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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 Critic,
I need to point out the complete fringe oversight that was committed at the Age Gap show. Ruby Werry reported that there was "Not a fringe to be seen." I take that as a personal insult as I attended both shows and have an absolutely banging fringe. My fringe literally takes up 1/3 of my face. Since the lower 1/3 of my face is covered by a mask most of the time, I think it is fair to say my fringe is my defining feature. It makes me question Ruby's fringe radar skills in the first place.

Kind regards,
Banging fringe lady

Dear Critic,
As a student, time management is one of if not the most important thing which lecturers and tutors constantly make us aware of throughout our first few weeks when we start university. Ask any senior student for advice and time management will come up again and again. It clearly seems to be a great and necessary skill to have as a student.

Now then, may I ask why the time management skills of many lecturers is so appalling? As a student, whenever I have a lecture on my timetable I expect to go to it and stay there until it is scheduled to be completed. There is the expectation that the lecturer will provide me all of the information required on today's topic that will be examined within the scheduled timeframe.

I really don't expect us as students to have to sit through an extra 10-15 minutes of lectures solely because the lecturer did not plan out the time they would need to deliver the information required. But we are then obligated to sit through this extra time as we have no idea if the information provided during this time will be examined. Just a random thought.

Have a nice day,
Amanda

Critic,
This may be super niche so just hear me out but why does the Critic smell so bad?

I cannot even describe what the smell is but I cannot even keep the Critic in my room because it's all I can smell.

Please tell me what kind of paper you use to print this shit and why does it smell so bad?

I hope this is a universal experience and that someone can get to the bottom of this.

Kindly,
Critic sniffer

Dear Critic,
The goddamn swans on campus, had anyone noticed? Swans in the library, swans in the Leith. I went to take a piss in the law library toilets the other day and guess what? There was a gigantic, fuck-off black swan sitting in the cistern. What's up with this, Critic? Why haven't you covered this? Shouldn't Campus Watch be performing a swan patrol every day? Are you in the pay of Big Swan? I figure a swindle is going on.

The one thing I will say is that theUuni has to act now or the poor scarfies will start taking matters into their own hands. Imagine the fallout if the swans eat some poor associate professor somewhere!

You're all cowards.

Regards,
Shaun Wainwright

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 27 APRIL
Loose & Colourful and Black-Sale House
U BAR
9PM / FREE ENTRY

THURSDAY 28 APRIL
French For Rabbits - 'The Overflow' Album Release Tour
DIVE
6PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Finn McKinlay Quartet
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
Tickets from eventfinda.co.nz

A Night of Drum & Bass Festival feat. Camo & Krooked b2b Mefjus Subsonic, Theif b2b Lucy, and Riggy b2b Slips
UNION HALL, UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
8PM
Tickets from ticketfairy.com

FRIDAY 29 APRIL
Sunflower Scent - 'Little Helpers' Album Release w/ Pretty Dumb & Munted
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM / \$10

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

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Editorial: What's so Good about Good Friday?

By Fox Meyer

Good Friday is the most confusing day of the year. First of all, there's the name. If I was murdered, resurrected, and then deified, and I came back 2,000 years later to see people celebrating my sacrifice, I'd be stoked. I'd be like "Oh that's mean, so glad you've learned from my example, what did you decide to name the day of remembrance?" Then I'd be told that it's called Good Friday, and I'd be like "Excuse me, what?"

Now, I understand that the meaning of 'good' has changed over time, and that it's meant to be something more like 'Holy Friday', but still, this confuses me. The other thing that confuses me is why all of New Zealand shuts down on Good Friday. I just do not get it.

For a country that's supposed to be at least somewhat secular, this makes absolutely no sense, and it screws me every year. I should probably have figured out by now that I can't do any last-minute shopping on Friday, but I haven't, and at this point I probably won't. Every year, I plan some sort of long trip over the weekend. Every year, I wait until the Friday to buy all my food and supplies for the long weekend, and every year, I get screwed because for some reason the entire country is forced to close and now I can't buy my chippies. I feel like Jesus would've wanted me to get my chippies.

I often forget how quietly conservative this country is, but Good Friday always reminds me that those good Christian values are right below the surface. And that's okay, there's nothing wrong with that, I just don't get why businesses have to close when a

great many of them probably aren't even Christian in the first place. It's not like we close everything for Laylat al-Qadr or Yom Kippur, so why Good Friday?

I would also be a little less frustrated if it was a consistent closure, but it's not. Queenstown and Taupō are allowed to stay open because they're 'tourist towns', which apparently means that they're exempt from the Christian dogma that governs the rest of us. I'm not sure how that makes sense. Certain businesses can stay open, but not all of them, and all the rules about alcohol sales are baffling as well. I dunno about you, but if I just came back to life after being crucified, I'd be pretty keen on a pint.

It's great to have certain days of the year set aside to spend quality time with family and friends, but why Good Friday? Easter Sunday isn't even a public holiday. Sure, the government made a change in 2016 to let local councils decide what they want to do on Easter, but it mostly saw a change in smaller towns – the big cities didn't really jump on board. And you still can't work Good Friday even if you wanted to, for that sweet, sweet holiday pay.

The strangest part of this whole thing, to me, is that bars and clubs have to close at midnight on the Thursday before Good Friday. I just think it's hilarious and perplexing that everyone has to say 'Well, that's it, time to go home,' right at the peak of the night all because 2,000 years ago, a bunch of Roman dickheads nailed some dude to a cross. Anyway, happy Easter, and have a good Laylat al-Qadr, while we're at it.



Castle Residents Pitch In To Clean Up Their Street

Castle's Facebook group helps get the word out

By Ruby Werry

Staff Writer // ruby@critic.co.nz

At noon on a Friday, most breathas would have still been sprawled in bed, wincing at the sunlight streaming through their ratty curtains. But on April 8, several hundred students instead had brushes and rubbish bags in hand, cleaning up the streets of North D.

The group of students, mostly residents of Castle Street, came out to participate in the North Dunedin Street Clean Up. The annual event is part of the Sophia Charter, set up in memory of Sophia Crestani, a second-year who tragically passed away at a party in 2019.

Some students told Critic Te Arohi that they had heard about the event through the Unicrew volunteering group, or through

the Uni's ads. But the vast majority we talked to said that they heard about the event through Castle 22, the private Facebook page intended for residents of Castle St and assorted hangers-on. Once the post was shared onto the 6,274 member-strong group, word about the street clean-up spread through North D's flats faster than a flame licks across a dry couch.

Once students were aware of the event, participation was enthusiastic. Over 100 people clicked "going" on the event's Facebook page, and it seemed that far more were in attendance. Students ranging from first-years at halls to postgrads turned out to sweep North D's streets, chucking glass into recycling bins and

clearing up St Paddy's leftovers. The level of commitment from those we talked to could touch even the coldest, most cynical postgrad, and bring a tear to the most jaded BComm student's eye.

Although some residents were surprised at how many people showed up, they were incredibly pleased with how many cared about making Castle just that little less scungy. Ana, from 8 Man, remarked that almost every flat she knew had come out to help. She said that "It's an encouraging thing to see that despite the epic Covid lows of the past few years, [we still got] a turn out of more than 150 people committed to doing better." Events like this show that while couch fires can be put out, Castle Street's spirit burns forever.

Greens, Student Assocs Launch Student Wellbeing Inquiry

Students "the only group in Aotearoa expected to borrow money to survive"

By Fox Meyer

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

A group of 33 student unions have rallied together to launch a People's Inquiry into student wellbeing, alongside the Green Party. They said that students have been "betrayed" by a government that promised to provide support, that incremental increases in student loans were "tokenistic", and that the people who "tell us to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps" are the same people that "went to Uni when Uni was free".

Chlöe Swarbrick represented the Green Party and Andrew Lessells represented the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) at an announcement in Wellington on April 12, flanked by members of various student unions. Their chief concern was that student wellbeing has been pushed aside by a government described as – amongst other things – "disconnected and patronising". Chlöe noted that the Government's promises to bolster student financial support and reinstate the postgraduate student allowance were "some of the first things" to be cut in the post-Covid chaos, despite constant messaging about the importance of health and wellbeing.

"Student poverty is not an inevitability", said Chlöe. "It is a political decision."

Chlöe provided a few numbers to put the student financial crisis in perspective. For example, the average student loan recipient today is receiving about \$1,600 less than their counterpart was 20 years ago, adjusted for inflation – despite a steep hike in course fees. As our population boomed at the turn of the century, Aotearoa added 1,000,000 new members to our team, but the number of students receiving allowances has not gone up. In fact, it's actually gone down. This was not due to students being any better off than they were in the 90's, but instead due to toughened policies about who is eligible for assistance, based mostly on household income.

A few \$20 increases to student allowances along the way were not enough, according to the speakers. Andrew called these moves "tokenistic", pointing out the government that champions students as the "future of Aotearoa" is the same government that forces them "to choose between paying for food and paying for

rent". Students today must "borrow to survive," he said, adding that no other group of people in the country "are expected to do that". A form of basic income, eligible to all tertiary students, was cited as a possible solution. Andrew also called for a culture shift around how unis see international students: "We need to support them and not just treat them as cash cows – they are contributing vital skills to Aotearoa. If we treat them well, they'll stick around and contribute that to us for the rest of our lives."

Chlöe and Andrew both reiterated that their pleas to do something about student wellbeing had so far fallen on deaf ears in Parliament, forcing them to take matters into their own hands. "We've seen the government showcase that it can respond in an immediate crisis", said Chlöe. "Systems are set up almost overnight, and things that we were told are impossible become a reality. Money moves, billions of dollars of it." While student voices and advocacy have suffered "a death by a thousand cuts", said Chlöe, this Inquiry represents "where we draw the line".

Woof! has "Busiest Week of Year" after Hit with Anti-Vax Negativity

You don't need vax passes to drink on the Octagon lawn

By Annabelle Parata Vaughan

Culture Editor // culture@critic.co.nz

Local Dunedin bar Woof has faced some backlash for continuing to use vaccine passes, despite the government dropping vaccine mandates on April 4. Owner Dudley Benson spoke to Critic Te Arohi about what it's been like, and how vital the community's support has been in this time.

Already difficult for frontline hospo staff to enforce, most hospo businesses opted to drop vaccine passes when the Government announced they would become optional from April 4. However, Dudley says that keeping vaccine passes was best for his business. "We have a large space, and a lot of people in, and they're drinking, so their inhibitions and mask use can be forgotten about. In our situation, [the vaccine passes] are the best thing for us."

Dudley said that he "knew that we would receive some criticism online" after Woof

decided to continue using vaccine passes, but "we had no idea of the extent of it, and the vile nature of that feedback." Most surprising for him, he said, were the personal attacks, targeting his sexuality and those of his staff. "Nor did we expect [the criticism] would come [from] as far as the UK, Australia and the US."

In response to the hurtful criticism and one-star reviews, though, many locals flooded Woof's pages with great reviews and promoting the bar on social media. "I can't thank those people enough," said Dudley. "We haven't had to respond to much of the [negativity]... because our community is responding, and our patrons are defending us." While Dudley said he doesn't like thinking about people having to spend their time or energy on this issue, he said he remains grateful for the massive community support they've received. In

fact, in the week following the backlash, Woof had their "busiest week of the year". Dudley says that: "I'm grateful to our Woof whānau for all their ongoing support, and the messages of aroha. For every horrible email we receive, we get 10 of real support and it makes it so much easier."

While Covid has been causing turmoil for hospo businesses across Aotearoa, Dudley says "Covid has been a part of our business model this whole time." Woof opened in March 2020, just one week before the first lockdown. "The challenges we're now facing, this disinformation peddling and [the] one star reviews, we are just seeing it as another challenge in that lineage we have already faced, and we're totally going to get through it," he said.

University Emissions Report: Behind the Pretty Numbers

Carbon counting continues amidst worsening climate crisis

By Zak Rudin

News Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

In our last issue, Critic Te Arohi reported that the Uni's carbon emissions dropped 40% in 2020 compared to 2019. We spoke with Craig Cliff, the Uni's Net Carbon Zero Programme Manager, to help us understand what is going on.

The report showed that most of the 40% actually came from a Covid-related decrease in staff air travel – especially international travel. Craig admits this "has masked some initiatives that we put in place, so we can't really tell if they had an impact or not." It has presented the University with "an opportunity that they can't mess up" to ensure air travel emissions stay low. The Uni is aiming to keep it to 50% of 2019's figure, with Craig saying that "We can't go back to the old way."

Some of the drop also came from the Uni's coal boilers being converted to run on biomass (wood pellets made from forestry byproducts). Burning wood releases fewer carbon emissions than coal, and cuts

down on other emissions such as sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides (which produce acid rain and smog). In addition, wood can be regrown, theoretically taking carbon back. However, it's not a perfect solution. Craig told Critic Te Arohi that the University wants to use this as a bridging fuel, to aid the transition to renewable energy.

While the Uni has set ambitious targets, including a promise to emit net-zero emissions by 2030 (only 8 years away), Craig admitted they face significant challenges in enforcing targets and making departments accountable. "It's hard to hold people to account for outcomes that they don't have data and reporting to support," said Craig. But he also stressed that looking at the bigger picture was important. While reducing emissions is important, Craig emphasised that it was important to not get "myopic about our target" and judge their performance by only one metric.

Food and food wastage (mostly from hall food) makes up a quarter of the Uni's

2020 emissions. Currently, the "Mindful Mondays" scheme, where halls serve only fish and vegetarian dishes on Mondays, is the only food-related emissions initiative running. It's not easy to change students' meaty bloodlust, though: halls have been recording more food wastage on Mindful Monday, which itself contributes to the Uni's carbon emissions.

Craig says the Uni has been trying to come up with more creative solutions to try and reduce food emissions. For example, psychology students have suggested producing posters showing the carbon impact of different dishes, to try and encourage positive behaviour change. He also mentioned plans for the Uni to set up a "food waste innovation scheme," comprising a digester which "heats food up to quickly get it to a compostable state." Until then, worm farms may need to do all the mahi in breaking down our food waste. It's a good thing that everyone loves worms.



Student Reports "Outrageous" Abortion Experience

Hospital apologises for how she "felt" she was treated

CW: Abortion, pregnancy

By Keegan Wells & Fox Meyer
critic@critic.co.nz

A student trying to get an abortion has criticised Dunedin Hospital for a "disgusting" and "disrespectful" experience. She is currently undergoing her third procedure for the same pregnancy, which she believed could've been avoided if information was presented differently.

A few weeks ago, Grace* woke up feeling pretty ill. She got tested for Covid, but that came back negative, so she decided to take a pregnancy test. It was positive. A few hours later, her doctor back home called her to inform her that her Covid test was actually positive, too: a nightmare test result scenario.

Not only was she pregnant, but she now had to isolate. After discussions with her GP, Grace was told to go to Dunedin Hospital to seek further help. Three days into isolation, she was admitted to the hospital and was promptly put in a quarantine room. She said that Covid isolation procedures meant she was cut off from support people like friends and family, and that the only human contact she had was with hospital staff "coming in with their PPE suits on". The whole experience, Grace said, was "all isolated and really scary". A spokesperson from the Hospital said that "To protect our patients, staff and community, Dunedin Hospital has robust screening and isolation protocols in place during the COVID-19 pandemic."

In severe pain from both the cramps and Covid, Grace asked for some ibuprofen. This was denied by a health professional who allegedly said: "I'm not going to give it to you because you're pregnant." This was despite Grace trying to tell him that she was going to be getting an abortion. A nurse was able to help her out when she repeated the request later on.

This already difficult experience got scarier when Grace was told she had an ectopic pregnancy. This means the eggs have been fertilised outside of the uterus (most commonly in the Fallopian tubes). If untreated, it can become a medical emergency, as the foetus grows and can eventually rupture the area around it. After

being kept overnight to run some tests, though, it was determined that this test result was also a mistake. Her pregnancy was "normal" — as normal as it could be, anyway.

Following this rollercoaster of emotions, Grace was discharged with a course of misoprostol, to induce her abortion at home. Back home, she took her course of misoprostol as instructed and experienced "extreme cramping". She then took the last two pills, maximising the dose, but nothing happened. No abortion. Confused and worried, she turned to the Abortion NZ website for advice. It turns out that doctors can also prescribe a hormone-blocker called mifepristone (Mifegyne) alongside misoprostol; while using misoprostol alone usually works fine, including mifepristone increases the likelihood of a successful abortion. Using mifepristone and misoprostol together is recommended in the Ministry of Health's clinical guidelines, a fact confirmed by the SDHB. But Grace was never prescribed mifepristone, or even told that it was an option.

Upset, she asked the emergency department about this, but was instead questioned on the phone about whether she was "actually pregnant". They then advised that she just "wait it out" at home. After being "stuck alone for the past 24 hours following a traumatic unwanted pregnancy," Grace said, "I found that extremely offensive." The hospital declined to comment further, as they did not want to breach the privacy of the patient in question.

Infuriated, Grace contacted The Women's Clinic, an abortion services provider, and told them about her situation. They informed her that she should have been prescribed mifepristone at the time. Following their advice, Grace lodged a complaint against the hospital, in part because she felt she had been discriminated against for being Covid positive. She said that one staff member "discourag[ed] me from having a support person in the post-abortion scan" because of her potential for transmissibility.

Additionally, Grace raised concerns about her right to be fully informed before beginning the procedure. She said that if she had known it would increase the likelihood of a successful abortion, she would "absolutely" have taken it up.

"The disrespect [I received] from the hospital is outrageous, it's disgusting," said Grace, speaking more about select individuals than the institution as a whole. She said that she had received excellent support from her partner, but worried that it would have been even more "insensitive" for someone who did not have supportive people around them, or had gone through a more traumatic event leading to an unwanted pregnancy.

Dunedin Hospital issued Grace an apology six weeks after her complaint was lodged. In it, they said they were "very sorry that you felt you did not receive appropriate care... [and that] you felt judged". Concerns about the behaviour of hospital staff were not directly addressed, but the hospital promised to take these "administrative issues back to the department to consider for future improvements". In a statement, Craig Ashton, GM of Internal Medicine Women's & Children's at the Hospital, said that "We are incredibly proud of our staff's empathy and compassion that they demonstrate daily. We offer our sincere apologies to anyone who has had an individual experience that counters what we expect."

Coming out of this experience, Grace recommends that anyone needing an abortion should "go straight to The Women's Clinic to find out your options," and then get them to refer you to Dunedin Hospital. They have a free phone number (0800 226784), and can provide funded abortion services (including by telephone) for anyone living in the Southern DHB region. At the time of writing, it appears that Grace's third abortion was successful.

*Name changed for privacy.



Stag Totals Students' Car on West Coast

Bloodthirsty car bummed it didn't go 3 for 3 on animal kills

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

A group of students survived a harrowing car crash with a stag on the West Coast over the mid-sem break. The crash claimed most of their car's front end, but amazingly left it intact enough to drive a further 50km to the nearest town.

On April 14, Ali was heading up the West Coast with her mates to work over the mid-sem break. Their journey went smoothly until Ali's car hit a hawk. Spooked, they ploughed on and promptly hit a possum, the car presumably having acquired a newfound bloodlust. Little did her vicious Nissan Wingroad know that it was soon about to violently meet its match.

Ali was going 100km/h down the bush-lined highway, remarking on how crazy it was that they'd already run into two animals on the drive. It was at that moment when, emerging from the bush, a

stag appeared on the road in front of them. According to Ali, nobody had any time to react, and before they knew it, the stag had taken out most of the wagon's front end, its antlers sticking through a hole in the windshield. The stag, stunned but alive, immediately gapped it (hopefully towards Greymouth Hospital).

Ali ended up covered in glass from the shattered windshield. Apart from the shock, though, everyone in the car was unscathed. "I reckon we handled it pretty well," said Ren, who was riding shotgun. "I couldn't open my door because it was smashed in but Ali got out and looked at it." With no passers-by around, they had no choice but to chance it to the nearest town, Franz Josef. The 50km journey ended up taking two and a half hours, as they slowly drove through tight, winding roads with the stag's handiwork on their windshield. "I couldn't see the road

through the windshield so I was sticking my head out the window the whole time," said Ali. Passing cars would blind them as the headlights shone through the smashed windscreen, Ren added, meaning that "Whenever other cars would pass us, we just had to completely stop."

A former mechanic at the hostel looked at Ali's crunched car. Amazingly, despite the extensive damage, the radiator and engine were both completely fine. This was a relief to Ali, who had just serviced her car the day before. She'd also put in a new light bulb, parts of which are now probably embedded in a West Coast stag. Ultimately, although she can see the funny side of the situation, Ali's gutted, and for good reason too: "I came here to make money, but lost a car." Critic notes, if it is any consolation, that Ali's totalled Nissan has a higher kill rate than many of the hunters we know.

New "Pop-Up" Youth Space Pops Up

Book your place in a safe space – for a limited time only

By Zak Rudin

News Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

An after-school creative space, the Ōtepoti Youth Space, is being launched in Dunedin. Focused on high-school aged rangatahi, the aim is to make this a supportive and constructive space to engage with rangatahi and "celebrate... their creative talents".

Hailey Xavier, a student, was involved in coordinating the space along with local youth support groups and agencies. According to her, the project grew out of the Ōtepoti Youth Vision, a series of hui by the City Council, youth-focused organisations and young people to guide services for youth in Dunedin. The aim of the Ōtepoti Youth Vision is to ensure "young people are valued, accepted and empowered to lead fulfilled lives, and wellbeing is nurtured".

Part of that was ensuring students had a safe space to go after school, said Hailey, "one that wasn't the Bus Hub or Maccas". That is where the Ōtepoti Youth Space comes in. Aside from being a space for kids to hang out, the Space also aims to provide "opportunities to explore their creative capabilities and reach out for well-being support". There will be a range of "free facilitated workshops, as well as space to engage in independent activities from art to homework," says Hailey. The really adventurous could even do their art homework there. The space will also have "youth mentors... for anyone who needs a friendly face to chat to". Hailey hopes for more live events to happen at the Youth Space in future, including an art exhibition, open mic night, and live music.

It will run from May 8 – 21 in the Dunedin Community Gallery, at 20 Princess Street (just south of the Octagon). Although Ōtepoti Youth Vision hopes to eventually make the Youth Space a permanent one, limited funding means they can currently only have the space for two weeks. They hope that success will allow them to get more funding for this initiative – until then, it's very much a game of wait and see.

And in case any of you are curious, this space is not just limited to school-aged kids; Hailey assured Critic Te Arohi that big Uni kids are welcome too! It'll probably be a more wholesome environment to hang out and procrastinate than your cold flat anyway. If you want to know more, Ōtepoti Youth Space are on Facebook and Instagram.

Food Sci 4th Years Fight Food Waste

Force Instagram foodies to eat their vegetables

By Fox Meyer

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

A group of Food Science 4th year students have designed a food box – like Hello Fresh – based entirely around NZ's most commonly-tossed consumables. They plan to use local foodie social media accounts to promote their sustainable selection of goodies.

"One of our main messages is that if you reduce food waste you can save a lot more money", said Shaina, one of the group members. She said that while the average Castle Street flatter might not care much about food waste, they probably care about extra cash. Shaina said that the key to reaching the breather scene might be to say "you're wasting this much money, that could buy you like two boxes a week".

Lance, another group member, said that the average kiwi family wastes \$660 worth of food every year, and that most of this food is thrown away as leftovers or after it's been sitting in the fridge too long. So, those now-flaccid carrots you bought two

weeks ago when you decided you'd start eating healthy: that's what they're talking about. Eliminating this food waste would reduce carbon emissions to the same effect as taking over 150,000 cars off the road.

The food boxes are set to be sent to "iconic Dunedin food/fitness Instagrams on the 2 nights leading up to the International Stop Food Waste Day", which is April 28th. Six flats have been chosen for the rollout, each with a resident Instagram account, and will document the process as they cook the two meals and dessert supplied in the box. The box itself contains "New Zealand's commonly wasted ingredients such as potatoes and carrots, alongside recipes that can be used for these ingredients", and a pamphlet with more information on New Zealand's wasteful food practices.

Shaina, Lance, Emma, Emily, Molly and Lizzie hope that their effort shows people a better way to pay for food, by buying only

what you need, and planning ahead to stop yourself from "going into the supermarket and just buying what you feel like". They hope that via the Instagram push, they'll reach a target group of people that already care about healthy living and food waste, so their message will have a higher chance of falling into the right hands.

Critic reached out to some students to see what they thought about food waste in Dunedin. Keegan said that her flat "is relatively good with food waste, some flatmates are better than others." She cleaned out her fridge last week and said that "there were only a couple of tomatoes and a bag of carrots that had gone off, but other than that it was pretty good." She reckoned that a list of recipes to take advantage of these wasted items could "potentially" be helpful, because some people in the flat "have their own tastes", which apparently don't include veggies.



Wednesdays
8:30 – 9:30am*
OUSA Clubs & Socs
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

*Otago University students only

Clubs
& Socs
ousa

#comeplayousa



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

On registration:

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

On the night

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

After the party

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

REGISTER YOUR PARTY GOODONE.ORG.NZ

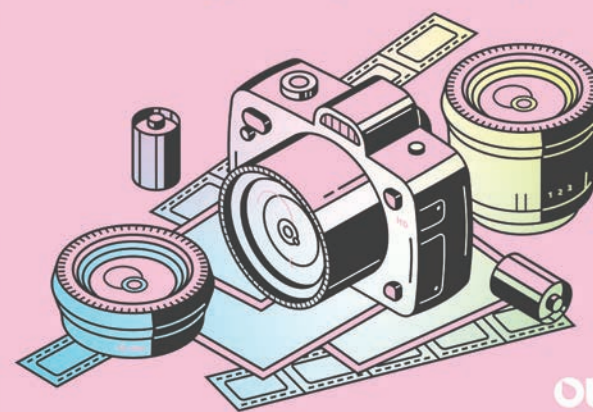
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ARTWEEK!
embracing creativity
THE ANNUAL
PHOTO COMP

Applications open
28th March - 1st May 2022

Enter at
bit.ly/ousaphotocomp



ARTWEEK!
embracing creativity

CRITIC
POETRY
COMP

Poet and you know it?
Too afraid to blow it?

Although it may be held in May,
maybe be keen to have a say in the
Art Week poetry contest – yay!

Enter a poem or two for your chance
to win prizes, glory, and a spot in
Critic Magazine, hooray!

Applications open **Weds 6th April**
Applications close **5pm Mon 2nd May**

bit.ly/ousapoetrycomp

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arohi.

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Uni Spent Almost \$750k On Dairy in 2021

Those figures almost make you want to cream

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

Figures obtained by Critic Te Arohi show the Uni spent almost \$750k on milk and dairy products in 2021.

Peer into almost any fridge in Uni and you'll see it: bottle after bottle of Meadow Fresh milk. From hall breakfasts and morning coffees to office tearooms, the white stuff seems to be an unavoidable presence across campus. One student told Critic Te Arohi that their office alone has an average of 20-30L of milk in the fridge week to week, stocked up like a dairy-farming doomsday-prepper's wet dream. But it turns out that these rivers of tearoom milk only form the tip of a very, very large iceberg.

According to the Uni's Procurement Manager, Stephen Hall, a total of

\$740,170.24 was spent on purchasing milk and dairy products in 2021. This figure includes "residential college catering, food outlets on campus, catering for events, and providing milk for staff tea and coffee".

Anyone familiar with the dairy aisle will know Meadow Fresh milk sits on the bougie side compared to the humble Value or Homebrand stuff. A 2L bottle goes for \$5 at Countdown, compared to \$3.90 for Homebrand or even cheaper at stores like Yogiji's. But a price list obtained by Critic Te Arohi suggests the Uni aren't really paying a premium for the brand – which makes sense, since it's largely the same milk bottled in the same factories by the same companies. While the figures vary by brand, it looks like the Uni generally gets a solid 30-50% discount compared to supermarket prices. Must be nice.

All that sweet, sweet dairy cash goes to Goodman Fielder, an Australian food conglomerate who is contracted to supply the Uni's milk and dairy needs. They dominate Aotearoa's grocery aisles as the owners of Meadow Fresh, Chelsea Sugar, Edmonds, Irvines, Nature's Fresh, Vogel's and many other brands besides.

They are, in turn, owned by Wilmar International: a Singapore-based food-processing behemoth who is one of the largest producers of sugar and palm oil in the world. Wilmar raked in \$75 billion last year, with CEO Kuok Khoon Hong receiving a cool \$17 million pay cheque. To put it another way, the \$750k the Uni spent on their products last year would've paid his salary for 2 weeks.

Ayo, New Hyde St Just Dropped

Now you won't just be poor, you'll be poor, cold and behind on study!

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

OUSA has confirmed that the Hyde St party is back for another year. After some uncertainty over dates, it's finally been locked in to happen just a week before semester one exams.

OUSA confirmed on April 12 that the Hyde St Party will go ahead this year. After previously postponing the original date from April 30 to late September, they've announced that it'll happen on May 28. In case you don't have your OUSA wall planner handy, this is the Saturday before semester one lectures finish and the exam period begins. It's only 10 days before the first exams begin on 8 June, involving everyone from panicky Health Scis doing CELS191 to 2nd year Politics students and the jaded, burnt-out souls putting themselves through third-year Psych.

In other words, it seems there's no better time for a right royal piss-up than in the middle of panic-cram study time. Hilary, a student, certainly seems to think so: "The new date is kind of ideal because it's after all my assignments are due and before exams, so it's perfect for me."

This is the first year non-students are allowed to buy tickets to the event. However, these are in limited supply and purchasers have to be a Hyde St resident, or invited by a Hyde or Clyde St resident. All other rules stay the same, including the ban on first-years. In other words, freshers and boomers trying desperately to relive your young years, you're still shit out of luck.

The tickets will set you back \$60 for students, \$70 for non-students, and \$20 if you're a Hyde St resident. There has to

be at least one perk to living on Hyde, we guess. Hyde St hasn't been immune to the cost-of-living crisis either: even before booking fees are included, prices have jumped almost 10% (\$5) for students, and 35% (\$7) for street residents, compared to last year. We asked Emma, a Hyde St resident, about this. At first, she didn't know that residents have to pay (sorry to burst your bubble, Emma). She thought it "kind of sucks [that Hyde St is] more expensive, but since student loan is going up I'm not that fussed". Emma clearly knows how to budget.

If your flat is keen to get amongst having the best day you won't remember, the general lottery for tickets opens April 28 at 4pm, and will close a week after, at 4pm on May 5. Best of luck breathas and beezys: Critic Te Arohi will see you out there.

ART WEEK!

embracing creativity

9 - 13 MAY 2022

EXHIBITION

9-13 MAY

THE ANNUAL PHOTO COMP

9-13 MAY

9-13 MAY

CRITIC POETRY COMP

9-13 MAY

ART CLUB ANONYMOUS ART SWAP

BRUSH & BEVVIES

10 MAY

24HR PHOTO COMP

10 MAY

11 MAY

ART CLUB CROCHET WORKSHOP

11 MAY

(RADIO ONE 91FM) MARKET DAY

V ENERGY PRESENTS DJ WORKSHOP & FUTURE DJ COMP

11 MAY

Music Talks

12 MAY

MORE INFO ON FB: ART WEEK 2022

DILLON FRANCIS

USA

THURSDAY 14TH JULY

DUNEDIN: UNION HALL

TICKETS VIA TICKET FAIRY

ousa

PACIFIC ISLAND STUDENTS' PRESIDENT

Elisepa Taukolo

Mālō e lelei, Kia Orana, Bula vinaka, Talofa lava, Kam na mauri, Fakaalofa lahi atu and Warm Pacific Greetings! My name is Elisepa Taukolo and it's a privilege to be serving as the President of the University of Otago Pacific Island Student Association (UOPISA). UOPISA is the over-arching strategic pacific student association, where we work and sit alongside OUSA. We represent thirteen pacific associations which consist of academic and cultural associations listed below.

Academic Associations

Pacific Islands Health Professional Students' Association (PIHPSA)
Humanities Otago Pacific Students' Association (HOPSA)
Science Students Pacific Island Student Association (SSPIA)
Otago Pacific Island Commerce Student Association (OPICSA)
Biomedical Otago Pacific Island Students' Association (BOPSA)
Pacific Island Law Students' Association (PILSA)

Cultural Associations

Otago Melanesian Island Students' Association (OMISA)
Otago Kiribati Island Students' Association (OKISA)
Otago Tongan Students' Association (OTSA)
Otago Samoan Students Association (OSSA)
Otago Niue Students' Association (ONSA)
Otago Fijian Island Student Association (OFISA)
Otago Cook Island Student Association (OCISA)

One of my goals I would like to achieve this year is establishing UOPISA as the primary financial support for our Pacific student associations. This looks like co-ordinating and managing direct funding from the university. I want to acknowledge that UOPISA sits at a strategic level and can't offer our associations the appropriate cultural, academic, or wellbeing support that they deserve. However, I want us to be able to offer financial backing for our incredible member associations to push out these initiatives and offer these forms of support to our pacific students for them to thrive and excel even more.

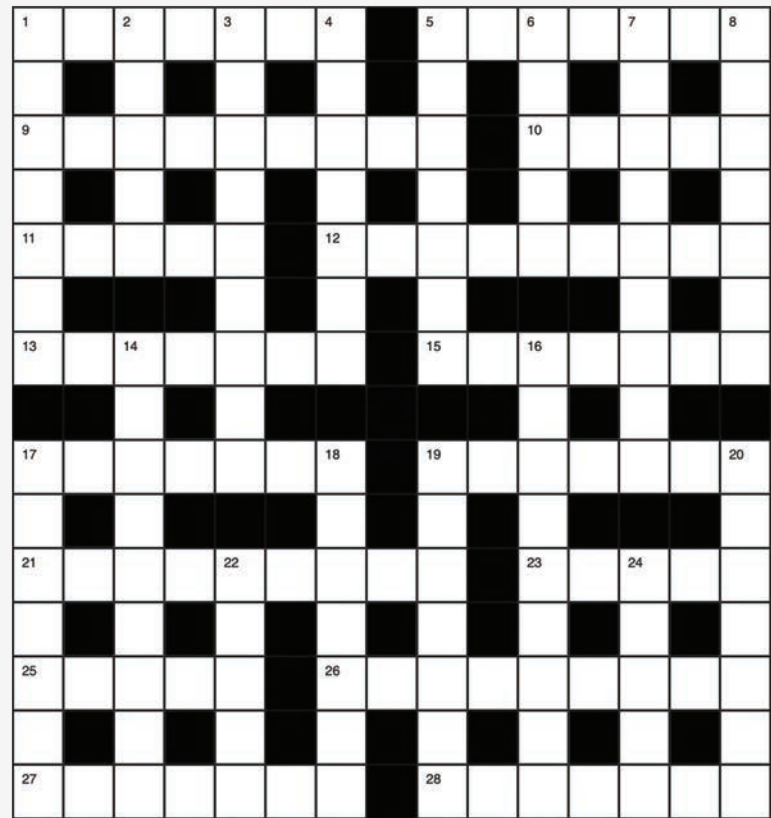
Mālō 'aupito.

ousa

EXECUTIVE

PUZZLES

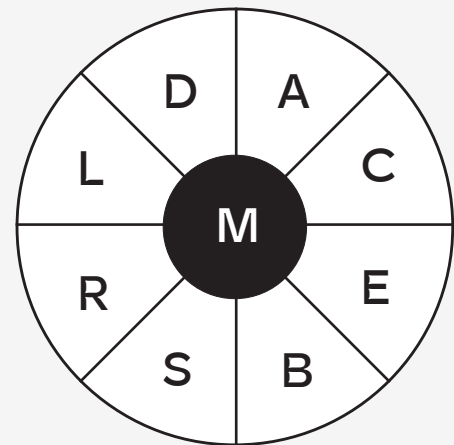
CROSSWORD



- ACROSS:**
- 1. Arsenal rival (7)
 - 5. MTV show about online relationships (7)
 - 9. Pool game (5,4)
 - 10. Sexy trap (5)
 - 11. "What's ___?", gullible response (2,3)
 - 12. Flowering shrub (9)
 - 13. Augustus, for one (7)
 - 15. Got sweeter, perhaps (7)
 - 17. 2007 animated penguin film (5,2)
 - 19. Fruit sometimes injected with LSD (7)
 - 21. Singing without instruments (1,8)
 - 23. Crime syndicate (5)
 - 25. Night vision? (5)
 - 26. Hilarious sea creature (9)
 - 27. Cell division (7)
 - 28. Break into pieces (7)

- DOWN:**
- 1. Gloriavale, for one (7)
 - 2. Made a mistake (5)
 - 3. 1995 stripper cult classic (9)
 - 4. One more (7)
 - 5. Clam soup (7)
 - 6. Shinbone (5)
 - 7. Non-hydrocarbon compounds (9)
 - 8. Otago hall which had "naked activities" witnessed from the hospital (7)
 - 14. Everlasting (9)
 - 16. A burning desire (9)
 - 17. Fame (7)
 - 18. Regulates (7)
 - 19. Warrior women (7)
 - 20. "Bad ___", 2011 film starring Cameron Diaz (7)
 - 22. Customizes flashily (5)
 - 24. False move (5)

WORD WHEEL



Make as many words as you can using the central letter and without repeating any letters.
6–15 good / 16–20 great

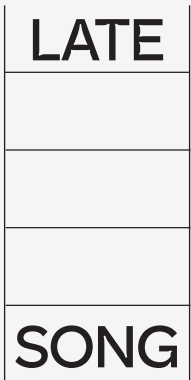
WEEK 07 CROSSWORD ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1. BOHEMIA 5. BACARDI 9. STOIC 10. ETA 11. NOCAP 13. OTHELLO 14. KAREN 15. BORAT 17. ANGEL 18. ITALY 23. EARTH 25. INCEL 26. OBVIOUS 28. CRANK 29. TAJ 30. ABOUT 32. ESSENCE 33. BILLION

DOWN: . . BESPOKE 2. HBO 3. MACRON 4. APESHIT 5. BRAILLE 6. CON JOB 7. ROCK 8. IMPORTS 12. GRINDR 16. RELICS 19. DEBACLE 20. DEVOTEE 21. BOOB JOB 22. CLINTON 24. HOCKEN 25. ISRAEL 27. YAKS 31. OBI

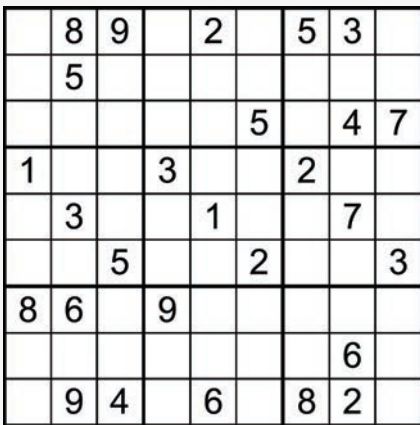
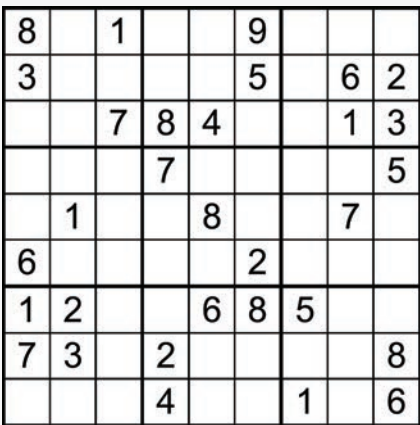
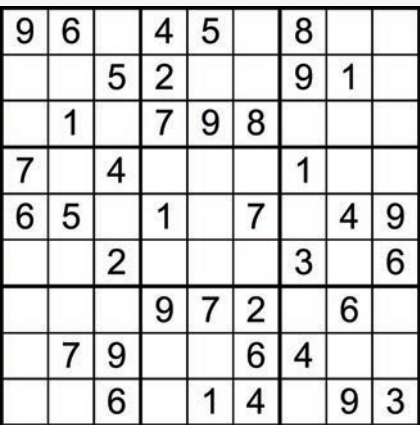
WORD LADDER SOLUTION: BEAR-BEAT-BELT-BELL-BULL

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.



SUDOKU



WORDFIND

- BRACES
- BRUSH
- CALCIUM
- CANINE
- CAVITY
- CROWNS
- DENTIST
- ENAMEL
- FILLING
- FLOSS
- GUM
- INCISOR
- JAW
- MOLAR
- PLAQUE
- PLATES
- PREMOLAR
- PULP
- ROOT
- ROOTCANAL
- TARTAR

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



THE GREAT CRITIC TE AROHI

BY ELLIOT WEIR & SEAN GOURLEY

Flat Garden Competition

Most of Dunedin is a concrete and shattered-glass wasteland. The only crops that grow are a large quantity of substandard housing, liquor stores and fast food restaurants. However, there are a few green spaces that, against all odds, have managed to produce life from Dunedin's inebriated fields. Oases of greenery abound in patches of barren dirt. In recognition of this miracle, Critic launched a flat garden competition to honour those who have green enough thumbs to grow plants at their flat.

Submissions were judged based on three factors, each on a scale from zero to ten:

- Variety: reflecting the range of plants in the garden.
- Aesthetic: reflecting the natural beauty of the garden, and;
- Usefulness: reflecting the ability of the plants to be used, whether that be through consumption or anything else.

Thanks to everyone that submitted, the enthusiasm was unreal and there were some tough calls to be made. Here we consider the top three submissions for the main competition, with three special mentions for submissions that demonstrated something out of the ordinary.

Eliana

1st PLACE

"I had inherited a heap of New World My Little Garden pots from a flat back in 2020. I set aside a Saturday arvo and must have planted about 50 of them - a mixture of tomato, lettuce, radish, spring onion, carrot, leek, broccoli, beetroot, kale, spinach, cabbage... the list goes on and I'm probably forgetting some. I had no idea whether the seeds would even germinate. But low and behold, a couple days later they started to sprout!

There was no proper veggie patch in the yard, so I had to get creative. I took some large blocks of firewood and used them to make a barrier beside an old bathtub that was left in our yard. I filled up the barrier with five big bags of soil and then got to planting.

I was a bit nervous to leave my garden for two and a half weeks over Christmas and New Year, but when I got back, I discovered that Dunedin's shitty, unreliable summer weather had done wonders for my garden. It had clearly produced just enough rain and just enough sun for my little garden to truly thrive!"

Variety: 9
Aesthetic: 5
Usefulness: 9



Sally & Ruby

✿ 2nd PLACE

"We moved to our lovely London Street flat at the start of this year with three others. All of us are passionate about food, good produce, and the environment. Our flat has a small front yard which we weren't able to dig into. Ruby already had some plants in containers from a previous flat, which were the official start to Whio Farms. Sally was keen to get involved too, and soon a few pots turned into many.

One of the first things we did when we moved in was build a veggie planter from an old bed base left behind by previous tenants. Because we are between seasons we have a 'mad hatter' capsicum plant and an eggplant plant still fruiting, and some lettuce and broccoflower seeds germinating in 6-cell trays. Sally studies botany so is great at picking out what to plant and when. We recently harvested all of our tomatoes so we could replace the plants with broccoflower and beetroot. The green tomatoes became salsa and the others we made into sauce for eggplant parmigiana with eggplants from the garden."

Variety: 7
Aesthetic: 8
Usefulness: 7

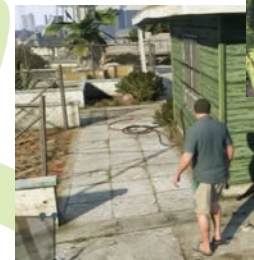


Adrita

✿ 3rd PLACE

"I have genuinely spent a good year and a half making my garden and I have a somewhat concerning amount of plants. It started at the beginning of 2021 when I decided to try to grow some herbs. They did pretty well, and then I just kept adding plants and most of them did alright considering the frosty conditions in Dunedin. Over the summer, everything flourished and now I am working on rotating out the summer crop for new winter vegetables."

Variety: 7
Aesthetic: 5
Usefulness: 7



Rata

Rata receives special mention because of the sheer quantity of indoor plants maintained by her flat. In addition to plants seen in the photo Rata says "there's a bunch more but we couldn't be fucked moving them."



Harry

Harry receives a special mention for his submission of a basil plant perched atop a flat windowsill. His photo is included for its artistic value more than anything. The picture reminds us that in many ways, we are all a thriving basil plant encased in a beer pong cup.



HONOURABLE MENTIONS

Jidapa

Jidapa receives a special mention because although the picture quality of the submission was poor (it was taken on an Android apparently) the garden is stunning. Frankly, it probably would have won if the pictures were better. Adding a human element, Jidapa says that keeping a garden provides a refuge from the high crime rates in the area.



A Piss-tory of Dunedin Breweries

By Thomas Rillstone



Finlayson & Collins,
PHOTOGRAPHERS

Alcohol, booze, grog... whatever you call it, Dunedinites just can't seem to get enough of the stuff. While the stereotype is often blown out of proportion, it's certainly not without any basis in reality; Dunedin students are known to love a good drink or twelve. Thomas Rillstone, who hosts the History of Aotearoa New Zealand Podcast, first gained an appreciation for beer during his time at Otago Uni, and he's here to tell us more about Dunedin's history with the stuff.

Dunedin was once the brewing capital of Aotearoa New Zealand, producing more than a quarter of the entire country's beer in 1880. So even though the sale of alcohol has been cracked down on in North Dunedin, and student bars hunted to extinction, our history of producing beer is all around us. In fact, you probably walk past the sites of former breweries every day, or maybe you regularly shop in one, or better yet, you might even live on top of a former holy site of Dunedin beer.

Let's start with Dunedin's very first brewery, aptly named the Dunedin Brewery. It was located on the corner of Pitt Street, Heriot Row and Royal Terrace, roughly where number 74 is now, from 1856-58. It wasn't uncommon for breweries to only last a few years back in those days, and just like any small business, a disaster, bad luck or plain stupidity could cause the whole thing to come crashing down. In the case of the Dunedin Brewery though, the story ended when the owner moved the operation to another site and no further brewing was done at number 74. This is unusual, because normally the same site will host multiple breweries over time, most often due to their access to clean water. This brewery wasn't anything particularly special in the scheme of things, but it was a pretty big deal in its day. Dunedin's first brewery meant that, for the first time, Dunedinites could get their hands on relatively cheap beer without needing to import it from Europe, and it paved the way for the giants that were to come.

One of these giants was the Water of Leith Brewery, run by a couple of guys called Marshall & Copeland from 1862-87. Their operation was spread across town, including a spot on Malvern Street, but the main brewery was on the site of what is now Galaxy Books on Great King. At the time, Ōwheo (Leith) actually ran a bit closer to this spot, hence the name, which gave them access to fresh water. And for a long time, these guys were the top of the hops when it came to Dunedin beer, brewing ~16,000 gallons more than their nearest competitor in 1878. A lot of their success had to do with access to overseas markets, particularly Australia, Fiji and other Pacific Islands. However, it was not to last.



309-1451

Water of Leith Brewery
c. 1875

NY 253A





Speights Brewery, Rattray Street, c.1905. Cyclopedia of New Zealand, vol.4., S06-149d, Hocken Collections Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago.

1878 also saw Marshall & Copeland buy a failed brewery on Cumberland Street, just across the road from the train station, and they soon shifted their main brewing operation there. They actually tried to sell the Galaxy Books site but nobody wanted it, so they used it to supplement their main operation. Unfortunately for them, this move had emptied their wallets, and following Marshall’s death, Copeland declared bankruptcy. Like the fall of a giant tree, the space left when Water of Leith collapsed was pounced upon by sprightly young breweries, including a little operation by the name of Speight’s.

When Water of Leith went pear-shaped, Speight’s was able to take over all the old giant’s export markets, and soon rocketed up to become the largest brewery in Aotearoa. As for the Galaxy Books site, it would see brewing continue under Speight’s until 1976 when the whole thing was demolished. The Cumberland Street site was sold off. Speight’s had planted its roots, and would continue to grow for a long, long time, but there were several other trees in the canopy jostling for space.

Just across the road from Galaxy Books, somewhere around where Leisure Lodge is now, was the Well Park Brewery from 1862-94. This brewery was also a major player, but their main claim to fame was that it was the very building in which the three founders of Speight’s first met. How romantic. Well Park actually sold them the land on which the Speight’s brewery currently sits! This brewery, and the malting company that spawned from it, actually did pretty well in the wake of Speight’s dominance of the lower South Island, so fair play to them. 32 years is not a bad run. A second brewery on this spot was run by Powley & Co., who actually had the job of bottling Speight’s prior to this venture. They had made a deal with Speight’s parent company to buy some breweries off them, but after Prime Minister Walter Nash’s ‘Black Budget’ increased the tax on beer in 1958, it didn’t take long for Powley to hand those breweries right back.

The corner of Pitt and Elder Streets, just up the road from The Bog, hosted Strachan’s (pronounced Strawn’s) Brewery from 1861-1923, which is quite the tenure! Apparently, the remains of the water well in the brewery are still somewhere in the flat at 18 Pitt St, so if you live at 18 Pitt St and can give us a tour, please do. The interesting tale with these guys is that when the brewery was being sold by the National Bank in 1907, they offered it to Speight’s (are you sensing a theme here?), who refused. The bank kept persisting, and still, Speight’s told them to piss off. That is, until Charles Greenslade (one of the founders of Speight’s) was approached by a guy in Christchurch who told him that if the Pride of the South didn’t buy Strachan’s, a syndicate of their rivals would, and they were going to use it to ruin the Dunedin beer scene. Greenslade was sufficiently spooked by this and immediately ordered the brewery be purchased, but to keep it on the down-low so that the prohibitionists didn’t get their knickers in a twist, which was also a thing that was happening at the time.

Just across the road from the Baaa, where Meenan’s now sits, was the Red Lion Brewery from 1862-1912 (pictured on page 22). Not to be confused with the much more famous Lion Red, Red Lion’s most famous owner was Maurice Joel, an engraver who also ran a hardware and boat supplies store on Princes Street, but who eventually sold off those side gigs to focus on the brewery full time. Joel had a rather troubled career as a brewer, battling fire, floods, water pollution and debts to try and keep the piss flowing. Against all odds, he managed to make his brewery one of the best in Dunedin by the mid-1870s, employing 20 staff and being the first to use steam power in the brewing process. Red Lion was expanded many times, seeing increases in both demand and government regulations, but unfortunately as Joel got older and his health failed, the brewery fell into decline and his sons decided to sell the land. The buyer? You can probably guess: James Speight & Co., who kept Strachan’s brewery there until 1923. You can also see Strachan’s place on the site of the junior portion of George Street School, just down the road from the fantastic Willowbank Dairy. It was there until 1952 when the Ministry of Education bought it.

Even ol’ Gardies, now the Marsh Study Centre, hosted a brewery for three years. From 1876 to ‘79, the Marsh’s occupants were Burton Brewery. This land was initially owned by Marshall from Water of Leith Brewery but it ended up in the hands of a guy called Lathbury, who was blamed for the failure of the former brewery that Marshall & Copeland bought on Cumberland St. It seems his reputation may have followed him, as Burton Brewery quickly failed and he offered it up for sale, finding no buyers, not even Speight’s. Adding insult to injury, the building was engulfed in a fire which was thought to be started by “a tramp sleeping in the building [who discarded] a match”, a sort of proto-breatha.

Only one of Dunedin’s many OG breweries is still standing, still on the original site where it was founded way back in 1876: Speight’s, the titan of Dunedin beer. As you can gather from the previous stories, Speight’s was an absolute juggernaut, dominating the South Island beer trade all the way up to WW2. The Speight’s brewery today looks like a bit of a hodgepodge, as it has been gradually expanded over the years, and the main parts of the building that you can see on Rattray Street were constructed in 1882, 1940 and ~2014.

There is so much to say about Speight’s, including their meteoric rise to glory, their fight with Dominion Breweries, their American export venture (exclusively sold at Trader Joe’s) and even a petty scrap between James Speight and the Otago Daily Times (in which James took out an ad for three months in another newspaper just to send a big ‘fuck you’ to the ODT), but that’s another story.

There are also a lot of other sites not featured here, such as Sydney Street in Caversham, Hanover Street by the Meridian Mall and one in South D across the road from West’s Cordials. That’s probably enough for one article, though. Hopefully you now have a newfound appreciation for the history of the city you find yourself drinking in, knowing that your weekly pilgrimage to the Octagon isn’t just about getting sloshed, but that you are, in fact, following in the stumbling, bumbling, twisting footsteps of your foredrinkers. Enjoy that history responsibly.

The History of Aotearoa New Zealand Podcast can be found on Spotify, Apple Podcasts, and wherever else good podcasts are found, as well as historyaotearoa.com.

Dunedin North from Elder Street, 1870s. Burton Brothers photograph, Box-092-014, Hocken Collections Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago.



Speights Brewery, n.d. De Maus photograph, P1957-002/2-436, Hocken Collections Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago.

Shower? I Barely Know Her! Getting Squeaky Clean on Campus

By Keegan Wells

The shower in my flat is garbage.

Water pressure is flaccid at best and the temperature needs to be on mood-stabilisers. So after stumbling upon the showers in Te Tumu, I wondered how many showers are around campus that myself and other shower-seeking students could use. This led to the strangest treasure hunt of my life: figuring out where all the showers on campus are, and whether or not the chemistry department will let me use their emergency chemical wash shower (spoiler alert: they did not).

The Leith

Technically, this is a bath, but we'll just go with it. The Leith was not as bad as I originally thought it would be. Yes, it was cold, but not nearly as cold as expected. The flow is constant and all-encompassing so you don't have to worry about missing any extra conditioner in your hair. The best spot was on the rocks just up past the little bridge, where the water rushes just that much quicker. Also there's the added benefit of a small back massage from the rocks. While the Leith isn't exactly the most private locale, it makes up for that with the clout you receive from posting a photo of you bathing in the Leith to your Tinder.

Bathing in the Leith was an experience everyone needs to try at least once. When else will you be able to float your rubber duckies alongside real duckies? I'm willing to bet: almost never. However, it is probably the only bath I've ever experienced where I felt dirtier after getting out of it than I did getting into it. On the flipside, all the soap that just washed off my body probably made the Leith a little bit cleaner, so in a way, the Leith is actually the one getting a lil' scrub-a dub-dub. Once I got out of the Leith I went straight to Student Health and asked them to test me for everything. Results will be posted soon.

Vibes: Hippies that say they're planet-conscious but are actually just broke and selfish.

Fungal Infection Likelihood: Multiple.

Rating: 3/10.





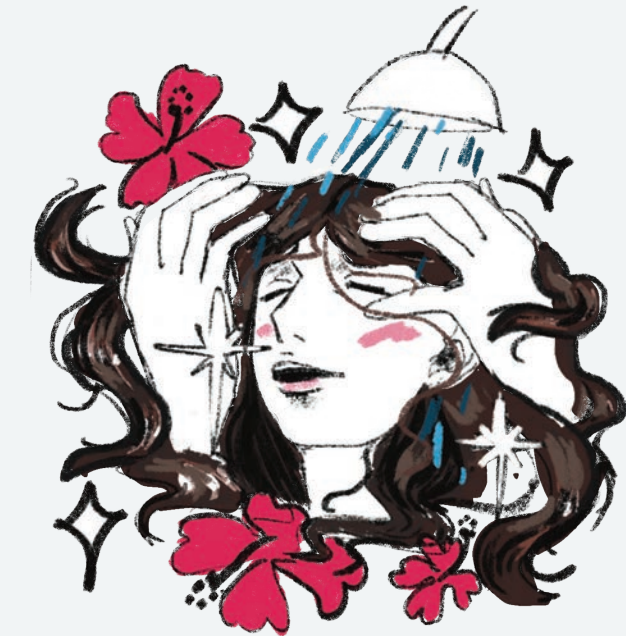
Unipol

Okay, what in the sweet municipal water supply is this? Is it common knowledge that the showers at Unipol are this terrible? As someone who does not frequent the Unipol showers, I had high expectations as they must get common use. Imagine my surprise walking in and just seeing a single button on the wall, staring at me like some sort of linoleum cyclops. You can't change the temperature, which may be fine for guys who don't like to burn their skin straight off their bodies, but as a female I want it to be scorching hot. I want to be able to hard boil an egg - my eggs, even - in the shower, and this wasn't even warm enough to make me turn all pink and mushy. In the summer this may be fine, but come winter, this is unacceptable. Shower temperature is not your huffer beanie, one size does not fit all. Which almighty Unipol administrator thought this was okay? I don't know, but I want strong words, and I want those strong words to be said to them while they try to enjoy this shit-show(er).

Not only is the temperature screwed beyond repair, but all the showers are all on timers. Not two minutes or something sensible, but like 30 seconds. This doesn't stop you from running the water while massaging the shampoo through your scalp but it does take two or three pushes just to rinse the shampoo out. Wynter, a student that I may or may not have ambushed in the shower psycho-style, said that "I swear all the timers are different." I did not fact-check this, but I believed it. While I'm all for saving the environment, maybe if they were two minute increments I would be inclined to only press it once rather than repetitively out of spite.

Did I mention they were small as well? I appreciate how many showers they have within the fine establishment, as it would be pretty difficult to not have an available shower, so that was great. Privacy was average, but I did not really look at the other factors because I was so pissed off about the loathsome, terrifyingly minimalist single button operation they've got going on.

Vibes: Lukewarm pit of hell.
Fungal Infection Likelihood: Low, but not impossible.
Rating: 2/10.



Owheo (Comp Sci Building)

The beauty of showering in the Comp Sci building is the fact I was probably the first ever person to use them. The showers are a part of the disabled toilets, which gives you a lot of space but comes with ethical considerations. I was sad to see that there are no windows in the room, which can feel claustrophobic. But, if you BYO candle, it can feel more a sensory deprivation chamber, and that's class. The water also negates a risk of fire hazard, but if you set off a smoke alarm I don't think anyone is going to take sympathy on you for hogging the disabled toilets to have a personal spa day. So. That being said, the privacy of Owheo is stellar, even outside the showers most people will not make eye contact with you. It's an introvert's dream.

The shower pressure was absolutely delicious. The heavy waterfall gives a better head massage than your partner, and it doesn't get tired and stop halfway through. The showerhead was also adjustable for changing flow rates from fine to thick settings, both of which can also be used to describe me. The only somewhat sketchy thing about the Owheo showers was the green stale towel that was already in the room when I arrived. I used it on the bottom of the mop to clean up the water splashes after I was finished, so if that was your towel, go to Briscoes immediately. I would hate to see what your bed sheets look like.

Vibes: Namaste-inside here forever.
Fungal Infection Likelihood: Maybe if you licked everything, but probably not.
Rating: 7/10.



Te Tumu

The showers in Te Tumu are the same layout as Comp Sci, again located in the accessible toilets and with the adjustable stream rate. However, there was more lighting in the Te Tumu showers and vibes were just that much better. The most outstanding feature was the smell. These showers smelt absolutely amazing. I did not see any scent diffuser in the room so it must have been installed into the water specifically for the showers for this moment exactly, and let me tell you, I felt like I was in a floral garden soaking up the sun. When reality came back into focus and I remembered I was in a shower on campus, I debated dropping out for the fifth time this week and absconding to the Pacific Islands because I assume they smell like this all the time.

The other added benefit of Te Tumu over the Comp Sci showers is their central location on campus. Owheo is quite out of the way for a lot of people while Te Tumu lies in the middle of campus, perfect for when you sweat your way through a grey T-shirt after carrying your entire team in a group project. This example is obviously nonsense, though, because anyone who wears grey t-shirts has never pulled their weight in a group project.

Vibes: Immaculate and oddly comforting, womb-like.
Fungal Infection Likelihood: I don't care, I tasted everything in there to try to find the source of that scent.
Rating: 8/10.



OUSA Clubs and Socs

Now this is what I call a shower! Bloody well done OUSA. If your shower ever breaks at your flat, or your landlord decides to do renos without telling you, go to OUSA. In fact, fuck it, if you ever want to feel like a Roman goddess, strut your stuff over to Clubs and Socs and treat yo self. I walked in with togs on, towel around my waist, and a bar of soap in hand and the receptionist didn't even bat an eyelash. I also had the showers completely to myself, although I did go in the arvo.

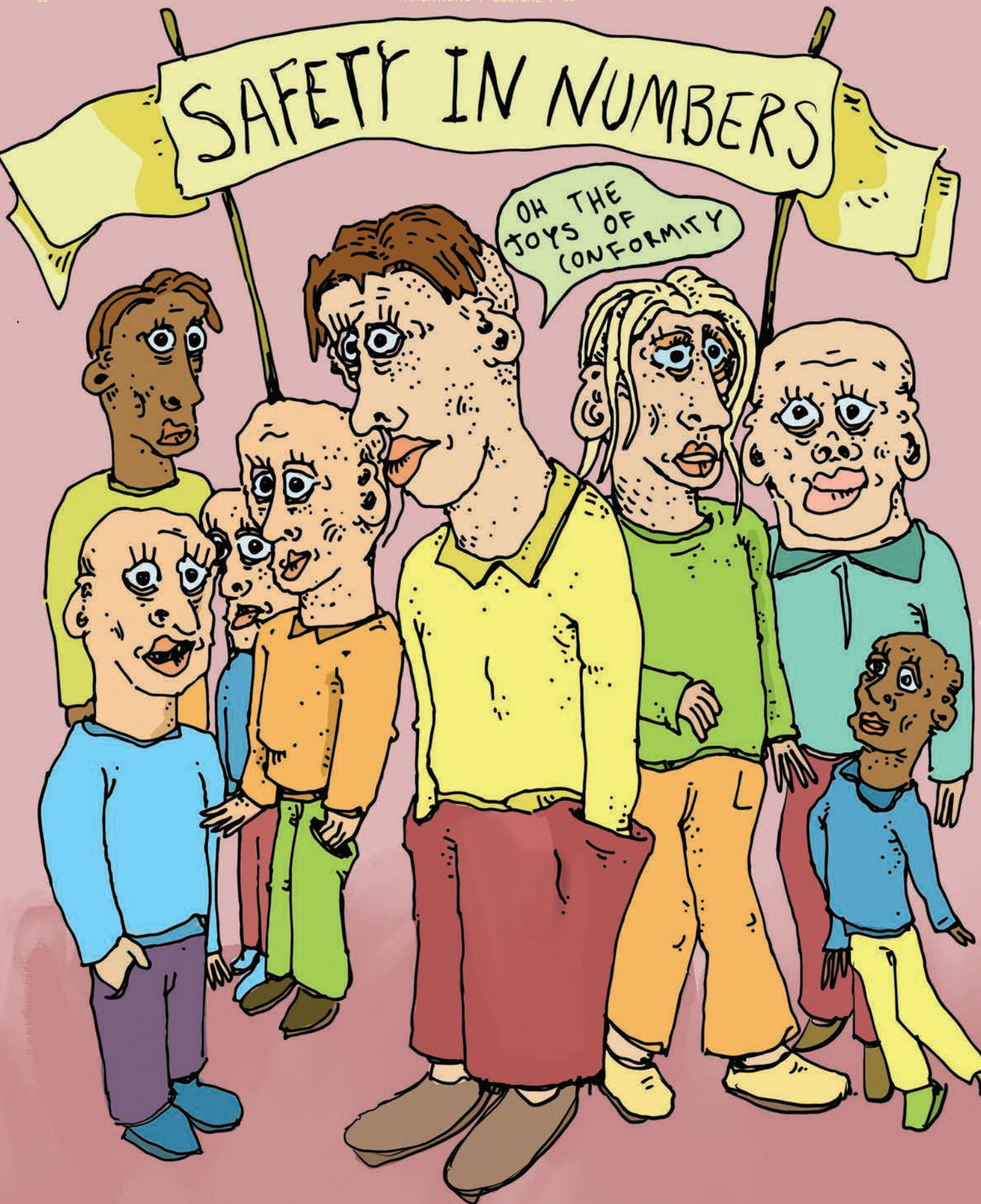
They were spacious, they had great natural lighting, and they were incredibly clean. The Clubs and Socs showers are like what a reality TV remodelling crew would turn the Unipol fiasco into. Also, the Uni forces us to pay a services fee, so you might as well save on your power bill and shower at Clubs and Socs.

The stream was heavy and heated up in 15 seconds which is literally the best you could ask for. There were storage hooks and a bench to put your stuff on with enough distance to avoid the splash zone. I can't recommend them enough.

Vibes: Spa-like quality with a buy-none-get-one-free deal.
Fungal Infection Likelihood: You could eat off the floor.
Rating: 10/10.



Greatest shower on campus: OUSA
Runner-up: Te Tumu



HOW TO SPOT A ~~FRESHER~~ MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY IN THEIR FIRST YEAR OF STUDY

By Sean Gourley

If you're in your first year, congratulations. The move to Orange meant you finally got a taste of Dunedin's social life. This took you one step closer to integrating with the wider student community, one step further away from sticking out like a sore thumb. However, there are still some key characteristics that make spotting a fresher just so bloody obvious. Based on extensive research, we have compiled a naturalist's guide on how to blend in to the wider crowd, and hide the fact that you're new around here.

SNOOPING AROUND FLATS

If you witness someone outside your window peering in longingly at your flat, your first thought might be to call the cops because they're obviously either a pervert or a burglar or both. But wait! They may simply be a lost and afraid fresher desperate to get onto the rental ladder as soon as possible, willing to pay whatever the landlord asks to get their hands on their very own slice of Dunedin slum. Many will be forced to sign flats with people that they barely know out of desperation of what is to come. So when they descend on the flats this year, treat them not with scorn, but with sympathy, as they are but a lost child trying to find the mouldy embrace of their slumlord parents. If you're in your first year, don't do this. It's just not worth it.

CONGREGATING IN AWKWARDLY OVERSIZED GROUPS (THE JOYS OF CONFORMITY)

If the footpaths of Dunedin were arteries, then groups of younglings are blood clots. Life as a member of the University in their first year of study is all about fitting in. You can't burn bridges with people that you hate because you know that you'll be seeing them at lunch every day for the rest of the year, and what's more, those who do cut ties with people risk being left out of the Hunger Games-style flat group selection. Those bridges are much easier to burn when you know you have the guarantee of a health-averse shithole in the future, but until that happens, it is the tendency of members of the University in their first year of study to congregate in packs of frightening dimension, in a groupthink attempt to convince themselves of their own self-worth. Pack behaviour is not uncommon amongst animals near the bottom of the food chain, as there is strength in numbers. If you want to blend in, avoid groups. You're good on your own, have some faith. You'll figure it out. Besides, nothing makes you more attractive than having the confidence to go your own way.

WEIRD AND ANNOYING LIBRARY BEHAVIOUR

Maybe it's because members of the University in their first year of study have not learned to associate the library with pain and suffering yet, that they frequently engage in eyebrow-raising activities such as inappropriate displays of public affection and never shutting the fuck up.

But being obnoxious about their HUBS and LAWS101 lectures allows them to temporarily forget about the impending dread of needing a 96% to get into a life-destroying course of their choosing. There's no ifs, ands or buts about this one. If you're loud in the lib, you haven't figured it out. Alternatively, you're old as fuck and you genuinely don't care anymore, but if you're loud in a group, then it's obvious. If you want to blend in, blend in. It's as simple as that. Assert your silent dominance.

WANDERING AROUND ON A SATURDAY NIGHT WITH NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR TO GO

After basically every student bar in North Dunedin was either bought by the University or succumbed to highly questionable business decisions, the members of the University in their first year of study really have nowhere to go when it comes to drinking. They can try to get their mate's cousin's boyfriend's flat to host them all they want, but that will only happen once if they're lucky, and the truth is no one outside of their year group will really want to hang out with them for any extended period of time. So the result is that once they have been kicked out of their halls they wander aimlessly in the aforementioned awkward groups looking for anywhere to go that will remotely accommodate them. Clots of these lost souls can be spotted in the graveyard, under bridges, and anywhere else that will take them because they haven't secured a niche in the social scene yet and they can't drink in their halls. If you wanna blend in, go play some cards at a seedy bar like a real old person would do.

THE INVISIBLES

There is a clade of members of the University in their first year of study that you will not be able to spot. This is because, unlike the majority of their peers, they have garnered enough life experience before entering Uni that they do not feel the need to be swayed by peer pressure, that their sense of self has developed beyond "I'll have what she's having," and this makes them invisible to the untrained eye. Usually a year older than their counterparts, these individuals are able to blend in almost anywhere, befriending older groups and learning from their ways, swimming against the tide of conformity. But there's a trick to spotting them: ask them what they think of the Uni ID cards. Only members of the University in their first year of study won't know what they're missing.

DUNEDIN GIG VENUES A LOVE STORY, IN VERSE

POETRY BY JAMIEMA LORIMER
ART BY JUSTINA KING

HOW IS IT SO STEEZY FOR YOU
TO BE SO ACQUAINTED WITH DUNEDIN VENUES
HE ASKED
PILLS AND DURIIES HUNG
FROM MY LIPS AS I ANSWERED
'CAUSE DUNEDIN VENUES HAVE
BEEN STEEZY TOME



I WANT TO APOLOGISE TO
ALL THE WOMEN
I HAVE MET IN THE
PINT NIGHT LINE
WHO I FOLLOWED
ON INSTAGRAM
& PROMISED TO MEET
FOR COFFEE

OMG YOUR TOP IS SO CUTE
I WOULD SAY
ALAS
ALL I WAS TRYING TO DO
WAS HAVE A HOON
ON YOUR VAPE

- U-BAR



IS IT WORTH IT

PUTTING UP
WITH ARROGANT
SOFT BOYS

WHOSE MUSIC
TASTE IS BETTER
THAN YOURS?

FOR THE BEST
SMOKE SPOT
IN TOWN

- DIVE



YOU ARE ONLY HERE
AT SUNDAY EVENING JAZZ
BECAUSE YOU ARE DATING SOMEONE
WHO WEARS FEDORAS
OR MEETING WITH YOUR SUGAR DADDY
PLEASE LET IT BE THE SECOND

EITHER WAY
A RETIRED MAN WILL HIT ON YOU

- INCHBAR



I CAN HANDLE MYSELF IN A MOSH
FAMOUS LAST WORDS
OF THE BEANPOLE THIRD YEAR
WHO MISSED THE ONLY BAND ON
THE LINEUP HE KNEW
WHO TOOK KETAMINE
IN A CROWD PURELY RINSED ON
PROLETARIAT RAGE

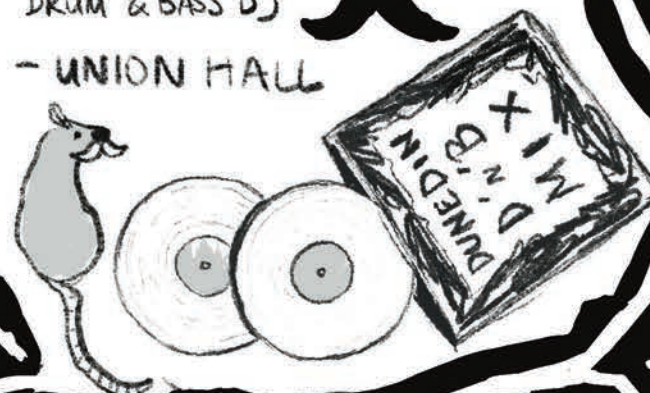
GOOD THING THE SHRIEKS OF
THE LEAD VOCALIST
ARE LOUDER THAN HIS SCREAMS
AS A GOTH GIRL STOMPS HER
DOC-CLAD FOOT ON HIS
PRECIOUS LITTLE NIKES

- THE CROWN



IN A SEA OF RAT MOUSTACHES
YOU ARE THE FOURTH HEADLINING
DRUM & BASS DJ

- UNION HALL



DONT FLINCH TOO HARD
AS YOU TEST YOUR CRAFT BEER



A HOPS-STRICKEN TONGUE RECOILS



YOU'D RATHER HAVE THIS
BITTER REMINDER
THAN NONE AT ALL

- DOG WITH TWO TAILS

NO ONE TOLD ME HOW
STUDENT BAR SHUTDOWNS
TRANSLATE TO GRIEF
MY LIPS SEARCH FOR YOURS
IN EVERY PINT OFF CUT
IF YOU WERE MINE
FOR ONE MORE NIGHT

I WOULD DANCE WITHIN
YOUR WALLS
AS IF IT WERE MY
FIRST TIME
DOING LINES IN THE
CATACOMBS BATHROOM

WHERE WILL I GO FOR
A BEER TOWER NOW?

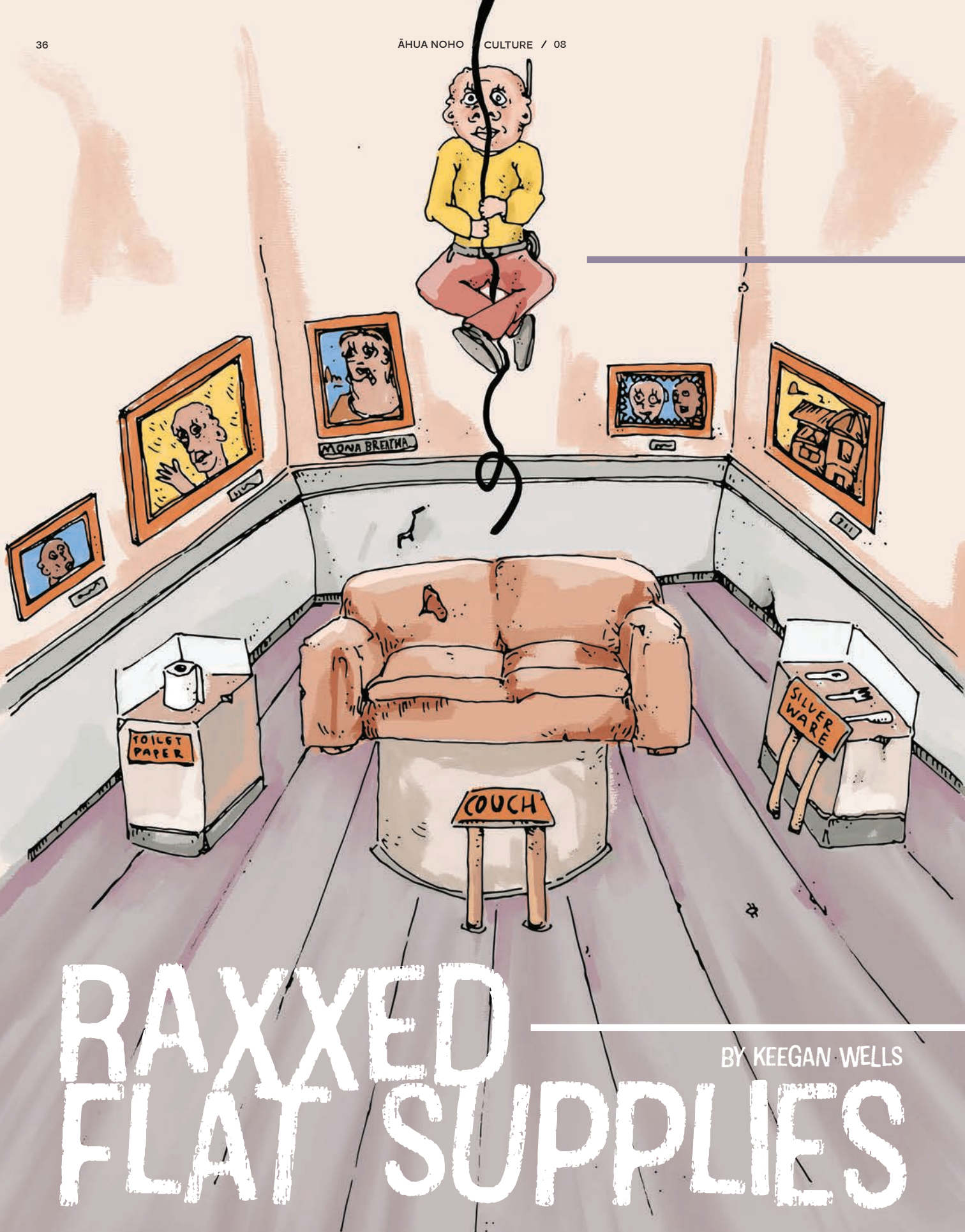
- R.I.P. STARTERS BAR



I BREATHE
YOU BREATHE
WE ALL
BREATH



- CASTLE STREET COURTYARD PARTY



BY KEEGAN WELLS

RAXXED FLAT SUPPLIES

Why spend money on something that someone else already has? Whether it be bin space, spoons, or even toilet paper, someone else has these things, and they could be yours with a little courage.

This way of life isn't new. More than a century ago there was only really one type of car available to consumers: the Ford Model T. If a part broke, there was no need to pay for a replacement. Since everyone had the exact same vehicle, you could just walk down the street until you found a healthy car and take their carburetor, or windscreen, or whatever. You never really owned all your car parts, it was just your time with them. Critic Te Arohi sat down with students that have embraced this piecemeal-stealing lifestyle, who, in acts of rebellion, or maybe even just laziness, appropriated basic necessities from the Uni, their workplace, and other students.

GUY FORKS:

Everyone knows the panic of moving into a new flat and setting up a kitchen. Where does everything go? What shelves are for mugs, and what shelves are for plates? Do we need a knife block, or are we just gonna throw them all in a drawer and call it a day?

When Guy* and his flatmates moved in, they realised that between the four of them, they had literally no silverware. But with a little ingenuity, the cutlery drawer was soon stocked full of fresh spoons, knives and forks. "Our entire kitchen, every piece of silverware came from someone's workplace," he said. Once the plan was devised, filling the drawer took only "about an hour", most of which was travel time to and from work, and for most of which Guy said "I was actually getting paid to do this." It was a swift operation. Guy said, of his strategy, "we didn't want this to be a gradual approach to kitchen completeness. We wanted this to be a one-stop-shop plate piracy activity."

The only big flaw Guy saw with this plan was that "it means I can't have my boss over for dinner, ever". But other than that, things are looking good. Guy's workplace got new cutlery "which they think are better than before but now they have a surplus again". However, the rush of stealing may have gone to his head. The thought crossed his mind that he could just "never wash the cutlery and keep throwing it away and stealing new ones", but on second thought, "that seems wasteful".

Guy reckons his flat's petty crime is a perfect example of sticking it to The Man. "I really think 'fast kitchen fashion' is emblematic of the global capitalist neoliberal system that we are living in; any way you can rally and rage against that machine, I support".

TOM PETTY

In second semester last year, Tom's* flat began to fall apart. Weekly shops were not happening, flat meals were atrocious, and the flat itself was, quite literally, falling apart (this is Dunedin after all). Amidst the chaos, Tom and her flatmates decided to abandon the admin of flat toiletry shops and simply steal toilet paper and other necessities from around Dunedin.

Their hit list included other flats in her complex, cafes, and other restaurants, but their main target was the university. Tom reckoned the habit started due to a "general dissatisfaction with the university" and that she felt entitled to something in return for doing an arts degree, so toilet paper seemed a good fit. Can't wipe your arse with your degree, after all - it's far too firm. The best places to get free toilet paper, ironically, were her own art departments and other areas that she identified as "generally underfunded, but we decided the toilet paper is not supplied by each department individually".

However, after a certain amount of time, "the novelty wore off" and she was constantly thinking about where their next roll was going to come from. Whenever the staff bathrooms were unlocked, Tom's flat got access to the rare and coveted 3 ply toilet paper. When they ran out, tissues were used, which "were a treat".

It got to the point where every time there was toilet paper out in the open, Tom felt the need to steal it, even at a nice family dinner in Queenstown. She thought her parents "would find it funny but absolutely did not". She felt like she "looked like a dick walking around with a large roll under my jersey", and she's probably right about that. But she argued that there is no bad way to live out your "fourth year rebellious rut". After some vague maths calculations, Tom concluded that they did not save any money during this venture, as the price of their replacement tissues was incredibly high. If not the price of tissues, the effort and admin of dealing with IBS and ½ ply must not have been great.

BINYONCÉ

At the start of the year in 2021, Binyoncé's* flatmate was tasked with getting a red bin for the flat since the yellow and blue bins were supplied by their landlord. However, her flatmate did not get around to it, and after three months, they decided that if they'd made it this long without a red bin, they may as well just send it and go the whole year. This resulted in a monumental buildup of rubbish, which at one point built up to about "10 bags of trash" which Binyoncé came home to after finishing a late night shift. "I gotta grind for the flat", she decided, and like a serial killer disposing of a body, she secretly disposed of the pile piece by piece in some neighbouring bins.

She was hooked. Throughout the year, Binyoncé was worried her neighbours would catch her. "It was kind of an adrenaline rush," she said. And like most serial killers that prey on marginalised groups of society, Binyoncé was never caught.

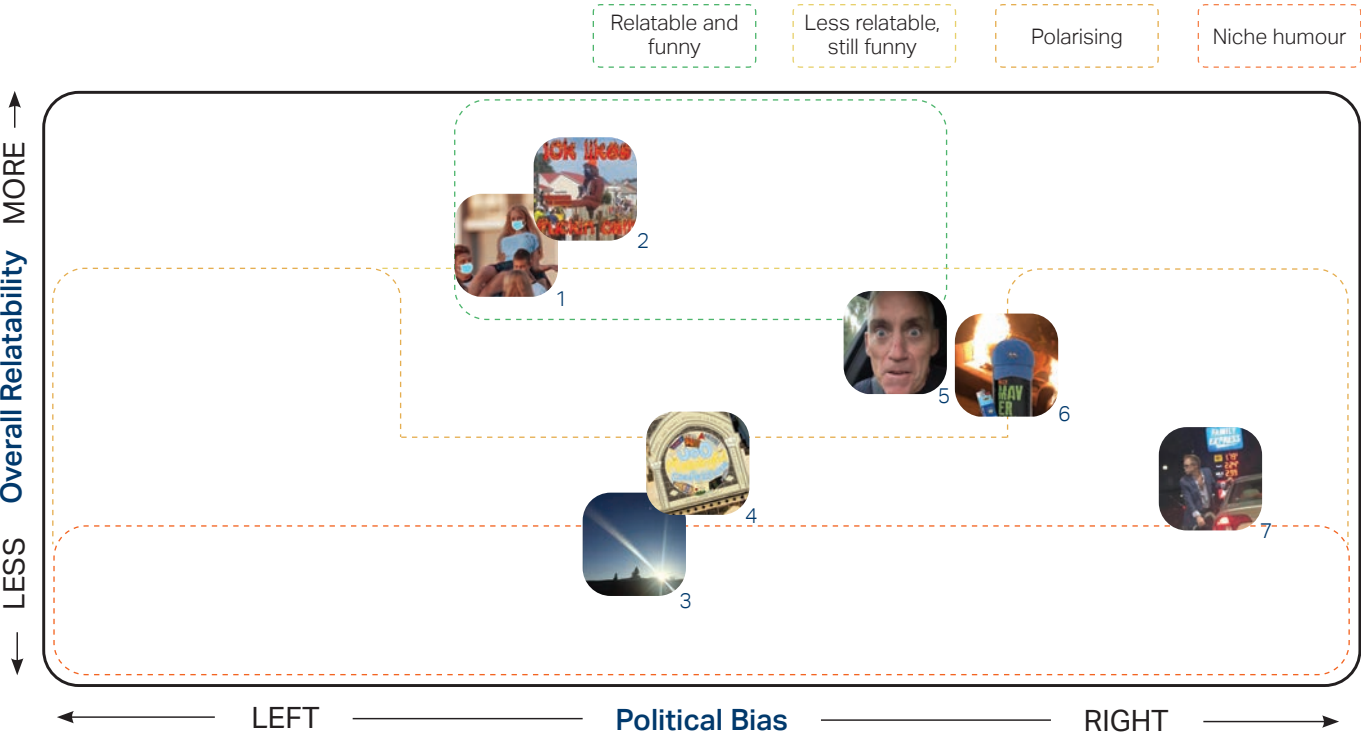
Things weren't always peachy keen in the bin stealing world, though. It's a tough life of crime. The furthest Binyoncé ever had to go to throw rubbish out was a whopping 25 metres away. One of the worst times, they put their indoor bin outside (classic mistake) and it "got wet, smelt really bad and my flatmate investigated it, threw up, and immediately disposed of it". At the end of the year, when all the bins were full of student's \$2 shop purchases they actually didn't need, it was even more of a struggle. It got to the point where Binyoncé was driving around with her mate, leaning "out of the car window, opening bins to check if they were full".

Despite their no-bin adventure being "pretty easy", Binyoncé has hung up her criminal hat and moved out of studentville with some new flatmates. They gave up their life of petty crime and now enjoy a placant lifestyle, parked up in the 'burbs.

*Names changed to protect the guilty.

The Media Bias Chart for Dunedin Shitposting Pages

By Annabelle Parata Vaughan



1. Shore Girl, Shore Thing

SGST is like a public radio station. Grassroots, always relatable, and run by minorities so you know you can trust it. SGST stands as a stalwart girlboss in a sea of grease-choked mullets, so pop off queens for taking on this male dominated field. Content is relatable and funny, but probably only if you're a chick. It's the female equivalent of OCHB, and it's what you should say is your favourite if you want to look cultured.

2. Oi Come Hyde Bro

OCHB is an intellectual shitposting page, complete with good chat and surprisingly relatable observations. Definitely got the accuracy and humour going. There's a sprinkle of misogyny, perhaps (see over photo) but not enough to bring them down. After all, they are a reflection of our society, and they certainly do capture the essence of Dunedin. Admins are great on the piss, too.

3. Scarfie Weather

Scarfie Weather hasn't been super active recently, but at one point they were a pillar of Dunedin's shitposting scene. They're heavy on the emojis and apparently love basketball, but the only "shitposting" is how long it takes them to explain the weather. Feels like re-reading all of Harry Potter when scrolling through, but you gotta respect the grind.

4. UoO Confessions

UoO Confessions facilitates some great advice for the masses (e.g "please wash your willy,") but also facilitates a platform for non-confrontational, passive aggressive flatmates. Since it's 100% user-generated content, there's no real filter on what goes in. While that means the humour and accuracy are both fickle, there are certainly some gems.

5. Mild Concussionposting

MC excels in sensational observational humour. It's heavy on the sport, but funnier than OCCB and less edgy. It's a bit like the semi-conservative radio station that your uncle listens to. It's honest, pure, humble and informative, with a heavy dose of Dad vibes.

6. Oi Come Castle Bro

OCCB is not a reputable news source. It reads like it's run by typical second-years and all of the content is either about sifting on chicks, getting on the piss, or sport, which places it firmly in the right-wing area of the chart. It carries some misogynistic energy (makes a lot of jokes about getting with freshers, seems creepy) and dabbles in political humour, but misses the mark. They do seem to enjoy what Critic has to say, though, which may say more about us than them.

7. Selected Ambient Posts (formerly simp hangout arena)

This page is very male-centric, with frequent posts about UFC and Elon Musk. It's very meme-heavy, and sometimes the comments are funnier than the actual page, a bit like your local conservative talk show. Overall incredibly average, and the recent re-branding and frequent admin changes are very confusing.

LOCAL PRODUCE
By Jamiema Lorimer



Ben & Karen:
Hangover Helper

Karen and Ben are the minds behind Hangover Helper, a capsule-based hangover cure and business. Fittingly, the duo met on the rinse, one fateful night way back in their first year. Following their graduation last year, they combined their powers, Karen's Commerce studies and Ben's Health Sciences, to produce Hangover Helper. As big fans of taking substances in capsule form, Critic had some caps and talked to the pair to find out more.

It was in their third year of dusty Sundays that Ben began seeking out a hangover cure. "Everyone's like 'oh yes, it's just dehydration. Just drink more water, drink more Powerade.' So I tried and I still got hungover, like really badly." Forsaken by Powerade, the chivalrous first line of defence, Ben turned to the wise oracle that is Shark Tank, learning that hangover pills were popular in the U.S. market. Initially sceptical, Ben used the academic journal access granted to us through the University to discern and back the best ingredients to include in their hangover cure. After months of deliberating, Ben and Karen took the first major step for their business: investing, manufacturing and then testing samples once they had wrapped up at Uni.

The ingredients of Hangover Helper are all backed by academic research and rigorous testing (i.e., a lot of drinking) conducted by Karen, Ben and their mates, in alleviating hangover symptoms. The secret formula is Japan raisin tree extract, ginseng and ginger all squished into a capsule. Though there is a small range of other

hangover pills available here, their exclusive use of ingredients that alleviate hangovers (no other additives) is what sets them apart from other companies, said Karen. "We only put the active ingredients in and we put the highest concentration you can get... just to give you more of the active product."

Right now, the biggest goal for Hangover Helper is getting word out that students no longer need suffer another excruciating hangover. "[We want to] let people know that they've got that option, if they don't want to feel so dusty the next day" said Karen. Ben said "if we can help people not be so hungover, that'll be ideal." Humble words, spoken like true heroes. They would also like to get Hangover Helper available on the shelves of Leith Liquor and, humbly, Leith Liquor only. "We just want Leith because we're from Dunedin and that was our go-to liquor store. Just [for it] to be there would be a dream come true." The duo have approached Leith and are currently waiting on a reply.

The big question is: does Hangover Helper work? To find out, this author got inappropriately drunk at a Tuesday night quiz to find out. After proving that our team was indeed no-brain-head-empty by coming in last place, the next day I got up early and was amazed to find myself starting my day by tackling the most admin of all tasks... answering emails. So, yes, Hangover Helper does indeed have this writer's approval. You can purchase Hangover Helper at their website: routine.nz.



OTAGO
MUSEUM

More than a Museum.
The only 3D planetarium
in Australasia.

SKUXX FOOD

BY ROSIE JOYCE @SKUXXFOOD

BUTTERNUT HUMMUS



Have recent food prices been getting you down? Have you recently realised that your fav hummus, which you can easily demolish in a sitting, has now hit \$5 on New World's shelves? Here's how to make a very skuxx homemade hummus that will give you way more bang for your buck.

INGREDIENTS Makes: a lot of hummus.

1 butternut squash, cubed with skin off	A bunch of fresh parsley
4 cloves of garlic, whole with skins on	4 tablespoons of lemon juice/half a lemon
1 teaspoon ground cumin	1 can chickpeas, drained and rinsed
1 teaspoon smoked paprika	½ cup tahini
Salt and pepper	Olive oil
	¼ cup cold water

METHOD

You will need a food processor or Nutribullet-type blender.

1. Preheat the oven to 180°C, fan bake option.
2. In a bowl, mix together cubed butternut, whole garlic with skins on, cumin, smoked paprika, a generous amount of salt and pepper and 2-3 tablespoons of olive oil. Then spread it out over a baking tray and place in the oven. Bake for 15-20 minutes, or until the butternut is soft. Allow to cool.
3. Place the baked butternut in the food processor/blender. Squeeze the roasted garlic out of their skins and into the processor as well, along with any oily spices left on the baking tray. Add 2 more tablespoons of olive oil and blend until smooth.
4. Add the parsley, lemon juice, chickpeas, tahini and cold water to the processor/blender and blend until smooth.
5. Allow the hummus to cool in the fridge for 2-3 hours before serving, or keep in the fridge and serve when desired for up to a week.

BOOZE REVIEW:

KGB

TROPICAL

BY CHUG NORRIS

Have you become sick and tired of drinking the same toxic lolly water that you've been drinking for the past year? Is your current drink not giving you type II diabetes quickly enough? Are you ready to branch out and try something new? Well, buddy, you're in luck! KGB have just released their latest drink. The flavour: a simple yet mysterious 'Tropical'.

Tropical KGBs have the least distinct flavour of any drink ever. They taste like a bag of jet planes heated in a car glove box for an extended period of time and then given a bath in watered down Red Bull. Of course, there's no way you're tasting any alcohol. With this amount of sugar, you can say goodbye to any sensation in your outer limbs, too, and you will never feel your fingers again. There is a note of bitterness at the back end, which is perhaps a side effect of them pumping every flavour known to man into these bad boys to maximise the 'Tropical' taste.

I consumed this drink at roughly 1 PM on a Wednesday, and to be honest it is a perfect study drink. It's 7%, but small, so there's nowhere near enough alcohol in one to do any damage to your brain and just enough to increase your creativity, but

the caffeine and guarana mix absolutely hits the spot when it comes to thinking.

The value for money is alright I guess, apparently they sell for \$25 but I can imagine they will be frequently reduced in price or on sale. At \$25 they come in at \$1.54 per standard which is pretty average.

You have to respect KGB for doing what they do best. They know they are owned by the same companies that are pumping out endless 'healthy' alternative drinks, so why bother offering an alternative to the sugary shite that they have always made? At the end of the day whether you drink a box of KGB or a box of Pals you are equally likely to end up engaging in risky and potentially life-threatening behaviour, so you might as well get a sugar rush while you're at it.

Tasting notes: sherbert, Raro, energy drinks

Froth level: library pres

Pairs well with: medical conditions, mid-Uni crises

Taste rating: 5/10 not special



HOROSCOPES



AQUARIUS Jan 20 – Feb 18

Start living by ACC: always choosing content.

DIY activity: home grown weed.



LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22

Got told I was too harsh on Leos at a party last week. How confrontational, aggressive and whiny of you!

DIY activity: meditation, medication, mediation... either way, you need help.



PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20

If there is one thing you need, it's a break. Stop putting so much time and emotional labour into things that no longer serve you.

DIY activity: baking an apple pie.



VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22

It's time to reconnect with your inner child. Stop being responsible and adult-like. Embrace the chaos. Embrace the antics. Why act 81 when you can act 18?

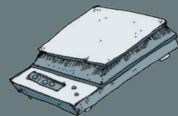
DIY activity: minor home renovation.



ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19

It must be nice not having to worry about what people think of you. Keep being delusional, and downright annoying.

DIY activity: airbrushing your selfies.



LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22

This week is a shoutout to all the Libra women. Y'all really are a girls' girl, and you know what's up. Keep being you. Iconic, amazing and wonderful.

DIY activity: taking yourself out on a date.



SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21

You crave nostalgia, and a sense of the past. You feel lost, and your sense of belonging feels misplaced. Never fear, ride out the journey, and bathe in the emotions that wash over you.

DIY activity: developing your old film.



SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21

Got your eye on someone? Been chatting up a cutie? Really just wanna get a root out of your system? Make a move, Sag! There is no time like the present, so carpe diem or whatever.

DIY activity: addressing your commitment issues.



GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20

It's time to ease up, drink up, light up, and become a fuck-up.

DIY activity: creating the perfect marg.



CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22

Only thing you should be keeping an eye on is money. You've gotten into some bad spending habits recently, so it's time to start saving those little pennies. Inflation, amiright?

DIY activity: teaching yourself economics.



CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19

You are one of life's great mysteries. Who knows what's going on up in that Capri-mind of yours? Oh, to be in your subconscious. I bet it's full of rats.

DIY activity: colour-coding your herbs and spices.

MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

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Solid Roots

There's a big willow tree on the corner of Anzac and Hanover, sorta by the train station. I've had sex in it.

It's the third tree I've had sex in but it was certainly the best. I'd been seeing this girl for a while, going to parties together and usually ended up going home together, things were going well, so we decided we wanted to spice things up a bit. We had some stuff planned to go out to a beach or something, but we fucked around all day and it just never happened.

So one night, we were headed to a party on Hyde. We had our pres, went to the flat, which was pretty shit like there was stuff all over the walls and floor, it was gross. Some dudes hogged the pong table all night and it was cold as fuck and we were bored. Bored, but sloshed. We headed out early, didn't say bye to anyone, and just bounced.

We were walking back to my flat when she said "do you wanna take a walk?" with that sorta voice that lets you know where things were going. We saw the tree from a while away, and I could tell we were having the same thought. Plenty of leaves, it was dark, seemed like a no-brainer.

We got under the leaves and saw that the branches were quite low-slung. Being a seasoned tree-fucker at this point, I could spot a winner when I had one. This was a winner. We scrambled up the trunk, and she gave me a cheeky preview as I boosted her up, although we were pretty familiar with eachother at this point. We leaned out over one of the thick branches and I got out my thick branch.

It was surprisingly comfortable, and apparently the angle of the branch was great for her pelvic floor or something, I dunno, I'm not a gynaecologist. Every now and then we had to pause as a bunch of students walked by, and at one point, a few of them stopped and pointed at the tree we were in. There's no way they saw us but I think they thought about coming in, and we would've been totally fucked if they had. But they didn't and we both ended the climbing adventure with a climax, so I consider that an absolute win.

You probably know the tree I'm talking about, so feel free to check it out for yourself. I don't think we left any stains behind, but you never know.

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

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SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

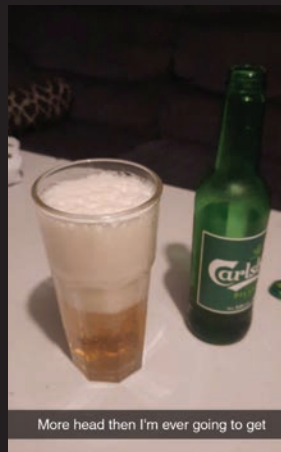


SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT
CRITIC ON
FACEBOOK
TO CLAIM
YOUR REDBULL



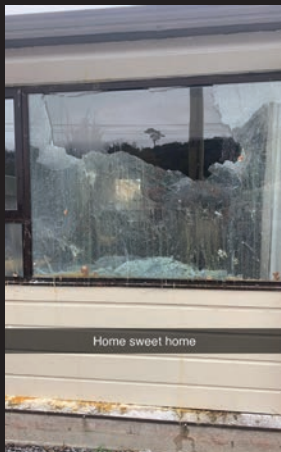
Excuse me mr bus driver I think you forgot something



More head then I'm ever going to get



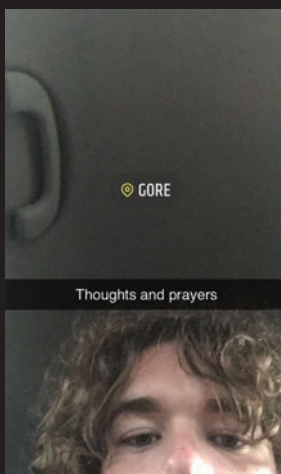
Don't host.



Home sweet home



In case anyone wanted to know their pitbull anthems of the week



Thoughts and prayers



Enough nangs?



Looks like salient got an upgrade

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
KELBURN CAMPUS
Wellington, New Zealand



The mayor is cutting some laps



Thunder buddies 4 lyf



The urge to knock them all over is strong



MAY 8, 2022

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