

Critic

Te Ārohi

OU\$A



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10% student discount on all full-priced items.

1
91 FM



DEAL OF THE WEEK:



SUBWAY
Buy any 6inch 'Sub Box' (1x 6inch, 1x cookie, 1x drink) and receive a FREE upgrade of your Six Inch sub to a Footlong sub.

Sal's Authentic New York Pizza
Charging Bull Combo (Red Bull, Slice, and a Garlic Knot) for \$11.

Float Fix
\$65 Float Special

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\$1 off double scoop gelato.

Amigos Dunedin
15% off your bill. Dine-in only. Not to be used with other discounts, and excludes Tuesdays.

Taco Bell
Buy any regular combo and get upsized for free.

Nando's Octagon
20% off food and drink.

La Porchetta
10% discount on all items and beverages.

ReBurger
Upgrade to a combo for \$3.

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1 Free Cold Dish with any order from N1 to N3.

Takeichi
15% off food.

Reload Fast Nutrition
15% off your total order.

Taste Nature
10% off storewide. In-story only.

Reading Cinemas
Buy a medium popcorn and upgrade to a large for free.

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'Big Kids go Free' - one free entry with one paying adult and 'Ride Share' - Two or more in your car? Get a 50% discount on each entry.

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LETTERS

EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ — LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$25 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

LETTER OF THE WEEK

I've been pondering the injustice that is the business building. Why should the breathas that attend the least lectures get the fanciest building? It would be much more fair if they surrendered it to the biology majors (ecology, zoology, botany etc) I really think we deserve it more and we have lame buildings. Then I realised that if you gave business majors multiple different buildings for their lectures they would get lost and attend even less lectures than they already do, so I guess I understand

Anonymous

Editor's Response: if you don't have a big shiny business building how will people know you're a real university? How will you attract people to spend their money points on your Very Official Piece of Paper? Even if nobody actually uses it, it's essential for posturing.

Critic-

Ayup what's the fookin deal with the recent letters? Feels like people have just been getting chatGPT to write them or some shit

WB

Editor's Response: Nah, we just don't get a lot of letters

Hi Critic,

I was talking with one of my tutors and it's a bit suss that researchers get paid more than teachers. Shouldn't our fees be paying for good education experiences? But you can become a professor who does research only and never teaches, but teaching only staff can never be a professor so they get paid much less. The tutors I talked to are worried about losing their jobs, but then who will teach us. I get that research is important but mostly I want to be taught by good teachers. Just worried we're gonna lose the good teaching staff and be left with the ones who make it clear they'd rather be researching than in the lecture with us.

ML



Can we normalize taking all the stuff taking up seats in the library to the lost property? I know that people leave all their stuff there to save themselves seats and all that but it's just annoying when you think you find an empty space then see an abandoned laptop and water bottle sitting on the desk with nobody in the seat. So, as a solution, I will be removing all the stuff and taking it to the OUSA lost property.

#seatsforeveryone

Signed, Matt

To our dearest Critic,
I'm hereby asking, as an entitled gay myself, for more sweat with pride promo because it's almost June baby!

There's no time like the present, round up your filthy rich relatives to actually do something more important with that money to support our rainbow whānau. Go crazy, Run, gallop, we don't really care, just get involved and live life guilt free. Instead of giving in to the extortionately priced... well anything these days, sponsor us! Chuck uniQ anything you can muster up, help us get back to our rightful place as the no.1 team and we'll repay you with our respect.

Cheers critic for allowing us to abuse this for advertisement, here's to the gays!

Sincerely, (...ah definitely not uniQ)

Hello hello
not a letter of the week, just wanna bitch.
Why is the AGM meeting at the busiest time of the semester?? the BUSIEST TIME!!
do i go to petition holding it at a different time. hrm.
Sincerely,

Annoyed

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EDITOR
Fox Meyer

SUB-EDITOR
Nina Brown

NEWS EDITOR
Nina Brown

FEATURES EDITOR
Elliot Weir

CULTURE EDITOR
Annabelle Parata Vaughan

KAITIHI MĀORI
Skyla, Ngāti Hine

STAFF WRITERS
Lotto Ramsay, Jamiema Lorimer, Zak Rudin, Iris Hehir

VOLUNTEER REPORTER: Rauri Warren, Emily Esplin

CONTRIBUTORS: Myia Pearce

COLUMNISTS
FOOD: Charley Burnett @chagrills

BOOZE REVIEWS: Dan Muir

DESIGNER
Molly Willis

SUB-DESIGNER
Evie Noad

ILLUSTRATION
Mikey Clayton @tsspikeymikey
Daniel Van Lith @art_by_deev
Justina King @coccinelleart

PHOTOGRAPHER
Connor Simpson @simpson_photography

VIDEO TEAM LEAD
Connor Simpson

VIDEO EDITOR
Sophie Douglas

VIDEOGRAPHY
Hugh Askerud, Isaac Chadwick

CENTREFOLD
Molly Willis

FRONT COVER
Connor Simpson, Molly Willis

ONLINE
Ario Hill

DISTRIBUTION
Vincent Withers
Pedals Dunedin

ADVERTISING SALES
Laura Maxwell
Esmond Paterson
Anna Casey
sales@planetmedia.co.nz
03 479 5361

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

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

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HUNT 141 Understanding Human Nutrition

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⚠️ TRADE OFFER ⚠️

i receive:
more stuff for
student media to
cover

you receive:
devastating cuts
to the university
sector



VIC UNI'S STUDENT MAG SCANDAL

WELCOME TO THE TABLOID ISSUE
BY FOX MEYER

Victoria University Wellington has joined Otago University in announcing substantial job cuts in the wake of financial strain. Because of course they did, they're always trying to copy us.

The announcement that Otago will be entering a newer, slimmer staffing era (so chic!) sent ripples through the tertiary education blogosphere, with the keen-eared policymakers at Vic not missing a beat. Not one to look late to the party, Vic's admin have decided to cut staff as well to keep up with the Clocktower's ahead-of-the-curve trendsetting.

Maia Ingoe, co-editor of Salient Magazine (Critic, but in Wellington) was keen to give an insider's perspective, but what she disclosed shook us to our core: "I was feeling a little bit left out for a while there," she said, referring to Vic Uni's staffing cuts announcement. It came in the wake of similar announcements, not just from Otago, but from AUT and Waikato in years prior. "I was like, 'Oh, all these student mags have these great stories and we just don't... It was really hard for us here at Salient Mag, when we're not losing our jobs. Yet.'" But the turbulent budget announcements mean more news, and more news means that we'll keep getting paid. "Wait a minute," said Maia. "You guys are getting paid?"

Speaking of getting paid, a bunch of lecturers are about to not be. "It's a \$33 million hole," said Maia. Rookie numbers compared to

Otago, but who's counting? "If you count the fact that we're meant to be making a \$10 million surplus to kind of break even and pay back debt, there's a \$43 million hole." Maia's counting (unlike the Uni accountants, apparently).

It's an impressive achievement. Otago will always be number one - that's why we all pay so much money to go here - but Vic is nipping at our heels, even in this contest. And they've been making some serious progress. Otago has cited lower domestic enrolment numbers as a critical factor in their financial debacle, but Vic is jacking our style even in this department: "It's not easy to have the lowest domestic market share of enrolments," said Maia. "Like, you really have to fuck shit up to do that."

It's a major play from Vic, but at least in the debt department, Otago can still say they're #1. And that's why I studied at Otago: nationally recognised excellence. Always topping the charts, and an indiscriminate attitude towards what charts those are.

What we don't know is how much of a hand Salient Mag had in the recent announcement. We know for sure that announcements like this keep people like Maia employed, but who's to say what she got up to behind the scenes? Whatever it was, though, it wasn't enough. Otago's still number one, baby. Don't even talk to me until you turn "\$40m surplus" into "\$60m deficit" over the course of two years.

EDITORIAL:

THE TL:DR

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ETIN ROUNDUP

The National Party is using AI to make attack ads. So far four have been confirmed, although Chris Luxon didn't seem to have any idea what was going on. They seem to be the only party using AI images and are defending their stance. Wonder if they're also using ChatGPT to write Luxon's speeches?

You can now make instant bank transfers between multiple banks, seven days a week including public holidays. These banks include ASB, BNZ, ANZ, TSB, HSBC, ICBC, Citi, the Cooperative Bank, Kiwibank, Westpac, and Bank of China.

Former international student Rayyanah Barnawi has become the first Arab woman to go to space. She

studied biomed at Otago until 2011.

RNZ reports that the ratio of sheep to people in NZ has fallen below 5:1 for the first time in 170 years.

Te Whatu Ora tried to take court action against striking nurses. They're protesting exhausting working conditions, but the opposing legal team says that they do not "accept that workers are in unsafe or unhealthy conditions." It didn't work.

Global demand for large shipping containers is down as people buy less stuff. This means that large cargo ships are making fewer trips to ensure a full load, but also that the number

of containers lost to sea has plummeted.

Meta has been slapped with a \$2 billion fine for transferring European user data to the US without permission.

The Great Barrier Reef has chlamydia. The NZ Herald reported that the University of Melbourne team that discovered it said it was "a bit of a surprise."

In "one of the most complex and long running proceedings" ever seen by the Intellectual Property office of New Zealand, local apiarists have lost the trademark to "mānuka honey". Honeymakers across the Tasman successfully argued

that while mānuka is a Māori word, they can produce honey of an indistinguishable quality, so New Zealand cannot gatekeep the title.

The Miami Zoo is in hot water after advertising Kiwi encounter sessions with their lone kiwi - in broad daylight. David Farrier got in touch and the zoo sent back a wonderfully-over-PR'd response but ultimately pledged to actually build the bird a proper nocturnal shelter.

Kiwis are more miserable than they were two years ago according to the recently released Annual Misery Index. Coincidentally that's also the name for my yearly penchant for reuploading Tinder.

SILENCED! Castle Boys Speak Out

Hectic flat tamed to the sorrow of Leith St residents

By Hugh Askerud
Staff Writer // hugh@critic.co.nz

OMWTFYB

SILENT
OR
SILENCED?



Though they remain briefly silent (or silenced), it is almost certain that the Castle Boys will speak up once more in efforts to achieve their goals of "doing cooked shit."

Love it or hate it (most likely the latter) the sound of 40cc motorcycles on Leith Street has become a fundamental aspect of second-year culture.

For this, residents can thank The Castle, a flat which provides a seemingly inexhaustible source of entertainment for Leith St residents who happen to walk by. Yet, in recent weeks the sound of The Castle's characteristic engines has been ominously non-existent. This absence may have you wondering: what happened?

In an exclusive tell-all interview with Critic Te Ārohi, one member of The Castle told us that they "got in trouble for skidding before we got rid of the red car." A symbol of The Castle of yesteryear, the resident is referring to the shitty red car which boldly plastered a Mercedes logo on the bonnet. Despite hearing The Castle's insider testimony, no clues were provided as to the specifics of the "trouble" which the boys encountered. One other Leith breatha who wished to remain anonymous suggested, "They may have stopped because I'm pretty sure the Proctor had a word with

them." Silenced, it seems, by a force even more powerful than the might of all nine residents!

Though the battle may have been lost, the boys at The Castle made it apparent that they were not going to give up on the war. One Castle resident asserted, "Leith Street is like our big playground which we just make the most of!" When queried as to what acts were performed in the playground, one resident said that they focused on "getting deep into wheelies while sinking piss." Undoubtedly a noble art. The boys also cited spa nights, time trials, and "getting free shit then

flipping it on Facebook marketplace," as quintessential sources of fun.

But what do their fellow Leith residents think of the boys? One smirking Castle resident mused that "it's a bit of a love-hate relationship." When Critic Te Ārohi engaged in a survey to assess what the average Leith St resident thought of the burly blokes, the unanimous response was akin to, "The Castle Boys are so fucking funny!"

Outside of vroom-vroom antics, the Castle Boys have also become renowned in the Leith community

for giving away a spa pool to the girls at Big Cheese "because the lid broke." It's for you to decide if this was their true motive, or whether they were instead trying to seduce some of the inhabitants gentoo penguin style. You know, the ones that flirt by gifting pebbles. But the act does suggest that the Castle Boys can consider a cause outside themselves (kinda).

Recently, though, The Castle's acts of communality and goodwill have been threatened by a series of attacks orchestrated by external sources. The boys lost power for four days though they had paid for their electricity. "We

think it might've been the Proctor trying to get us out," one resident mused. Whatever the reason, repeated "attacks" from sources unknown have seen the Castle Boys "go into hibernation mode."

Hated and loved. Conquered and conquering. The plight of The Castle's residents is one which provides constant amusement to easily entertained Leith Street residents. Though they remain briefly silent (or silenced), it is almost certain that the Castle Boys will speak up once more in efforts to achieve their goals of "doing cooked shit."

\$355 Million for Tertiary Sector Reappropriated

Lower enrolment rates saw money syphoned away from unis

By Fox Meyer
Editor // critic@critic.co.nz



Otago Uni Associate Professor Brian Roper claims that \$355 million budgeted towards tertiary education is going unspent. This is enough money to bail out Otago, Vic, Canterbury, and Massey universities almost three times over. Each. And it was literally in the 2022 budget. Seriously, these documents are public and if you just keyword search the pdfs for “tertiary education” you can find these numbers. Page 151.

Here’s the rundown in two different styles:

In monkey terms:

In 2022 it was forecasted that we would get 53 bananas next year (2023), and the year after that (2024) we would get another 53. But because not enough monkeys showed up to the party, we only got 49 in 2023. They gave the other 4 to other monkey roadbuilders or monkey doctors or something. Now, heading into 2024, we’re told we’re only getting 52 bananas. And we’re being told we should be happy about it because that’s more than 49, even though we were originally meant to get 53. They’re telling us that those “extra” bananas could be better enjoyed elsewhere, but just remember that even a single banana is enough to bail out the entire University of Otago. And while the value of a banana has shrunk over time, the amount of bananas given has not kept up with banana shrinkage. Hope that helps.

In technical terms:

The 2022 budget set aside \$4.939 billion for tertiary education. They only spent \$4.486 billion, a “savings” of \$453 million dollars, because money is allocated based on the number of full-time enrolments. Those enrolments dropped below what was forecasted, so the money dropped as well. It’s a “dollar-per-head” sort of thing. In that same budget, they set aside \$5.328 billion for spending in 2023. But now that we’re in 2023, the new budget revised that number, dropping it by \$355 million to just \$4.973 billion. So, they underspent by \$453 million in 2022 and have since cut \$355 million from the budget, even though that money was set aside last year, and even though the sector as a whole is in desperate need of a bailout. This money was mixed back into the pot and spent elsewhere.

Forecasted spending on the tertiary sector, in millions of dollars. From the Budget Economic and Fiscal Update 2022/2023.

Financial Year	2022 Forecast	2023 Forecast	Difference Between Forecasts	Actual
2021	N/A	N/A	N/A	3,288
2022	4,939	N/A	N/A	4,486 (-453)
2023	5,328	4,973	355	N/A
2024	5,302	5,265	37	N/A



In 1984, the Labour government changed the NZ university system forever by imposing a fees-based model. This pushed students into accruing student loans from the government and incentivised universities to raise their fees as much as possible every year. The number of full-time enrolments controlled the amount of funding a university got because the more students enrol, the more services they need to provide. That’s the idea, anyway.

Brian said that arriving at the “355” number was simple, but the maths got trickier from there; this is excluding student allowances and student loans, which Brian said “[don’t] really count since it just provides for students getting deeper in debt.” We’re focusing solely on money for tertiary education providers, not money set aside for student loans, as student debt can appear as a financial asset for the government.

And while the latest budget announcement was celebrated for having “the single largest increase in tertiary funding in NZ in 20 years,” a sum of \$521 million, this isn’t the complete picture; that doesn’t even bring us back up to 2022 forecasted levels, and much of it is funding for student loan programmes, NOT education providers. According to Brian, the ‘22-’23 cuts were the “deepest annual cuts to funding for tertiary education providers since 1984, allowing for inflation and the 1.7% and 2.7% caps on fee rises.”

“This is scandalous when five of eight NZ universities are experiencing severe financial difficulties,” said Brian. You don’t have to be an economics student to see the difference in forecasts between 2022/2023 but, as of yet, “no one has noticed the \$355 million dollar underspend,” according to Brian. \$281 million of this might be due to Labour cutting the fees free programme (and breaking an explicit promise in the process), but that hasn’t been confirmed. “Either way it doesn’t matter,” said Brian. “It amounts to appalling financial misgovernance of the sector.”

Daniel Benson-Guiu, local Tertiary Education Union organiser, said that “the root of the problem is a funding system that only sees our universities as institutions that should make a profit. Currently, our institutions can only get by one of two ways: through continuous growth or by cutting.” He said that, while the TEC has made a system that pays based on student numbers, “the Tertiary Education Union has long fought for a tertiary education system that is seen as a public good, not a tidy investment for Government coffers.”

Budget ‘23 also said that tertiary education spending in 2024 will be \$5.265 billion. “This is lower than the original allocation [for 2023] of \$5.328 billion for tertiary ed outlined in Budget 22,” said Brian. We’re getting less money next year than we were forecasted to have this year. He finally pointed out that while Budget ‘23 describes “an increase of 5.3 percent for tertiary tuition and training subsidies,” this claim “is not supported by the figures provided by Treasury in its Economic and Fiscal Update 2023.” If you factor out additional funding for student loans and allowances, this leaves the total funding increase for tertiary education providers at \$71 million. That’s a 2.2% increase from 2023, which isn’t even above the forecasted inflation rate of 3.3%. Brian suggested that this is effectively a cut.

All of this is set against the backdrop of a university system that is, to put it lightly, kinda fucked. Otago and Vic are both set to cut hundreds of staff. Student fees continue to rise. Healthcare graduates continue to leave the country. Inflation is tightening. And as more and more professors lose their jobs, students are paying higher and higher fees to offset the national deficit - paying more for less, while money that was set aside to dam the tide is reappropriated behind congratulatory smiles.

MINOR CONFUSION!

“We are disappointed but not surprised that students are yet again being seen as a solution to manage tertiary deficits and inflation.”

Announcement Elicits Fears

Conflicting reports on how student fees will change

The Uni is possibly considering raising student fees to help with the \$60 million funding shortfall. Brandon, President of the Ōtepoti Tertiary Education Union (TEU) branch, was at a TEU conference meeting where an announcement was made that seemed to indicate this. Tim Fowler, executive head of the Tertiary Education Committee (TEC), allegedly said that he had been “having conversations with the University of Otago chancellor about raising fees.” In short, “funding universities via student debt,” said Brandon.

There has been no formal public announcement regarding the fee increases made by either TEC or the Uni, and is very much still an officially hypothetical situation. When Critic Te Ārohi reached out to the Uni to ask if there had been any correspondence with the TEC about this, a Uni spokesperson simply replied: “No”. While there are no current plans to increase fees in 2023, the Uni spokesperson indicated that fees may be increased in 2024 in line with gradual increases across the whole tertiary sector.

Brandon said that TEU members were “shocked” by Tim’s statement. Apparently, news of the fee increase was said “almost flippantly” as if it was a positive thing that the Uni would get more funding (from students) and something the TEU would readily accept. The only problem was that this was said to “people who have occupied the Uni registry in the ‘90s,” said Brandon. Oops. Unsurprisingly, it looks like the TEU will remain firmly on the side of students.

Tim exited the conference to a chorus of “Which side are you on?” Just which side Tim is on, only time will tell. Meanwhile, as TEU branch president, Brandon vowed to “fight such a proposal tooth and nail” against student fee increases.

Unsurprisingly, students we spoke to weren’t too thrilled at the news. “We are disappointed but not surprised that students are yet again being seen as a solution to manage tertiary deficits and inflation,” said Ellen, President of the New Zealand Union of Students Association (NZUSA). Third-year politics student Emma said that “pushing the cost onto students” would be “unfair and undemocratic.” Ellen pointed out that “students are a part of the rebuilding infrastructure of nurses, teachers, builders, doctors.”

The Uni will review its options when the Government announces the Annual Maximum Fee Movement limit. But a Uni spokesperson said it is “extraordinarily unlikely” that any increase in student fees will make any real difference to the overall funding situation given it could also have the effect of further dissuading enrolments to Uni, as Brandon pointed out. This increased barrier to entry has a disproportionate effect on people of lower-socio economic backgrounds, said Emma.

New Zealand Universities have raised student fees by the maximum allowable amount for several years running now, almost unilaterally across the board.

By Zak Rudin

Chief Reporter // zak@critic.co.nz

Students Ditch Keep Cups as World Burns

Planet-hating students “love tossing plastic in the ocean”

The world as we know it is coming to an end and no one even uses their fucking keep cups anymore.

Keep cups had their 15 minutes of fame. They were held, cherished and used, then replaced with emotional support drink bottles. Like everything else, keep cups have a history. They started in 2009 and, as of today, 10 million keep cups have been sold around the world. But where are they now? Certainly not being kept, as their name would suggest. No, the keep cup has been relegated to the back of your second-from-the-top kitchen drawer, collecting dust while the coffee grounds congeal at the bottom. Either that or they’re clogging up landfills.

The first downfall of the keep cup was in the thick of the pandemic. Fair call in not sharing those germs around, but they

became prominent again as we moved through this period of time. Then, slowly, their popularity declined through 2023. If you’re one of the brave few still using your keep cup, continue doing God’s work. You’ll be first in line to the gates of heaven.

Former keep-cupper Annabelle said: “I gave my keep cup to my flatmate, ‘cos I wasn’t using it anyway. As for why I wasn’t using it is because it got kind of gross; the lid was really hard to clean. A keep cup isn’t going to do much ‘til BP stop drilling.” She said that she had nothing against people who use keep cups, “slay to [them], I just don’t do it. We’re all fucked anyway, it’s just another way to feel good about yourself.”

None of us want to watch the planet burn and think, “Oh, maybe I should have used more keep cups.” And ditching plastic

straws is not enough anymore; there are more animals to save than just the turtles. More drastic action is needed. “I’ve stopped using cups all together,” said Aidan. “Keep cups are a non-solution, just another piece of plastic to ebb the never-ending tide.” His solution: “I just drink directly from the faucet wherever I go. Most places are surprisingly chill about it.”

Fluid Espresso have remained steady with keep cups amongst the downfall, one of many places offering a discount on coffees if you bring your own cup. They’re the true eco-warriors of our community. Drop those takeaway cups (in the recycling bin). Choose to be a good citizen, instead. Keep the keep cups alive because they did nothing wrong. And, you know, we would rather not watch the planet ghost humankind for their lack of intelligence.

By Myia Pearce

Contributor



SHOCKING! OUSA's General Meeting Met Quorum!

Exec crying, screaming, throwing up in relief

Last Monday was the OUSA Annual General Meeting and, contrary to the expectations of most, it actually went ahead. AGMs need 0.5% of the student body to show up to go ahead (called quorum) and the final head count was 106 - a whole one member over the bare minimum! Hosting the meeting during Auahi Ora’s happy hour of \$5 pints may prove to have been the wisest decision the exec has made thus far in their careers.

OUSA President Quintin began the meeting with a jovial “we made quorum, hurray!” followed by whoops and cheers (mainly by a relieved student exec and Critic sitting at the front).

OUSA’s bona fide finance bro Mukesh told us that while the organisation is in a \$2 million deficit at the end of the last financial year (“that’s cute” says the Uni) this was mainly due to the earthquake strengthening costs that students would reap the benefits of soon enough. It was a difficult two years, he said, due to Covid

cancelling a lot of OUSA’s events like Ori. But it ended on a positive note: “We broke even!”

There were a few motions put forward by students - all of which had to be saved for a later date since they didn’t submit them in time for the meeting to be voted on. So it was soft student politics, but student politics nonetheless.

UniQ student exec reps James and Samantha spoke on behalf of the club. They had three main asks: that there be a designated queer student rep on the OUSA exec (which there apparently was until 2015), there be a greater push for gender neutral bathrooms (of which there is currently just one in the entire Link and Central Lib building), and that the currently “poorly managed” queer space be given more attention. They said that they’re both burnt out from constantly advocating for all of the queer students on campus and that “all queer students deserve a voice and that’s what we’re hoping will be achieved through today!”

OUSA’s Postgrad rep Keegan put forward a motion for postgrads to get “a sticker or something” allowing them to cut to the front of pint night line, “or all lines, while we’re at it.” Her arguments for the motion were that postgrads have “less time” to stand around in line and that there is such a small number a) who go to pint night, and b) in comparison to undergrads that it wouldn’t be too much of a bother to the younger crowd.

Rowing club member Gabby also took the stage to critique the social media presence of OUSA, saying that it’s “kind of stupid” that none of her peers knew about the AGM happening. Maybe they should read parts of Critic Te Ārohi other than the horoscopes? Gabby charitably offered to take over the organisation’s social media in the event that it wasn’t “controlled by the marketing department” and in exchange for Redbull. Hey, that’s how we’re paid, too!

By Nina Brown

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

HOT SUMMER BUSINESS, GOLD HARD CASH!

A ROLE THAT'S
ON THE
MONEY!

BECOME A
CHRISTMAS
COOKIES
SELLER!

APPLY ONLINE
SUMMERBIZ.COOKIE TIME.CO.NZ
APPLICATIONS CLOSE 21 JULY 2023



New Group aims to Fight Cuts

Protect Otago Action Group vs. Otago Uni

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

At 20 members strong, Protect Otago Action Group (or POAG) has formed to fight back against the Uni's projected staff layoffs in light of their \$60 million debt. POAG member Tyler told Critic Te Ārohi that they have a "three pronged campaign" to reversing the proposed staff cuts, starting on May 31st with a joint staff and student protest on Union Lawn at 12pm on May 31st. Expect marching, speeches, and chanting (they're in their reputation era).

The group formed out of a panel discussion about the cuts at the beginning of May, covered by Critic in Issue 10. POAG is still very much in its infancy, having had just three meetings to date. According to Tyler, though, it's rapidly growing with every meet. POAG member Rhona said they plan to become a force for mobilising larger groups

through collaboration with organisations like OUSA and the Public Service Association (PSA).

Tyler criticised the mass layoffs as a "worse case scenario" or "last resort" option made to look like it's the only option. "There is a total lack of transparency," said another member Emma, who claimed that everyone was "blindsided" by the Uni. Among the members is associate-professor Brian Roper who has been openly critical of the Uni's neoliberal policies.

Brandon, President of the Ōtepoti Tertiary Education Union (TEU) branch, said that the funding issue is due to the "entrenching of neoliberal policy that pushes towards a user pay model!" The recent budget announcement of \$4 million for tertiary education in 2024 "will

make only a minimal difference," given the whopping \$60 million debt, said acting Vice-Chancellor Helen Nicholson.

While POAG members have some concern over the potential backlash from the Uni, they are not dissuaded from action. "The Uni has an interest in being the critic and conscience of society, so they should reasonably expect protests," said Tyler. Some staff may have legitimate concern for getting involved as their jobs are on the line, but Tyler said this is all the more reason for staff to protest as there is safety in numbers. Emma encouraged students to get involved as well since not only is their quality of education being threatened, but they are also "less likely to feel the direct impacts for protestings".

POAG meets at 5:30pm on Wednesdays at OUSA. You can find them on Facebook and Insta.

ODT WATCH

It's an easy thing to do, it's the right thing to do, and it helps point the sport in the right direction

Egging freshers with free-range only

yet to be felt: economist

Tough confession, bro

"The Wandering Womb"

Me on a night out

a 'scary' orator

Head with braces

"Save the staff, sack the management"

Boyfriend's mum hates me

cycle built for toys

Satisfiers on rotation

"Southland's got a very acceptable injury rate at the moment and"

-Student Health

Rocket Lab swoops on Virgin ass

Elon Musk's internal monologue

'Modern slavery' rising

Breathas after you make them get a job

For everything *life* throws at you



ACADEMIC



EATING



FINANCIAL



RELATIONSHIPS



ADVOCACY



QUEER SUPPORT



SAFETY



WELLBEING



FLATTING

ousa student support

OUSA Student Support Hub - 5 Ethel Benjamin Place

help@ousa.org.nz • ousasupporthub.org.nz

facebook.com/OUSAQueer • instagram.com/ellabellaousa

Phone: 0800 12 10 23

Parakuihi TOGETHER
Free Breakfast at Clubs & Socs
Every Wednesday
8:30 - 9:30
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs
#comeplayousa

BIN DAY CHANGE UP!
The kerbside recycling and rubbish collection in the tertiary precinct is changing to **Tuesdays starting 4 July 2023.**
Good news is - you won't have to remember what bin to put out as your yellow-lidded and blue recycling bins AND your DCC black rubbish bags will all be collected **every Tuesday.**
To find out if the tertiary precinct includes your house see www.dunedin.govt.nz/XXXX

Download the DCC Kerbside Collections app for information on recycling bin collections, what can and can't go in the bins and more.

DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL kaunihera a-rohe o Ōtepoti

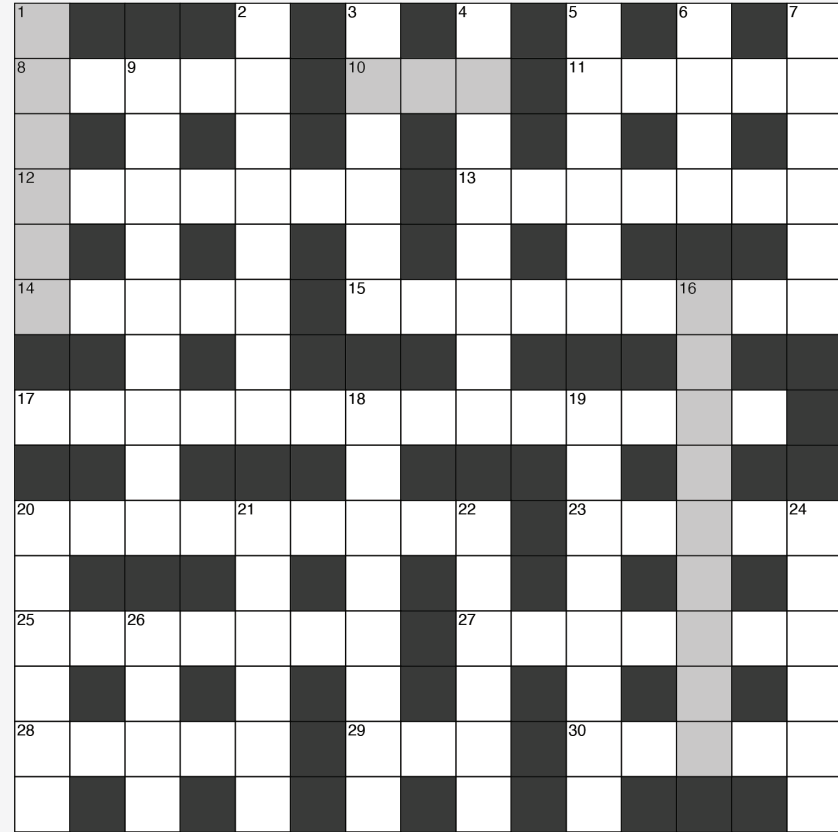
critic te ārohi
SEND
NEWS TIPS
UP2 TEXTS
DUMB SHIT
ENQUIRIES
SEXCAPADES
WE WANT IT ALL.
critic@critic.co.nz

PUZZLES



BROUGHT TO YOU BY MAZAGRAN
KEEPING CRITIC CAFFEINATED

CROSSWORD



The (#) tells you how many words are in the solution. If a clue doesn't have a (#), it's a one-word answer. Answers in the grey boxes are all connected by the bold clue.

ACROSS:

- 8. Perfect
- 10. Get hitched
- 11. Software provider
- 12. The STD of craft supplies
- 13. X-Men baddie
- 14. Aristocrat
- 15. Like The Onion

17. Three homophones that relate to the highlighted clues (3)

- 20. Venus counterpart
- 23. Hungover
- 25. "Material Girl" girl
- 27. Problematic situation
- 28. Feedback
- 29. Canal site
- 30. Twangy, as a voice

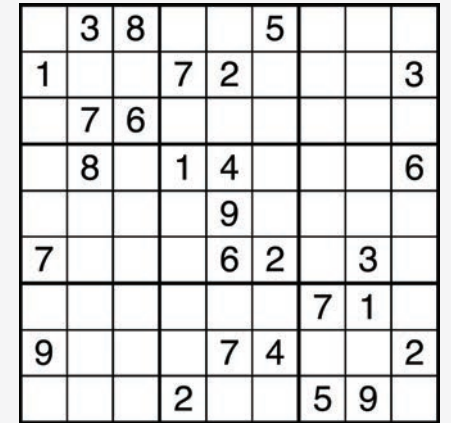
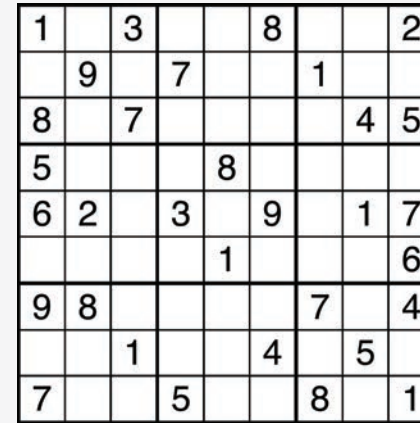
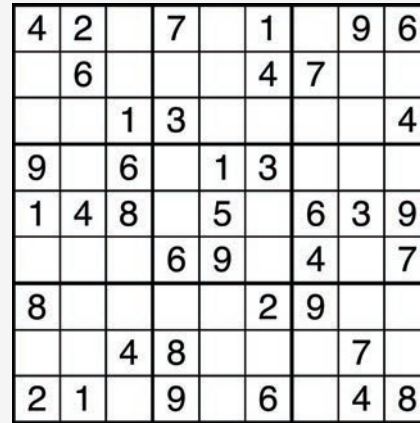
DOWN:

- 1. Chad's counterpart
- 2. Sweet talk
- 3. Epee, cutlass and katana are...
- 4. Dashboard gauge
- 5. A song that slaps
- 6. Golfer's target
- 7. Pistol's kickback

- 9. Dunedin's sister city
- 16. Present time?
- 18. Like cartoons
- 19. "Those ____ kids!"
- 20. Deodorant target
- 21. Fancy
- 22. Withstand
- 24. Like birthdays
- 26. "Sick!"

SUDOKU

sudokuoftheday.com



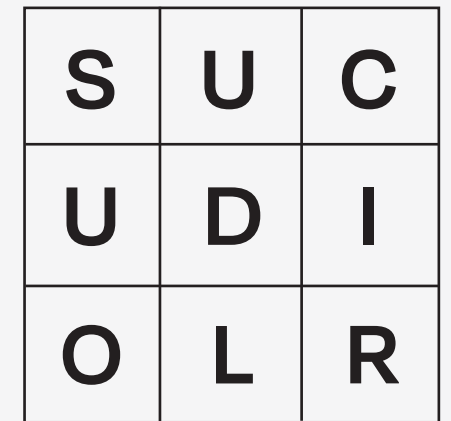
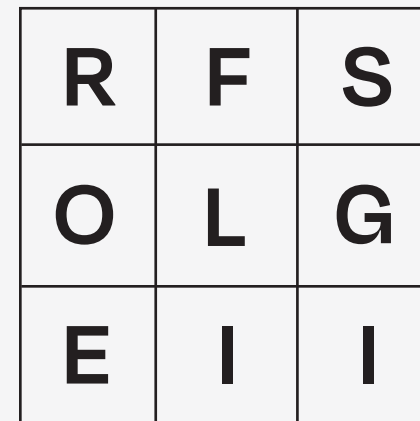
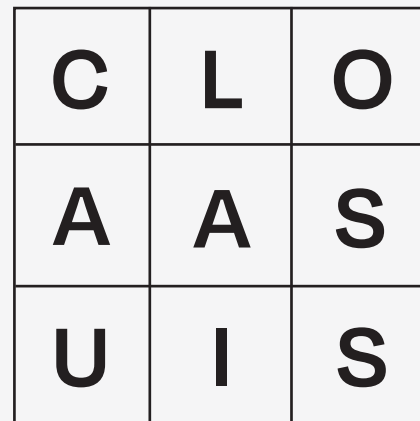
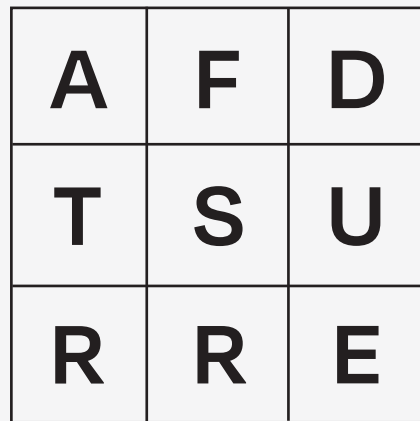
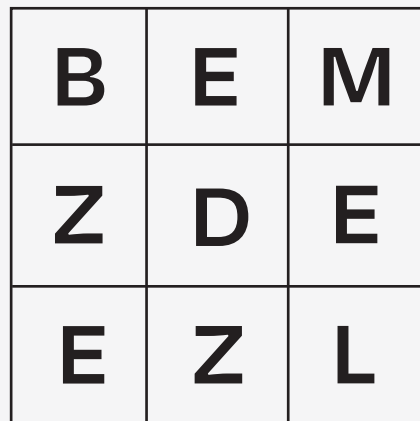
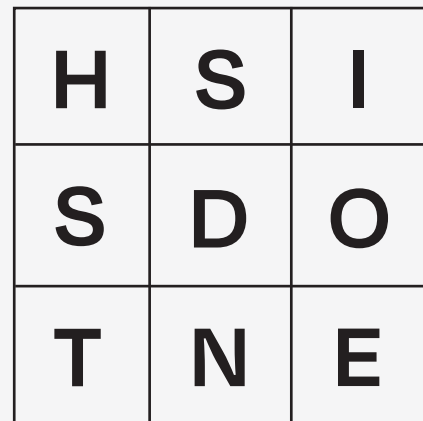
WORDFIND



- FRAUD
- TABLOID
- REAPER
- EMBEZZLEMENT
- SCANDAL
- RAG
- FAKE
- NEWS
- GOSSIP
- SCOOP
- TEA
- LIES
- CONSPIRE
- PAPARAZZI
- SALACIOUS
- ROYAL

WORD BLOCKS

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



ISSUE 12 PUZZLE ANSWERS

WORD BLOCK WORDS: CIGARETTE, BACKWOODS, GRADUATED, ESSENTIAL, NEVERMIND, UNPLUGGED

ACROSS: 1. LEECH 3. INCORRECT 7. RARE 10. SPOT 13. AURA 14. NOTE 15. ITIS 16. ALEN 18. NODE 20. TOAD 22. NUDE 23. SLOTH 24. UGLY 26. NATE 29. AMMO 32. EXES 33. DEED 34. WEST 37. ARSE 39. ELSA 40. MISS 41. KATHMANDU 42. ONION

DOWN: 1. LAKE 2. HORRID 4. NILE 5. EXTEND 6. TAIL 7. RAINED 8. AUTO 9. EASE 10. SNATCH 11. POLO 12. OTEA 17. JENGA 19. WHIP 21. EGYPT 23. SIESTA 25. GEODES 26. NEWEST 27. AXEL 28. TESS 29. ADAM 30. MERINO 31. MESS 34. COOK 36. BIRD 38. BURN

OVERHEARD ŌTEPOTI

SECOND YEARS ARGUING ABOUT THE PRICE & PLY OF TOILET PAPER



"In the grand scheme of things, in your ENTIRE LIFE, what difference is \$2 gonna make?"

- New World City Centre

A SATURDAY NIGHT OUTSIDE COUNTDOWN



"I don't want to be talking to him tonight,"



"so if you guys see me talking to him, I need you to go Tayla!!!"

AT KIKI BEWARE



"Coffee just doesn't affect me."



"CoFFeE JuST DoEsN'T aFFeCT mE"

AT A SESH



"Do you guys know how to use a rotary phone?"

AT CENTRAL LIBRARY



"what do we do now?"



"I don't know. Find the top ten spots to cry at uni?"

AT ADJØ



"what papers are you taking next semester?"



"I'm doing social inequality, the white guilt paper"

people smoking outside woof



Random girl: I'm so sorry but do any of you guys have deodorant? I'm from Invercargill so it's the one thing I forgot."

AT WOOF



"Maybe it's not you."



"Maybe it's the scorpio moon."

Comics by Justina King

Quotes overheard by Critic Te Ārahi Staff

South Otago Pubs Ranked by How Scared I Am to be In Them

*The Search For Identity,
Manhood, and Belonging*

Last month I cut my hair short. No longer was I the long-haired lad who sat reading Proust in the summer sun. Instead, I endeavoured to become the beer-guzzling, duck-shooting, rugby-loving, Southern man which my rugged short hair prescribed me to be. Yet how is it possible to make such a rapid transition in the throngs of studentville? I can't be a deluded soft boy one minute and full on country boy in the next. Something had to happen; a trial by fire perhaps? There was only one obvious answer to my conundrum. I had to conquer the Southland pubs that scared me most, in a quest that would hopefully shape me into the 'Southern Man' I so desired to become. Thus, the decision was made. I would journey south to search for the scariest pub while asking myself the scariest question of all: what makes a man?



An Experience
by
Hugh Askerud
Art by Dan Van Lith

Owaka Pub

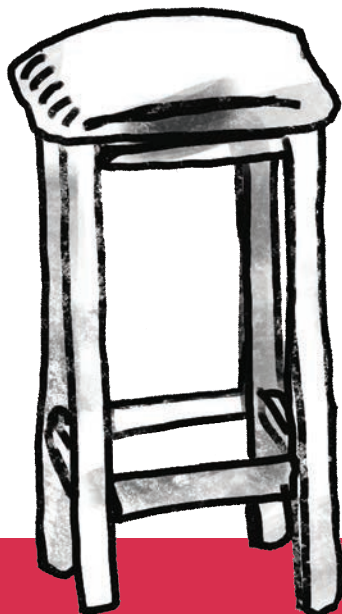
Owaka pub. What an institution. Walking in, you confront a bottle store linked to the entrance of the bar. The presence of the liquor store greatly diminished my fear upon entering, having reminded me of the comforts found in the hallowed halls of Leith Liquor. Venturing in, it became apparent that I had arrived far too early to see any of the duck-shooters who were likely still geared up in the middle of their paddocks. The crowd left behind were merry, the patriotic home-front, it seemed. All but one dilapidated gambler wore a smile. When queried about how his night was going, the pokie player gruffly replied, "The bloody machine's broken," before proceeding to have another go. Turns out the machine was actually broken! But alas, the fixing of the machine did little to improve the poor man's luck. Overall, the Owaka pub was not nearly as scary as I had expected. I was brazen in my demeanour, though, chatting amicably, ordering a jug, and at one point brushing a man's shoulder while playing pool, eek! The sense of fear I felt upon entering was quickly overwhelmed by a sense of joy provided by this quaint little burrow of civilization. My pool game was applauded by bored onlookers, and even the gruffest inhabitants didn't seem to mind my flaunting. The Owaka pub also had a framed, signed petition stating, "We the people of the South prefer DB Draught to any other kind of beer." The fact that over 200 people had signed that petition attests to the importance of the pub as a hub for the Owaka community, though it also made me reconsider ever buying Speight's again.

STANDARDS NEEDED TO OVERCOME FEAR: 8
LONGEST ACCEPTABLE HAIR LENGTH: SHOULDER LENGTH
OVERALL VIBE: 32% SCARED

Clutha

Balclutha is the definition of what is truly Southern and scary to a young city slicker like me. The pub scene in Balclutha was tainted by sorrow rather than fear. Balclutha's iconic pub, the 'Southy', was destroyed in 2022. The Southy had a tumultuous reputation, and was renowned for an incident where one patron stuck a pool cue up another's ass during a particularly rowdy Stag Do. In nervous anticipation, I wondered if my venture would end similarly before realising that the pub had been demolished in hopes of establishing a much "nicer" venue. Balclutha is trying to become Auckland and it pisses me off. All power to those developing new infrastructure in the burgeoning metropolis but as Troy Bolton famously queried in the hit song 'Bet on It' - did you ever lose yourself to get what you want? You did, Balclutha, and it disgusts me. Our only pub alternative in the city was 'Casafuego', which had both a restaurant and bar. Though the restaurant's vibes were strong, this atmosphere completely shifted upon entering the cordoned off bar area. The room was exceedingly cramped though there were at least 12-15 people within its embrace. Despite the significant numbers, idle chatter was at a minimum and most patrons stood awkwardly watching an extremely tense game of pool. The tension was so palpable that my entrance into the bar warranted 6-7 onlookers to glare at me in abhorrence. The ordinary inhabitants had produced a malice which was unbearable to my - at this point, hopelessly upset - self. I left the bar on the verge of tears. "Is this the fate of the Clutha pub?" I questioned desperately. Would Owaka soon meet the same end? Was I perhaps witness to the death of the Southland pub? This question was scary enough to ponder as I climbed into the car, inconsolable.

STANDARDS NEEDED TO OVERCOME FEAR: NOT EVEN ALCOHOL SUFFICES
LONGEST ACCEPTABLE HAIR LENGTH: BALDING
OVERALL VIBE: 100% SCARED



Milton

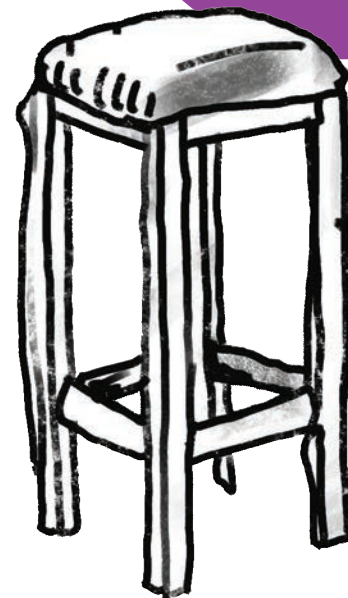
Coming into the 'Town of Opportunity' I had high expectations that the White Horse Inn, also known as 'The Kink 'N The Road', would be bat-shit crazy. Images of bar fights, robberies, and pool tournaments beset my enraptured mind. In reality, none of these promises were fulfilled as we engaged in a few quiet conversations and an embarrassingly unbalanced game of pool before leaving. Yet it was hard not to be scared by the obvious local domination, made apparent by all those who arrived festooned in gumboots and the bright orange of Toko RFC. As we played pool it became apparent that our intrusion was unwelcome, increasing both our fear and uncertainty as we questioned the morality of our journey down south. Despite the pub's size, inhabitants refused to spread out and instead gathered around the bar as if it were an altar, chatting in a celebratory fashion. Duck shooters regaled their tales of success and we sat alone on the verge of a community, unable to be penetrated by even the wittiest of banter.

STANDARDS NEEDED TO OVERCOME FEAR: 30 (A CRATE)
LONGEST ACCEPTABLE HAIR LENGTH: ANY LENGTH AS LONG AS IT'S A MULLET
OVERALL VIBE: 82% SCARED

Waihola

As the light pollution worsened on track to Dunedin, I began to question my entire reason for indulging in the trip. Except in Balclutha, the South Otago pubs had shown not the fearsome nature of the Southern man but instead the quintessence of humanity. Perhaps the reputation of the South Otago pub as something to be feared was leading to the scariest sight of all - the death of the pub. Our venture into the Waihola tavern further confirmed these fears. Tired of pool, we sat down to watch Moana Pasifika get within an inch of beating the Blues. It seemed as if the whole bar had rallied behind the underdog team, old grumps and families alike. Within this microcosm there existed a million worlds, merely glimpsed into for but a second at a time: Walter was "at it again" according to the bartender, and two 20-somethings were teaching their brothers/sons how to get it done on the pool table. The harmony of human nature in all its elements was obvious. I left chuffed. My fear of the mythical South Otago pub had been conquered!

STANDARDS NEEDED TO OVERCOME FEAR: 3
LONGEST ACCEPTABLE HAIR LENGTH: ABOVE THE EARS
OVERALL VIBE: 44% SCARED



After this long journey, it became apparent that the South Otago pub was not a place to be feared but to be celebrated in its ability to centralise and unite small communities. It had become apparent that the construct of "manhood" has no currency in a setting where humanity in itself is championed above all else. In this sense there is something to be savoured in the South Otago pub. Sadly, the reputation South Otago pubs have garnered as places belonging to only the scariest of individuals has hampered rather than helped these venues' existence. The death bells tolled as we passed through Balclutha and other locations which could soon be slaughtered. Yet the journey did achieve its goal. In visiting these pubs it became apparent how fruitless it is to shape your identity to meet an idealised end: you can't and you shouldn't. South Otago pubs prove that love for the community must always triumph on the path to becoming anything - no matter how long your mullet.



His first big break was when he infiltrated the HR department and became involved in the hiring process, at which point his positions began to snowball. He immediately hired himself, again, for an “assistant to the deputy hiring manager” position, and began spending entire days emailing back and forth with himself about the qualities of various new job candidates - all of which were, of course, just more Quintins. These were all “billable and very legal hours,” according to him. The only position Quintin couldn’t clinch was that of registrar, which would’ve allowed him direct control over the University’s academic records. “If David Clark hadn’t gotten in the way of my plan, I’d have been unstoppable,” he said. “Damn that man... he’s even less qualified than I am.”

Quintin instead targeted the internal communications department. As of writing, Quintin has essentially consumed the entire internal comms team, with literally only one man, Gary, actually performing his duties as a non-Quintin. The other eight staff positions in this office are worked exclusively from home by the jack of all trades, who spends his entire week circulating emails and pdfs between his various accounts in an effort to seem as busy and necessary as possible. “They couldn’t possibly fire me. If they did, they’d have to admit that all of these positions are redundant, and they aren’t really in a position to do that.”

A bewildered Gary from comms told Critic that he was “absolutely gobsmacked” to learn that he only had one real coworker. This revelation “made a lot of sense... I always felt that [my officemates] all sounded very similar over the phone.” He did not have any problems with Quintin’s conduct, though, because “at the end of the day, all the work got done.”

If Gary had ever complained or raised suspicion, though, he would’ve been out of luck: the only person in the Clocktower in charge of handling complaints is, you guessed it, another Quintin. In fact, when we asked the Clocktower for comment on this story, we received a response FROM QUINTIN.

Has Quintin gone too far? Has his exploitation of a bloated middle management sector and the global economy’s obsession with box-ticking bureaucrats pushed academics out of a job, or should he be celebrated for finding a way to game the system? We went to the man himself for an explanation. “You tell me,” said Quintin. “But, personally, I can’t hear you over the sound of all this cash money in my bank account. Besides, without my efforts the TEU would be out of a job. I’m a big union guy, so I felt like I had to keep them busy with something to do. It’s charity, really.”

“Don’t act like you’re so upset,” said Quintin. “I EARNED this money. It’s legit.” And if we had a problem with that, “you can talk to my manager,” he said. Of course, that’s just another Quintin.



You can’t just print more money. Or can you?

OUSA Student President Quintin Jane has been caught at the centre of an elaborate money making scheme, double-, nay, triple-dipping his greedy little fists into the Clocktower’s coffers. This was brought to light when he was caught printing, cutting, and copying sheets of currency in Central Library. When confronted, Quintin said, “What? You don’t get paid in sheets of cash every week? Must be a Clocktower thing.”

This got us thinking - who would pay a University employee in sheets of raw currency? Turns out, Quintin would. Because Quintin is in charge of payroll for the University. And HR. And security, communications, and property services. Quintin currently holds 36 different positions in the Clocktower, working them all simultaneously from home, and circulating emails between his various roles in a dizzying dance of deception.

Confidential documents obtained by Critic Te Ārohi show that the young student politician has single-handedly been the driving force behind the University’s \$60 million deficit. Over the last two years, he has applied for (and been given) dozens of newly-created middle management jobs. Critically, every one of these positions can be done remotely as the University moves online to reduce building costs.

Tudor.
Period.



BALLIN' ON A BUDGET:

CROWN with the SICKNESS

CORO-SLAY-TION!

Things have been a little tight recently, even for the royals! If you're out of African gemstones to exploit or Indian cotton to extort, here are some penny-pinching tips to don the **full kingly kit** without any of the **crazy costs!**



19th Century Victorian Gold Silk & Cotton Catholic Cape • **\$3833nzd**

*it's giving
anglican!*

CINCH IT!



Metallic Flower Decor Glamorous Buckle Belt
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Unisex Hooded Cloak
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Polka dot elastic headband
Aliexpress • \$7.71usd

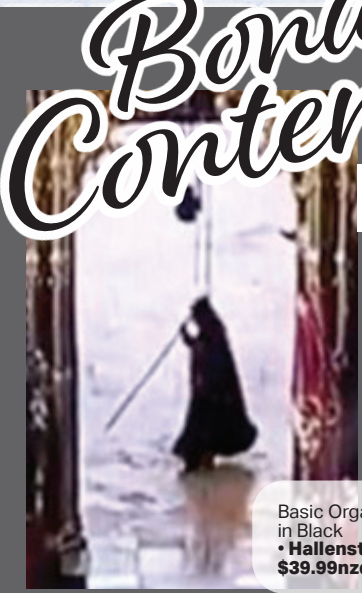
DUUUPE!

Baroque Bridal Wedding Crown
Aliexpress • \$30.67nzd



*Bonus!
Content!*

REAPER CHIC



Basic Organic Hoodie in Black
Hallensteins • \$39.99nzd



Extending Selfie Stick
MightyApe • \$53nzd



ooo wa-a-a-ah

Lapel Neck Cloak Sleeve Belted Overcoat
Shein • \$56.95nzd



NEPOTISM:

It's okay if it's tradition!

Nā Sky (Ngāti Hine, Ngāti Wai)

Exam season may be daunting but, remember, if old mate Charlie can succeed the throne at the overripe age of 74 and still not know his allocated lines, then you can walk off that B+ with your head held high.

Despite the archaic, dormant vibe that the British monarchy insists on maintaining in the name of "tradition", the coronation is reminiscent of one thing: how generous the British Crown is to all of its humble servants. I mean, how wonderful is it that the British Royal Family continue to exceed all expectations by occasionally bringing their lofty palace walls down to allow us mere field-workers a peek into their upper-crust way of life?

And it must've been a close race to determine who was crowned, because I'm sure the Brits are aware of the pre-existing monarchy here in New Zealand. Surely, right? After all, with some people having the nerve to suggest that our head of state actually be born here, there must be some fierce competition in determining the "true" monarch of New Zealand. Or perhaps it's been so long now that they've forgotten about those pesky outstanding dues. Maybe, in true British fashion, they've avoided the colonies altogether to dodge the debt-collectors (troublesome natives).

Because as slay and cute as the whole ceremony was, there is just that one little outstanding problem of the debt. You know, the one that looms over the head of the crown? The one that's grown every day for the last 200 years? Last time I checked, the British Crown owes silly ol' Aotearoa a pretty penny for all of those artefacts they "discovered" and land they "borrowed". Talk about an overdue account. Surely Charlie, unlike his predecessors, will be a true GC (Gracious Conscience) and return our belongings.

Or better yet, own up to the Crown's end of the ancient agreement that acknowledged Treaty partners as subjects of the British crown. Because that would come with some interesting consequences, like access to British passports.

We're all subjects of the British Crown, "rights and privileges" and all - see exhibit A, Article 3 of the Treaty for context. Come on, big dog Chaz! Make your legacy worth remembering past the fact that you waited HOW long to get your first job?

Without a passport, how else am I meant to ship myself to the British Museum to see my own people's history on display? I love what you've done with our waka and taonga on display, literally so honoured to have them in the museum, but it's not super chill and cool that it's easier for Māori artefacts to get into Britain than Māori people. Shall we discuss the "equal treatment" aspect of the Treaty? Is it time to cash in and ram raid Westminster Abbey of its royal remains for our museum displays back home? Seems fair, right? I think those crown jewels would look absolutely smashing in the Tron.

So, if there's anything that the new monarch symbolises, it's that living off of Mummy's inheritance is only acceptable if it comes with a shiny, not-so-new accessory, and a legacy of terrorising people by the thousands. Ah, colonialism. I'd say "long live the King!" but he's pretty far gone at this point. So, God save the King. He's gonna need it.



LAND ON TIC!



HOT ACCESSORY



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

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY

LIBRARY HOURS
otago.ac.nz/library/hours



GOOD (ENOUGH) HOUSEKEEPING:

A Woman's Guide to Domestic Bliss in Duffers

By Lotto Ramsay & Arlo Hill

Art by Mikey Clayton



Here at Critic Te Ārohi, we recognise what a relatable struggle it is to be both the perfect student and the perfect housewife. Everyone's felt the burnout that comes from having to turn in an assignment at 12 and turn out a gorilla-grip coochie at 1, am I right? AM or PM, it's a full-time job. Now that women have evolved the ability to read, know that you're not alone (you never should be, as your husband must accompany you everywhere) and we're here to help with specially-curated tips on womanhood from people who definitely have spoken to girls before. You're literally so valid, bestie!

**GIRLBOSS
MOMENT!**

STEP
1

Getting in the Right Mindset:

While a sunny disposition, pristine etiquette, and general self-hatred are required to be the perfect woman, you can't live in domestic bliss without the "domestication" part, right? That's why the very first step is to become completely fucking feral – it'll give you the strongest baseline for your makeover. Go bush without telling anyone for as long as it takes to forget how to wipe. A few years should do it, but this will depend on your fluency, wilderness skills, and whether you were a kid that bit people. If the bush isn't your thing, fear not! You can also become relatively feral by going through a dumpster-diving phase (all the rage right now, babes) while living in a flat full of carbon monoxide. Don't ask us how we know.

Once feralness has been acquired to taste (it'll feel like being edged, but by rabies, and also a bit like it's always Tuesday) then it's time for domestication. Get someone with a soothing voice to trap you in a blanket and slowly hand-feed you dry cereal made for small children. It may take a while to learn how to sleep in a bed again and to stop clawing at the wallpaper, but that's the price of inner beauty.

STEP
2

Perfecting the Love Life:

You may not love life, but have you considered that maybe you just need to cater to a fully grown man's every want and whim?

Con men into doing things for you.

Men love a helpless and pitiful woman, so do everything in your power to elicit sympathy. Make them feel like a true Elfer Male (or whatever it is) by acting like a dumb little fairy. Ask for help tying your shoes. Pretend you've never seen a laptop before and giggle with amusement whenever it lights up. Arrive late to places and say that you got lost putting on your pants earlier and spent two days nibbling through the denim to freedom. Soon enough, men will be falling over themselves to come rescue you!

Always make your hookups shower.

Sure, you could go for the flirty "I'ma hop in the shower - wanna join?", but women are devious trickster succubi, so that's far too subtle for a poor, innocent male. To avoid being accused of playing a fickle womanly game, try being direct in your approach by spritzing him with a spray bottle like a cat. Say that you have a "clean foreskin fetish" while dramatically opening windows to air out every room he's occupied. Failing that, consider hosing him down in your yard. If you're from a farming background, see if you can get him into a sheep dip, for good measure. SO cottagecore!

If birds can attract mates with colourful garbage, you can too.

Maximalism is the new minimalism, and hoarding is always in vogue if you call it "collecting". A cluttered hovel will evoke your divine femininity as the harvester-gatherer that you are. You can gain a lot of insight on someone from their decor, and avoid this at all costs by living in migraine-inducing chaos to uphold your womanly mysticism. Consider leaving a trail of litter wherever you go to lead potential suitors back to your territory. Curate this trail according to your personal preferences: leave long receipts for finance bros, monster cans for emos, and condom wrappers for fuckbois – or used condoms for used fuckbois.

STEP
3

Harmony in the Kitchen:

The way to a man's stomach is through his heart (if you force him to love you, he might vore you) so enjoy these tasty tips!

Hate doing dishes? Eat from your God-given hands!

If one wishes to hold the world in the palm of one's hand, should one not first hold something smaller, like soup? Hands are much easier to wash than dishes (always wear dark pants to wipe your hands on), and the finger and tongue dexterity you'll gain will make it much easier to bag yourself a man.

"Hire" a scullery maid.

Cooking is unbecoming and not fit for the lady of the house. If you're too poor to afford a chef, consider a) being born rich, or b) just making one up. Invent your own personal maid, and attribute everything to her (obviously she's female) when asked. When your man comes back from his job at the taxes factory, greet him with a smile while you pull a container of Uber Eats out of your cold oven: "Oh, this? Just something I got Tara to whip up." Start ordering your "maid" around aloud, and honest to God see how far you can take it. Train her by watching cooking videos in your sleep. The goal is a complete fracture of your psyche, allowing a fully-fledged maidsone to take over in the kitchen. The best part? Your husband can't cheat on you with the maid!

STEP
4

Becoming a Domestic Goddess:

Turn that rat's nest into a love nest with these quick and very dirty tips!

Get good at cleaning stains (as well as making them).

Critic already has an extensive stain removal guide for all the fluids one can imagine, and speedy cleaning is the best method. However, for old or stubborn stains, consider keeping them around as signs of your prowess. This will both assert dominance over other women and intimidate the men who enter your lair. Your goal is for them to remark, "Wow, she got vomit on the ceiling, as evidenced by this here projectile splatter? She must have a powerful throat," or, "These are the most cum-stained sheets I have ever laid eyes on. I have competition, and I must up my game immediately." It's a win-win.

Maintain a clean bathroom by learning how to piss outside.

Everyone knows that women do not have anuses, so one can keep a mint-condition loo by only pissing outside. Keep a mason jar (Pinterest chic) by the bed for emergencies. If you squat to pee, consider wearing absorbent socks, or perhaps some gumboots. Having a vulva does not prevent one from being able to piss standing up – all you need is a killer kegel, some towels, and a general disregard for yourself and your surroundings. Never practise this in your own bathroom: do it at your hookup's or on campus to better mark your territory.

STEP
5

Look Hot, Fear Not:

Fashion is cyclical, so get ahead of the curve by rejecting Clean Girl aesthetic and embracing Scody Girl. Stop making bath bombs, start learning amateur pyrotechnics, and read on for more gorgeous tips!

Sleep in your makeup to avoid taking it off.

Getting out of bed to remove your makeup is literally emotional labour. 'Miscellaneous' water is a scam – if you're a sweaty enough sleeper, your beat will be gone by morning! Even the most waterproof eyeliner cannot withstand a trauma-fueled nightmare. Sure, if you wear a full face you might want to take it off, but put a baby wipe on your pillow and let the rest be tomorrow-you's problem. Imagine how blended your contour would be after rolling around in it all night. Snatched!

Cut your own hair whenever your mental illness implores you.

Hair is temporary, but passing waves of intense, crippling emotion are forever (my mental illness wrote that, but I believe it and so they should be obeyed, no matter what). According to TikTok, any godforsaken layered shag haircut can be gorgeous if you spend three hours styling it beyond recognition and also are an alt teenager! You may be in your twenties, and Ramona Flowers references may be dated, but imagine the dates YOU'LL get – just don't let them see the back of your head. Missionary only, as the chaste and pure creature that you are.

Date mid people so you always look hotter.

Beauty is all about comparing yourself to others, so why not lower the bar a little to get a leg up – and keep it up, but only for threes. If you're unfortunate enough to get stuck with a smokeshow, offer to edit their pics for them ("fix the lighting") and slowly FaceTune them to look worse. Beauty is in the iPhone of the beholder, and as the beholder it is your duty to slowly erode your loved one's self-esteem.

STEP
6

Transcend Reality:

Focus on finding yourself (but only to find a man).

It's amazing what you can get away with if you say that you were just "finding yourself". It's a free pass to do whatever the fuck you want with no consideration for others, and it also drives men crazy. They say it's impossible for real women to be manic pixie dream girls as the trope is inherently male fantasy, so break the laws of physics to only manifest into existence when a man is thinking of you.

Once you've finished reading this (or had a man read it aloud to you in a patronising tone), consider that you are no longer a figment of our imagination, and vanish accordingly. Slay!



BUILD YOUR OWN *Dream Girl*

Finding it hard to get the perfect missus, even though you've started showering two whole times a week? Wondering why females these days are so lame and boring, when according to your mum you're the world's most interesting little man? Want to attract IG fitness models even though you regularly have nightmares about the Beep Test? LOOK NO FURTHER!

With our NEW and IMPROVED recipe (no more neurotoxins or lead) anyone can make their own custom dream girl from the comfort of their own home. Or mum's home, if you're still there. Pick and mix your favourite ingredients, add the special sauce (internalised misogyny – just a pinch) and let it sit overnight for 24 hours.

The final result should be a brunette between 5'3 - 5'4 completely devoid of personality or agency: a perfect echo chamber for all your interests that will also clean up and put out for you.

WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR?



BUT WAIT!
THERE'S MORE!

MUST INCLUDE: STAR WARS CHAT, NICE DERRIÈRE (BADONKADONK), LEGO, RUGBY, BOOBIES (SHAPE > SIZE) KFC, LORD OF THE RINGS, BEING BULLIED, PENIS
CANNOT INCLUDE: CRUSADERS, CELERY, RELIGION, COWARDICE, ENGLAND

With our 100% satisfaction guarantee, in the event that your Dream Girl develops consciousness (ick!) and becomes aware of the eldritch horror of her creation, we will issue a replacement model – just don't ask questions. Results may vary. Potential choking hazard. Shock collar not included.

Rachel Brooking

Labour list MP based in Dunedin and Otago



04 817 8806

rachel.brooking@parliament.govt.nz



Authorised by Rachel Brooking MP,
Parliament Buildings, Wellington

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QUIZ:

By Eileen Corcoran

Which Political Scandal are You?

HOW DID YOU PICK YOUR MAJOR?

- A.** You decided to study an incredibly challenging course like law or med in Year 11 and haven't considered any alternative since.
- B.** You came to uni to study psych, but quickly realised there were much easier degrees to finish in three years while barely going to class and doing every assignment at the last minute.
- C.** It's a pretty basic major, but you actually decided to study it on your own! The fact your older sibling studied the exact same thing had nothing to do with your decision.
- D.** You hadn't heard of this degree until you were already at uni, and half of the people you talk to about it don't know it exists. They're really interested to hear if you can get a job with it, though!
- E.** You don't like to admit it, but a lot of former prime ministers and diplomats have the same degree...

DESPITE YOUR BEST EFFORTS, YOU'VE ENDED UP WITH SIX HOURS OF BACK-TO-BACK CLASSES EVERY WEDNESDAY. HOW DO YOU HANDLE THE NON-STOP ACADEMIC PRESSURE OF LECTURES FROM 11AM-5PM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WEEK?

- A.** This is actually your least busy day of the week, and your biggest struggle is that it's too chilled out. You're considering picking up a third tutoring job to fill in your hump day schedule.
- B.** If it was any other day you'd at least pretend to try and stick out all your classes, but pres for pint night take obvious precedence. You head home at 2pm for a nap after three hours of looking at your ex's Instagram in the back of the lecture theatre. Solid effort.
- C.** It's obviously not a super slay arrangement, but with your carefully curated palette of pastel Stabilo highlighters and Kikki K planner, you'll get through this.
- D.** This situation would never happen to you. You're studying the nicest of postgrad degrees and you have one class every two weeks with three other people.
- E.** You LIVE for Wednesday afternoons. There's nothing you love more than feeling busy, boosting from Castle B to St Davids, and then back to Castle A to get a front row seat in every single lecture. How else will the lecturer notice you raising your hand every 10 minutes?

UH OH - THERE'S MAJOR BEEF IN THE FLAT GROUP CHAT. WHAT'S YOUR ROLE IN THE DRAMA?

- A.** You quite genuinely have nothing to do with the drama because your flat barely ever sees you.
- B.** It's pretty hard to deny the truth: this is totally your fault. In your defence, though, you can't actually remember using the flat card to buy drinks at Subs last Saturday, so you think everyone's being a bit too harsh.
- C.** You're no stranger to sending the "hey girlies, not to be rude but..." message. Some might say you instigated the drama, but from your perspective you're just saying what needs to be said.
- D.** You've become involved in the accusatory team, not because you really think it's a big deal but you LOVE a debate and the flatmate who's definitely in the right here.
- E.** Actually, you reject the premise of this question. It's not 'beef' or 'drama', but a targeted attack on you because your flatmates are jealous of your lifestyle. You really don't see how it affects them if you take 45-minute-long showers every morning, or take up half the fridge with your fancy organic groceries. They're just jealous of your future success.

EVERYONE'S GOT A SECRET PAST. WHAT EMBARRASSING DETAIL OF YOUR YOUNGER SELF DO YOU KEEP HIDDEN FROM YOUR FRIENDS?

- A.** You never got your pen licence in primary school. Your handwriting has honestly not improved at all, and this is only masked by your Macbook Pro.
- B.** You and your mum are actually super close, and you secretly still call her most nights before bed. This isn't actually embarrassing and you feel kinda bad for being so shy about it, but this kind of tenderness would really damage your reputation amongst The Lads.
- C.** You had a massive emo phase in Year 10 which culminated with your private Anglican school getting REALLY mad when you rocked up to term two with an undercut and tongue piercing.
- D.** Your biggest secret is that you don't have one. Despite your best efforts to cultivate an air of mystery and interest about your past, you can't escape the fact that you grew up in a nuclear suburban family with a pool, a golden retriever, and a holiday house in Wānaka.
- E.** You... weren't actually Head Prefect. You were Deputy Head, until the Head Girl or Boy dropped out at the end of term three to become a hairdresser and you took on the job for the last month of school. You wouldn't know those circumstances from looking at your four-page CV, though.

WHAT ROLE ARE YOU IN YOUR PROGRAM'S STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION?

- A.** Treasurer. No one really knows what you do, but they'd be absolutely screwed if you didn't do it.
- B.** You're not on the exec, but you are at each and every wine and cheese and quiz night. Not the tutoring sessions though. Ceebs.
- C.** You're on the exec by proximity, because your bestie is the president. They're actually trying to guilt you into becoming social officer since the last one went on exchange to Europe.
- D.** You've always thought it seems a bit too keen so never got involved, but you really look forward to Clubs Day - mostly because of all the free stickers and pens.
- E.** President for the second year in a row... obviously. You've heard rumours of a coup from your VP, but you'll be damned if you let it happen.

Mostly As:
Varsity Blues

Mostly Bs:
Rob Muldoon calls election while drunk

Mostly Cs:
Marilyn Monroe and JFK's maybe-affair

Mostly D's:
The Spy Balloons

Mostly E's:
Scott Morrison's ministerial self-appointment

In 2019, a bunch of American celebrities, business executives, and other one-percenters got caught paying bribes to get their kids admitted to top-ranking universities in the US, either by falsifying their entrance exams or creating artificial sporting credentials. It's why Olivia Jade got cancelled and Aunt Becky went to prison. To be clear, Critic isn't accusing you of fraud, but you have been known to get a little too intense when it comes to maintaining your academic record. Look, we get it - you're ambitious, and you've sunk too much time into your studies to risk messing it up now.

Former National Party Prime Minister Rob Muldoon's term came to a rather jarring end in 1984. On June 14th, a clearly drunk Muldoon told journalists that the election would be held in just a month's time - an election he went on to lose. Just like Rob, you've been known to say something you shouldn't have after a few bevs, and it's come back to bite you in the ass once or twice. Maybe hold the career-altering announcements for more sober moments?

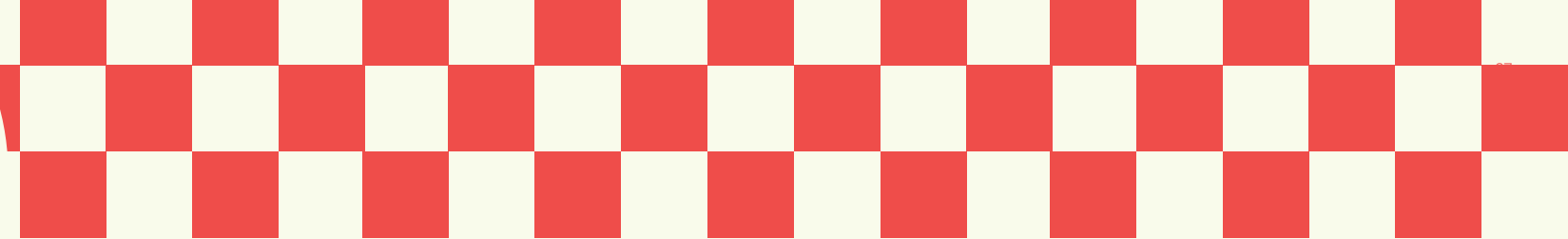
It's such a classic scandal, and we'll never know the truth for certain. Did the world's biggest sex symbol and America's most popular President fuck? Does it really matter if they did, or is the gossip it generated the most important aspect? Like most scandals, this one becomes less genuinely important and more entirely ridiculous the further you dig into it. It's a basic scandal, but it's popular for a reason - just like your Yu Mei bag and Ruby Corvette pants. It's also characterised by a bunch of people overreacting to two people sleeping together, and truly, what Otago drama is more classic than that?

You have always tried to keep an air of mystery and intrigue about your persona. Your obsession with arm tattoos, carrying around a leather satchel, and drinking strictly craft beers at Albar is a testament to this. While you consider yourself the beacon of intelligence, your hot takes and niche political opinions can actually be really strange and off-putting. That's exactly why you're like those spy balloons that rocked the world earlier this year - peculiar, random, perplexing, and bound to send people into hysteria.

Just before the end of his term as Australian Prime Minister, it came out that Scott Morrison had quietly appointed himself, at various points, Minister of Health, Finance, Treasury, Home Affairs, Industry, Science, Energy and Resources. It wasn't technically illegal, but for a Prime Minister as memed and scorned as ScoMo, it was pretty embarrassing. You're not quite on Morrison's level, but you have a tendency to be a bit self-important and assume that you know better than anyone - you're probably the first to admit that you're a control freak in group assignments. Take this as a reminder to take a breath, take some criticism, and remember that there are more important things to life than student politics. With that said - something tells me you plan a mean night out, from pres to brunch the next day.



weekly
Specials



SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



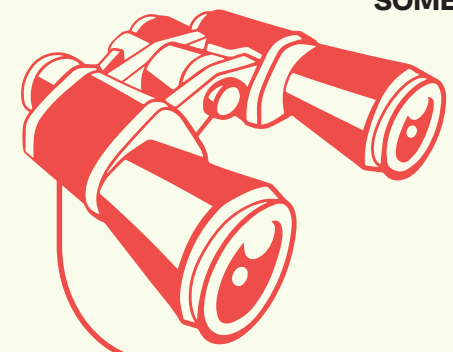
The original '90s Transformers TV show theme song (intro and outro)
I have been obsessed with this for years even though I never watched the show and don't really care about Transformers, all because there is something seriously strange going on with this music. I don't really know anything about music either (how big is a time signature?) but that doesn't matter because anyone can tell you that this is... very strange. There's a longer video done by some guy on a piano explaining exactly what's up with it but it all went over my head. Anyway, give it a listen - shit's whack.

SOMETHING TO GO TO



Your lectures, probably
It's the end of the semester and now is when all the important bits get revisited, so if you haven't been going, this is your sign. It can't hurt. Also, you're paying for it so, like, why wouldn't you go? At the very least you should go to your exams. And you don't have to be sober, technically. Especially if your exams are in business or management; if you show up to those hungover or whatever you automatically get a 10% grade boost because you've chosen to do the work with "real life simulation mode" on and the markers respect that. You're just trying to simulate the most realistic working conditions possible, and showing up to 10% of what's required while smelling strongly of last night's adventures is par for the course, my friend. We do it all the time.

SOMETHING TO WATCH



Any of Jeremy Wells' previous shorts for Eating Media Lunch
Jeeeee there's some marginal shit in there. From the '30-day Kebab Challenge' that ends in him essentially joining the Taliban, to the Country Calendar episode with a domestic violence joke so quick you almost don't notice it - there's a lot to unpack here if you haven't seen it already. I hadn't, at least. Definitely worth a watch if you're a Seven Sharp follower as it's pretty crazy to see him go from very borderline mid-2000's chat to being one of the country's most familiar (and respected?) news presenters. Some of it is definitely over the line but a lot of it is really hard to call - perfect satire is indistinguishable from the real thing, after all. Some dude named Thomas M pointed this out to us and I would say thank you but, honestly, I don't know if I'm glad that I know this exists?

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



Predator Free Dunedin's Possum Spotlight
From June 10-18, any time after dark, just try to find some possums nearby your property and report them to PFD. They're trying to figure out how many live among us and that's tricky to do without a sort of crowdsourced effort. It's very easy to do, even easier if you're a night owl or a stoner and you're going outside every few hours anyway past 6pm. If you don't know how to find a possum, that's okay. Just shine a light around and look for eyes. They kinda sound like pigs. Warning: this method can also detect actual predators, like the "catch-a-predator" kind. Despite the name, this is not who PFD is focusing on, but it's a common mistake. If you catch the wrong kind of predator it's still worth reporting, but maybe to a different authority.

SOMETHING TO READ



The New York Times' 2018 mindfuck of an article on glitter
Yes, glitter. Just Google "the glitter article" and buckle up for a wild ride. Caity Weaver takes us on a hysterical and infuriating journey through the incredibly hush-hush world of glitter production, passing by topics like the CIA, glitter bombs, and intensely-guarded corporate secrets. I'll give you the best bit now, though: one industry buys the majority of the world's glitter, and under no circumstances did that industry want the New York Times to know who they were. "You would never guess it. Let's just leave it at that," said a factory worker. Caity asked if she could know why it was a secret, and was told "because they don't want anyone to know that it's glitter." This article has kept me up at night for the last five years and I'm not a single step closer towards knowing the truth. It's long, but it is well, well worth it.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



The term "carbon footprint"
It sounds like a nice green movement to get behind, but the term was actually coined by none other than British Petroleum! They hired the ad firm Oglivy to produce a sort of social trend that would shift the responsibility of climate change away from big companies (like, say, BP) and onto the shoulders of individual consumers. Oglivy is also behind social bangers like "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" and Dove Soap's "real beauty" messaging. Seriously, they're everywhere. And "carbon footprint" totally worked. It's now part of legitimately green conversations and is why Air New Zealand can guilt trip you into paying \$5 extra to "offset your carbon emissions" even though that is THEIR JOB.



By Jamiema Lorimer
Photos: Liam Taylor

WOULD YOU STILL LOVE ME IF I WAS A WORM?

Would you still love me if I was a worm? Pōpopo wormporium, the composting initiative of Otago Polytechnic, definitely would. Critic Te Ārohi caught up with Liam Hoffman and his worms to find out more.

Pōpopo is OP's very own composting facility created to deal with campus' food waste. The three cafés found on campus, the culinary arts school, and their hall, Te Pā Tauira, are all involved with the initiative, as well as some of OP's offices and a handful of flats on Harbour Terrace. Their food waste is transformed into compost used to fertilise the vegetable and fruit gardens that are part of OP's Living Campus, a community garden of produce for its students and staff to use.

A typical day for Liam starts with collecting the buckets of food waste from around campus, then adding these to and turning over the various compost heaps before finally distributing the fertiliser to plant beds around campus. He also has to monitor the quality of the food waste, the health of the worms, and take data on the scale of the initiative. There are various methods of composting at Pōpopo, including hot compost and different styles of worm bins. The hot compost heap sits at a temperature of about 70 degrees Celsius, purely from all the kinetic movement of the bacteria breaking the food down. "That's just all the bacteria wriggling around. Eating and pooping and fucking, making all the beautiful stuff," shares Liam.

Pōpopo was started by Finn Boyle, a former student of OP. Initially, he was trialling a small-scale composting operation on campus, as well as advising them on compostable packaging. Eventually this led to OP inviting Finn to do this on a larger scale and creating a paid position for him to do so, and thus Pōpopo was created. Pōpopo was in its

planning stages in 2019 and became fully operational in 2021. Last year, Finn handed the position over to Liam: the new King of the Worms.

"The philosophy behind it is there's no such thing as waste, necessarily," says Liam. "It's a valuable resource that, with a bit of work, can be turned into awesome stuff that we put on the fruit trees and vegetable beds to feed them." This philosophy led to Pōpopo processing four tonnes of food waste in and producing over ten cubic metres of compost in 2022. The size of the compost heaps right now, ensure Liam produces about a cubic metre of compost monthly and there's still opportunity to scale up the operation. "It's cool that the Polytech are actually taking their waste seriously that way. Getting rid of it in a carbon neutral way and actually making good products out of it."


Pōpopo is rather unique amongst tertiary institutions in Aotearoa. Waikato is the only other campus that has a designated project where worms turn garbage into something digestible: their student magazine, Nexus. Coincidentally they're also the only other campus with a composting facility.

Pōpopo is an important example of a step institutions can take to be more proactive in attaining sustainability goals. "Every facility or institution should have a version of this," says Liam. "Whether that's big or small, depending on the place."

If you'd like to get involved with Pōpopo, volunteers are always welcome. You can also email compost@op.ac.nz to sign your flat up to contribute your food waste to the cause. You can find Pōpopo located on Union Street, between the OP hall and TCOL. And yes, they would still love you if you were a worm.



POPOPO

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CHARGRILLS
GET THAT IN YA GOB

THAI GREEN CURRY

It's a freezing Dunders Tuesday. You're nearly on the downhill slope to the weekend, but it's still shit because it's 2 degrees and you're not quite there yet. Your living room is colder than it is outside and your puffer vest and beanie aren't quite stopping your breath from looking like a vape cloud. All you want is to be warm and satisfied, which is why I do these recipes. This will make your Bluesday Tuesday epic. Get this in ya gob.

INGREDIENTS:

- Oil
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 Tbsp crushed garlic
- 1 Tbsp crushed ginger
- 1/3 jar green curry paste
- 2 cans coconut cream/milk
- 200g mushrooms, sliced
- Half a broccoli head, cut into florets
- 600g chicken breast, cut into cubes
- 2 carrots, ribboned (to the Karen that said they don't want to Google ribboning: just cut them up then ya dog)
- 250g vermicelli noodles
- Coriander to garnish (optional)

DIRECTIONS:

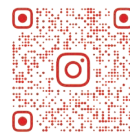
Heat up oil in a large pot and then add the diced onion. Let that cook through while preparing the rest of your veggies and chicken. Add the curry paste and stir that in until fragrant - it should take 1-2 minutes. Add in the coconut cream and a cup of water and let that come to a boil.

Once boiling, add in the mushrooms and broccoli and bring down to a simmer for 5 minutes. At this stage you want to bring another full pot of water to boil. Then add in the chicken to the first pot and cook for another 5 minutes.

Cook the vermicelli in the second pot of boiling water until cooked through. Check that the chicken's cooked, then serve into five bowls. Add the carrot and coriander if you want.

Crack into it. For the protein you can swap the chicken out for beef, 400g chickpeas or even tofu to make it vegan. Let this make your day a little better.

Goooooo onnnnnn.



FIND ME ON INSTAGRAM

BOOZE REVIEW:

FIZZLISS

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

Old Fashioned Lemonade Vodka

Fizzliss is an apt description.

Built into the human genome is a predisposition toward enjoying bubbles. All things bubbly. Bubbles in my bath, bubbles that meander through the air, Bubbles shooting up heroin in the streets of West Baltimore. A momentary existence punctuated with a satisfying *pop*; there is no situation that does not benefit from the inclusion of bubbles. So, understand my bewilderment towards the trend of non-carbonated, water-based RTD's. The most unequivocally boring way to get drunk.

Fizzliss' Old Fashioned Lemonade + Vodka tastes like it was intentionally left open on a table overnight. If this were sold as 'Old Fashioned Lemonade' by a child-run makeshift street stall, you would report the kid for operating without a licence. I did not enjoy this drink. I found that after each swig I was involuntarily mouthing "yeuch" as the mix clung to my poor tongue. Any natural goodness offered by the lemons was lost, leaving me sourer than any acidity found in a can. Ironically, the only thing that could elevate this drink would be carbonation.

If I were to ask a friend to mix a drink, and they brought me a shot of vodka mixed with still water and a squeeze of lemon, I would be concerned. That is not a cocktail, it is a cry for help. This behaviour is becoming all too common, with many RTD's boasting that they are high in alcohol, low in calories and sugar, and good for the planet. A mighty boast for literal poison. I would rather drink something that tastes good and is unabashed about how bad it is for you, as opposed to something that tastes bad and wraps itself in a bow of goodness. I would be less offended if they leaned into the whole "this is flat so you can shotgun it" approach, which would justify nearly every other flaw. But they don't.

This review may seem hypocritical as I choose to lambast an intentionally non-carbonated drink over its lack of carbonation, but with a name like "Fizzliss" it would seem strange to not question their lack of carbonation. It's like if I called my cock Jizzliss and got upset when girls asked why I didn't cum. Named after its own gimmick, in an attempt to separate itself from one of the mainstays of popular RTD culture, you would think the drink should be able to stand for itself. I find it insulting that a box of these costs \$29, the same price as all other carbonated RTD's, as they have taken away a crucial component and failed to fill its absence with anything of quality. Without delightful bubbles to hide behind, you're left with nothing other than a disappointingly below-average lemonade.

I have ventured into the water-based RTD market and returned surprisingly dry. I discovered that when alcohol isn't fun, it is terrifically depressing and boring. I am not shy in my dislike of these products, as I do not want to promote a terrible lifestyle propped up by mediocrity. I will do anything to hide and prolong our bad habits, and if that means advocating for bubbles, so be it.

Tasting notes: A bottle of natural, no-chemical, lemon dish soap.

Chugability: 10/10. They are the best beverage to shotgun.

Hangover depression level: 10/10. I feel morally (and financially) bankrupt drinking these.

Overall: 1/10. But at least they don't make you shit yourself anymore.

delivereasy

"Put through cat flap please. Too hungover to get up just yet."

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Dear Crystal Balls,

I'm concerned that my degree is redundant in this new technocracy we've entered, and that my time at university is going to be a pissup with a five figure hangover. How do I stay ahead of the computers?

Birth Date: 31/12/1999

Location: A Tawainese manufacturing facility

SUN: CAPRICORN

Sun determines your ego and identity.

Capricorn suns are realistic, grounded and hard working. They are determined and money-orientated.

MOON: LIBRA

Moon determines your inner emotions and subconscious.

Libra moons are warm, balanced, diplomatic and creative. You're charming, flirtatious, and love a good time.

RIISING: LIBRA OR CAPRICORN

Your rising sign is your outward persona and how you express yourself to the world.

No birth time, so I can't give an accurate analysis. But given your dual characteristics of realism and concern, paired with your focus on pissing up, you're either a Capricorn or Libra rising.

Oh dear, it seems you are riddled with worry and concern, so let me put your mind at ease. While it is normal to fret about the direction this dumpster fire world is going in, just remember that at the end of the day, everything was made up and you should really embrace a 'YOLO SWAG' mentality. Sure, AI and the tech bros are probably going to fucking ruin everything, but that doesn't mean you can't have fun. Piss up now, worry later, it's what your Libra moon wants. Debt, like everything else, was made up by The Man to prevent you from transcending to a spiritual level. Wake up, sheeple!!!! Also, you might want to knock off the idea that you're actually all that worried about this. Because if you were that much of a realist, you wouldn't turn to a shitposting orb for advice. Enjoy the froth while it lasts. Computers are temporary, glory is eternal.

XOXO, Orbtago

Want answers to the burning questions and troubles in your life? Send your query, birth date, time, and location of birth to orb@critic.co.nz

The Orb takes no responsibility for the consequences of your actions based on its advice. The Orb cannot be legally held accountable for any damage to property, people or thing including but not limited to arson, adultery, betrayal or defamation which may occur as a result of our advice.

HOROSCOPES

AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18



It's time to enter your problematic era. Start some shit, spread a rumor, call it how you see it. Take no prisoners this week, besties.

Scandal of the week: Pizzagate.

PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20



There is something about pisces and your ability to always be swimming in drama. Is it your fault? Is it your friends? Is it because you're too tumultuous? I guess we'll never know!

Scandal of the week: #Scandoval.

ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19



Winter time! Time to head to the farmers market and make yourself some soup with fresh bread. It's self care season, and you need all the help you can get to recover from the shitstorm of this semester.

Scandal of the week: Charles and Diana.

TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20



Y'all need a getaway. It's time to head out of dirty old Dunedin, and hit the road for some time away. On your journey, be sure to reflect and decompress your emotions in order to ensure you come back to town ready to slay.

Scandal of the week: Kanye interrupting Taylor circa 2009.

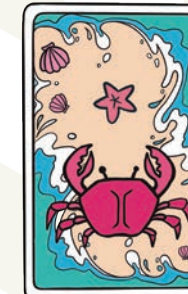
GEMINI May 21 - Jun 20



In the wise words of Wizards of Waverly Place: everything is not what it seems. Be sure to seek the truth, and don't fall for what those around you may be doing, as shade may be thrown your way.

Scandal of the week: Will Smith Oscars slap.

CANCER Jun 21 - Jul 22



The home is very important to cancers, so it's no wonder you're the most controlling and annoying flatmate of all. Stop sending pass-ag messages to the flat chat. Drop the grudges you've been holding since January.

Scandal of the week: Tom Cruise and Scientology.

LEO Jul 23 - Aug 22



Leo, not everyone actually needs to know the graphic details of your sex life. Try engaging in some more fulfilling and intellectually stimulating conversation, form some opinions of your own.

Scandal of the week: The Lewinsky scandal.

VIRGO Aug 23 - Sep 22



You need a reality check. You have spent enough time fucking around this semester, and it's time to get your ass into gear, and head to Central Library for the exam grind. It's either that or failure, which I know you hate.

Scandal of the week: Spitgate.

LIBRA Sep 23 - Oct 22



Being delusional never hurt anyone, enjoy your stupid fantasies! Life is too short for partaking in reality #delulu x

Scandal of the week: Patrick Stump's mugshot.

SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21



You need to chill on the Instagram posts. No one is that invested about your, your outfits, or your coffee photos. It's time to recognise your inflated sense of self importance.

Scandal of the week: Hailey Baldwin/Selena Gomez Feud.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21



Had a sag man at a pub quiz last week tell me he's upset about how mean the sagittarius horoscopes have been. Stay pressed, king.

Scandal of the week: Andrew Tate getting done for human trafficking.

CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19



Why are you so critical? How about you lighten up and spread some positive vibes for once? No one likes a negative nelly.

Scandal of the week: Spy Balloons.

Moaningful Confessions

a t m s

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Seal the Deal

It was break, and we were spending a few nights at my boyfriend's parent's place. Naturally we both were hungry for some alone time. So off we go: "an excursion for fresh air". We walked and talked, but that just wasn't cutting it. Next thing I knew, a quiet kiss on the beach turned into a steamy make-out sesh, and a search for a private stretch to take it a step further.

There I was: butt naked, kneeling on the sand, giving the best head of my life, when my boyfriend yelped. My immediate thought was that someone had seen us, our deserted beach a dessert no more. But no, no human in sight. Then I locked eyes with a seal staring at us from a few metres away.

It was as if the fucker knew what he was doing. Had he crept up on us, or had he been there the whole time enjoying the show? One thing was clear, though: it was his beach. Maybe in return for our intrusion into his space he was treating our horniness as a private porno. Fair enough, I guess. After coming to terms with our newfound position as seal-watched porn stars we got back to business. A part of me was scared that if we stopped he would become more sexually frustrated than us and want in on it. As kinky as it sounds, I wasn't quite prepared with a threesome with a seal. A sealsome, if you will.

You bet we finished.



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

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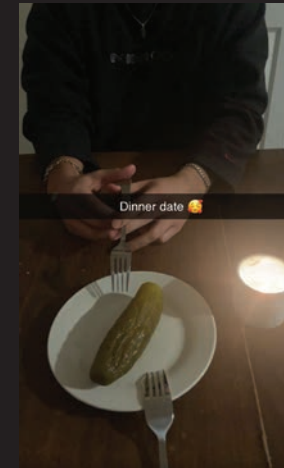
Sir Shadbolt's favourite little treat



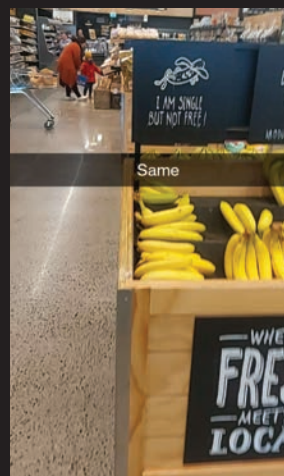
Current record for critics up the ass: 7



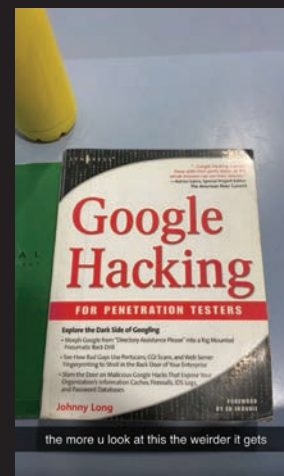
\$20 a box no low ballers I know what I've got



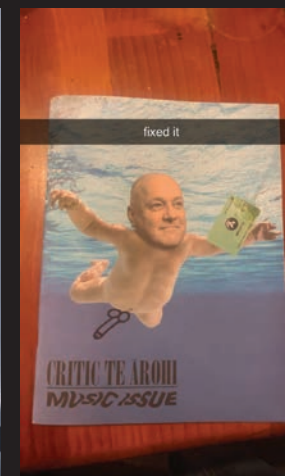
Dinner date



Same



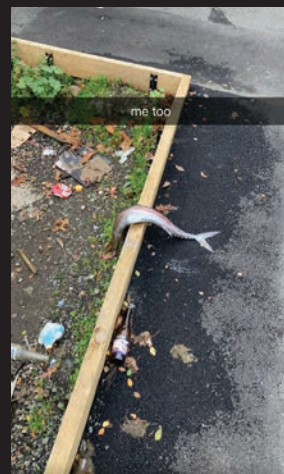
the more u look at this the weirder it gets



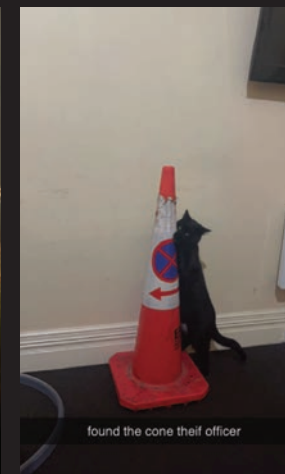
fixed it



I am Batman



me too



found the cone theft officer



Probably not that long tho

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JAZZ CLUB @ THE DISH CAFE
7PM
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02 JUNE

Slimivich: The Grind Tour with PERSON
WILL
THE CROWN HOTEL
8PM
Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz

Leo Lilley 'It Begins' Realease with Ivy +
The Beatniks
U BAR
9PM / R18 / FREE

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ROBIN WHITE Sam Hunt at the Portobello Pub, 1978.
Acrylic on hardboard, collection Dunedin Public Art Gallery.

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