

te arohi



LETTERS

University Book Shop
Great King St + On Campus

EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ ——— LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Phoebe W,
I appreciate that us students are really under the pump rn with Covid stress, but please don't tar all Uni staff with the same brush. Privilege you say? My partner, a Māori, first generation university educated lecturer, went through 8 years of undergrad, honours, and a PhD at Otago, which was not the friendliest place for young Māori in the mid 2000s. More access to money? Lecturers starting out receive less in their first few years than a pharmacist would at the same age, which is bullshit after 8+ years of study and 4 years of slumming it as a postdoc. His salary supports us both as I finish my postgrad study.

Access to leave? Leave doesn't really exist at the moment; he currently works 12+ hours a day, which includes politely answering emails from angry students demanding answers to their questions NOW cause they missed their lab to party on St Paddy's day. It's pretty hard to not forget who the 'little people are' when you spend a good chunk of time being sworn at. PSA- the administrator dealing with all your course admin likely only earns \$50K a year. Try feeding a family on that. Be nice to them.

Sincerely,
Would like her boyfriend back

Why aren't more people using letterboxd? It's an amazing platform, and full of amazing opinions and ideas, and it brings me such joy everytime I watch a film to log and list, rate and review and share my silly little opinion. Everyone should make a letterboxd account.

Sincerely, #notsponsored

Dear Critic,
Why is the clock tower so mysterious? What is it hiding behind those ancient doors? Where does all that time go? Whoever will go and investigate this mysterious area? Will they ever return from the darkness? Why does the roof shake at noon? What noises hide behind those bells?

How do we climb to the top, and find all of the time? Where it can shake on the hour, and we can feel the power? For the best fight spot on campus, It's so dark and mysterious.

Please investigate.
Eobard

Editor's response: We'll have a poetry competition opening soon for Art Week, give it a go.

Dear Critic,
I'm a bit peeved off with the apparent severance between the contemporary and classical music departments. Like why on earth is a classical musician not allowed to practice in the contemporary department, and vice versa? (this was happening before covid, by the way) I would absolutely adore the vibes of walking down the hall, hearing Bach at one door and Jimi Hendrix at the next. At the moment it just furthers the discontent that both cultural parties generally have towards one another, and furthers the feeling that a musician shouldn't explore outside of their respective genres.

Sincerely,
The Bach-Hendrix collab society



Editorial: Satellites are Scary

By Fox Meyer

The United States has this plane called the Dragon Lady. The U-2, like the band. It's a spyplane, originally from the Cold War era. There's a camera on the bottom of this thing, a big glass ball that sticks out. From the stratosphere, it can tell if you're holding a can of Coke or a can of Pepsi. That's scary. Modern satellites can do something similar.

Modern satellites have made the world a much better place, without a doubt. They've revolutionised science and improved the general quality of life, and I'm glad we have them. But they're still scary, somehow. There's nothing natural about a man-made satellite. And that's okay; just because something isn't natural doesn't mean it's scary. It's the amount of satellites, and what they're doing, that's scary.

Last year, I was camping near Mt. Aspiring with a bunch of people who were on acid. Around 11pm, long after the sun had gone down and my friends had realised that their camping site was in a very cold and very floodable riverbed, we saw something strange. There was a band of bright lights streaking across the sky, in two perfect lines, like an extended Orion's Belt. For the folks on acid, I think it must've been quite alarming. The stars were marching. Weird.

It wasn't stars, of course, it was satellites. Elon Musk's satellites, being launched. One of the trippers freaked out, worrying that in the near future, satellites would encompass the earth and block out all the natural starlight. For rich people in the cities, they argued, this didn't matter - they can't see the night sky anyway. But for everyone else, for all the birds and bees, these new sojourning stars

would be a strange and sudden shift into madness. How are you meant to navigate with the stars if the stars are new, and moving? You can't. They also argued that this would make astrology difficult, because how are you meant to judge your Zodiac sign with all these intrusions? That's where they lost me.

Nonsense aside, it was scary for them. There're plenty of things that Elon Musk has done that are scary, but this satellite launch was the scariest. Their already acid-addled life was suddenly interrupted by the thought that this world is monitored by people on the other side of the planet, people who have never seen a pure Aotearoa sky, and who would not know what they were missing.

That's scary in its own way. What's scarier is the column we've debuted this week. We realised that anyone can supply us a random photo off of their camera roll, any photo, and if it contains at least one human structure, we can find the exact location within a few hours. Using just Google Maps, Google Earth, and a few other websites, we've pinpointed half a dozen photos to within a few metres. That's scary.

It didn't matter where these photos were taken. Someone, a regular person, was able to pinpoint these shots like they worked for the CIA. You'll see this in future issues of the mag. Our world has been documented almost entirely online, and it's become disturbingly easy to stalk these photos - your photos - down to their origin. Go ahead and send us some, at maps@critic.co.nz.

EDITORIAL:
EDITOR
Fox Meyer

NEWS EDITOR
Denzel Chung

FEATURES EDITOR
Elliot Weir

CULTURE EDITOR
Annabelle Vaughan

SUB EDITOR
Maddie Fenn

NEWS REPORTER
Zak Rudin

STAFF WRITERS
Sean Gourley, Keegan Wells, Ruby Werry, Lotto Ramsay

CONTRIBUTORS
Rosie Joyce (@skuxxfood), Jamiema Lorimer

DESIGN:
DESIGNER
Molly Willis

ILLUSTRATION
Rutene Rickard
Daniel Van Lith
Justina King

PHOTOGRAPHER/VIDEOGRAPHER
Aiman Amerul Muner

CENTREFOLD
Dan Van Lith

FRONT COVER
Esmond Paterson (_eastmund)

PUZZLE MASTER
Aleisha Chalmers

PRODUCTION:
ONLINE
Stella Inkpen

DISTRIBUTION
Vincent Withers

ADVERTISING SALES:
Tim Couch
Jared Anglesey
Peter Ramsay
sales@planetmedia.co.nz
Phone: 03 479 5361

READ ONLINE:
critic.co.nz
Issuu.com/critic_te_arohi

GET IN TOUCH:
critic@critic.co.nz
Facebook/CriticTeArohi
Tweet/CriticTeArohi
03 479 5335
P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin



Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA)

Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor or OUSA.

NZ Media Council: People with a complaint against a magazine should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the NZ Media Council.

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

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY
31 MARCH

Jack Ta Quartet feat. Bill Martin, Pania Simmonds, and Kevin Finigan
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM / ALL AGES
Tickets from eventfinda.co.nz

THURSDAY
07 APRIL

Mako Road
UNION HALL, UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
8PM
Tickets from eventbrite.co.nz



Covid Rule Changes: What do they mean for Students?

Party rockers in the house tonight, red light changes mean we'll have a good time

By Annabelle Vaughan
Culture Editor // culture@critic.co.nz

Big changes were made to the Covid-19 rules last Wednesday, from the end of QR codes and vaccine passes to outdoor gathering limits being waved goodbye as soon as this week. But how will this affect students? Critic Te Arohi decided to dive into the new rules to find out.

At a press conference last Wednesday, Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern effectively dismantled most of the restrictions set up over the last two years. As of midnight last Friday, QR codes and record-keeping are no longer mandatory, meaning the beautiful pandemic tradition of struggling to focus a blurry-arse camera at the entrance to the supermarket will come to an end as well.

Limits on the number of people at indoor gatherings and events are increased to 200 people, with no limit on how many people can be at outdoor gatherings. However, this only applies if everyone at the event has a My Vaccine Pass – without vaccine passes, the numbers stay the same (25 people indoors or out). One rule that will still remain, though: if you're indoors, you'll need to mask up.

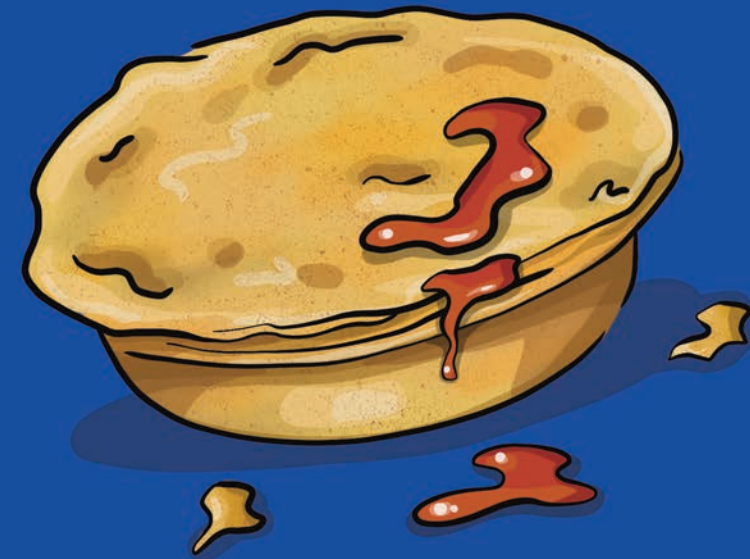
So yes, in case you were asking, this means you can run big flat parties again, as long as everyone is vaccinated. But vaccine passes will only be a thing until midnight 4 April (next Monday), so after that date your unvaccinated friends will be welcome too.

The new limits also mean that pubs, clubs and restaurants can begin operating at full capacity once again, with vaccine passes only required until next Monday. The Zoo is also back in full swing, with the Highlanders' match against the Blues expected to be one of the first events post-Omicron that will go ahead with a full crowd.

To sum up: flat parties, heading to town and to the rugby – it's all back. And after a grim start to the year, filled with event cancellations, Zoom lectures and Covid tearing through our pitiful attempts to party through the pain, this is probably the best thing we could hope for right now.



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



Night 'n Day Cracks Down on Sauce Thievery

Even with inflation, \$300.90 for a packet of sauce seems a little steep

By Zak Rudin
News Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

An Otago student is facing a \$300 fine for what he claims was an accidental theft of a 90c packet of sauce from Night 'n Day. They offered to pay for the sauce, claiming it was an honest mistake, and have complained of an abuse of power. Even the cops seemed to think the matter was overblown.

It was your typical Friday night when Flynn and his mate Milan went to the Night 'n Day on Regent Street for a quick bite to eat. The pair bought and paid for \$21.90 worth of food, before Flynn grabbed what he thought was an unpriced packet of sauce by the napkins. Thinking it was free, Flynn and Milan headed for the door. But just as they were leaving, an undercover security guard stopped Flynn and asked: "Is there anything you haven't paid for?" Flynn realised his mistake instantly: "Oh the sauce, do I have to pay for the sauce?" he asked. The security guard answered "Yes, yes you do." This is when sauce hit the fan.

At this point, Flynn thought it was just a simple misunderstanding: he insisted that he would've happily paid up for the 90c sauce sachet, and offered to do so at the time. But this wasn't enough for Night 'n Day, who have a "blanket fine policy" for anyone caught shoplifting. Matt Lane, the manager at Night 'n Day Regent Street, told Critic Te Arohi that the incident was "identified as deliberate". Matt said that "I wasn't there when it happened but often people offer to pay for something they try

to steal when they're caught."

When Flynn was caught, he was promptly escorted out back by a security guard who proceeded to write down his details and photograph him, saying "It's all part of procedure." The security guard told Flynn he'd be getting a \$300.90 fine (sauce sachet included) and a trespass notice. Also, the police were on their way. All over a misunderstanding involving a 90c packet of sauce. Matt, the manger, was insistent that the fine was valid, saying that: "We don't consider the value of the item [when fining someone for theft]."

Flynn told Critic Te Arohi that the cops who arrived were "taken aback" by the situation. He said that one told him she didn't think the fine was "warranted under the circumstances," adding that she would vouch that it was just a "misunderstanding". This wasn't enough to sway the Night 'n Day staff, though, who insisted on the fine because it was "just procedure". The officers said they'd be contesting the fine this week, and if they fail to do so, Flynn has said he'd consider taking the matter to court. Meanwhile, unless his trespass notice is overturned, Flynn is banned from Night 'n Day Regent Street for two years. If he sets foot in there again, he faces a \$1,000 fine or up to three months in prison.

For Flynn, the whole experience left him "shaken up". He said that "It's a horrible

feeling having people stand above you and call you a thief, especially over a simple misunderstanding ... they talked about me as if I were some major criminal for mistakenly thinking a sauce was free; [it] was disgusting and a frightening abuse of power on their behalf."

"We don't want to have to fine people or call the police but we need to prevent theft, which is pretty common amongst students," said Matt. "We have caught nine students stealing within a seven day period, [everything] from pies to eggs to sauce."

Flynn told us that during the ordeal, "The police officer even said something along the lines of 'Do you seriously think he tried to steal a sauce?' and the security officer scowled [and asked the cop] 'So what, you're calling me a liar now?'" The security lady exaggerated things further by saying I tried to 'conceal' the sauce, when in reality I had a milkshake in one hand and was on and off my phone in the other while waiting for some fries."

"I am very angry at what happened, and the fact that they think they can just throw an absurd fine at me because I won't retaliate as I'm only a student ... I just want people, especially students, to hear about this."

The Police declined to comment on this case.



Mysterious Tree Shows Up Naked in Student's Bedroom

Maybe I could surprise him ;)" – the tree in a group chat, probably

By Keegan Wells
Staff Writer // keegan@critic.co.nz

It's not often a Saturday night ends with you finding a stranger in your bed. It's even rarer when that stranger is a tree branch.

Returning to his Cumberland St flat at 1:30am, Seth was getting ready for a good night's rest when he noticed a "weird, dark bushy figure on my bed". Thinking that "my mind's just playing tricks on me," he flicked on the light and saw what was really lying across his beloved mattress: a "massive fucking tree". The tree branch was "roughly one and a half wheelie bins in height," with the greenery covering his entire bed.

Doubling back to his lounge, Seth found "a trail of leaves coming through the hallway and front door". Outside, "one of the big trees on Cumberland Street just had a massive branch missing." Someone apparently had managed to take the branch of the tree and took it into his room, which is right off the lounge.

Seth agreed that superhuman drunk strength was most likely involved in the arboreal caper, although he also applauded the meticulous care they took to navigate around the lounge furniture. "It took a very long time for me to remove it from the house, like how did they get it inside? I flipped a table, pushed cups out of the way – but nothing was tipped over at the start," Seth said with some surprise.

"In a panicking rage," Seth woke up all of his flatmates, thinking they had been burgled and that this "was a weird clue". But after finding his most precious earthly possessions (his laptop and AirPods) safe and sound, he discarded that possibility. Next up, he suspected that his flatmates were "fucking with him" – but after repeated denials, he felt reassured that his flatmates "weren't the type of people to pull such a prank".

Having hit a dead-end, Seth did what any self-respecting Gen Z would do to

investigate this mystery: he made a TikTok. He also posted it to the Castle '22 Facebook group, quickly getting a lead when someone commented about "walking past a girl holding a tree". His flatmates also remembered seeing a girl leaving their driveway when they were returning home. These two people have not been identified or confirmed to be the same person.

Seth's flatmates have a new theory: that this was some revenge plot. But he reckons "he hasn't done anything controversial enough... and why take it out on the tree?"

When we last checked, the mystery was still unsolved. Seth reassured anyone wanting to fess up that "I'm not out for revenge, I just want answers," before adding that "If someone hurt you or if I hurt you, I'm sorry." Critic suggests bringing an even larger tree branch into Seth's flat would be the best way to apologise.



Soft Plastic Recycling Back in Town

One man's trash is another man's... fence posts?

By Zak Rudin
News Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

Serial recyclers and plastic bag stockpilers, rejoice: soft plastics can now be recycled in Dunedin again. They'll be collected from New World, Countdown and The Warehouse stores, and trucked up north to be turned into fence posts.

Up until 2017, our soft plastic was shipped overseas for recycling – primarily to China. However, concerns about the huge volumes of contaminated plastics led to the Chinese government introducing the "National Sword" policy in 2017. This effectively banned imports of unsorted waste, disrupting recycling systems across a Western world that had grown used to bulk-shipping their rubbish overseas.

With the volume of soft plastics staying high, Dunedin mayor Aaron Hawkins said demand for a local processing plant has skyrocketed, adding that many people have been "stockpiling [soft plastics] since the service stopped". This is where the Soft Plastics Recycling scheme comes in.

The Packaging Forum (a group made up of companies in the packaging industry)

will transform your pie wrappers, bread bags and cling wrap into fence posts. The process starts with the bins, which will be in The Warehouse, New World, and Countdown stores around Dunedin.

Cargill Enterprises has been contracted to collect the plastics from the eight participating stores. According to sales manager Blair Kippenberger, they are a non-profit organisation owned by the Disabled Citizens' Society (Otago), who employ "over 80 people with some level of a disability". These will be bunched up in Cargill's South Dunedin facility into 500kg bales. The plastic bales will then be shipped to Auckland using existing transport networks – with Dunedin toilet paper manufacturer Cottonsoft sending them to Christchurch, before loading them onto trucks owned by food conglomerate Goodman Fielder for the final journey to Future Post in Auckland. This method minimises the need to put extra vehicles on the roads.

In Auckland, Future Post will then use this abundant, plasticity resource to make

products like "fence posts, bollards [and] vege garden frames". It takes about 1,500 plastic bags to make a single fence post – and making about 800 posts every day, Future Post can chomp their way through a whopping 1.2 million bags every single day. In total, Future Post has converted 85 million of those plastic suckers into posts, which will then be used in places like vineyards, farms, parks and lifestyle blocks.

Will these bins be introduced on campus anytime soon? Property Services director Dean Macaulay was hopeful, but didn't commit directly: "We have a very active recycling programme, so this [soft plastic recycling] would be a natural progression and we are going to investigate our options." Sounds like fingers are crossed on all fronts.

While Aaron was celebrating the return of soft plastic recycling to Dunedin, he insisted that this was not enough: "We know we need to reduce waste by designing it out of the system, but until that work is done we still need the ambulance at the bottom of the landfill."



The One (Flavour of Cruisers) That Got Away

Asahi Beverages thanks God for St. Patrick's Day

By Ruby Werry

Staff Writer // ruby@critic.co.nz

On St Paddy's, Dunedin's most iconic booze-slinging establishment was running notably low on green piss. Critic tried to get to the bottom of this.

A Leith Liquor employee told Critic Te Arohi that while the day itself brings plenty of Paddy's pep and outrageous outfits, it's actually nowhere near as busy as the previous day. "Everyone comes in the day before," they told us, "because people don't want to wait for [us to open] to start drinking. [The day before St. Paddy's] has been our busiest day of the year so far, absolutely. We were trying to restock different items, but we ended up having to stop because we were so packed we couldn't keep up."

They said "the stuff that was flying off the shelves could simply be summarised in four words: green, anything and everything." The drinks students most preferred, they told us, included "Glacials, Rinses, Greenhill Seltzers, and Green Nitro. Oh, and Green Scrumpy." Based on the drink choices, Critic envisioned a mix of dried-up breathas and Auckland private school fresher, which seems like an accurate summary of Otago students in general.

One key drink seemed to be missing off the list, the bevvie that tastes more like high school skatepark regret than any other: lime green Cruisers. The reason why it

was left out, though, was because they'd been sold out since the Monday before St Paddy's. According to the employee: "We had plenty of people coming in when I was working asking for them, but we just couldn't restock in time."

So if you managed to get your shamrock-stained hands on lime Cruisers for St Paddy's day, feel free to lord it over the lame, unwashed, lime Cruiser-less masses. For all those that missed out, hopefully the luck of the Irish will be on your side next year.



Study Finds Covid Experts Loved Masks, Hated Cost of Vaccinations

Trust economists to hate taxes which benefit the public good

By Annabelle Vaughan

Culture Editor // culture@critic.co.nz

An Otago Uni study has highlighted what experts found to be the worst part of Covid-19 lockdowns. Travel restrictions ranked highly on their list, as well as the cost of providing Covid-19 vaccines.

The study, published in the Journal of the Royal Society of New Zealand, was conducted by Dr Dennis Wesselbaum and Prof Paul Hansen in the Department of Economics. Basically, they asked 16 Covid-19 experts to rank what aspects of lockdown "they found most inconvenient and unpleasant".

The survey found that experts were least bothered by the requirement to wear masks in public, with just 6.5% finding it the most inconvenient or unpleasant measure.

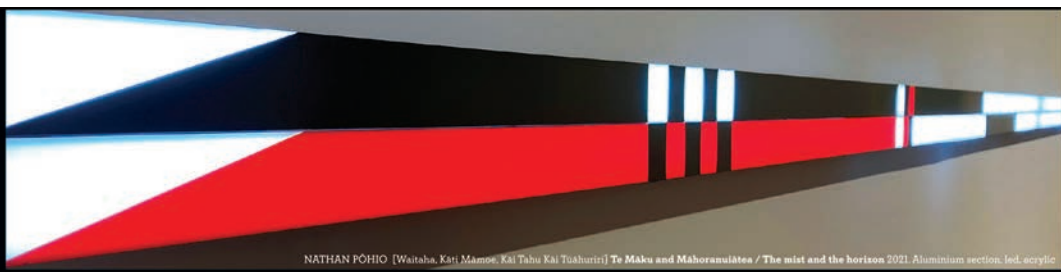
Needing to stay at home was also seen as relatively acceptable, with 9.6% ranking it inconvenient or unpleasant. This is an "intuitively plausible" result, according to Dr Wesselbaum: "For most people, wearing a mask is a minor inconvenience compared to the other interventions. Staying at and working from home should be feasible without too much inconvenience for high-income academics and researchers."

The experts found restrictions on travel the most annoying feature of Covid controls, almost four times more inconvenient or unpleasant than the face mask requirement. Interestingly, according to the survey, the experts thought the second-most undesirable feature of Covid controls was the "total cost of [Covid-19]

vaccinations, out-of-pocket or through taxes," with an inconvenience rating of 22%.

Dr Wesselbaum admitted that his research mainly looks at the preferences of public health experts, who are largely high-income academics. But he said it would be interesting to compare these to the preferences of the general public, and is aiming for "a larger-scale study involving the general population to be completed in the future". This study, he says, is a first step to better designing future pandemic control measures "that are both effective in public health terms and most likely to be complied with".

PAEMANU:
TAURAKA TOI
A LANDING PLACE
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY
FREE ADMISSION . WWW.DUNEDIN.ART.MUSEUM



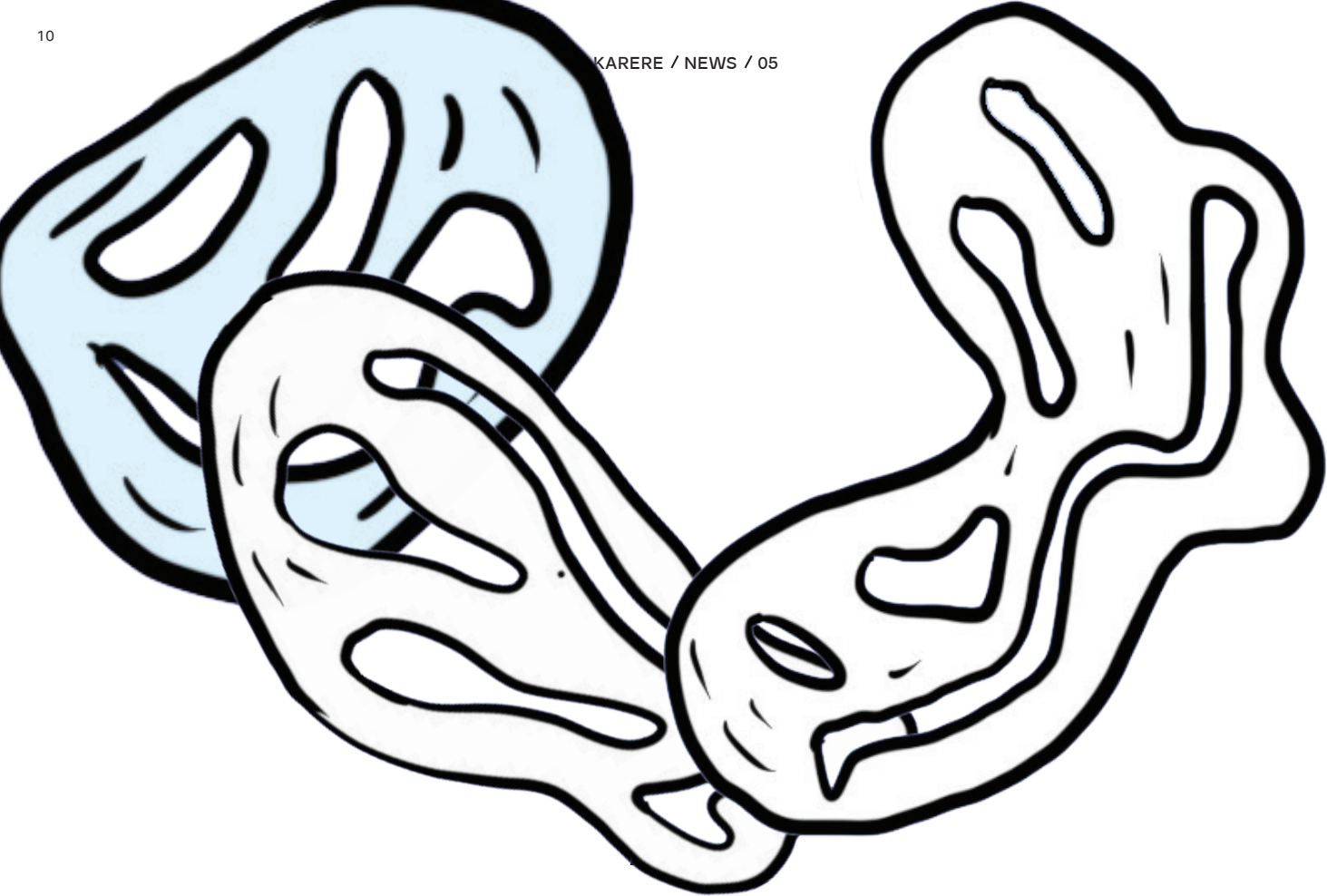
NATHAN PÖHIO [Waitaha, Kaiti Mānō, Kai Tahu Kai Tohauriri] Te Māku and Mahoreniātēa / The mist and the horizon 2021. Aluminium section, led, acrylic

Nando's
Great Pretender



HIGH-PROTEIN
PLANT-BASED PATTY

Available now at
Nando's Octagon.



Report Highlights Shortfalls For Under-20s Mental Health Care

Key concerns include long wait times, increased psychiatric prescriptions

By Denzel Chung

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Demand for mental health care among under-20s has spiked in the last two years, according to a new Government report. They were hopeful, though, that increased Government funding would soon make a bigger impact.

The report, titled 'Te Huringa: Change and Transformation', was released by the Mental Health and Wellbeing Commission last Tuesday. It aimed to show the performance of Aotearoa's mental health services between 2016-21.

Amongst the findings of the report were that "coercive practices," such as solitary confinement and compulsory treatment orders (where a court can legally order someone to undergo mental health treatment for 6 months), remained stubbornly persistent across the mental health system. Māori, in particular, are disproportionately affected by this: 48% of those in solitary confinement and 39% of those undergoing compulsory treatment were Māori.

The report also found that demand for mental health services has been increasing among "young people" (defined as under-20s). Under-20s now make up 18% of people accessing primary mental health services, up from 13% in 2015-16. These numbers include extended GP consults and talk therapy sessions (which are separately funded by the Ministry of Health), but not standard GP consultations about mental health services.

The report found young people were facing "deteriorating" wait times for DHB mental health services. The Government has set targets that 80% of referred patients should be seen within 3 weeks and 95% within 8 weeks. These targets are largely being met for adults, as well as for Māori and Pacific populations. However, DHBs are well below target for young people, with only 65% of under-20s referred to mental health services getting a consultation within 3 weeks. 13% still could not get a consultation 8 weeks after they were referred.

Prescriptions of psychiatric medications have also increased significantly for young people, with under-20s getting prescribed 21% more antidepressants and 18% more antipsychotics over 2020-21, compared to 2019-20. The report blamed this on "increased stress from Covid-19 and a lack of non-medical treatment alternatives".

The way to fix this, suggested the report, would be more money spent on "increased investment in peer support services... specialist child-and-adolescent services, and other community-specialist services," so they could speed up the rollout of "other support options" for youth who would otherwise rely on meds or an overtaxed DHB mental health system.

The report was hopeful that, over time, Government "investment... will provide early intervention and support for mental health and addiction needs – with downstream benefits for specialist services that continue to feel pressured in meeting the volume of need."



Victoria Uni's Student Association Votes to Begin Leaving NZUSA

We are never, ever, ever getting back together

By Denzel Chung

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Victoria Uni's Student Association (VUWSA) has narrowly voted to leave the New Zealand Union of Student Associations (NZUSA) in a referendum. However, only 3% of students voted on the measure, raising questions on whether VUWSA will actually follow through.

Results from the referendum, on whether VUWSA should begin the 12-month process of leaving NZUSA, were announced last Wednesday, 23 March. 317 students (36.1%) agreed that VUWSA should leave NZUSA, while 304 students (34.6%) disagreed – a difference of just 13 votes. 257 voters (29.3%) abstained from the question and did not vote either way.

Just 3% of Victoria Uni's 22,000 students (621 people) bothered to vote either yes or no on the question. Referenda that are voted on by less than 5% of the student population are considered "non-binding". In other words, VUWSA does not need to follow through on the results.

VUWSA President Ralph Zambrano told Salient, Victoria Uni's student magazine, that the decision to try and leave NZUSA wasn't "a decision that was made lightly," but was made because NZUSA "isn't performing as effectively as it has in the

past". He added that the money used for NZUSA's \$45,500 annual membership fee could be better spent on projects which "directly benefit our students... [such as] the community pantry and menstrual products".

Andrew Lessells, the NZUSA President, told Salient that "I'm obviously disappointed [that the referendum was going ahead], but I'm also aware that they've had a number of longstanding concerns, we also have concerns and are committed to addressing these as well as reforming NZUSA."

Even if VUWSA does follow through on the results, they can't leave instantly. They have to give 12 months notice to "withdraw their membership" instead. Auckland Uni's Student Association also began this process in June last year, telling Stuff that their decision to leave was also made after years of "unhappiness," and questioning "the value we get for the \$45,500 levy we pay". Zambrano, though, hinted the breakup may not be final: "if our concerns are addressed, we do see change, and have confidence in NZUSA's direction, it is more than possible VUWSA will not withdraw from NZUSA".

This isn't VUWSA's first breakup: they've left NZUSA before, in September 2014. Then-President Sonya Clark expressed similar concerns to Salient about "significant reforms" being left undone, that NZUSA were not being "a strong national voice on student issues," and that there were "more effective uses of \$45,000 in student dollars". Vic Uni students later voted in late 2015 to rejoin NZUSA.

OUSA has also left NZUSA before, in November 2014. Then-Postgraduate Officer Kurt Purdon told Critic that then-President, Ruby [Sycamore-Smith], had "single-handedly [done] more than [NZUSA's] entire body in terms of representing students". He added, wittingly, that "We lose credibility by being a part of them. Even if membership were free, I'd have serious questions about being a member". However, similarly to what happened at Vic Uni, students voted at the end of 2015 to rejoin NZUSA. Despite occasional ups and downs in their relationship ever since then, and despite Critic finding last year that most students have no idea who NZUSA are or what they do, OUSA has stayed ever since, paying up the \$45,500 annual membership fee (around 1.16% of their annual revenue).

New Club Aims to "Unite Students of Colour"

Otago Students of Colour Association hits the ground running

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

A new club has been established for Otago students who identify as people of colour (PoC). They're aiming to "build a community" for people to bond over, and are ultimately hoping to become a "strong advocate and voice for the PoC community" here.

Emika, the founder of the Otago Students of Colour Association (OSOCA), said she wanted to "fill a gap". She told Critic Te Arohi that most current clubs focus on catering for people from a certain country, but that there were "often unspoken rules and expectations about who can join". As an alternative, she said, OSOCA aims to act as more of an "umbrella group... one which will unite people who have had different experiences".

While Emika has been considering setting up a club like this for a while, a few things have worked to convince her that this is something which is "really needed". She pointed out the results of the 2021

Critic Te Arohi Census – of the 14.1% of respondents who considered themselves PoC, over half said they had experienced "racism, hate or discrimination based on [their] race or ethnicity" during their time at Uni. The recent review of the PE School and wider Uni that found "systemic racism, discrimination and bullying" was also highlighted as a problem: "If that's what happening up there, it will really reflect on the culture down here [amongst students]," Emika explained.

Emika said it was important that her club be really open: "I don't want to gatekeep what being a person of colour is." She hopes to "build a community... where people can support each other and bond over shared experiences". Having friends who are PoC, she said, made a real difference to her emotional support when she experienced racism and discrimination, and she hopes this club can provide that same sort of community for others.

The axing of Clubs Day has made promotion and recruitment really difficult, although Emika says OUSA has been "very good about it". Despite hampered promotion, eight people have already signed up through the OUSA Clubs & Socs website, which Emika herself was surprised about. The next step, she said, is to begin sending posters out to halls of residence.

While her first priority is to build community and allow PoC students to bond with each other, Emika says she would love to see "a community strong enough to be a voice and an advocate for the PoC community". She'd like to begin with a potluck, to let people "get to know each other over kai".

Students can learn more about OSOCA by emailing osoca@gmail.com, and sign up through the secure portal on the OUSA website: ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs/clubs/clubs-list/students-of-colour-association.

New Fizzliss Drink is the Shit, not the Shits

Student-run RTD brand makes a bangin' comeback

By Sean Gourley
Staff Writer // sean@critic.co.nz

Fizzliss, an RTD company run by Otago grads, has renewed their lineup, improving their original flavour and introducing a brand new one. They hope that this will make a fresh start for the company, after their first RTD release last year produced some rather hilarious controversy.

When Fizzliss first hit the market last year, the hype around their brand-new, gas-free and immensely chuggable RTD was marred by rumours about the laxative effect of their drink. Max, co-founder of Fizzliss, explained that it was caused by a combination of poor breath diets and too much fruit concentrate: "We tested it out to make sure everyone liked it but it didn't really cross our minds to test it out by drinking a whole lot of it. We got too excited to release it and there was just too much cranberry concentrate and apple juice concentrate. Both of them just went straight through you like a brick."

The now-resolved issue was mainly limited to Dunedin, he explained: "In Auckland we didn't really have any problems. It must have been the Dunedin diet, if you're eating Mi Goreng all week and then you suddenly have a huge amount of fruit concentrate, it's not going to end well." They moved fast, tweaking their recipe to fix the problem.

According to Max, "We definitely got some shit for it, pun not intended. The negative press and the pandemic definitely made it hard to get stores on our side." The new recipes, he said, were "professionally developed this time... there won't be the same problem". But he reassured students that Fizzliss would stick to their strengths: "We've made sure we've kept the calories down and it's [still] all natural."

Fizzliss have revised their original Cranberry RTD and introduced a brand new flavour: Pineapple and Passionfruit, which is apparently so popular that we couldn't

find it in stock near campus. Co-founder Max told Critic Te Arohi that "our entire philosophy from the start has been trying to suss out an RTD that actually tastes good and is affordable... Most RTDs just taste like soda water with a few water drops and maybe a teaspoon of Raro."

Now based in Auckland, Max and his partner Zac have been putting their blood, sweat and tears into his company: "We just did a massive South Island trip in a minivan, hitting every store in sight to promote our drink. We have a distributor now so we're not managing deliveries, which meant we could go all over the show; we slept in the minivan most nights."

Because of all the hard work, Max was positive about the future of the company: "We're just trying to move it forward and put it in the past. We got enough capital back to get this next run going. We're trying to show everyone that we've sorted it out, it'll blow over."

DILLON FRANCIS

USA

THURSDAY 14TH JULY

DUNEDIN: UNION HALL

TICKETS VIA TICKET FAIRY

ousa

RADIO ONE 91FM

GOLDEN

YOU'VE FOUND THE

RADIO ONE 91FM

GOLDEN TICKET

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE \$100 RICHER

TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE TAKE THIS UP TO THE RADIO ONE RECEPTION AND COLLECT YOUR \$\$\$ | MORE INFO AT [R1CO.NZ/GOLDENTICKET](https://r1co.nz/goldenticket)

PRESENTED BY

WALLSTREETMALL

TICKET

FIND IT & WIN \$100

1

91 FM

PRESENTED BY

WALLSTREETMALL

ousa

PHOTOGRAPHY

ILLUSTRATION

PAINTING

SCULPTURE

OTHER

ART WEEK!

embracing creativity

EXHIBITION ENTRIES

BE PART OF THE 2022 STUDENT ART EXHIBITION

Entries open: 14th March - 29th April 2022

Exhibition open from 9th - 13th May 2022

bit.ly/artweekexhibition

ousa

Yoga for Joe,

Yoga for everybody.

Classical Hatha Yoga with Wayne Everson

All Welcome! \$5 for students, \$10 for non-students

Wednesday & Friday 12–1pm

Convenient location- Clubs & Societies Building, 84 Albany Street

More info at bit.ly/ousayoga

Clubs & Socs

ousa

The Critical Tribune

Bush-bound Bandit Bamboozled by Bureaucracy

Jamie O'Mannin, 31, was recently arrested after spending the last 12 years living on the West Coast, subsisting off of freeze-dried meals stolen from trampers spending the night in DoC huts. He had overstayed his visa by 11 years. Jamie was arrested last week, when he was caught in Mt. Aspiring National Park. He admitted that he had spent the majority of his time "just wandering up and down tracks, meeting people and stealing their shit in the dead of night".

But things went awry when Covid regulations were put in place. "All of a sudden", said Jamie, "the people just stopped coming. It was right in the middle of summer, when there's usually the most food, and everything was just empty." With no hikers to pilfer from, Jamie had become hungry and wandered closer to civilization. Last Tuesday, a trampler spotted him trying to lasso a cow in Mt. Aspiring National Park with a rope apparently made from his own pubic hair. "It was a strange sight", said the trampler. "I figured this was just standard bogan behaviour, but my mate urged me to call it in. So I did." Jamie's crime spree is over, and trampers can rest easy that the only thieves they have to fear are the resident Kea.

Beezies Bewildered by Bad Beverage Breakouts

Local girls have recently been shocked to discover that their ultra-healthy, sugar-free RTDs have horrible side effects. Critic Te Arohi spoke to Samantha who bemoaned, "I can't believe it. My collagen boosting drink with notes of aloe vera and angel piss gave me a pimple the next morning!" When questioned on how many of the dreaded drinks it took to produce such a reaction, Sam was a little shy. "They're only about 1.9 standards each, so pretty weak I guess, but I didn't even finish my box before fucking out! Kinda embarrassing."

Jess had a similar problem when drinking her green algae flavoured beverage on St Paddy's day. "I'm literally 20, why am I still breaking out? I thought this shit was supposed to stop once you weren't a teenager anymore!" She was shocked that her all-natural health conscious choice could have influenced this. "My box is 10 x 330 mL so I drank 3.3 litres of fluid which should have kept my skin hydrated and glowing." When asked whether she thought alcohol could have been the culprit, Jess was hesitant to jump to this conclusion. "I mean, they're basically water right? Vodka is like water, they're both clear. My body is a temple."

Discussion-Dominating Student Dismisses Claims of Disruption

Critic Te Arohi had a chat with Danny, a third year student who, according to the Geography department, takes up 60% of discussion time in tutorials.

"I mean, I don't really do the readings but I just kinda catch the vibe," he told Critic through hoons that he blew in our face (mint flavour too, the worst kind). "I feel like I probably have the most important opinions out of everyone in the class? I mean yeah sometimes people try to say shit about the readings, but if they're a girl I can talk over them pretty easily to get participation credit. Nobody minds though, because it makes it go faster."

Critic tracked down some of the other students in Danny's tutorials, such as Madison, who should probably look into a career in poetry. "Danny's a Shakespeare of shit, and I hate him with a passion." Violently throwing a Monster in the bin, she continues. "He constantly talks over people, and nobody likes him. He literally has no idea what he's talking about, and just says the same thing in different ways. I bet you 100 bucks he doesn't even do the readings." Well, she's not wrong! Her fellow classmate Abby echoes that sentiment. "Dipshit Danny? Oh yeah, I hate him. Bane of my goddamn existence. He doesn't even know what he's talking about, I once made a point then he immediately just said what I said but 1000x worse."

"Yeah, I bring a lot to discussions, I'm only pulling a B- though, don't know why," concluded Danny

Cheeky Cheater Cheats Cheap Cheaters

Sometimes failure can lead people to their true calling, as recently discovered by an entrepreneur who lost her passion for first year Health Sci after one failed progress test. Now pursuing a Business degree, Critic became aware of Annie after several tearful complaints from Auckland HSFY students fresh from Epsom, claiming they had paid \$1,000 for textbooks that promised to have secret tips and tricks guaranteed to land them that coveted spot in Med and their parents' love. Unfortunately, neither Medical School nor your father's approval have cheat codes.

"I really just wanted to capitalise on those twitchy little Auckland fuckers with money to spend. What are they gonna do, go to the Proctor about how they wasted their money on a cheating tool that was fake? It's the perfect crime." Of course, Critic would never endorse cheating, but you have to acknowledge there's a method to Annie's madness. "I've made, uh, like 20K at this point? I had to spend \$5 on a secondhand lab coat to wear when the little freshies come and pick the books up, that was an expense."

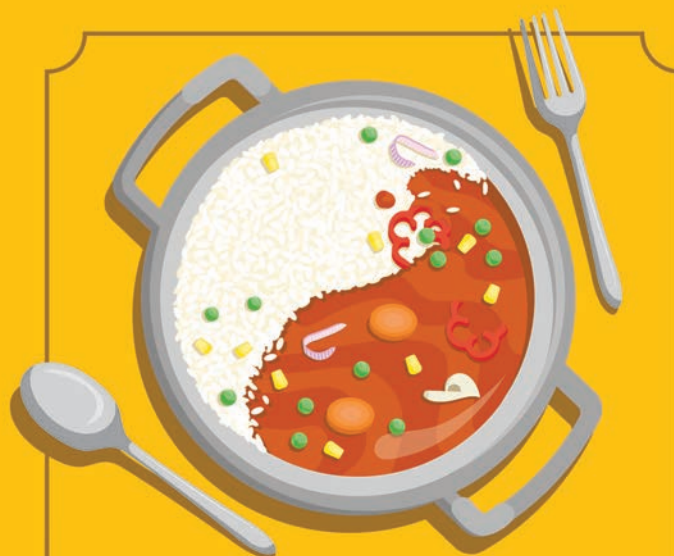
But where is Annie getting the textbooks? Those things are more costly than that final cocktail when you still have a twenty minute walk home. "See, that's where the rest of the money goes. I buy them retail, which really takes a chunk out of the profit. In fact, there is very little real profit. I think I've made something like...\$90? But hey, that's still a few boxes, or a few pairs of hi-vis if I wanted to shift this scheme into the physical sciences. I hear geologists are real suckers."

ousa *student* support | HUB

For everything
life throws at you

We're
just
a click
away

ousasupporthub.org.nz



\$4 LUNCH

PROVIDED BY TANDOOREE GARDEN

Monday - Friday 12 - 2pm • OUSA Clubs & Socs
Full menu available at bit.ly/ousa4lunch

#comeplayousa

Clubs
& Socs
ousa



WELFARE & EQUITY REPRESENTATIVE

Lily Marsh

Kia ora e te whānau,

Between online uni and ol mate Omicron, 2022 has been a rollercoaster for the welfare and equity agenda! I want to give a shout out to this years freshers for starting their uni experience during such a hectic time. I can't even begin to imagine my first experience of uni involving social distancing and zoom lectures, so huge respect for making the most of it!

And to the flatties, online class has seen us spend a lot more time at home. I know I for one have had days without leaving the house and not even realising, so I encourage you to get out and explore Dunedin! My favourite spots to explore are Smalls Beach, Ross Creek and Doctors Point. If you need a sign to have a coffee date with a mate, this is it; it's even more important than usual to keep up the connections with friends both in and out of our flats.

Despite a bumpy start, I've been having a lot of fun in this role so far and am really looking forward to the rest of the year. I currently have a few projects in the works, mainly focusing on improving mental health services utilising existing (and nationally scarce) resources, as well as ensuring that all students are represented by the services designed to support them. If you're keen to get involved and advocate for issues you are passionate about, please sign up for the Welfare and Equity Committee for 2022! This is a super important avenue for me to make sure I am representing the group that elected me: you guys.

Finally, as a student representative, I want my work to be guided by YOU. So please get in touch if you have any issues or suggestions, my inbox is always open welfare@ousa.org.nz

I hope to see you back on campus soon,

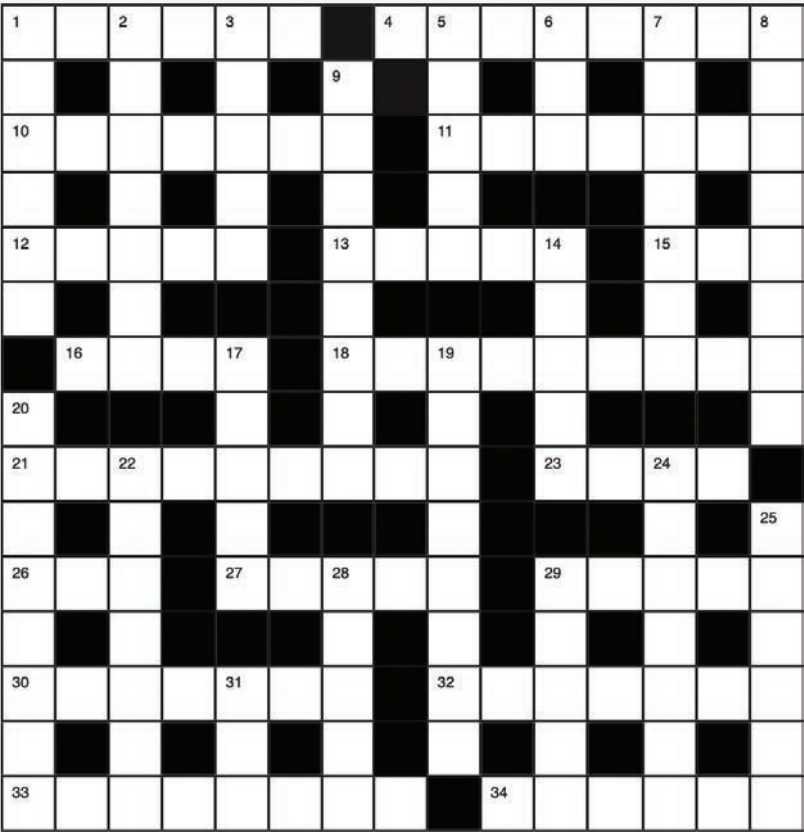
Lily :)

Welfare and Equity Representative

ousa
EXECUTIVE

PUZZLES

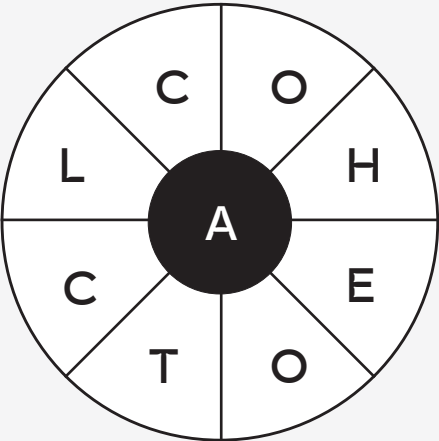
CROSSWORD



- ACROSS:**
1. Classic arcade game (6)
4. Upstairs Stuart St. bar (8)
10. Forgetful (7)
11. Alternative latte option (3,4)
12. Brawl (5)
13. Nerd (5)
15. Punch sound (3)
16. Britpop band (4)
18. "Alice in Wonderland" tea party host (3,6)
21. Old-school postage (5,4)
23. Dunedin beachgoer (4)
26. Cause of inflation (3)
27. To sweet-talk (5)
29. EDM producer (5)
30. "Black ____", rock band (7)
32. Popular toast spread (7)
33. Place for doodling (8)
34. Hub of global democracy (6)

- DOWN:**
1. Commend (6)
2. Fresher study hangout (7)
3. Fable writer (5)
5. Negative terminal (5)
6. Dunedin's local newspaper (3)
7. Small excerpt (7)
8. Indifferent (8)
9. University world (8)
14. Snitches spill them (5)
17. Piece of the past (5)
19. Salami, for example (4,4)
20. Occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Smith (8)
22. Rope walker (7)
24. Pacify with concessions (7)
25. Sick drink (6)
28. Sneeze sound (5)
29. Pilotless plane (5)
31. Police alert (abbr.) (3)

WORD WHEEL



Make as many words as you can using the central letter and without repeating any letters.

WEEK 04 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Taproom 5. Havoc 8. UFC 10. Ginseng 11. Mobster 12. SNL 13. Wahine 14. Flea 16. Absolut 17. Scammed 19. Dad joke 21. Driller 22. Chad 24. Albino 25. Dog 28. Iceberg 29. Bondage 30. YSL 31. Nitro 32. Edamame
DOWN: 1. Togas 2. Penalised 3. Owen Wilson 4. Mugshot 6. HUBS 6. Vital 7. Coriander 9. O Minus 15. California 16. Addiction 18. Melodrama 20. Eulogy 21. Dribble 23. Agent 26. Geese 27. Keto

WORD LADDER

Change one word into another by only changing one letter at a time. The shortest solution should fit between the rungs of the word ladder.

WARM

COLD

WORD LADDER SOLUTION: HEAD-HEAL-HEIL-HAIL-TAIL

WORDWHEEL SOLUTIONS: 6–15 good / 16–20 great

SUDOKU

sudokuoftheday.com

5				2	1		4	
	3	4			8		9	2
2	8			6				3
3				9		8	7	
			7		2			
	9	7		4				6
4				8			2	1
9	1		2			3	6	
	6		9	1				5

	6		5			4		
			1				8	7
4		1			9			
	8		3	1		9		
	2		7	4	8		5	
		6		2	5		7	
			6			3		8
9	1				3			
		7			1		4	

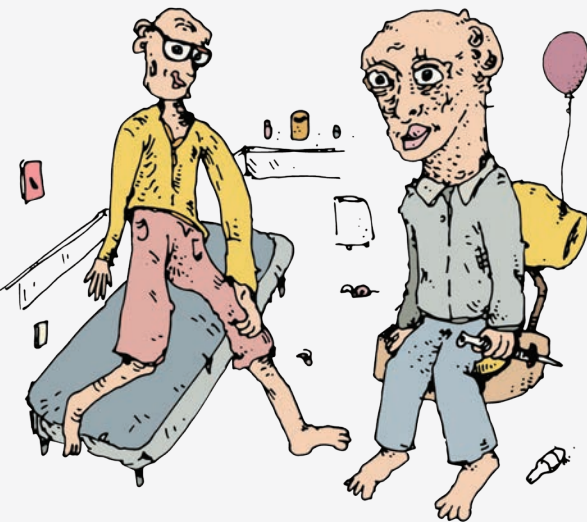
6					5			
		7	2				8	
	8	1			9		5	
	1		8			3		
	7			6			1	
		5			2		7	
	9		5			7	2	
	4				1	8		
			4					3

WORDFIND

- ARTIST
CHEF
FARMER
LIBRARIAN
PHYSIO
SPY
VET
ASTRONAUT
DENTIST
FLORIST
- MECHANIC
PILOT
STUNTMAN
BAKER
DOCTOR
LAWYER
MIDWIFE
SCIENTIST
TEACHER

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



URBEX:

EXPLORING
THE
ABANDONED
WORLD
AROUND US

BY ZAK RUDIN

Broken glass, dark corridors, and no electricity are all big red flags when it comes to looking for a flat, but for the students seeking an adventurous trespass onto abandoned properties, these signs are as good as gold.

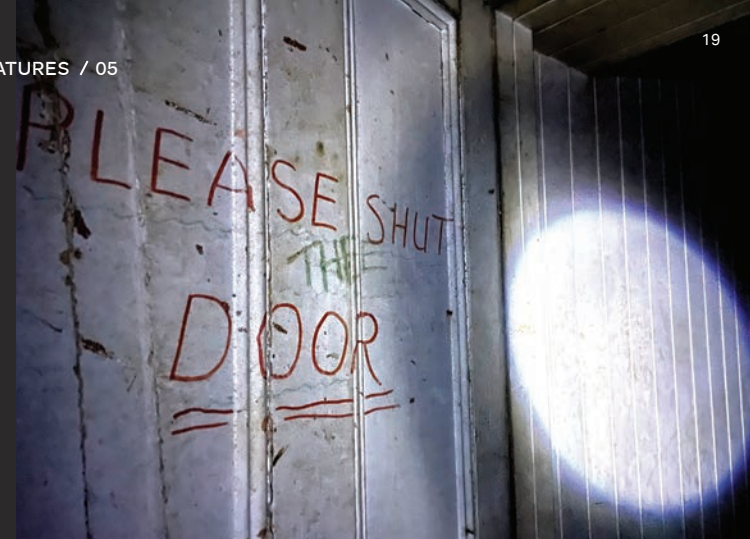
Urban exploration (often shortened to urbex) involves exploring human-made structures, from underground tunnels, to abandoned buildings, to rooftop passages. "Urbex is about exploring liminal spaces the average joe would often walk past without knowing they were there," said Ben*, a third year student who has been doing urban exploration for six years. As hobbies go, it's on the riskier side, with the threat of physical injury or arrest for trespassing. So why do some students love it so much?

When asked what draws urban explorers to the past-time, the sense of adventure is a recurring theme. Kat said that "the thrill of the unexpected and unknown, as well as the discovery and feelings of accomplishment" are what excite her about urbex. Stan reckoned that it's "such an adventure to find out what's around the next corner and once you get going, no matter the fear of ghosts, rotten upper story floors, authorities... you just can't stop!"

Urbex offers students a reprieve from the monotonous grind, allowing them to feel truly alive if only for a short moment. "When I try to remember cool moments in my life every single urbex moment stands out as one," said Jacob, who has either had some epic urbex experiences or a pretty dull life.

As cliché as it sounds, Kat said that urbex involves "learning about yourself". "I recently found out my great-great grandmother was one of the women who died in the Seacliff [Lunatic Asylum] fire!" said Milly, who had spent many hours scrambling around the public reserve area near the where the abandoned asylum once stood, just north of Dunedin. "There is something poetic about abandoned man made structures, glimpsing into the past and the future simultaneously," said Hamish.

Urbex can have more practical purposes too. With Starters having shut down and the economic impacts of Covid on clubs and bars, new gig venues are in high demand and some see urbex as a way of



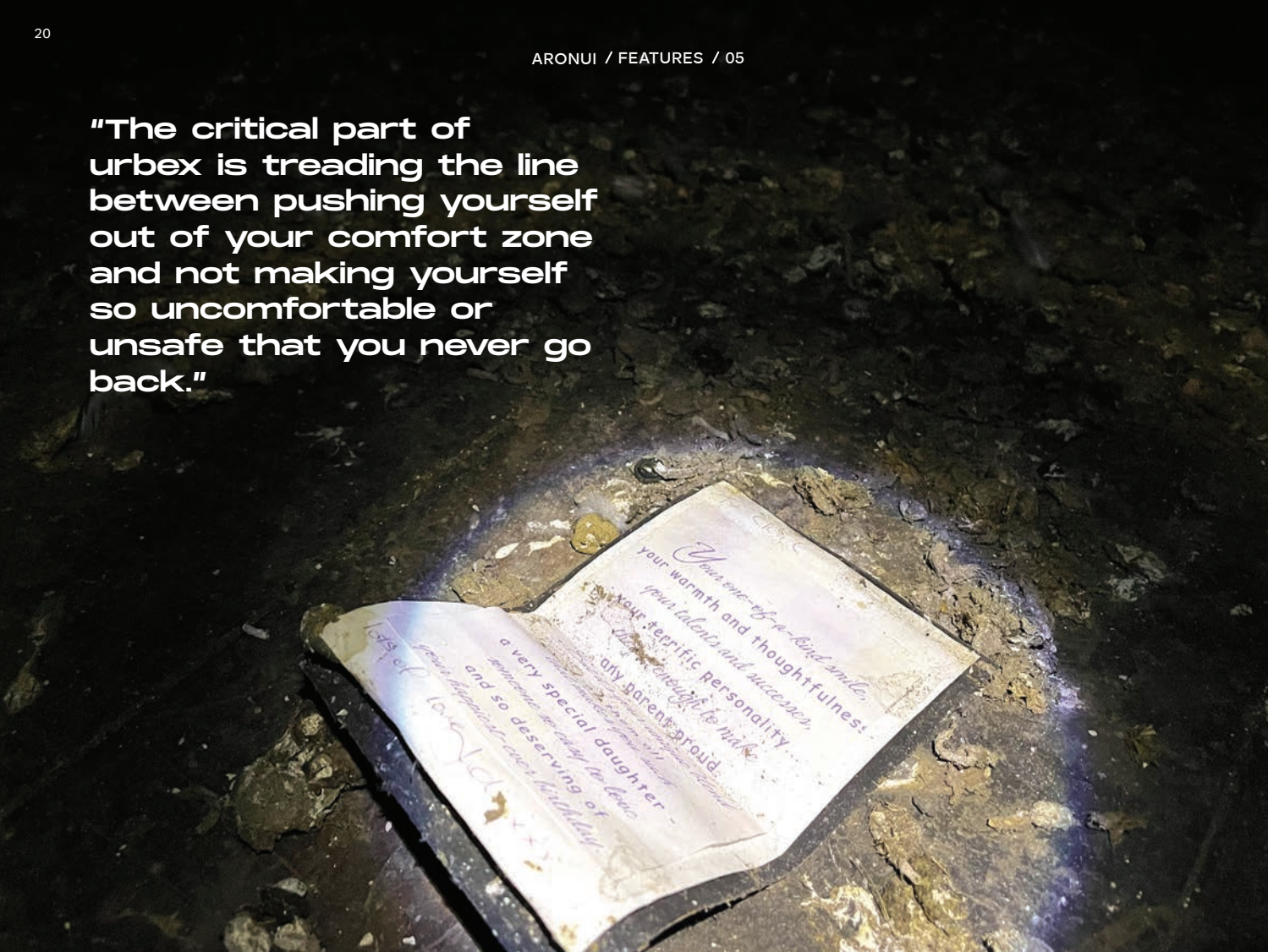
finding new spaces. "There was 'ye olde abandoned building' that some old friends put a gig on in because it had a piano, and imagine the scene, big ol' shelled out five-story place with fairy lights everywhere, people playing tunes or doing art on the walls, rooftop views," said Stan. "We had to haul gear and the audience up this three-story ladder and through a broken window in the dead of night," Milly recalled.

For many, urbex involves trespassing, and breaking the law comes with a lot of risks. "There's been plenty of times First Security or feds have pulled up," said Ben, "but so long as you're wearing black and flattening yourself against a rooftop, they can't usually catch you." Ben also mentioned he'd had run-ins with people that live or work in places he's snooped around. "If you act all composed they usually let you off with a warning, although it's hard to say how much of a role being privileged, white and male-presenting has to do with it."

Stan loves living life on the edge, sharing that he "had a sneaky little run away from some police after going around some roofs once, [and] had a couple Campus Watch classics too," before hastily adding, "But long live Campus Watch, those guys are heroes!" For some, like Jacob, urbex is a political activity involving "disregarding the imaginary boundaries set by laws and restrictions in favour of adventure and a life worth living," and so breaking the law is an integral part of it. But it is still breaking the law.

Even ignoring the legal risks, urbex is not for the faint of heart. Ben described sleeping on a concrete ledge in an underground tunnel: "It's uncomfortable and cold, you always feel like you're gonna roll off the edge and die, and the slapping water makes it sound like someone is perpetually walking towards you." On the other hand, the presence of "lots of dick and balls drawn on the walls" would have made any student feel right at home.

"The critical part of urbex is treading the line between pushing yourself out of your comfort zone and not making yourself so uncomfortable or unsafe that you never go back."



There are real risks of physical harm to oneself, and some places are riskier than others. One specific ruin, enticing due to its size and history, is generally considered too risky to attempt. Despite a large gate and signs warning of 24/7 surveillance cameras, Ben reasoned that "I don't see no cameras, therefore no cameras see me." Nonetheless, he cautioned that the ruin was full of structural instabilities: "[It] would be cool if you can stand in [the ruin] without dying." But nobody stood in the ruin.

Out of all the deserted urban spaces, another particular site on the fringe of the city stuck out to experienced explorers as a particularly risky local escapade. The place is a mess; broken furniture, glass and debris lie strewn across the shredded carpet, graffiti covers the walls and old flyers remind anyone walking through of the abandoned building's past life. Come nightfall and this place is straight out of a horror film.

Ben described a time when he and a few friends visited the site in the dead of night: "Are those

footsteps?" said Miriam, bringing the group to an immediate standstill as they strained their ears while looking at the ceiling, petrified. "It was at that point 'slow coffee' [a Midi acoustic ringtone] played, completely shattering the silence like how the porcelain plates shattered as we jumped," said Ben. Everyone's next move was "getting the fuck out". But "It makes for a good Tinder date if you're the adventurous type," concluded Kat, who was also there at the time.

On the flipside, there are plenty of cool and interesting spaces that don't require you to be an adrenaline junkie. The students we spoke to discussed many other places around Ōtepoti that they described as far less risky. An abandoned building near the CBD reportedly makes for an "exciting but relatively low risk evening excursion". Aside from an area filled with flapping pigeons and their poop, the wide open floor plan decreased the risk of being caught off-guard, but explorers still risked legal trouble for trespassing if they were caught.



Some of the veteran urban explorers described a tunnel complex underground which is apparently accessible, but said it was agonising to spend hours crouched in a tight space. On one trip, Miriam mentioned that "I had to consciously close my mouth to stop the bugs hitting the back of my throat," but even without the bugs, the fact that "it smells and tastes like Castle Street" should be enough to put anyone off.

Those who do it tell us that urbex is best enjoyed in the company of friends you trust, and who know what they're doing. "The critical part of urbex is treading the line between pushing yourself out of your comfort zone and not making yourself so uncomfortable or unsafe that you never go back," said Kat. "You don't want to go with people who are too scared or cautious, but you don't want to go with people who are too bold, loud, or overconfident," said Miriam.

"The world is a playground for the rich and at first it seems like there's no fun to be had unless you get on the beers, but your life can be a movie if you're willing to get amongst."

As Jacob saw it, "the world is a playground for the rich and at first it seems like there's no fun to be had unless you get on the beers, but your life can be a movie if you're willing to get amongst." Ben was generous enough to share his expert advice with Critic: "Shut up, turn off your torches, make it quick, and you'll be fine."

*Names have been changed.



Apps, if they were your *Ex-Lovers*

By Fox Meyer

Ever wanted to fuck a smartphone app? Me neither, but that doesn't mean you've never been curious about how loving of a partner they'd be. Critic set up an artificial intelligence to court and report on a bunch of apps, and the resulting "heartbreak index" was used to rank these apps from most toxic and manipulative to most tender and loving.

Garbage Tier:

Facebook

Celebrity equivalent: Kanye West

You started seeing Facebook when you were really young. Facebook was young, too, so it didn't seem like a problem, but the few years they had on you really became a big deal. They quickly became an incredibly toxic partner, and tried multiple times to suck you deeper and deeper into their shitty pyramid schemes. They used to play the Joe Rogan podcast at full volume throughout the night, and although you used to have fun afternoons playing Flash games, the relationship ended explosively. While your parents and friends have warned you that if you keep seeing Facebook you'll end up in prison for a hate crime, it's hard to hate someone who validates everything you say.

Instagram

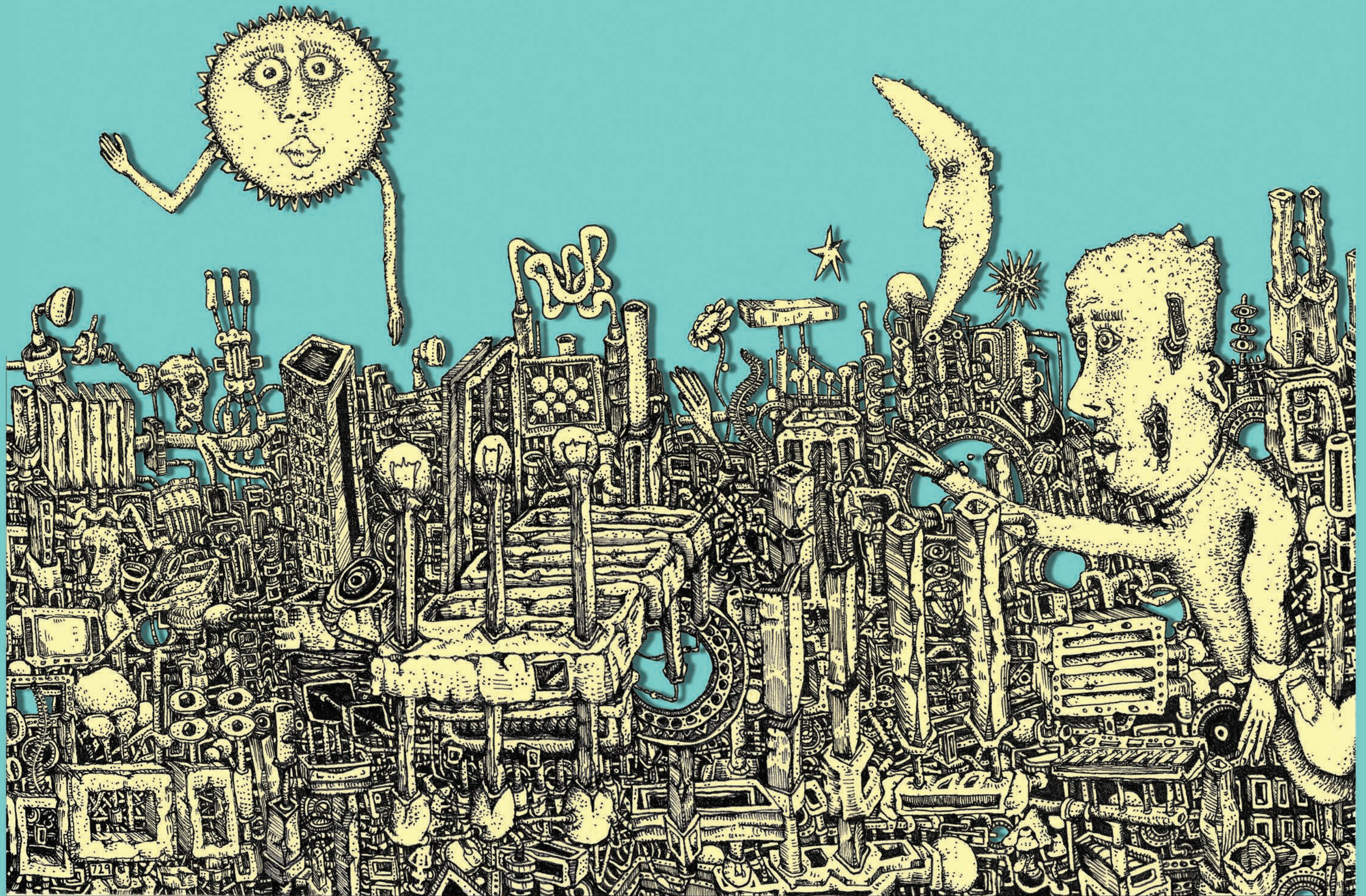
Celebrity equivalent: Amber Heard

You knew Instagram was trouble from the beginning. They came in from out of town, all flash and shiny and new, and you thought that somehow you were special enough for them. Instagram recognized your weaknesses right away, and thus began a long and toxic relationship. Instagram would constantly compare you to your prettier friends, your more adventurous friends, your more successful friends, knowing that you'd never break up with them because if you lost them, you lost the coolest thing you had. It was only once you saw Instagram getting with Facebook that you lost your shit and pulled the plug, and you've never looked back.

Snapchat

Celebrity equivalent: Jake Gyllenhaal

Snapchat was a few years older than you when you started dating, and while they were the hottest shit on the block back in the day, their style is beginning to wane. You don't really want to start seeing snapchat again because it's honestly a bit embarrassing at this point. Snapchat was never here to play the long game, and you knew that. They've got major commitment issues, and to top it all off, they would never last more than ten seconds unless you stuck your thumb in just the right spot.



Pretty Bad Tier:

LinkedIn

Celebrity equivalent: Gwyneth Paltrow

Oh, the sweet romance of LinkedIn. They were your tutor in year 13, the hot one from Uni that you used to bat your eyelashes at. And while they were far too responsible to risk getting with you when you were younger, the fantasy was never out of reach. You bumped into them again, years later, and after a few drinks, you took them home for one of the best nights of your life. Very rarely does reality live up to a fantasy, but the night you really got serious with LinkedIn was one of the most exciting nights of your life. LinkedIn fucked you harder than the the corporate world fucked the middle class. Unfortunately, the older you've gotten, the more you've realised that they're just really into business and want to talk about their ten tricks for success. Not as cute as you remember, unfortunately. They keep sending you emails, begging to meet up again, and apparently they even went through your phone and emailed all of your friends asking them to join you two for a date. Probably best avoid them from now on.

Twitter

Celebrity equivalent: Ellen DeGeneres

Twitter was a coworker that you knew you had some chemistry with, but never got fully involved. After a few drinks, Twitter got you talking, and you said some things to them that you probably shouldn't have. Twitter was not the confidant that you expected, and they told all your mates that you kinda-sorta-maybe think that 9/11 was an inside job, and now you're getting weird looks from everyone. It's not Twitter's fault that they have the attention span of a five year old and can barely finish a sentence, but Jesus Christ they're annoying to talk to.

CoStar

Celebrity equivalent: Courtney Love

You hooked up with CoStar years ago, and they're still trying to text you back. They hit you up every two weeks, and they always say that you'll be great friends but they just aren't. They're flaky. You've gotten on the piss with them so many times since then, and they always try to make plans to go get coffee, but they absolutely never follow through. Each time you've gotten together with them, they've ghosted you, and all you see from them is a post on their story that says some shit like "getting rid of the negativity in my life... light and lov xx". You know it's bullshit.

NZ Covid Tracer App

Celebrity equivalent: Hugh Grant

Let's be honest, your parents set you up with the NZ Covid Tracer App. You didn't really want to start seeing them, but you didn't have much of a choice. At the end of the day, they were never that bad: they were simple, reliable, and pretty harmless. Things started to get weird when you began to feel like all of your friends were seeing them, too, but then suddenly everyone kinda stopped caring, and whatever lust you had developed for the NZ Covid Tracer App was turned to a sort of alarmist nostalgia. The relationship didn't go the way you thought it would, and what was once a reliable, if not overbearing partner is now remembered as a control freak. Every time their cousin comes on the TV, you turn it off. Things are weird now.

Pretty Good Tier:

YouTube

Celebrity equivalent: Joe Jonas

You used to make out with YouTube under the bleachers as a kid. And that's okay, they were a kid too. After you moved away, you kept in touch with them as you two grew up, and you definitely have mixed feelings still. On one hand, they're still as cool, cultured and well-read as you remember, but on the other hand, they've gotten really into the corporate scene, and it's really not that hot. You try to keep things professional between you now, but you can tell that in another few years' time, who knows? YouTube could be scrambling your guts in a motel in Gore.

Reddit

Celebrity equivalent: Robert Downey Jr.

Dating Reddit was the best of times and the worst of times. They were so, so interesting to talk to, and always had something to add to the conversation, but they also refused to ever let you win an argument. Things started out smoothly with them, but after you started to gain some attention from Reddit's friends, they clamped down HARD. After a long relationship, you began to realise that their interesting facts are mostly just repeats of old facts, and that they're not nearly as cultured as you assumed. You left, got sober, and never went back. Reddit has since started seeing another of your friends, and it hurts you to hear them talk about "how amazing Reddit is", because you know what's coming. In the end, though, it was definitely fun. Maybe they'll be a more suitable partner once they mature a bit.

TikTok

Celebrity equivalent: Timothée Chalamet

Your TikTok romance came on hot and fast. They were young, they were fit, and they were so interesting. Conversation flowed like shitty wine, and before you knew it, they were sleeping over every night. The red flags were there, sure, but so were plenty of green ones, and the sex was great so it didn't really matter. Things started to get dicey when TikTok started inviting you to nutso conspiracy meetings, and no matter how many times you said you didn't want to hear about it, they just kept pestering you. Now, they're making sure you know about all their other friends who are way hotter and way smarter, and while their jokes are still great, you're starting to feel like it may not be worth the risk. TikTok feels like a loaded cannon that's just waiting to go off, and will probably treat you like Facebook or Instagram did.

Glorious Tier:

NZ Topographic Satellite Map (50 metre intervals)

Celebrity equivalent: Keanu Reeves

The best thing about dating NZ Topo 50 is that you can be 99% sure that you won't have to share with anyone. There were never infidelity issues, because NZ Topo 50 mostly kept to themselves. That being said, the few people you know who also dated NZT50 are great friends with you, you're all into hiking and that sort of thing, and there's never been any friction. The most mind-boggling thing is why NZT50 hasn't been a complete dog, because with a package as full and complete as theirs, it's a marvel that everyone else in Dunedin hasn't taken their turn. This is probably due to the fact that NZT50 has some pretty niche interests and is a bit of a golddigger, but goddamn, you really wish you'd tied the knot on that one.

Shazam

Celebrity equivalent: Beyoncé

You never actually dated Shazam, but the two of you fucked at band camp once. You've got nothing bad to say about them, and to be honest, you kinda wish it'd been a bit more than a one night stand. You remember that steamy night in the recording studio very fondly. It's doubtful you'll ever meet again, but ever since, they've become a good friend, and while you probably won't be seeing a "U up?" text from them any time soon, you know that they'll always have your back.

Spotify

Celebrity equivalent: Pete Davidson

Spotify is a weird one because you knew everyone else was fucking them, too, and you were fine with it. Things started between you and ol' Spots several years ago, and they never officially ended. You definitely still come back to them now and then, and you've got some of their nudes still saved on your phone. It's definitely a little concerning that they're becoming more and more aligned with the public figureheads of opulence and capitalism, but at the end of the day, Spotify knows exactly what you want, exactly how to please you, and curates everything they do just to make your day better. There's just something great about being with Spotify, and, inexplicably, you're not even slightly jealous of the fact that Spotify is currently sleeping with all of your mates.

Capital Gains:

The Great Critic 24-Hour Trade-Up

By Keegan Wells



I love getting shit for free. So, when I was able to swap a half-empty Billy Mav for an (obviously superior) blue lighter, I was hooked. I gave myself 24 hours to upgrade that half-empty can of shite to whatever glory awaited me. One man even offered me his children at one point, which I figured would've been an undeniable increase in value, but I also don't support human trafficking, so.

After rummaging around the flat, well-stocked with treasures from the night before, my starting loot was found: a partially full, mostly carbonated Billy Mav and a somewhat-used pink lemonade disposable vape. The adventure began. I got three paces out the door before I realised I have absolutely no sales skills.

This task needed to employ the help of a person who could convince students of anything. Someone who could, say, convince thousands of students to sign up for a club with no purpose other than signing up. Who could possibly do such a thing? Sign Up Club President Reid Eberwein, of course. After some mild begging (and a false promise of splitting the booty 50/50), we were off once again, this time with a signed copy of Reid's Critic cover.

Equipment for the long day ahead included the Billy Mav, vape, two top quality masks, good walking shoes, and a muesli bar for the walk in case we got a bit peckish. We were ready to stroll the streets of Studentville. First stop: Castle Street.

The first few houses were hesitant to take a random pre-opened drink from strangers, which, to be honest, is probably smart, even if Reid was clearly putting his reputation on the line for this trade. Castle Street was looking barren and students were locking their doors faster than they leave a Zoom lecture. As we began to lose hope, the generous queens at Honeypot flat took in our goods in return for a blue Bic lighter. It may not have been the best trade but it was the first one, kicking off the rest of our adventure. First times are usually mediocre, anyway.

Our next stop was across the road, where our host agreed to trade the used lighter for a 250 mL green V. The rest of the street was not looking promising. Unsurprisingly, no one had much else to trade besides more drinks and random garbage lying around their flats. Thus, the journey continued to Leith.

Caitlin, from a complex on Leith, graciously traded our pathetic green V for a bigger sugar-free berry twist V. We weren't holding onto that berry twist for long, as Derek, from the same complex, became a proud owner of the V in exchange for a Long White. Score. However, we decided the strategy of trading drinks for drinks would only get us so far, and so when the boys on Leith offered another Billy Mav we had to turn them down.

Our next reasonable barter came from some lovely girls in another complex further down, who were willing to exchange a gold necklace for the Long White. This may have been a game changer. The necklace, made from shiny (hopefully fake) gold, got our foot in the door for so many more trading opportunities. This was the turning point. Across the road, a flat full of dudes didn't look like they really wanted a gold necklace, but to our surprise, Lewis, like the absolute king he is, traded the shoes off his feet for our gold necklace. They were size 12 Puma suedes. They had holes in the back and likely had never been cleaned, but they came from the bottom of Lewis's heart (i.e. directly off his feet) and that was good enough for us.

Samuel was our next game changer. Samuel took in the shoes and gave us a very nice winter coat in return. He told us he would have given us his guitar but he liked it too much.

The jacket was more than enough, though. Warm, cosy, fashionable; it was everything one could want from a jacket, or a lover. I'm so lonely.

The stoke at this point was high. The next flat offered a sub-par poster which had to be turned down, but one flatmate, Eddy, was kind enough to donate Otago Uni jandals towards the cause with nothing in return. Thanks, Eddy.

The trades only went up from here. The Uni branded jandals alongside that jacket is peak Dunedin winter fashion, and anyone would have been lucky to cop this fit. One lucky man did, in fact, cop this fit: Ruadhri of Forth Street. Ruadhri traded us his magenta cocktail dress and a copy of Fifty Shades of Grey for our jandals+jacket combo. We did not ask why he had these items or how much they had been used. Instead they were graciously accepted, and the Great 24hr Trade-Up was picking up speed.

Harbour Terrace provided even greater exchanges. One flat just straight up ignored our knock, despite their hallway being wide open to the street, but as they say, when one door ignores you another door opens up.

Or something like that, I dunno, I've never actually used a door. Lydia and Janaya were insanely kind, and were so overly stoked about Fifty Shades of Grey that they traded a fully functional coffee machine. A fucking coffee machine! It was apparently an extra one and gladly got swapped. You don't need caffeine when you have thoughts of Mr. Grey to wake you up and get you going.

At this point, door knocking was becoming less promising. Not a lot of students have big ticket items that they're willing to trade with on the spot for something like a coffee machine. One student offered "a topless chef experience with two flatmates of your choosing to cook a three course meal for you", and while her flatmate's cooking was enticing, there were bigger and better things on the horizon. It was time to go to the shining beacon of desperation for students trying to get a good deal: Otago Flatting Goods.

After the original post went up, offers were flooding in from someone offering me homebrew "top shelf" whiskey, another proposing "a vintage mirror", and Chris who generously offered to "swap you my kids". Shot mate, but I might have to check with our lawyers first. A tattoo gun was also a highly tempting proposition. Decisions had to be made. In the end however, none of these objects were as good as the shiny coffee machine. The 24 hour time limit was closing and a good 'ol cup of joe was tempting.

After a busy day of trading and bargaining, the coffee machine got posted for sale on Trade Me. They say if you love something, put it on Trade Me and if it comes back to you, it truly loves you. So that's what I did, and it did not come back. I took the cash made from this incredible day of wheeling and dealing and headed straight to the casino to unwind. Always bet on red. Sometimes the gambling gods are with you, and sometimes they are not. Despite all my luck earlier in the day, this time, they were not, and I immediately lost all of the gains we'd made on our trading journey. But hey, if you stop and think about it, maybe the real trade up was the friends we made along the way.





THIS WORLD IS ON FIRE

WHAT EXISTENTIAL THREATS ARE GIVING SCARFIES THE SCARIES?

By Sean Gourley

In a world that seems to be sliding further and further into the shit every day, Critic checked in with students to see what terrified them most about their future existence on this fuck-up of a planet. Most of the questioning was conducted on St Paddy's to ensure that participants spoke from the heart. The question was: what is the one thing that scares you the most about the future of the planet? Quotes have been tidied due to general incoherence.

Drew was stumbling along Howe Street. It was midday, his box was empty, and he was finishing off his last Great White as we approached him. His St Paddy's day garb was an understated rugby jersey and jeans, and Rambo stripes of green paint ran under his eyes. Humble, but effective. When we asked Drew what existential threat he feared most, he gave perhaps one of the most generic answers possible: "Probably Covid. If there is another [variant] that will suck and it's everywhere around the planet, but also the oceans and all that stuff obviously is still ceebs.... like the sea levels and acid levels." Knocking back his bottle, Drew wandered back to the debauchery that was Castle Street. He seemed far more focused on trying to walk in a straight line and not yak than on his worries for our global future. Fair enough.

Next, we headed away from Castle to find some St Paddy's stragglers. Dylan, our next encounter, was found wandering around the bottom of Warrender street. He carried a half-empty box of Flamés, but looked fairly sober, so we decided to take our chances. When asked about the existential threats he feared most, he said he believed that goblins were in fact the greatest threat to humanity. A bold claim, but he backed it up by saying that "It's the goblins you have to watch out for, they're already everywhere in Dunedin and they'll definitely spread one day". When pressed for further explanation, he refused to elaborate and instead ran off into the sunset. Where he was headed, we'll never know, but it was definitely somewhere cooked.

The cogs were still turning after Dylan's cryptic answer when we came across Sophie. She was drinking in a group outside a flat on Howe Street and was visibly bored beneath her crumpled leprechaun hat and green glasses.

Sophie was reluctant to answer the question. Eventually, after some awkward silence, she came out with perhaps the most profound thing we had heard all day: "I think the biggest problem is misinformation and people not believing things that are obviously not opinions. Most media outlets now just twist things to make them suit their customers so even if you can show something is true, it doesn't work." This nuanced response was lost on her mates, who were deep in a conversation about the merits of their respective vapes. Perhaps Sophie is the oracle this world needs. She is for sure not a sheep, nor goblin for that matter.

We intercepted Zoe as she walked home from Uni. While she did not appear drunk, and clearly wanted to get the fuck away from anything green, she was happy to share her opinions on her top existential threats. "Covid, nukes and climate change", she sharply responded. It was clear that Zoe wasn't keen to elaborate further or explain why these things are her top three biggest fears. She quickly walked off, making tracks to escape the drunken hoards of screeching green students. Maybe those are the goblins that Dylan was worried about.

Fatty Lane raged with the drunk and hungry when we found Ruby sitting in a gutter outside of Domino's. Her mates were waiting for pizza and it was taking a while. So, what better way to pass the time than to send her into an existential spiral of dread and anxiety? "People love to get [stressed] about everything but at the end of the day that's the problem", said Ruby. She gazed across the vomit-strewn street and sighed. "If people didn't worry about all this stuff then it would be way easier to sort out." We couldn't tell if Ruby's statement was profound or if she had just become so emotionally numb that she remained truly apathetic to the thought that our days are limited. Either way, the mindset remains respected.

Crises abound throughout history, and today is no exception. With the world at our fingertips it's easy to be informed, misinformed, and generally overinformed. And yet, on an overcast day on a litter-strewn street, and even through a thick veil of alcohol and other inebriants, the fate of the world remained on the mind of our drunken revellers. That, and goblins.

Predicting OSCAR WINNERS with my Covid Iso

By Elliot Weir

As one of the many annoying film people working at Critic Te Arohi, I found myself obligated to pass judgement on who I think will win the upcoming Oscars. I couldn't fit all 24 categories here, so I've cut out the acting awards, the short films, and a few others. I am also writing this with Covid, and I've been too sick to watch any movies all the way through. That's not going to stop me from making predictions for all of these categories, using whatever prediction methods I can come up with in an isolating flat.

Best Original Score

To determine the best original score, I listened to each of these soundtracks and timed how long I could sing along before I started violently coughing. The soundtrack I could sing along to the longest without coughing would win. Starting with Don't Look Up, I was hoping I could make it further than the first song, but Ariana Grande's dulcet tones proved too high to match without coughing 1:18 into the track. Next up was Hans Zimmer's Dune soundtrack, which was mostly instrumental so I figured I would last a lot longer simply humming along but it was not the case. After about 7 seconds of humming I started sputtering. I lasted roughly 5 minutes and 6 minutes respectively on the soundtracks for Parallel Mothers and The Power of the Dog, but managed to make it through three songs for a total of eleven minutes on the soundtrack for Encanto. I'm just grateful that Stephanie Beatriz never has to hear my raspy voice attempt to sing her lines.

Winner: Encanto (Germaine Franco)

Best Cinematography

To determine the best cinematography, I sent a message to someone with the same first name as all the nominated cinematographers (or the closest name from my Facebook friends) and whoever replied first was the winner. My mate Dan replied within minutes, meaning Dan Laustsen (Nightmare Alley) is going to win best cinematography. I did get a reply from Ari (who would've won it for Power of the Dog) about ten minutes later, and she was rather confused as we haven't spoken for years.

Winner: Nightmare Alley (Dan Laustsen)

Best Costume Design

To determine the best costume design, I assigned a relevant clothing item to each nominee and then watched through the day's Instagram stories until I saw an outfit featuring one of those items. On this day there were no khaki pants (West Side Story), fur coats (Cruella), scarves (Dune), or bowties (Nightmare Alley) but after swiping through a few stories from parties and getting fomo, I came across a friend posing in a cool corset, which means Cyrano takes home the prize.

Winner: Cyrano (Massimo Cantini Parrini and Jacqueline Durran)

Best International Feature Film

This category was simple: I threw some blu-tack at a world map in my bedroom and whichever nominated country it landed closest to would win. I would've used darts, but then realised I want my bond back at the end of the year and our flat doesn't have any darts anyways. My blu-tack projectile landed somewhere offshore the Philippines, seemingly halfway between Japan (Drive My Car) and Bhutan (Lunana: A Yak In The Classroom), but closer inspection and measurement revealed that it was a few millimetres closer to Japan.

Winner: Drive My Car (Japan)

Best Documentary Feature Film

To celebrate the various aches and pains of having Covid, I determined the winner of this category by assigning the films to different body parts, and the winner would be decided by whichever body part hurt the most the following morning. While I was expecting my neck (Summer of Soul) to pull through, when I woke up my legs (Flee) were undeniably aching the most.

Winner: Flee (Jonas Poher Rasmussen)

Best Animated Feature Film

My mum is a primary school teacher, so figured she was qualified to predict the winner of this category. I gave her a call and she asked how I was doing, told me to drink lots of fluids, get lots of rest, the usual things. When I asked her about the nominees, she'd heard of Encanto before, and seen it used in teaching resources she'd come across, but hadn't heard of any of the others. Everyone knows that our cultured year fives and sixes refuse to be taught about any movie that isn't going to win an Oscar, so it's gotta be Encanto.

Winner: Encanto (Jared Bush)

Best Director

For this typically very male-dominated Oscar category, I found an equally male-dominated group of people to poll: people I know called Oscar. I asked three Oscars and one Oskar for their guesses. One Oscar predicted Steven Spielberg to win for West Side Story, another Oscar guessed Ryusuke Hamaguchi to win for Drive My Car, but two of the Oscars put their money on Kiwi Jane Campion to win for Power of the Dog.

Winner: Power of the Dog (Jane Campion)

Best Picture

The answer to this came to me very clearly in a Covid fever dream, and I am not going to question the powers of Covid fever dreams. Through the chills and the sweats, I was presented with a vision that Coda was going to win the most prestigious Oscar of the night, upsetting everyone who expected Power of the Dog to take home Best Picture. Out of all the predictions, I am most confident about this one, but take all of them with a grain of salt, as I do have Covid fogging up my brain.

Winner: Coda (Philippe Rousselet)

ISOLATION FORNICATION

12 SOCIALLY DISTANCED SEX TIPS

BY LOTTO RAMSAY

It's the third year of the pandemic and everyone's still horny as hell. The safest option is masturbation, but if you're sick of ringing the devil's doorknob or strangling your meat flute and want some partner play then boy, you're not alone. If the previous euphemisms didn't make your gonads shrivel up and die, here's how to get it on during Omicron.

IN-PERSON PARTNER PLAY:



THE MASKED SINGER

You both wear head-to-toe PPE with whatever cutouts necessary. As per the namesake, this performance only lasts 90 seconds. Record your partner in your Covid app (you better still have your Covid app) under a codename. When you get Omicron, you get to drop fun and sneaky hints to the contact tracers about your fling's real identity! They'll get such a kick out of being able to play along and figure it out. You can even repeat this with multiple partners and vote for your favourite after! Or during!



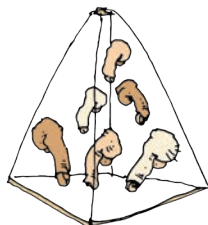
THE 'REACH FOR THE SARS'

All you need for this sensual and appropriately distanced rendez-vous is a one metre long claw grabber toy and a little creativity. Sure, a spring-loaded plastic dinosaur head on a stick might not be "the norm" for an erotic couples massage, but light some scented candles, stand 1m apart, and use your now elongated super limb to grab at whatever is in reach!



THE 'STAY IN YOUR BUBBLE'

Step one: acquire one Zorb for each person. Step two: strip fully naked and seal yourself into your Zorb nice and tight. Step three: lock eye contact and masturbate vigorously at each other. Warning: do not at any point use lube while in your wankzorb as you may slip and slide around within like a human Keno Powerball, with the possibility of never escaping your bouncy, spherical horny jail.



THE R-VALUE

Are you an shower or an exponential grower? While love is often represented with a heart symbol, in this case a pyramid is much more fitting. Why sleep with four partners yourself when you can get two partners to then each fuck two others, and then the subpartners can each fuck two more, and so on. It's an effective way to decrease your exposure to potential contacts, while ensuring a consistent net gain of members in your Poon-zi scheme. It's basically like generating passive income, except, y'know, in cum.

FOR *DISTANCED* COUPLES:



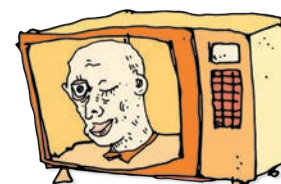
THE HANDMAID'S TALE

Use this lockdown to make a statement on the subjugation of women's bodies! Note: you will need the help of a friend who is okay with being completely stripped of their agency and essentially treated as an object. Simply video call your partner for an e-fuck from any location, duct tape your phone to your friend's face, and have at it! For best results, get your partner to do the same on their end. Having sex via proxy is so in right now. Autocratic dystopia? More like WHOREtocratic dysHOEpia!



THE BURNIN' RUBBER

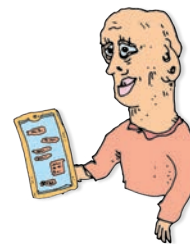
Secure a dildo to a remote control car that can be operated from a distance, mediaeval jousting style, and take your best shot. For more experienced players, why not tie a bunch of bullet vibrators to a drone? Fuck it, just tie a hex bug to a bit of string and go nuts.



THE 75°C

Get to fourth base via third degree burns! Recent studies show that Covid-19 can be partially thermally inactivated at high temperatures, so get hot and heavy by simply heating one or both partners to a steamy 75°C for three minutes or more! It doesn't get hotter than this one, folks. Seriously, it doesn't, because you will definitely get hyperthermia and sizzle your brain meat.

NO, *SERIOUSLY*:



GET GOOD AT SEXTING

For a lot of folks, arousal has a spoken or written component as well as a visual one. Sexting and dirty talk are always awkward at first, but start mild and build up slowly. Don't just describe an action scene – include compliments or how that action would make you feel. Most importantly, ask what your partner likes! Sexting can be a really great opportunity to talk about turn ons/turn offs, boundaries, kinks, fantasies – the only way to find out is to ask.



BE AN ADULT AND BUY A DILDO

Sex toys have tons of applications for distanced couples as well as your everyday ones, so why not get your first one in iso or just add to your collection? If you have a vulva, try an insertable classic vibrator if you're not sure what you're after, or a clit-suction vibrator like a Satisfyer if you want something that simulates oral. Some even offer suction or can be set to vibrate to music. I have enabled you to get off on DnB now, and I hate myself for it. For penises, strokers are cheaper and more discreet versions of fleshlights that come in all kinds of models. Oh, and use lube, people!

SELF LOVE

If you can't wait until this outbreak has passed its peak to get off, c'mon, just be celibate and wank your way through Hoemicron like the rest of us. Try a new way to masturbate – either a new method, or new material. We've covered sex toys, but why not try getting off? With lube, in the shower, with both hands, while caressing your body, while humping a pillow, lying on your back/side/front, wearing socks (it's meant to help with circulation or something), over clothes, after dancing to music and putting on something sexy because you fucking deserve to romance yourself. As for what to cum to, there's more options than you'd think. Options include drawn porn (comics, hentai, all sorts), erotica, or audio porn, which is seriously underrated. Worst case scenario you clear your history, best case you discover something new!



CRITIC TE AROHI 2022 FLAT BINGO

THERE'S PLENTY TO DO AROUND DUNEDIN, AND NOT ALL OF IT IS ACTUALLY BAD FOR YOU. WHILE YOU GO ABOUT YOUR YEAR, WHY NOT TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TURN HAVING A GOOD TIME INTO A COMPETITION? NOTHING SAYS "FUN" LIKE "BINGO", RIGHT? GIVE THE MF A TEAR OUT OF THE MAG AND SEE WHO CAN WIN FIRST.

GET A TATTOO	DRIVE THE PENINSULA	QUIT SMOKING/ VAPING	GET BANNED FROM DUNEDIN NEWS	ACTUALLY DO YOUR DISHES CONSISTENTLY
CALL YOUR PARENTS AND TELL THEM YOU MISS THEM	TAKE YOURSELF ON A DATE	GO TO A PINT NIGHT	ASK OUT A CENTRAL LIBRARY CRUSH	SELFIE WITH DAVE FROM THE MAHARAJAS
TREAT YOURSELF TO A BOTTLE OF FINE SPIRITS	FULL FLAT EXCURSION	FREE ★ HOUSE RULES	GET AN STI CHECK	SUCCESSFULLY SLIDE INTO SOMEONE'S DM'S
JOIN A CLUB OR A VOLUNTEER DAY	GIVE A CAMPUS WATCH OFFICER A GENUINE, PERSONAL COMPLIMENT	PULL A RED CARD OR THEMED PARTY	TAKE A DIP IN THE LEITH	GO TO THE ICE RINK
HAVE A THREE WAY	GET BULLIED BY A HIGH-SCHOOLER	GET A MULLET	VISIT A MUSEUM	DO A QUIZ NIGHT



BY GRACE BEADS

If you're looking for some fun and fresh accessories, then By Grace Beads is your saving grace. Critic caught up with Madaleine, the creator behind this cute handmade jewellery business to find out how she came up with the idea, and what her creative process is.

Madaleine is in her second year of Communication Studies, with a minor in Sports Development and Management. She began making beaded jewellery for herself during high school. Her friends' support encouraged Madaleine to transform her crafty skills into a business. "A lot of my friends were like 'Ooh can you make me one?'" so I made a business out of it," she said.

Madaleine's range of funky necklaces, bracelets and anklets aren't only made of beads but also freshwater pearls, gemstones, charms and even shells. They are the perfect complement to Dunedin's surfy spirit. "I get a lot of inspiration from things around me. My collections so far have been 'ocean', 'zodiac signs', [and] 'colours'... It's a lot to do with my surroundings at the time." Madaleine is a Scorpio herself which makes a lot of sense considering her fierce entrepreneurial streak.

Of all the pieces Madaleine has created, her favourites are those she's made with irregular pearls. "They're just so cute and match with everything." In sourcing beads, Madaleine is resourceful and often takes a sustainable approach by finding materials in secondhand shops. "If I find a necklace there that's got cool beads on it but I don't necessarily like the necklace, I'll just repurpose them."

Crafting a sweet range of jewellery takes time. Madaleine spends at least an hour each day working on new pieces, sometimes even secretly beading during Zoom lectures. Now that she's flattening, the support from her friends has evolved into flat beading sessions and photoshoots for By Grace Beads' socials.

Right now Madaleine's main focus for By Grace Beads is to become more involved with Ōtepoti's jewellery making community and eventually make connections with local retailers. "It would definitely be cool to be involved with a wholesale, like sell my jewellery to other small businesses that have shops in Dunedin."

Critic asked Madaleine for her best advice to anyone starting their own small business. "I keep a diary and I have everything written in that from what people bought, how much it was, [to] how much I'm spending each month... You want to keep track so that you can make goals and adjust your pricing, that sort of thing." More than anything else though, Madeleine says to always treat it as a mode of personal expression. "Just have fun. Make unique pieces that you want to make, even if you haven't seen them done before. There's a market for everything."

To get your hands on some of the By Grace Beads line as well as keep up with upcoming drops, details on custom designs and where you can spot the next By Grace Beads stall, be sure to follow Madaleine at @bygracebeads on Instagram.



OTAGO MUSEUM

More than a Museum.
Free galleries, free events, great coffee.

MR. WORLDWIDE



Using the internet, we try to figure out exactly where people took their random photos. This week, we had an image supplied by a Mr. Abel. Let's see if we can figure out exactly where it was taken.



First Thoughts: Alright, I think this is somewhere in the US or Canada because it's so flat. You're quite high up, so maybe you're on another skyscraper? Where are there two cities in the US that are so close that they can see each other? Let's try the Twin Cities first.

Yeah, this is looking promising. Not sure if it's morning or evening in this picture, but that would tell us something about the orientation based on the sunset. I reckon we're either looking NE or SW, so the two cities must be aligned like that. Is this maybe a view of Minneapolis as seen from nearby St. Paul? I think so. I think we're on the money here, first guess.

Hmm, wait, there's no highway or bridge or river in the foreground of the photo, so it can't be the Twin Cities. Damn, I thought I had it right away. Okay, let's try Canada.

Canada, Canada. Hmm. Is it Calgary? I hope for your sake it's not Calgary, but I don't think it is, it's not got the right buildings. Don't think it's Edmonton, either, I don't see those blocky dark buildings on the far left. I'm gonna google "Canadian skyline sunset" and eliminate "Toronto". Not Vancouver either. This is getting me nowhere. Humm, it's kinda smoggy though isn't it? So maybe like Los Angeles? Canada is getting me nowhere, I just thought it was too flat for anywhere else. Let's try LA.

Oh, bang, yes. This is it. Where are we exactly, though? It's high up, so I bet it's the Hollywood Hills. Or maybe it's that observatory from La La Land? Yeah, surely, that's the one. Oh yes, it's gotta be this.

Damn, ashamed I didn't get this faster but I've never actually been to LA. Okay, after looking at some other photos, I reckon you're on the west balcony of the Griffith Observatory, at the Cafe at the End of the Universe. And we're looking Southeast, just like I suspected!

Final Answer: Cafe at the End of the Universe, Griffith Observatory, Los Angeles. Time to solve: 20 minutes.

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.

BUNCH OF Ss

- LAST WEEK'S CORRECT ANSWERS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM:
1. MARGE
2. PAUL
3. DJ
4. TIMMY
5. ADDIE

Each week, Critic asks five students five of the same questions. See if you can figure out which row of answers came from which student. Answers are published weekly.

	What's the best concert you've ever been to?	What's something you've been meaning to learn but haven't started?	Have you ever stolen anything?	When you wipe, do you scrunch the toilet paper, or fold it?	If you were in charge of Aotearoa, what product would you immediately ban the sale of?
SPRINKLES 	I've never actually been to an in-person concert, but I'm looking forward to that Dillon Frances one.	Billiards, I guess. We've got a table in our hall, so I've gotta learn how to use that.	I stole a pack of gum when I was four, just swiped it off the counter and put it in my pocket.	I fold it.	I guess maybe vapes? They're phasing out cigarettes, but people are just starting on vapes, so I'd say vapes and vape juice.
REMI 	Kendrick Lamar, here in Dunedin!	Te Reo Māori, just feels important to learn and it's time to learn indigenous languages.	Yeees.... two porn magazines, adult magazines, y'know? A few DVD's. 14 year old me was a bit naughty.	I don't fold it, not a proper fold, but not a full scrunch either.	Uggs. They do not belong outside. They should be inside ONLY.
ANDREW 	There was a Skeggs concert in Union Hall in first year and I got peed on. I was at the back, and I was like "why is my foot warm?" and I looked up and some dude was peeing on it!	I downloaded Duolingo to learn Italian, but uh, it's not going great.	I put some pine nuts through at the supey as cashews recently. They're just so expensive!	I actually never wipe, I just drip-dry for everything.	Frozen peas. Wait, no, University tuition. Shouldn't cost money.
BRIAN 	Walking with Dinosaurs. It's huge, animatronic dinosaurs, what's not to love?	Mongolian throat singing.	Yeah, maybe some reusable facemasks. But no further comment.	Fold, because I'm not an animal.	Anything with an obnoxious scent, especially scented menstrual pads.
AIMAN 	Bou, last year, here at Union Hall. It was great, good lighting, good music.	Excel spreadsheets, haha.	Nope, never, I study law. I can't.	Scrunch. Just scrunch.	Sugarfree V, because Blue V is the superior option.



BY ROSIE JOYCE @SKUXXFOOD

SPICY CHORIZO PASTA



Use this recipe as a base for any tomato ragù-based pasta dish! Simply swap out the chorizo and mushrooms for any other meat and vegetables of your choice. Get creative, stay skuxx.

INGREDIENTS Serves 6

600 grams of short pasta (I used rigatoni, but penne or fusilli would work too!)	400 grams mushrooms, thinly sliced
Oil for frying	2 tins of chopped tomatoes
500-600 grams chorizo	2 teaspoons dried oregano
2 onions, diced	2 teaspoons balsamic vinegar
4-6 cloves of garlic, finely chopped	1 teaspoon sugar
2-4 dried bay leaves (optional)	Salt and pepper
2 heaped tablespoons of tomato paste	Parmesan to garnish, grated
1 teaspoon chilli flakes	Parsley to garnish (optional), roughly chopped

METHOD

- Take the chorizo out of their casings: slice down the middle of the chorizo sticks and pull the meat inside away from the casings with your hands. This should create random clumps of chorizo. If you find this process too admin, you can simply thinly slice the chorizo instead, keeping the casings on.
- Heat a large pot of salty hot water on a high heat.
- In a different pan, heat 2 tablespoons of oil on a medium-high heat. When the oil is hot, add the chorizo. Cook until browned, stirring occasionally. After around 5 minutes, use tongs to take the chorizo out of the pan, and set aside, leaving the chorizo-infused oil in the pan.
- To the same pan, on a medium heat, add the onions, garlic, bay leaves and chilli flakes. Cook for 5-7 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the tomato paste and cook for a further 3 minutes.
- If needed, add a further 1-2 tablespoons of oil, then add the mushrooms. Cook for 5 minutes, or until reduced.
- Add tinned tomatoes, half a tin of water, oregano, balsamic vinegar, sugar, the browned chorizo, plenty of salt and pepper (to taste) and stir together. When the mixture has started to bubble, reduce to low-medium heat and simmer for at least 25 minutes, stirring occasionally.
- With 10 minutes of cooking time to go on the sauce, your pot of water should be at a rolling boil. When it has reached this point, add the pasta and cook according to packet instructions or until al dente, stirring occasionally. This usually takes around 8-12 minutes.
- Reserve a cup of pasta water and add it to your sauce mixture, stir and cook for a further 2 minutes.
- When it's ready, drain your pasta and add the sauce mixture. Stir to combine. Serve with parmesan and parsley to garnish.

BOOZE REVIEW:

FIZZLISS

FIZZLISS CRANBERRY & APPLE VODKA
BY CHUG NORRIS

I was going to review Fizzliss' new Pineapple and Passionfruit flavour but it had sold out in every store in Dunedin, so it must be good. Instead I acquired the formerly infamous Cranberry flavour to see if it still maintained its laxative properties. It did not. But it does taste way better.

The new formula is less potent than the original recipe, which is a blessing because it means that almost unlimited quantities can be consumed without risk of diabetes or unintentional defecation. The cranberry is perfectly paired with the apple concentrate, creating just enough flavour to mask the percentage of the alcohol present, but nowhere near enough to make it feel like you are drinking corn syrup.

A test shotgun was conducted for analysis and it was an exceptionally easy time with minimal bloat (due to, need I say, the fizzless properties of the drink). Unlike other 'health' RTDs, Fizzliss is not super acidic to make up for the lack of sugar, so you don't get heartburn halfway through your box. At \$28.00 for a box of 10 x 1.6 standard cans, that makes for \$1.75 per standard, which is pretty steep, but can you really put a price on your health?

The flavour is pretty good considering that there is basically no sugar in the drink. Most RTDs taste like they have been pumped out of a vat in a factory that also makes all of the worst vape flavours you can imagine. Fizzliss Cranberry & Apple tastes like it has been mixed on your deck, by the beach, in the middle of summer. It tastes real.

Lack of carbonation is also a stand out feature of Fizzliss and it makes a huge difference because it allows you to choose the pace at which you drink. If you have crippling social anxiety and want to get fucked up ASAP by sculling a substantial proportion of your box, you can (please don't). If you want to sip on the same can all afternoon because you have a healthy relationship with alcohol, you can do that too. Fizzliss 2.0 has got range.

Tasting notes: orchard, Pamol, blackout
Pairs well with: health spas, saunas, home remedies
Froth level: managing to go for a run without collapsing
Taste rating: 8/10, what a comeback



★★★★★ · 5.0 · 109 Google reviews

“Hands down the best kebabs in Dunedin, run by an amazing and friendly crew. You’re missing out by not going here!”



HOROSCOPES



AQUARIUS Jan 20 – Feb 18

You need sleep, tequila, and the ability to learn what quiet hours are.

Breakfast to have: Greek yoghurt bowl.



PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20

Pisces women are like Taylor Swift. Every time a man wrongs you, you just get hotter and more famous. Maybe release a new album?

Breakfast to have: Croissants and jam, you boujee being.



ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19

It's your motherfucking season!!! Crank the motherfucking tunes!!! Unleash upon the streets of North Dunedin!!! You are the main character!!!

Breakfast to have: Coffee and a vape.



TAURUS Apr 20 – May 20

You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, know when to walk away, and know when to run.

Breakfast to have: Scrambled eggs on fresh bakery bread.



GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20

As Doja Cat once said, you can't trust a big butt and a Gemini! This means you'll be telling lots of half-truths soon. Be careful.

Breakfast to have: Protein shake.



CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22

Gotten a few messages that I've been a bit too mean to Cancers lately, and it's made some of y'all upset. Guess that proves my point exactly.

Breakfast to have: Avocado toast.



LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22

You are the human embodiment of a seagull. Squawking and invasive. Shame you can't fly away.

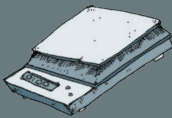
Breakfast to have: Cold french fries.



VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22

Speak your truth, besties! #beproud #bebold

Breakfast to have: Hazelnut coffee and toast.



LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22

Always shocks me that your symbol is the scales, because nothing about your life is balanced. May be a good indication of your love for reptilians, though.

Breakfast to have: Dispensary breakfast burrito.



SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21

It's a self-care week for you all. Buy some flowers, have a nap, blackout in the Octagon. Whatever feels right.

Breakfast to have: Eight hashbrowns.



SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21

Wake up, scream into the void, then sleep again. Time is made up, nothing matters.

Breakfast to have: Pasta.



CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19

Sick of being your group's therapist? Start giving out stupid fucking advice and watch people ruin their lives instead. You deserve some entertainment.

Breakfast to have: Banana pancakes.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

a t m s

ADULTTOYMEGASTORE

Bloody Hell

Now, I've got a lot of issues, and chronic sinus problems is one of them. Usually, in my day-to-day life, my chronic sinus pain and blockage doesn't bother me apart from the odd sniffle or headache. But in my sex life, well, that's a different story.

Let me set the scene. It's a hot summer afternoon, I'm with my boyfriend at the time (and before I continue, no, this wasn't the reason we broke up). My seasonal allergies had gotten the best of me. The stifling November air and pollen levels were doing a real number on my nostrils, and I was struggling. No matter how much nasal spray or decongestants I took, my nose remained dry and stuffy, and my forehead was throbbing. But as usual, I soldiered on.

Fast forward. We were in bed having a snuggle, as happy couples usually do. Soon, we started getting into the dirty deed. Steamy, sweaty, kissing, oral, you know the fucking drill. Despite the summer air and steamy atmosphere, I remained dry in more areas than just my nose. But what can you do, that's just life as a woman. My nose was a little sore, but nothing I hadn't experienced before. We do the ol' switcharoo, I'm on top, like the girlboss I am. I'm riding him so fucking hard, and he's getting weaker by the second. Then suddenly, he stops. I wonder if he's already finished, mere minutes in (men, amiright?) I see him looking at his hands and torso kinda funny. His face, puzzled; his dick, soft. I look down further and realise something bad has happened. Something much worse than my guy finishing too quickly.

It seems my sinuses could not cope with being the dominant icon that I am. My worst fears had come true. I suddenly found myself in the situation of having one of my chronic nosebleed episodes, right in the middle of fucking. There was blood everywhere, this shit was like The Hunger Games. It looked like a combination of 1,000 clotty periods. And it wasn't stopping. "I think your nose is bleeding," he said. No shit, Sherlock. It wasn't just bleeding, it was pouring.

I tried to stand up, but this shit just kept spilling out. His white duvet now looked more like a cow with a rare skin disease than the Briscoes bargain it once was. I tried to get up and find a tissue. This was dumb of me; as if a man would have the logic to buy tissues. I tried to skedaddle into the bathroom. I was unable to get dressed, given my hands and their preoccupation with catching the streams of blood that ran out of my nose. I ran down the hall, praying to every single God that ever existed that his flatmates wouldn't see me in my state. Luckily I made it to the bathroom without being spotted. Once I entered, there was no time for the tomfoolery of toilet paper. Head down, in the sink, I plunged in and let myself bleed.

Once the worst was over, I washed my face and made my way back to his room. He stood there, trying to wipe the remains of my crusty sinus juice off his body. He assured me that "It was fine," but I knew deep down, it wasn't. We made it another three months before the breakup, though.

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

a t m s
ADULTTOYMEGASTORE



Free Vibe!

Use code **CRITICVIBE** to get your free bullet vibrator - just pay shipping!

www.adulttoymegastore.co.nz

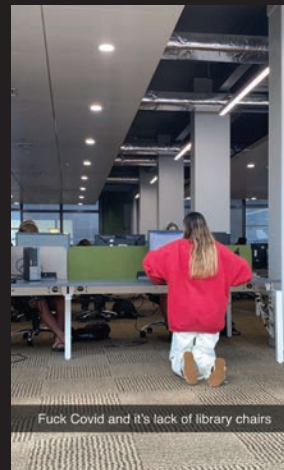
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT
CRITIC ON
FACEBOOK
TO CLAIM
YOUR REDBULL



THIS CARD GETS YOU FREE SH*T



University Book Shop
Great King St + On Campus
10% off full-priced items.

A+ BURGERS

10% off all menu items purchased in-store.

BOSS PIZZA • BURGER

Free upsize any burger from single to double OR medium pizza to large.

Burger + fries + drink OR snack pizza + fries + drink for only \$12.90.

Waffle Wednesday: \$5 ALL DAY!

CORNERSTONE INK TATTOO STUDIO

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

LUMINO THE DENTISTS

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

ONLY URS BEAUTY PARLOUR

Student specials: eyelash lift/perm special for \$42 & eyebrow shaping wax/thread only \$12.

Only available in-store with your 2022 Radio OneCard.

OTAGO MUSEUM

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

10% off for all students at Otago Museum shop.

RA HAIR

\$20 spray tan.

\$159 1/2 head foils including toner, plex and hydration treatment.

\$209 keratin smoothing treatment and supporting take-home product*.

*Surcharges may apply.

STIRLING SPORTS

10% student discount on all full-priced items.

SUBWAY

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

DEAL OF THE WEEK

BURGER N BEAST

\$10 burger and chips every Monday and \$5 burgers every Tuesday. (T&Cs apply).

ADJØ

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

COMES FIRST DINER

\$10 Happy Burger, \$10 Wings N' Fries, \$10 Tap Wines & \$12 Crafty Pints.

GELATO JUNKIE

\$1 off double scoop gelato.

GO RENTALS

20% off any car hire in Dunedin using the code: explore20

LA PORCHETTA

10% discount on all items and beverages.

LARNACH CASTLE & GARDENS

'Big Kids go Free' - one free entry with one paying adult.

'Ride Share' - Two or more in your car? Get a 50% discount on each entry.

NU YOGA DUNEDIN

Two week introductory pass for \$32 (\$40/\$35 w/ concession) with promo code: nuROne. T&C apply. Limited to one person per pass.

SAL'S AUTHENTIC NEW YORK PIZZA

Buy any large pizza online and get a free 1/2 cheese pizza using the code: DunedinStudent.

TAKEICHI

Free special topping with every bowl of Ramen.

TM AUTOMOTIVE

\$60 warrant of fitness fee.



REGISTER TO UNLOCK ADDITIONALPRIZES!
R1.CO.NZ/ONECARD

FOR A FLYING START TO UNI LIFE.



RED BULL GIVES YOU WIIINGS. 