior piss-drinking capabilities to their New Zealand counterparts.

Americans constantly consume strong doses of ‘Kool-Aid,’ namely that they are the greatest country in the world, that they are temporarily embarrassed millionaires and that as long as they try hard enough,

each and every one of them will be an astronaut and President (simultaneously) some day. Because they are already under the influence of this strong drug, it really does not take many extra chemicals in their brain to push them over the edge. As a result, they will have six beers and go absolutely mental, hence their preference for six packs over coffins (cowards).

In contrast, the general state of New Zealand has the opposite effect on its inhabitants. Sitting in a shitty flat, drinking in a shed, or standing in a dark and muddy field does not tend to make you think that you are on your way to greatness. Quite the opposite, really, because you’re in Gore. It therefore requires far more beers to achieve the same sense of euphoria that Americans sustain after six standard drinks. As a result, New Zealanders have six beers and are just starting to enjoy themselves.

Budweiser tastes fine but it is underwhelming. It is a tribute to the fact that while Americans can drink three litres of Coca-Cola on a daily basis, they get wasted off half that amount of beer. While the US may eclipse us in terms of the productivity of its people (doubtful tbh), being free as fuck (again, idk), and the strength of their military (okay yes this one’s right), at least we can drink more beer than them. Take that America. Up yours.

Tasting notes: corn, recession, Dustbowl.

Froth level: buying a COD loadout at Walmart.

Tastes like: freedom, pretending there wasn’t an opiate crisis.

Overall rating: 6/10 needs to be bigger.



There’s still time to pick up some Classics Papers for 2023

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CLAS 105 Greek Mythology

CLAS 108 Classical Art and Archaeology: Of Heroes, Gods and Men

CLAS 109 Roman Social History: Slaves, Gladiators, Prostitutes

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HOROSCOPES



AQUARIUS *Jan 20 – Feb 18*

Forever young is good in theory, but some of us have to live with you. Take some responsibility for how you behave and watch good things come to you. Also, clean your kitchen.

Put on your summer to-do list: Keep a list of every beach you visit.



PISCES *Feb 19 – Mar 20*

You're already dealing with a lot. If you can't take on someone's emotions, let it be known. Unspoken boundaries just become resentment. You are strong!

Put on your summer to-do list: Spend as much time as possible with your homies.



ARIES *Mar 21 – Apr 19*

There are three sides to every story. Your side, their side, and the truth. Be careful who you vent to. Not everyone is going to understand.

Put on your summer to-do list: Have a potluck brunch outside.



TAURUS *Apr 20 – May 20*

You're a rock for your friends to lean on. I hope you're taking time to care for yourself too while you're at it. Keep it up, Taurus. They're loving you!

Put on your summer to-do list: Learn how to dance.



GEMINI *May 21 – Jun 20*

Gemini, you are so cute and your life is full. Happiness isn't coming – it's already here. Take a moment to be grateful for that.

Put on your summer to-do list: Host crate day.



CANCER *Jun 21 – Jul 22*

You're getting in your own way. Relax. It's okay to have a night off. Worrying about the future is just suffering twice over. Ily.

Put on your summer to-do list: Reflection and meditation on a daily basis.



LEO *Jul 23 – Aug 22*

Don't let yourself be caught in the role of organiser. You're set to have a fun and flirty summer, but you deserve to cruise and enjoy your plans just as much as the rest of your friends. Delegate, delegate, delegate, Leo!

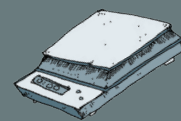
Put on your summer to-do list: A weekend away in an Airbnb.



VIRGO *Aug 23 – Sep 22*

You're doing a lot of self-reflection this month. Go you! But don't expect results right away. I promise, the universe will let you know it's working – if you're listening.

Put on your summer to-do list: Take yourself out for morning coffees. Ideally by the beach.



LIBRA *Sep 23 – Oct 22*

Hope you're getting your rest in, the next month is going to be full for you! Give in to your inner social butterfly. Be the hottest at the party. It's your season!

Put on your summer to-do list: Start journaling consistently.



SCORPIO *Oct 23 – Nov 21*

Crawl back into your hole. It's time to shed that exo-skeleton. There may be romance waiting when you emerge...

Put on your summer to-do list: Visit a walking track. Take snacks.



SAGITTARIUS *Nov 22 – Dec 21*

This Libra season is bringing good things for you too, Sag! You're mastering the art of detachment and it's a good look on you. This is the perfect time to rearrange your bedroom and clear out your closet. Be ruthless with the things you don't need.

Put on your summer to-do list: Pick some new recipes and cook for your friends & fam.



CAPRICORN *Dec 22 – Jan 19*

If you were a playlist you'd be Discover Weekly. Reinventing yourself every Monday is kinda cringe, not gonna lie. Lean into what make you, you. I promise you'll be a hit.

Put on your summer to-do list: Get a library card. Put your reading hat on.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

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ADULTTOYMEGASTORE

Get your story featured and win a sex toy with thanks to ATMS

Dick munter

Dunedin is great, but if the 'Dunedin Experience' involves, as he described it "the worst sex story I can think of" I'm not sure the wonderful student experience is worth it.

For context, I wasn't sure we would have sex again after a couple weeks of hooking up earlier in the year, but after a few cones a friend and I ended up back at his place. I'm a hungry lil guy after a shmoke, so naturally I smashed back five or six pieces of toast before heading up to his room. All was going well, I started giving him head. Like I said, hungry lil guy. I'm normally pretty skilled with that sort of stuff - I know everyone says that, but one time a guy told me he loved me after I gave him head (and I'd only met him that night), so I'm not allllll talk.

Anyway, all is well. He's about to finish (as he so kindly lets me know), so I'm just doing my thing... when disaster strikes. He projectile cums into the back of my throat and, to my absolute horror, I munt everywhere. I mean every. Where. It's on the bed, the duvet, somehow ending up on items on the other side of the room. We got a towel - it was very inadequate - and eventually he went to shower it all off.

His dick was like a vomit shelf. He told me the next day he had to literally pick the seeds from the toast out of his pubes.

I was pretty sure we weren't going to come back from that, but somehow we ended up sleeping together quite a bit in the following few weeks. One particular night we really hadn't planned to do anything, but at some point we ended up alone together in the shower and it just sort of happened.

We started having sex but it wasn't really working (bit of a tight location) so I decided we should have a retry of the whole giving head thing. It really wasn't the best idea in hindsight, especially considering the fact that I'd had quite a wee bit of bad-decision-juice. I thought I was all good. Until it happened AGAIN. Who munts on someone's dick twice in a month? Oh god it was bad. Luckily this time we were in the shower, which was a far more ideal location, and since I had been drinking so much it was purely goon, neither of which typically come with seeds. He was far sweeter than deserved both times. I must say, if I had to throw up on someone's penis, I'm glad it was his.

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

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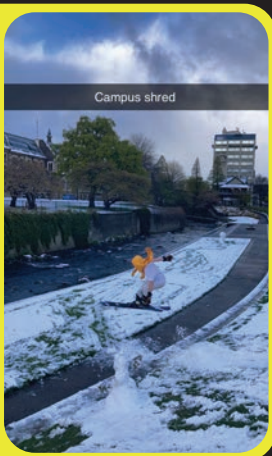
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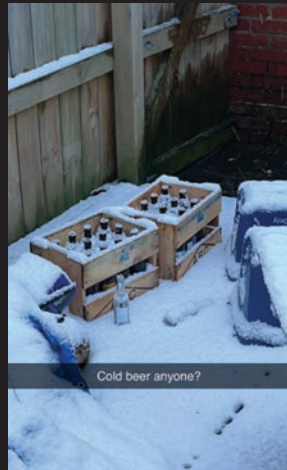
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SNAP OF THE WEEK

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Campus shred



Cold beer anyone?



When in October



smiling after her boob job



Bsci students are crying at our gender studies assessments rn 20% leshgo



The passing of her majesty has inspired the artist in me



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We're eating some pussy tonight



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