

# critic

te ārohi



THANK YOU FOR  
SHOPPING AT  
MERIDIAN MALL



# SAVE \$150

A man and a woman are captured in a side lunge stretch against a plain white background. The man, on the left, is wearing an orange t-shirt and olive green shorts, with his right leg extended forward and his left leg bent behind him. The woman, on the right, is wearing a green tank top and matching leggings, also in a side lunge position with her right leg forward. Both individuals have their arms raised, with one hand reaching towards the ceiling and the other resting on their front thigh. The lighting is bright and even, highlighting the contours of their bodies and the vibrant colors of their clothing.

Exec bio

Request: can you pls put me jumping over something

Text:

Imogen Macalister

I love skateboarding!!!!

Email me if Uni feels tough: [adminvp@ousa.org.nz](mailto:adminvp@ousa.org.nz)

**THURSDAY**  
**09 MAR**

**SUBCURRENT: Week 1 featuring 3IRON, DWUB, JOUSEY, REFLECT REACTION, SOUTH COAST SYSTEM, and SYSTEM**  
DIVE  
9PM  
Tickets from [humanitix.com](https://humanitix.com)

**FRIDAY  
10 MAR**

**Neive Strang**  
CAFÉ SANTOSHA  
7:30PM  
Tickets from [undertheradar.co.nz](http://undertheradar.co.nz)

**SATURDAY  
11 MAR**

**The D4 - '6ttwenty' Album Release w/  
Pieces of Molly**  
DIVE  
8PM  
Tickets from [ticketfair.com](https://www.ticketfair.com)

**All You Need Is Love - DSO Plays The Beatles**  
DUNEDIN TOWN HALL  
7:30PM  
Tickets from [ticketmaster.co.nz](http://ticketmaster.co.nz)

For more gigs happening around Dunedin, check out [r1.co.nz/gig-guide](http://r1.co.nz/gig-guide)



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Salutations, journalists.

I went to Yung Gravy in the hopes it was gonna be a bumping meme-filled concert. The only good thing about the gig were the supporting acts of Zexii and Who Shot Scott and the Jesus people giving out hashbrowns. Yung Gravy came on at god damn midnight. I had turned up at 8pm not realising you couldn't leave and come back. I had also taken three edibles over the course of the evening, so I was cooking by the time Gravy finally showed. Immediately you could tell he was fucked up on something. He proceeded to do the worst over dub you'd ever heard. All the songs I heard were carbon copies of the studio record with no interesting changes or additions or ANYTHING. There was a girl playing Hayday on her phone in the middle of the mosh. The third edible really started to kick in and I could feel a wave of bad vibes from the crowd as everyone started yelling at Gravy. Things like "fuck off" and "play some real music" and some slurs for good measure. The girl playing Hayday had switched to Duolingo. Gravy returned the bad vibes by incoherent mumbling for a couple minutes between songs or just telling the crowd they sucked. The crowd did suck. It was full of squeaking first years who only ever moved in conglomerates of more than 4 people. These freshers could pull off authentic Roman Testudo formation and would ram themselves as far forward into the mosh as they could. This resulted in everyone hating each other, everyone hating gravy and gravy hating everyone. I only managed to last a few of his songs before I had to retreat to the Christians. I have never considered becoming religious, but in that moment I could see why people did. They were a beacon of hope in the shitfest that had become of Union lawn. They nursed me and kept feeding me in my catatonic state. Once I ate all the food they had (wish I was joking) I left. Gravy was 2/10. Zexii and Who Shot Scott 11/10.

I doubt any of that is useful or helpful but I think I just needed to vent.

Many Blessings,  
A New Advocate for Christianity

Hey Critic!

Just reading through this week's issue and saw the article by Ruari on Eleven. It reminded me of something I witnessed outside Eleven last Saturday around 1.45-2am (technically Sunday morning actually oop). I've been in Dunedin since early 2018 and have frequented town heaps, and I have never seen anything like what I saw on Saturday night.

A lanky white boy was zooming around the corner from around Catacombs way as I was standing in the line to Eleven, and being chased by 2-3 cops. He's caught right outside the entrance to Eleven and forced to the ground outside the line. By this point, 4 cops are on him, and he's being pushed to the ground as one male cop punched him in the stomach at

least once. I can't imagine the amount of weight that would've been on him, aye. Before he was caught he just looked scared and disoriented, wouldn't have been surprised if he was on something.

Anyway, once he was forced onto the ground multiple people in the line started filming, and soon after someone came outside of Eleven and started telling people that if they were filming to "get the fuck out of my line" and also kicked out a Maori/Pacific boy in front of me in line for "trying to cut in" (he was in the line the entire time lmao).

I don't know how often shit like this happens in Danners, but it was pretty cooked to see and it definitely seemed like an excessive use of force, and it was scary to think how the cops' behaviour would have been even worse if it was a POC. Just cooked shit.

Cheers,  
B

Hi Critic,

Client Services Admin (the staff that help academics and undergrad/postgrad students by running the day-to-day admin of programmes and departments) were told the afternoon of Tuesday 21 Feb that there would be a briefing at Castle 2 on the following Thursday at 10am. At this briefing, the COO told us he was bringing in external consultant group Nous to review Client Services (starting week of 27 February).

After the SSR, you can appreciate many admins were experiencing flashbacks caused by the last restructure, the dust of which hasn't yet settled (moving people around as well as breaking processes and reporting lines tends to create confusion and reduce job satisfaction).

But, anyway, my tip is that students were only mentioned once, and that shocked me. An administrator asked during the Q&A at the end if undergrad and postgrad students would have an opportunity to give feedback to Nous on their experience of programme/department admins, but the COO seemed a bit surprised at the question, and said perhaps postgrad would (being as many of them are staff via tutor or teaching fellow contracts).

Many of us admin went away a bit alarmed at this, because a good quarter (at least) of our jobs are communicating with students (at its peak right now as we come into the first semester), often repairing bad advice given by nice-but-unsupported/untrained people at AskOtago. Admin I talked with really think students should have a voice in this review process.

Sincerely,  
Administtrained

EDITORIAL:

HIDE YO BONGS, HIDE YO WIFE

BY FOX MEYER



Bongs get stolen all the time. While this is objectively pretty funny, it highlights a particular problem created by the fact that weed is still illegal in this country.

Set aside for a moment any problems you may have with the institution of law enforcement - a big ask, I know. But let's imagine a team of perfect community police. Now, if you're living in a world where these perfect police exist, they still can't help you if the thing you've lost is itself illegal. Like, say, a bong. So, if someone sneaks into your flat, sees your prized piece on the living room table and runs off with it, what then? The perfect police can't help you recover an illegal item, even if they wanted to. You'd only be putting yourself at risk for reporting this.

Potential bong thieves know this.

Point is, keeping weed illegal harbours a sort of satellite class of criminal activities: all the crimes orbiting around the world of weed. If someone broke into your dad's garage and stole his microbrewery kit, he could have the cops on that within the hour. There is no black market for stolen fermentation buckets (or if there is, it's very small). But there is certainly a market for stolen bongs and other paraphernalia, as there is little to no risk of being accused of stealing it. As one student put it: "What idiot would call the cops to report a stolen bong?"

It follows that the people most likely to have their bongs stolen in Dunedin are students, the same people who are the

least vigilant about flat security. They're also not very likely to call the cops because, as another student put it, theft is "just part of the culture". And this muddles crime statistics; because bong theft (or any illicit theft) goes completely unreported, we have literally no idea how common bong theft really is. What burglary patterns are we unaware of? What neighbourhood crime statistics are way out of proportion, entirely due to the fact that residents are unable to report the crime?

At the end of the day, bongs are property. And our legal system is set up, first and foremost, to protect property. Make all the arguments you want about the dangers of legalising weed, but if you believe in "law and order" and all its accoutrements, it follows that you should be equally uproarious about bong theft. Every bong theft that goes unreported is a datapoint missing from our collective understanding of crime, and our collective ability to enforce "law and order".

To keep bong theft illegal is to allow thieves to act with impunity. By insisting that one act (the possession of weed paraphernalia) remains illegal, you are ensuring that another act (theft of this paraphernalia) remains untouchable. Who would you rather see punished: someone who smokes weed, or someone who breaks into that person's house? Which is more harmful?

You tell me.

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## Inside that 800-Person Backpackers Party

Hosts acknowledge danger but say it was “blown out of proportion”

On the Wednesday night of O-Week, View St throbbed with DnB and pheromones as hundreds of third year students migrated to Backpackers flat for a “sports-themed” host. It was shut down by police in protective gear, and widely criticised online as a “dangerous 800-person party”.

Standing outside, a bystander would have seen a swathe of students milling around the View Street flat, sipping beers and enjoying the music. But upon entering the open doorway and traversing what was once the hostel’s reception, they would see what the media has fixated on: a throng of approximately 600 students, packed into the 20-person flat like sardines.

On the ground floor, hundreds of bodies are dancing, drinking and finger-banging the air. If one of the groundlings rips themselves away from the heaving masses and looks above them, they’ll see another 200 watching on from the top floor. This level wraps around the ceiling, with some folks milling around on the two staircases and on the balcony outside. There’s room to move and breathe up here, but the hostel-turned-flat is undeniably packed to the brim.

As the walls pulsate with sweat, bass and cruiser, the flat’s residents party behind the decks, keeping tabs on the DJ’s, guests and occasionally manning the front door. Backpackers had become a living, breathing entity which felt like it could live forever. As the tale goes, however, when midnight struck, the princess turned into a pumpkin.

At around 12.15am, noise control arrived at the scene accompanied by eight police officers. Partygoers were caught off guard when they came face to face with a wall of neon vests slowly but surely moving through the crowd, forming a line at the front to block off the party. For over an hour, inch by inch, the cops steered everyone out onto the street, sending hundreds of partygoers to make their way home or to kick-ons.

Noise control had been called when attendees began throwing bottles off the balcony, which frustrated the hosts: “We felt disappointed that people were throwing glass,” said one of the residents at Backpackers. “It’s childish behaviour.”

However, the flatties did not believe that the party they hosted was as dangerous as the media has made it out to be. “We felt like it was under wraps,” said one resident. “We had our senses about us, and if we thought it was actually dangerous, we would have done something about it.” Police were quicker to point out hazards, citing “overloaded balconies, stairs, and overcrowded rooms” as dangerous elements.

The hosts said they took precautions to ensure that the party did not get out of hand. 300 people had clicked “Going” on the event’s page, so that’s what they expected, “give or take 100 people”. Clearly, word had spread about the party beyond the event page. The boys did not plan for it to get so big, but said, “there were 500 people, max. It’s not fair for reporters to blow things like this out of proportion just to get a good story.”

Multiple media outlets, including NZ Herald and Otago Daily Times, claimed that there were 800 people at the party, which the hosts feel has been exaggerated. One partygoer told us that the 800-person headline “makes it seem like everyone was inside the building, which isn’t fair”. In fact, while certainly a hazard, this number is misleading. Police told us that the “800” number came from an estimate of 200 people outside and a headcount of 605 people “exiting the single exit in the flat”. In fact, when we counted the heads of partygoers in the videos that made the news, we only counted 212 (in the main room and upper balcony). Still, that being said, police clarified that the maximum occupancy of the building is 50, “for safety reasons”. A far cry from 212, 605 or 800, whichever way you slice it.

By Anna Robertshawe  
Staff Writer // annarobertshawe@critic.co.nz



"It's not fair for reporters to blow things like this out of proportion just to get a good story."

The hosts said they were being vigilant and watching out for unsafe crowd behaviour, and that they took other precautions such as not letting anyone in after a certain point in the night and blocking off the kitchen and all rooms. When asked if they would have done anything differently, the hosts said they would have had more security, and done more to control the use of glass bottles.

The residents of Backpackers felt like everyone was having a good time, and no one else seemed to be concerned about any dangers. “We were fucking loving it, and so was everyone else... Other than the people who threw bottles, we were happy [with] the way people acted. They weren’t being dicks.”







"We were thankful for the police's response, because we know that any big party has the potential to be dangerous."

The residents emphasised that there were no fights and there was not much damage for the amount of people there, apart from some holes in the wall and cheeky vomit piles in the corners (at least they were in the corners?). But when the cops showed up, the boys were slightly relieved. They felt the police acted reasonably and fairly, and accepted their presence upon arrival. "We were thankful for the police's response, because we know that any big party has the potential to be dangerous."

But the residents also noted that Castle Street and Dunedin culture in general invites the potential for danger, given the high volumes of drunken students congregating in small spaces. With few licensed venues offering drinks at a price students can afford, many choose to stay

home and party. The boys felt that their flat, given its large size and sturdy staircases, was safer than many smaller flats.

**"This is just another prime example of overcrowded flats because of a lack of student venues,"** said one resident. The boys broached this issue with the cops. "They told us that they're looking for venues, but that feels just like another empty promise because they've said it so much, and no action [has been] taken." The residents acknowledged the tragedy concerning the death of Sophia Crestani in 2019, who was killed on a staircase at an overcrowded party. The hosts said that they were aware of this event, and had they thought that any lives were at risk, they "would have acted". If there were more safe spaces for students to party in, dangers like

this could be prevented, said the hosts.

When asked about the venue situation, police simply told Critic that they recommend students to register their parties with Good One. In the meantime, the flatmates have been told by police that if they are to be caught exceeding the 50-person limit again, they could each be facing fines of up to \$100,000.

The boys are disappointed that this has been the outcome, as they say they were not actively trying to do anything dangerous, and have been looking forward to hosting a ball later in the year.

"We don't regret having the party, but we do regret how things have turned out."

## Gravy Train Derails in NZ

Yung Gravy Ori shows booed across the motu

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



"dangerous" atmosphere surrounding the crowd and fears of overcrowding. "It was the most unsafe I've ever felt at a gig," said one student.

Critiques in Wellington were harshest on the organisers, as many attendees felt that the venue was inadequately managed. At least one attendee said that they're lodging a complaint, while another felt like event staff did little to control the crowd, where people were "crawling over each other" to get up to the front. Other attendees defended the organisers, saying that the front rows were "crazy", but that there was "so much room" in the back. People "just weren't spread out".

A post on the Vic Deals Facebook page cited both the Travis Scott Astroworld and Itaewon crushes and called for better crowd control at future events. Connections to Astroworld were also made in Dunedin, but not by the attendees; Lil' Bubblegum, who performed right before Yung Gravy, at one point called out to the audience, "We don't want a Travis Scott situation here."

Crowd concerns aside, many just didn't enjoy the performance. The crowd and music combo led to a mass exodus. Jess, Vic Uni's Student President, said that so many people left halfway through the set that the venue saw "our longest line for coat check, ever" during a performance.

Complaints from Otago students ranged from "the most cringe gig ever" to

"generally flaccid", but a common theme was the overall lack of energy and care on stage from the artist. "To be fair, the crowd wasn't giving him much to work with," said Hannah, who was interrupted by her friend: "Yeah, but like, that's his job. He would get like halfway through a song and then just stop."

"I've never seen a performer look more plastered in my life," said one front-row first-year. Others in the front row had a different sort of interaction with Gravy, including one girl who he repeatedly pointed to, before saying that he was going to "fuck [her] tonight", and then pointing to a boy next to her and saying, "gimme that guy's bitch, I'm gonna fuck that guy's bitch tonight." Yung Gravy also complained, several times, that the Dunedin audience was lamer than the Christchurch audience, and then prefaced a song by saying, "This one's for all the Asian bitches." Class act.

The "generally shit vibes" of the night were enough to send attendees packing in droves, leading one unnamed event volunteer to say that "it's good to see that the students can tell when something's tasteless." Sophie was at the gig and said that, while Gravy "just seems like a wanker", she didn't reckon that it was OUSA's fault, who booked the artist. "I don't think there's anything on OUSA's part. Absolutely not. You don't know what someone is gonna be like on stage until they're there."



Sign up





# Otago Students

25th March • 6pm-6am  
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**WEEKDAYS 11-12**  
ON RADIO ONE 91FM — [r1.co.nz](https://r1.co.nz)



## Pride Night officially joins O-Week!

Orientation, no matter your orientation

An open space in the Ori '23 lineup led to what organisers have called a "golden opportunity" for our queer student community. OUSA Queer Support partnered with Dunedin Pride and UniQ to bring a pride event to O-Week for the first time, ever.

Hosted on the Museum lawn and DJ'ed by former mayor Aaron Hawkins, Pride Night was "really effective for getting more outreach and getting the whole community together," according to Micah and Jay of UniQ, campus's resident queer student club. "It's so important to get the word out there and open Pride up to the student community." The grounds were covered in colourful students boasting pride flags and pronoun stickers, while classic gay anthems played from the speakers. As a free all-ages event, Pride Night was able to attract a large crowd not long after its 4pm kickoff, with well over 100 attendees, most of whom were Otago Uni students. For exec member Jay and many others, it was "the biggest Pride

Night [they'd] been to by far."

Partygoers Madzi, Jasmine and Harlo described the event as "fun and social". Dressed to the nines and perched on a picnic blanket, the crew echoed that it was "amazing" to have the queer community included in O-Week. "This would've really helped me in first year," said Madzi. For new student Jasmine, it was "really good" to experience. Aaron Hawkin's DJ skills even got the gay seal of approval: "Aaron is providing the bops!" Verified UniQ.

"A lot goes into it," Dunedin Pride committee member and event organiser Trak told Critic. Not only do these large events require huge amounts of mahi, but "it takes a lot of work done before us to get the University in a place where [pride events] can happen," they said.

Dunedin Pride is a volunteer-run organisation that creates year-round events for Dunedin's takatāpui and queer

community, including Pride Nights on the last Friday of every month, and a slew of events planned for Pride Month in March. This one, however, "is pretty special" to Trak, as it was a "golden opportunity" to give "a big, warm welcome to students, particularly new, queer students right off the bat." Hopefully, the event will return for O-Week next year. "More, more, more!" is the vibe, according to Trak.

"This is a community collaboration – the Dunedin Pride community of the city partnering with Otago University, OUSA and the students," said Trak. A pride event during O-Week is "a game-changer. It's amazing to have that awahi," they continued. "I was a student here myself, and some of the things that we can do with pride now are so much different to what we could do even just 10 years ago... At that time I was struggling to come out, so to be down the track and actually running this stuff, knowing how to do it and feel confident with it, it's quite beautiful," they said. "It's special."

By Lotto Ramsay

Staff Writer // lotto@critic.co.nz



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Course Advice

Services  
Help  
Information

# STAYING SAFE AND WELL

[otago.ac.nz/code-of-conduct](https://otago.ac.nz/code-of-conduct)

While having fun and trying new experiences will be the cornerstone of your time as a student, it is important to keep yourself and others safe. The University's Code of Student Conduct aims to promote safety and wellbeing and contains a set of common-sense rules that prohibit disruptive, threatening, violent, deceptive, discriminatory and otherwise unlawful behaviour.

The Code is part of the University Student Conduct Statute which gives the University the power to fine and impose community service penalties for offences committed on or off campus and for serious misconduct to suspend or exclude students from the University. Here are some of the behaviours that put you at serious risk of facing exclusion from the University for a semester or more:

### 1. Any form of physical or sexual assault, sexual misconduct, harassment, or racism.

All members of the University community have the absolute right to be safe and free from harm or intimidation in their interactions with others. This right includes interactions that take place in person or via electronic media. The University will not tolerate harassment or racism of any kind. All sexual interactions must have freely-given consent. Please keep in mind that a person who is under the influence of alcohol or drugs or other substances cannot provide consent. Situations where members of Campus Watch are obstructed or assaulted will be viewed very seriously.

### 2. Organising or participating in any initiation event or ceremony that jeopardises your fellow students' wellbeing, personal, physical or emotional safety, or encourages breaking the law.

Organising or participating in initiations requiring the consumption of alcohol or the use of any drug are strictly forbidden. The statement by any student that they willingly participated will not excuse the organisers of responsibility.

### 3. Any offence relating to fires and "couch burning".

If you are caught lighting or trying to light a fire illegally, or adding rubbish to a fire, this will be treated as a serious breach of the Code.

### 4. Throwing or breaking bottles.

If you throw bottles at anyone, or deliberately break bottles or glass, expect to be in serious trouble.

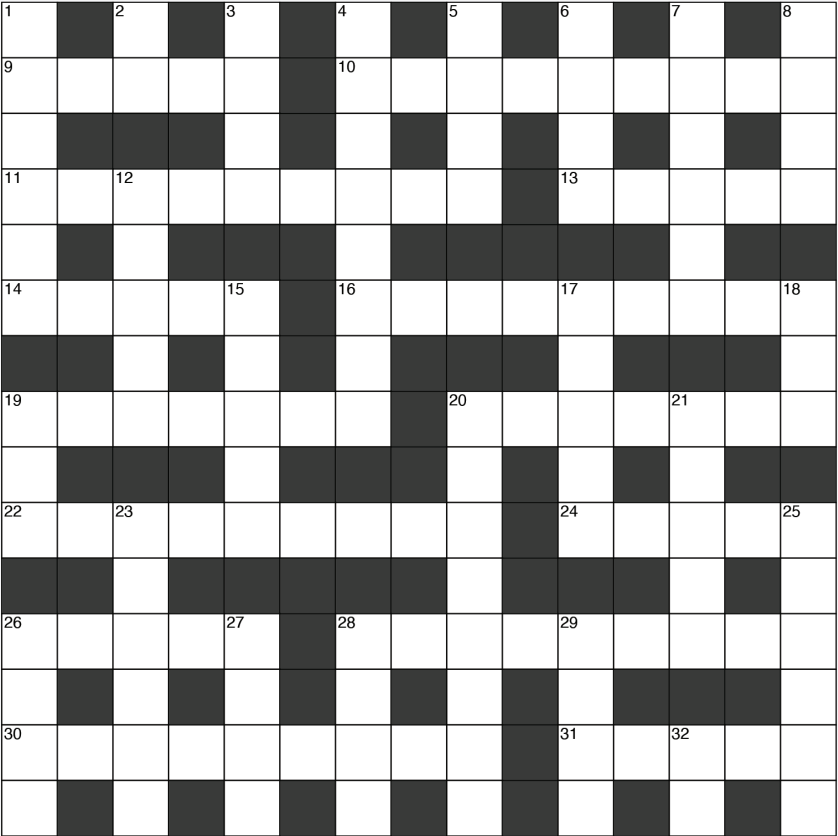
### 5. Forging documents and signatures.

Do not be tempted to alter official forms illegally or to forge signatures. This amounts to fraud and can have serious consequences.



# PUZZLES

## CROSSWORD



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



BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
MAZAGRAN  
KEEPING CRITIC  
CAFFEINATED

- ACROSS:**  
9. Alphabet beginner  
10. 27D, formerly  
11. Dunedin brewery that shut last year, OR, what's been taken off the front of the highlighted answers (3)  
13. Mystical board  
14. Needs a nap  
16. Dancing film by Mad Max director (2)  
  
**DOWN:**  
1. Attractive object?  
2. Like some emails  
3. Internet joke format  
4. Took off from port  
5. Sensitive content warning abr.  
6. Fish with a disability  
7. Look up to  
8. Watson, Stone, or Thompson  
12. Mayflower destination  
15. Deepness  
17. Give up  
18. Apple scientist  
19. Like some 15-minute talks
19. The OG forbidden snack (2)  
20. Forced entry (2)  
22. Castle St flat that is out-of-this-world disgusting? (2)  
24. Ciggies  
26. Goes before "hole" for a good time  
28. Lorde album  
30. Fake lake  
31. Avoid  
  
20. The goal of 20A, perhaps?  
21. What goes around comes around  
23. To get someone in the mood  
25. The ODT, Star or Critic until the early 2000's, for example  
26. Zooey Deschanel hit show  
27. Home of America's first pizzeria  
28. One of many horny vampire books  
29. Famously extinct bird  
32. Popular Nintendo handheld

## WORD BLOCKS

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

A	S	B
H	C	S
K	T	O

Q	C	E
Y	N	F
R	E	U

J	A	A
R	I	U
N	M	A

ISSUE 01 PUZZLE ANSWERS  
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DOWN: 1. UMBRELLA 2. GRIP 3. SHRIMP 4. GATE 5. AMELIA 6. PROLOGUE 7. BENDER 12. PAMPERS 14. SARCASM 16. ZAP 19. RELIEVED 20. BAT 21. SEALEVEL 22. NIPPLE 23. WEINER 24. REFLEX 27. DAFT 28. ARGO

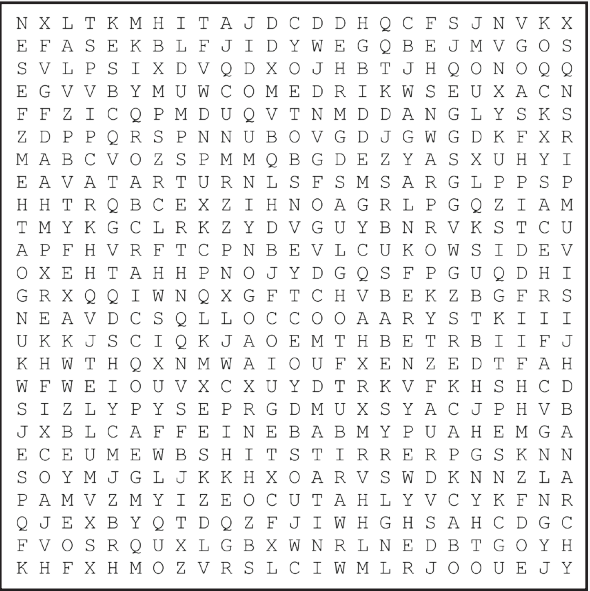
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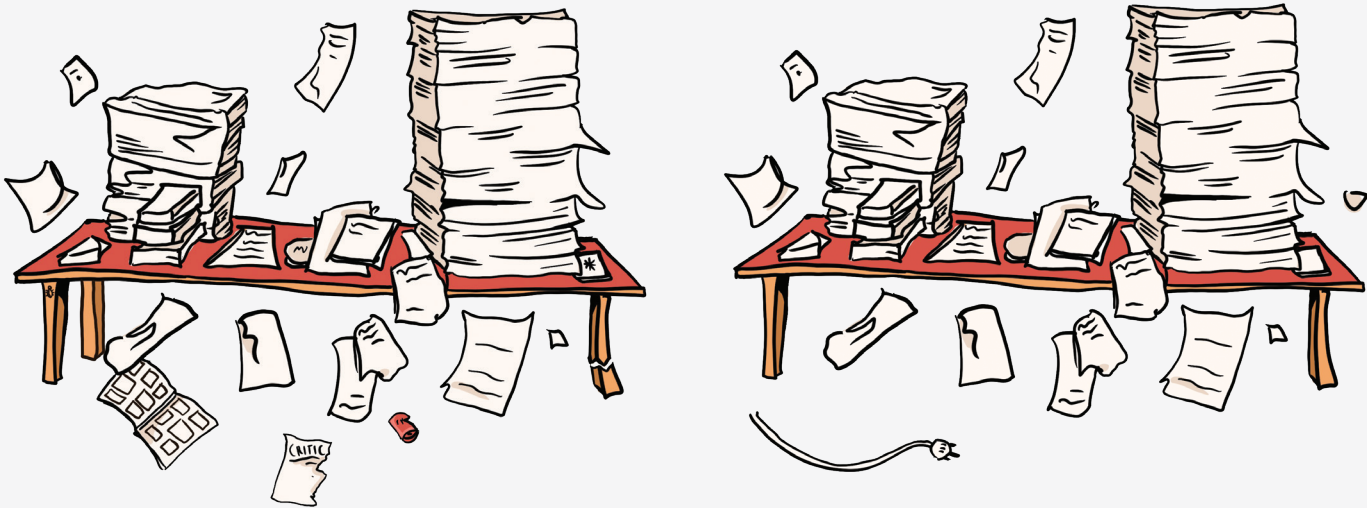


## WORDFIND

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## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

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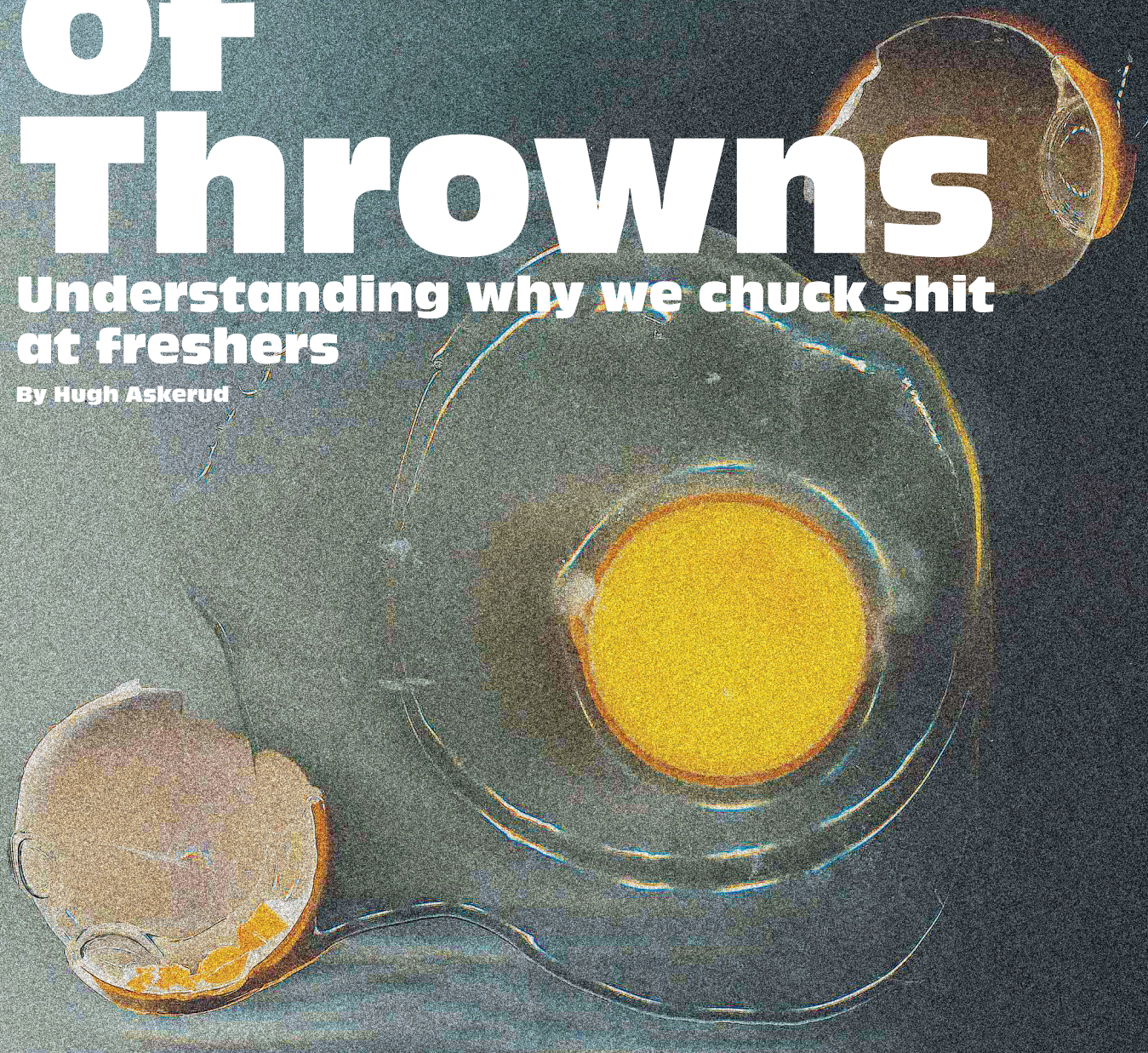




# Game of Throws

Understanding why we chuck shit at freshers

By Hugh Askerud



There is something distinct in the Otago student spirit which inevitably leads to a bottle, egg, or other assorted item being thrown in the streets of studentville. Maybe it's the Leith's unyielding supply of inedible trout which spawned the madness, or perhaps the bountiful amount of food rotting in fridges. Whatever the reason, throwing shit has a long and untampered history at Otago University, dating back to at least 1935 when the 'Water of Leith run' dragged in enough bemused spectators to start a revolution.

Since then, the culture of throwing shit has evolved with a complexity you wouldn't think possible for such a simple art. The pastime has become inextricably linked with Toga Party, which has seen items pelted since 2009, in the days when George Street was not Totally Georgeous™. This cultural groundswell reached its climax in the 2010's before the Uni began cracking down on the beloved art with expulsions and reprimands galore in 2016. Almost overnight, the culture of throwing shit disappeared. Gone were the days of care-free throwing eggs at freshers. With leaders captured and placed under the administrative guillotine, throwers went into hiding, practising their craft in lonely bedrooms where Playstation controllers could be thrown into walls with little consequence.

While the Uni's watchful eye has wavered in recent years, egg prices and a culture of anti-throw fearmongering continue to beat the practice into submission. Sadly, some noble throwers, upset by the rejection of their trade, have turned to the dark side. In recent years, "bottling" has become a tragic but recurrent theme within the student community. A habit built on ignorance, bottling has become a serious problem for both students and emergency department staff to deal with. Yet hope remains.

**"It's like having water fights when you're a kid, except it's one-sided and you know they won't get you back."**

Light still shines on the sordid streets of Castle. Critic Te Ārohi had a chat with one student beckoning forth a new generation of throwers. Ana, a second-year student fresh from the battlefield, said that she "couldn't afford or find eggs anywhere", so she had to get creative with her artillery. Instead of eggs, her group used water balloons and buckets to get the job done. Ana said that, "It's like having water fights when you're a kid, except it's one-sided and you know they won't get you back." Ana's opinion on throwing changed drastically when we got to the topic of bottling; she said, "It's such a bad culture in Dunedin...harmful and idiotic." Tyler\*, a fellow second-year, agreed with Ana, stating, "Bottling's just stupid, aye." He then commented on his water ballooning experience: "We sconed them on the way [to Alhambra Rugby Club] but then had a good time yarning with them on the way back. All good fun at the end of the day."

Based on reports Critic Te Ārohi has received, water balloons appear to be the most rudimentary new weapon adopted in the power vacuum left by eggs. Chicken legs, bags of cooking oil, and suitcases have all been cited as potential missiles - tried and tested, but less favourable. One student, Angus, even reported having a cauliflower thrown at him out a car window during last year's O-Week. Angus mused that, "It was totally unexpected. So funny though." Questions must be raised about Angus's state of inebriation in this moment as he went on to state, "The cauliflower was the only thing I ate the entire night."

These statements give insight into a mere smattering of the new and exciting shit that students are learning to throw. Even on an average night out, students find a way. Some dusty students have even honed the technique of throwing up leftover food from their guts onto whatever surface is available. Last Sunday alone Critic Te Ārohi witnessed over six of these incidents, a true display of class from tomorrow's doctors and lawyers.

Though throwing culture may not be everyone's favourite aspect of student life, it is certainly one that looks like it will be sticking around. The question is: how will the throwing legacy unfold? Will it be tarnished by the deviant activities of reckless and irresponsible bottlers, or will it soon be regarded with the respect that only a passionate group of throwers could possibly garner? At that question, Critic Te Ārohi throws up our metaphorical hands. The fate of the egg un-thrown is in the hands of students alone.

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# Google Form Flat Quizzes: How Much Heat Can You Handle?

By Iris Hehir

When tensions are highest in a flat, everyone agrees to the bad idea of doing an anonymous Google Form quiz. It’s a fact of life. However, like with all good things in life, you can choose the spiciness level of these questions. From complimentary props to sulk-inducing burns, here’s Critic’s list of question suggestions ranked from “tame” to “guaranteed to stir some shit”.

## Level 1: Tame

### Most likely to cark it at pres

- ☐ This is an easy question to start off. In every flat, there’s always someone who can’t handle their alcohol, and chances are they’re probably aware of this and get ripped out for it on the regular anyway.

### Most likely not go to any lectures and get an A

- ☐ This question is also a good way to ease into it. The people who constantly miss class never fail to make it their whole personality, and also never fail to humble brag about how “shocked” they are about their grade. A great question to prompt some self-awareness.

### Ugliest feet

### Most likely to go on Love Island

- ☐ The person who always ditches their mates to be “on job” at a party, hounds everyone they meet for their Instagram to get more followers, and uses the geotag ‘Dunedin, NZ’? This is for them. Ranked tame because the winner will secretly be chuffed if the flat thinks they’re fit enough to be cast.

### Most likely to get canceled for an offensive Hyde Street Party costume

### Best and worst at beer pong

## Level 2: Moderate

### Most likely to piss the bed

- ☐ Bladder control while on the rark: not everyone has it. Bed-wetting makes for great roast material, but winners may become defensive. “It just happens, I can’t help it!” You can, though. Just take the L.

### Most likely to have a living organism growing in their room

- ☐ Is it a new species of fungi? A reptilian creature? All you know is that whatever it is thrives in rooms that never see sunlight and stink of fermenting alcohol, where toast crumbs texture the sheets and the floor can’t be seen.

### Most likely to call their parents for money

### Most likely to be responsible for losing the bond

## Level 3: Spicy

### Most likely to screw the crew

- ☐ They’ve gotten with most of their friends, and now they’re moving on to yours. If planning red cards has been especially awkward lately, this question is your chance to call out the Casanova of the flat.

### Worst personal hygiene

- ☐ Everyone in the flat already knows who this is, the spiciness just comes from the process of making that information public. Watching as it dawns on the dirty one that everyone else in the room thinks they smell? Priceless.

### Most likely to fail the year

### Most likely to still be living the student life at 26

## Level 4: Shit-stirring

### Biggest shit talker

- ☐ Perhaps the most paranoia-inducing question there is. Extra shit-stirring if the vote is unanimous. If you bitch about your flatties to one another on the regular, invest in a diary and proceed with caution.

### Most likely to get chlamydia and lie about it

- ☐ Chances are it’s already happened once, so you just have to pick who it was. This question leads to a bigger debate about who’s the least honest and the most selfish, so be careful with this one.

### Most likely to borrow money and ghost after moving out

- ☐ You regularly shout them Maccas, pay for their box and even foot the power bill because they can’t afford it (but take 20 minute showers). It’s been weeks, and the friendly group chat reminders and flat meetings aren’t doing shit. Make no mistake, this question is a targeted attack.

### Who has the hottest sibling

### Most likely to start an OnlyFans and not make any money



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# AVATAR 2 SUCKED, ACTUALLY

## OR: WHY ARE ALIENS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SHOW INDIGENOUS CULTURE?

*Avatar: The Way of Water* recently ranked as the sixth-highest grossing film in all of cinematic history. Like thousands of other Kiwis around New Zealand, you may have found yourself in your local Hoyts this summer enjoying a box of popcorn and the long-awaited sequel. It's also likely that many of you picked up on the influence that Māori culture played on the Water Na'vi, who were prominently featured, or appropriated, in the film. And while many praised the filmmaker for taking such an interest in Māori culture, along with casting Māori actor Cliff Curtis, it leads to a bigger question: what is Māori representation in Hollywood? And why should you give a shit?

Let's get this out of the way: there are some problematic elements to James Cameron's *Avatar*, and James Cameron himself. Cameron shared in 2010 that a "driving force" in the development of *Avatar* stemmed from wondering where the Lakota Sioux might be if they had "fought a lot harder" against colonisation. As if, what, they just rolled over? What if the Jews had fought the Nazis harder, is that what *Inglorious Bastards* was about?

So let's discuss the fact that in the movie, the Indigenous peoples do fight back "harder", but they're only successful because of the involvement of their white saviour in the form of Jake Sully. We don't need any more white saviours. If that isn't enough of a racist Hollywood cliché, the second film's Water Na'vi are based specifically on the Māori people: from the mythical whale-like Tulkun narrative to the misappropriation of tā moko. Of course, this is all "respectful representation" until it becomes a blatantly ignorant TikTok trend in the form of a poorly-designed tā moko filter.

So, what gives? The *Avatar* franchise has proven to be problematic, but so is every second film produced in Hollywood. What does it matter if there's another one on top of the shit heap? Well, for us Kiwis, Māori culture is not foreign. While every person has varying degrees of experience with Māori culture, you're going to be hard-pressed to find someone who has lived in New Zealand for over a year and hasn't heard the phrase "kia ora".

WRITTEN BY SKY (NGĀTI HINE) AND ELLA MCFARLANE (NGĀTI KUIA)  
ART BY JUSTINA KING





Yes, there's a lot left to be desired, but we've all heard of films such as *Boy*, *Whale Rider*, and, of course, *Once Were Warriors*. Yet, it's very hard to imagine your average American sitting down for their Saturday movie night and flicking past *Twilight*, *The Notebook*, and *Mission Impossible* before landing on *Once Were Warriors* for a casual watch. Māori people and culture have practically no media representation in countries like the USA, and so not only does your average American know virtually nothing about Aotearoa and its people, they also have very little reason to care at all.

## INDIGENOUS CULTURE IS LITERALLY REPRESENTED AS AN ALIEN CULTURE, BECAUSE ALL TOO OFTEN IT IS ALIEN TO THE WHITE DIRECTORS AND WRITERS.

But what about us? Why should we care? Well, if there's no reliable representation of Māori people, or even Indigenous folks altogether in Hollywood, then the only representation anyone will see is in films like *Avatar*, where Indigenous culture is literally represented as an alien culture, because all too often it IS alien to the white directors and writers. It's the same noble savage trope, rinsed and repeated. Even if the aliens are mystical and elegant, and even if the savages are noble, Indigenous culture is still cast as an other, a foreign body for the white knight to explore and save from the encroachment of his own people.

There are other pitfalls here, too. If this representation is all anyone sees of us, then they might start to buy into these stereotypes, like POC needing a white saviour, or even see tā moko as an accessory. And to make matters worse, because the Māori population is so small, there is very little that can be done to push back against Hollywood bigwigs like James Cameron.

Just a hundred years ago, Māori culture was ruthlessly erased from New Zealand society in almost every way, and labelled as “primitive” and “uncivilised” – similar to how other Indigenous cultures were received. This effectively minimises the cultural genocide of Indigenous people in the name of colonisation. Acknowledgement of genocide against Indigenous people worldwide is still lacking, while the Western world happily consumes every digestible, white-washed feature of

Indigenous culture. And we're redesigned as aliens because that's more palatable than the truth: that we were here, we are still here, and we're just as human as you are. It only seems foreign because so many of us, so much of us, was lost.

So today we reemerge from the brink of cultural extinction, as – what? As the framework for Western sci-fi plotlines, with token Indigenous actors to tick the inclusivity box. So, let's look at how we fit into *Avatar 2*.

The Metkayina clan, or reef guardians, are portrayed with eerily Indigenous features. Their characters are adorned with cloaks that resemble korowai, with paua shell ornaments and similar tattoo patterns to those of tā moko. The Metkayina people's view of the environment and their relationships with Tulkun aligns a bit too well with te ao Māori and ideas about the environment. And while James Cameron did go through a cultural consultation process, it's safe to say that there should have been more Indigenous actors filling those roles of the Metkayina people.

But what about Taika Waititi? Sure, Taika is a Māori director who has a lot of sway in Hollywood. He's directed films such as the

most recent *Thor* movies and *Jojo Rabbit*, both of which were seen all over the world. But his films involving Māori identity, such as *Boy* and, to some extent, *Hunt for the Wilderpeople*, are much less mainstream. While they may be classics to us, they aren't to those in other countries. And while he did do a fantastic job in *Thor: Love and Thunder*, it's a little bit more difficult to squeeze in Māori representation into a film about a Norse god with a magic hammer, though he did try.

So, what's the solution? Faithful representation. Come on, Hollywood, Indigenous people have been telling you exactly what you need to do for decades: hire Indigenous directors and actors. Yes, sure, *Avatar 2* features Māori actor Cliff Curtis which is fantastic – but what the fuck is Kate Winslet doing there? Give a platform for Māori and Indigenous people to tell their own stories, if you're so interested in them. Hollywood presents to the rest of the world all the information about Māori people they are likely going to get. This makes faithful representation even more important.

Sorry James Cameron, but, VFX mastery aside, *Avatar* leaves a lot to be desired as far as faithful representation goes. Because unfortunately, right now you're all we've got.

Visuals: 10/10  
Storyline: 4.5/10



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# The Return of the Olympics of Māoridom

## TOP PICKS O TE ĀROHI

Written by Sky (Ngāti Hine)  
Photos: Erica Sinclair, Te Matatini

Te Matatini has returned after a four-year hiatus, with a fiery comeback in Tāmaki Makaurau. Known as the ‘Olympics of Māoridom’, or even the ‘Broadway of the Pacific’, 45 groups across 13 regions gathered to celebrate the competition’s great return after the ongoing pandemic and recent storm events across the North Island. There was great speculation regarding the status of Te Matatini, and whether it would go ahead, as groups like Mātangirau and Tamatea Arikunui were unsure of the possibility of reaching the stage due to the destruction in their region, Hawkes Bay, after Cyclone Gabrielle. After a treacherous journey to Te Matatini, Mātangirau presented themselves to the masses with their feet painted in mud to symbolise the struggles that awaited them at home.

It goes without saying that Te Matatini and its great return was a theatrical one, but the tea wasn’t reserved for the stage alone. The pōhiri (welcome ceremony) was riddled with political differences, the main issue being the claim that Tainui are manawhenua of central Auckland alongside Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei, which sparked a formidable verbal battle between manawhenua and the

manuhiri (visitors). Then the heat turned up when Tuokoroirangi Morgan recounted an exchange between Governor Grey and Pōtatau Te Wherowhero surrounding the 1849 agreement to protect Tāmaki. Morgan claimed that Ngāti Whātua didn’t take part, justifying Tainui status as manawhenua of the region and the significance of the kīngitanga (monarchy) to Auckland, referring to it as the ‘King’s home’. Naturally, this was not received well by manawhenua, who took offence to the statements and retaliated by denouncing the status of the monarchy in Auckland, announcing that Ngāti Whātua has never been under the authority of the monarchy and rejecting their “tainted” koha altogether.

Penetaui Kleskovic of Ngāpuhi took it upon himself to act as a mediator and collected the koha for its future provisions, quoting a prevalent Māori whakataukī: “a person who mistreats their guest has a dusty marae”, referring to the significance of hospitality for one’s guest in the hopes of attracting more - or at least not scaring them off.

The real cinematics came out to play on the stage, however, when Muriwhenua, the Far-North based rōpū, broke the ice of the event by kicking off day one with an electrifying performance and chilling whakaeke (entrance item). Muriwhenua are renowned for their strong relationship to Te Rerenga Wairua as the guardians of the leaping place for spirits. This is emphasised through their many waiata, and the white performance-moko that the male performers wear to signify their role as the spirit-walkers.



Muriwhenua



Tamatea Arikunui





Te Iti Kahurangi



Te Matatini has long served as a platform for paying tribute to the deceased and making political statements. This is a concept that Te Iti Kahurangi of Waikato-Tainui are familiar with, having presented items such as the infamous ‘He Kau Kāwana’ which highlighted the Waikato land wars, as well as a haka directed at Māori Television criticising their method of reporting Māori affairs in a negative light. Te Iti Kahurangi were ridiculed by Rawiri Waititi of Te Pāti Māori for their lullaby dedicated to Jacinda Ardern’s daughter, whose middle name

is Te Aroha. In response, the rōpū performed an action-song at the competition to the tune of ‘Proud to be Māori’ in praise of Waititi’s work in Parliament and as a co-leader of Te Pāti Māori. Aboard the same waka, Te Kapa Haka o Te Whānau-ā-Apanui also announced and endorsed Rawiri Waititi’s candidacy for this year’s upcoming election. Also a former Apanui performer, Waititi has stirred quite the commotion this year already; a seemingly newer trend of acknowledging our people while they’re still alive, rather than after their time.

### Te Reanga Mōrehu o Rātana

Similarly, Hātea Kapa Haka of Whangārei-Te-Terenga-Parāoa in the North, previously famed for interpreting Queen’s ‘Bohemian Rhapsody’ in te reo Māori, are easily recognisable in their pine-green kākahu and bone carving pairings taking out the waiata tira (chorale) section alongside Tūhourangi Ngāti Wāhiao of Te Arawa, and Te Reanga Mōrehu o Rātana of Aotea waka featuring the established singer-songwriter Stan Walker (Tūhoe, Ngāti Tuwharetoa) in his Te Matatini debut performance in true Rātana fashion with the iconic Rātana brass band.



Ngā Tumanako

Considering the nature of Te Matatini 2023, and having been four years since the previous campaign, many groups took to the stage to pay tribute to their own loved ones. A common theme at every Te Matatini, Tūhourangi Ngāti Wāhiao and Te Pikikōtuku o Ngāti Rongomai of Te Arawa and Te Poutūmārō of Waitaha were just a few of several groups to memorialise their loved ones who have passed since the last Te Matatini. Te Kapa Haka o Ngāti Whakaue in particular dedicated their exit item to a Māori soldier who fought with the 28th Māori Battalion in the Second World War and was sent on a ‘suicide mission’ but survived. Being told that he was to be awarded the British Victorian Cross. But, due to another Māori soldier having received one already, he was denied the honour. And so, he was immortalised on the Te Matatini stage.

On another page of making haka history, Angitū Kapa Haka of Tāmaki Makaurau wowed the crowds by challenging the gender norms of Te Matatini with the inclusion of two takatāpui performers in the poi lines - unheard of. Angitū, a relatively new rōpū, also qualified in the top 12 selection to perform on finals day, winning first equal in the whakaekae and poi aggregate sections. Alongside them were former champions Ngā Tumanako and Waka Huia, as well as Te Taha Tū of the Auckland region who triple-tied first equal for Manukura Tāne. Despite handing over the Duncan McIntyre trophy, Ngā Tumanako remained gracious and humble champs, remaining on stage entirely to wait out their haka tautoko - a rarer occurrence.

An equally significant win was the surge of five groups from Te Arawa waka qualifying for the top 12: Te Mātārae i Ōrehu, Ngāti Rangiwewehi, Te Hekenga ā Rangi, Te Pikikōtuku o Ngāti Rongomai, and Te Kapa Haka o Ngāti Whakaue. Of these groups, the latter took out overall second equal with the 2017 champions Whāngārā Māi Tawhiti of Te Tairāwhiti. Somewhat new to the finals section of Te Matatini, Ngāti Whakaue also took out several aggregate items, a massive feat for Te Arawa and the Whakaue people. Taking home the Duncan McIntyre was two-time Te Matatini winners, Te Whānau-ā-Apanui of Mātaatua after two energising performances, old-school mōteatea and a refreshing rendition of Dion’s ‘Runaround Sue’ in te reo Māori - in true Apanui finesse - teasing the crowd with cheeky jokes about MP Peeni Henare needing to find his own promotional crew. Sounds like a future job for Waerenga Te Kaha.

In addition to the theatrical performances at this year’s campaign, behind the stands stood an array of some 150-Māori-owned small-businesses across the six marketplace villages. There was an outright ban on the selling of deep-fried products, fizzy drinks, and plastic, with a push for compostable packaging. The masses were instead treated to mussel fritters, whitebait and fresh paua (to name a few), promoted by entirely bilingual menus.





ARONUI — FEATURES — 02

## Te Mātārae i Ōrehu

The livestream hosts shared that Te Matatini continuously works to fulfil the expectations of the Te Whare Tapa Whā health model, which illustrates the importance of maintaining these four dimensions in order to achieve a balanced wellbeing: physical health, spiritual health, mental health, and family health. Te Matatini supports each of these dimensions, from solidifying interpersonal relationships, providing a platform for cultural expression, equipping Māori with a second whānau, promoting physical upkeep and banning unhealthy food and drink. One might think that such a beneficial initiative would be backed by sufficient funding. Unfortunately, that is not the case.

For many whānau, kapa haka is a lifelong dream placed on the backburner due to financial restrictions. Te Pāti Māori have tirelessly campaigned for increases to the Te Matatini budget for this exact reason so as to make kapa haka more accessible for Māori. Of the three organisations that make up the Performing Arts Services - New Zealand Symphony Orchestra, New Zealand Royal Ballet, and Te Matatini - only Te Matatini reaches its target audience of 65,000. In addition to this, Te Matatini is the only one of the three organisations with a required online and television audience target of 1 million views. Despite these requirements, Te Matatini receives one-seventh of the funding that is provided to the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra in spite of the hefty requirement of achieving higher audience participation rates.

Increases to the Te Matatini budget would lessen the burden of fees for kapa, meaning that tutors receive compensation for their work, kapa fees are reduced, and travel costs are covered, facilitating the prospect of ensuring kapa haka is accessible for everyone, and ensuring it as a cultural necessity rather than a privilege - which it is, but shouldn't have to be. What about students who live far from home to pursue their studies, in places like Dunedin where there is a shortage of adult rōpū? Well, this is how increased Te Matatini funding can help. Student budgets don't exactly provide the funds needed for fortnightly excursions to Christchurch or even the North Island, something that a subsidy would provide so that students are able to maintain cultural connections despite far distances from home.

Clearly, Te Matatini works as a multipurpose event serving as a vehicle for political challenges, vivid depictions of historical recounts, a banger of a week for small businesses, and a platform to elevate cultural expression. But there is so much more beyond the 30 minutes that we see onstage. From weekly wānanga to fundraising for live-in and travel fees, bruises from top-drops and rōpū exercise initiatives over the summer period, if anything the development of kapa haka proves to be more than a visual art; it's a sport that requires great athletic ability and unfailing teamwork. And while that's likely to be disputed, **whoever said kapa haka doesn't qualify as a sport clearly never made the team.**



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# ONE MAN'S TRASH IS ANOTHER ANTI-CAPITALIST COMMUNITY'S TREASURE

BY ZAK RUDIN



**Disclaimer: OUSA does not endorse dumpster diving as it can have serious legal ramifications.**

Are you a cash-strapped student tired of eating instant noodles and spending your entire StudyLink payment in a single shop? Well then, you might have a fair bit in common with dumpster divers. Critic Te Ārohi sat down with a local group to get the lowdown on the dive.

Most of the dumpster divers Critic Te Ārohi spoke with are students. For the last year or so, they've been going to the bins outside supermarkets in Ōtepoti, sometimes as much as twice a week. "Me and a pal used to half-heartedly peek in dumpsters as early as, like, 2018, with mixed success. But I've only really been doing it regularly, strategically and successfully for about a year now," said Joey\*. Meanwhile, Jemima limits herself to around once per week as "at the end of the night there is so much food I stand there overwhelmed and then we have to eat white bread for weeks afterwards."

There's a lot of bread, apparently. But Joey said he often gets "enough unexpired yoghurt and weird keto shit to sustain me for weeks." Other scores have included 20 litres of Lewis Road Creamery choccy milk (the boujee one), hot chocolate powder, cherry tomatoes, berries, ice cream, bagels, and a plethora of vegan goodies for everyone complaining that our recipe section was too expensive. Not to mention large quantities of wine, beer and, most importantly, "mislabelled but functional sunscreen".

Reasons for dumpster diving vary between divers but a common theme shared amongst most is "the thrill of the hunt". Bailey told Critic Te Ārohi that dumpster diving "reconnects you with what you've been alienated from in industrial society. It puts you back in your body. You grab wasted food and run, supporting your friends along the way. It's feral as fuck, and kinda hot." No, you.

Now you might be thinking, "but isn't dumpster diving gross and unsanitary?" Yes! But for the well-seasoned (no pun intended) divers, getting their hands a little dirty is a low price for free food. People often also worry about expiry dates, but Critic Te Ārohi was told that quite a bit of unexpired packaged food is also thrown out. Dylan said "the measure of best-before dates can often be inadequate" due to the many ways in which unopened products are preserved. And at the end of the day, there isn't even a standardised measure of recording best before dates, making your eyes and nose the most reliable tools in detecting if something has gone off.



On the flip side, a Countdown spokesperson told Critic Te Ārohi, “Anything that is grown or produced to be eaten and doesn’t reach its intended destination is waste. This includes items that may have been slightly damaged in transit, or are too close to their best before date to be sold.” As such, according to Countdown, it is “unsafe to take food from waste bins”, as “while a product in a bin may look ok on the surface, it could have been recalled, or food safety could have been compromised at some point, which has meant it needs to be disposed of.” However, in the eyes of the law, it *is* legal to give away and sell food past its best before date.

Food insecurity affects around 40% of households in Aotearoa, so, unsurprisingly, savings are a big reason that people choose to dumpster dive. Meanwhile, a recent report published by the Commerce Commission found that retail grocery stores make a tidy \$1 billion in profits every year. With the supermarket duopoly dominating Aotearoa, grocery prices can feel like a royal screw-over. “The corporate duopoly is a massive injustice because access to food is a human right,” said Jemima. Joey told Critic Te Ārohi that he’s “the world’s stingiest man” so he “hates spending money,” admitting that the only thing he spends money on is toothpaste.

Diving into the dumpsters behind your local Countdown or New World can yield a treasure trove of free food. Some dumpster divers subscribe to the philosophy of “freeganism”, meaning they survive solely on what they find in bins. Unfortunately, Johnny said he never finds his go-to staples (like cans and oats) so reluctantly ends up spending some money at supermarkets. Shock, horror! For Jemima, it depends on the haul: “If there is no produce, I might go buy some so I don’t get scurvy.” However, dumpster diving undoubtedly frees up some of that limited StudyLink payment for more important things. Although you might even find that in a bin along with your weekly grocery shop, making money effectively useless. Bailey told Critic Te Ārohi that dumpster diving “improved my quality of life,” adding, “I’ll have free time and be able to avoid real work for longer.” Good life-life balance.

And let’s not forget about the environmental impact of food waste. Dylan told Critic Te Ārohi that the reason why he dumpster dives is “because of the tragedy of food waste itself”.

The bins outside supermarkets are taken to landfill where the unwanted food breaks down anaerobically and is released into the atmosphere as methane gas (which is 21 times more potent than CO<sub>2</sub>).

According to the Ministry for the Environment, landfills account for around 4% of Aotearoa’s greenhouse gas emissions. This would decrease if food wastage was minimised and the food that was thrown out was allowed to break down naturally and aerobically to create natural fertiliser (like composting). While there are some organisations such as KiwiHarvest that supermarkets can donate food to, such schemes need to be opted into by the donors themselves. As such, many take the easy option of simply throwing the food in the bin. A Countdown spokesperson told Critic Te Ārohi that they “partner with KiwiHarvest among other food rescue partners”, however the nature of having massive supply chains means “some level of waste is inevitable”. Meanwhile, Jemima said, “I’d love to see food sovereignty become a more community-led thing.” As of writing there are no laws or legal regulations of any kind in Aotearoa that prohibit food waste. “Other countries like France have moved faster on this than us, and we need to catch up,” said Johnny.

According to Dylan, “Property rights have enabled the concentration of ownership of our food supply-chain systems, and as a result the decisions which are made about our food, including the decisions to destroy it, happen independently from the communities which rely on the food for nutrition, or which are affected by the generation of landfill.” For some, dumpster diving is a way to take some power back. Dylan spoke of the difficulty imagining a more connected system of food sovereignty as doing so necessitates a complete reimagination of society. Dylan said that seeing “hundreds of cartons of milk set for intentional destruction by exploitative capitalist conglomerates” has made him dream of “a different system of property relations, where the words ‘own’ and ‘have’ are less absolute, where the management of communal resources are done communally, and one where the bins, the supermarkets, and their overarching management structures have ceased to exist.” We at Critic count sheep.

Of course, dumpster diving has its fair share of risk. Senior Constable John Woodhouse, the Campus Cop, told Critic Te Ārohi that dumpster divers can be charged with theft or burglary. A Countdown spokesperson confirmed that “dumpster diving is considered trespass and theft as waste bins are located on supermarket property.” John advised students to request assistance from the local food bank or OUSA student support instead of the riskier option of dumpster diving. “Should I personally apprehend a person engaging in this type of activity, I would use common sense and apply an educational approach,” said John. However, for some hardened divers the risks are more of an incentive than a deterrent.

“It would be much less fun if getting caught wasn’t on the table,” said Johnny, while recognising that his white privilege would likely mean that the consequences of getting caught wouldn’t be that bad. Paige admitted that she doesn’t know the consequences for getting caught “but surely I’d charm my way out of it.” Surely. Meanwhile, Jemima is more worried because she is not a New Zealand citizen, though the thought of her being deported for dumpster diving sounded “ridiculous”.

IT PUTS YOU BACK IN YOUR BODY. YOU GRAB WASTED FOOD AND RUN, SUPPORTING YOUR FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY. IT'S FERAL AS FUCK, AND KINDA HOT.





Still, most try to play it reasonably safe and avoid getting caught which is why most divers go under the cover of dark to get a taste of the thrill of the forbidden. Even with the precautions, local divers have had a few close calls. "We've been filmed, threatened to be called on by the police and trapped behind a dumpster due to an unexpected delivery truck," said Johnny. Yikes.

Perhaps the biggest concern for dumpster divers is not even getting caught but being prevented from making the dive in the first place. "I am far more concerned about businesses locking away their dumpsters or souping (pouring gross liquids) over the food so we can't rescue it," said Johnny.

Ultimately, for the more adventurous, dumpster diving is a fun activity that is equal parts thrilling and cheap. And best of all, you might even find something that'll make you feel like a king, or at least a better-fed peasant.

\*Names changed for privacy.



# Need an MP?

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This week, Critic Te Ārohi caught up with our favourite biker gang: Pedals Dunedin. Pedals is Ōtepoti's first and only bike courier service and easily the most friendly, in both the eco and literal sense. The Pedals team consists of Liam Harrison and Ashley Heydon.

Pedals was set in motion at the Crooked Spoke, a must-know spot for bike enthusiasts in Dunedin. It's a DIY bike workshop located on Moray Place, run by a wholesome crew of volunteers and stuffed with donated bikes and parts. Ashley is one of these volunteers. When Liam moved back to Dunedin mid last year, he headed to The Crooked Spoke to scope out the bike scene. This is where the pair met. Like many good plans, Pedals was set in motion over some beers. "We just got talking one night; I think it was adjacent to bike infrastructure and cities, and bike couriers in particular. Liam suggested we go get a beer. I was ready to just hang out, have a chat and be stoked about bike couriers, but [Liam] had other plans," explains Ashley.

Liam had previously been living in Wellington, where his mates had set up a thriving bike courier service, Nocar Cargo. Liam saw the potential for a similar business here, made even more necessary by changing city infrastructure delaying traffic and cutting certain routes altogether. "I moved back to Dunedin and saw all the issues with traffic. The George Street redevelopment, which looks amazing so far, [and] the hospital build going smack-bang in the middle of the two one-ways, and expected that it's only going to get worse if you're in a car, van, or bus." Dunedin is relatively flat (cries in Dundas, Clyde and Forth Street) with decent cycle lanes, perfect for entrepreneurial cyclists. Liam says that "a delivery service is actually really well suited to the geography of the space."

Pedals kicked off in November last year. Since then, they've set up ninety customer accounts delivering everything from bouquets to automotive parts. "There's been a really positive response, not only from customers but also the general public," says Liam. They deliver between the hours of 8am to 5pm, over an area spanning from St. Clair beach to all the way past Blacks Road in North East Valley. This area is split into three zones, with the cost calculated from the number of zones the delivery crosses and the delivery's need for speed. Same-day delivery is their norm, but they also offer deliveries as short as fifteen minutes. Pedals staunchly support local Ōtepoti businesses and are signed with a number of retailers in the city. If you need something delivered, it's as simple as asking if they use Pedals for delivery. For you enterprising readers out there, Pedals are also keen to get delivering for some student-run businesses.

Pedals are on a roll. Their current goals revolve around ensuring their business remains sustainable, allowing them a solid foundation to expand their services. Overall, the guys want to encourage more people to get out and bike, whether for commuting or recreation. Liam: "It makes a big difference to the city as a whole, not just ourselves. The more people who ride bikes, the more positivity and more understanding the general public have about people riding bikes." They hope their visibility on their runs and their enthusiasm will encourage others to follow suit. They even spend their downtime giving back to the cycling community by clearing the cycleways of broken glass. If you do want to get into biking in Ōtepoti, just head over to The Crooked Spoke and Ashley will help you out.

As the great Charli XCX once said: let's ride.

AFTER DARK

# PRIDE PARTY

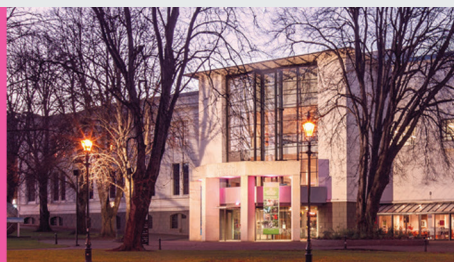
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# In the Eye of the Beholders

By Fox Meyer & Nina Brown

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



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

## This week: *Something is Happening Here*

**Fox:** We're looking at something, nostalgic, something blue, something battered and fried, you might say. Something familiar.

**Nina:** Blue cod, surely. It's gotta be a painting of a fish, maybe a commentary on the crisis of overfishing?

**The answer:** Almost! We're looking at Dame Robin White's (Ngāti Awa, Pākehā) piece, *Fish and Chips: Maketu*, an oil painting of, you guessed it, a fish and chip shop. It's part of Dunedin Public Art Gallery's Something is Happening Here exhibition, a full retrospective of Dame Robin's 50-year career. What else did we see?

The fish and chip shop piece is darling, and harkens back to everyone's common childhood experience of being given a few bucks to run down and buy something deep-fried. It's got every bit of Aotearoa in it: corrugated iron, blue-washed storefronts, the expanse of background ocean, "To Take Away", scrawled on the sign...I can almost taste the salt and batter.

The store is closed on a Monday and a Tuesday. You can barely make out the sign, written on the window, that tells you about the closure. What's going on on Monday and Tuesday? How can such a tiny shop afford to take two days off, or is that just their Saturday and Sunday? Are the owners behind the building, down on the beach? What do they do on their days off? We don't know, but we know that it's a bluebird day, the store is closed, and the owners, presumably, are lapping up the sun. At least, I hope they are. I want to join them.

Next, we took a look at *Mere and Siulolovao, Otago Peninsula*, from 2017. Again, the piece has elements of nostalgic Aotearoa. It's a candid oil painting depicting a mother holding her child, with their Portobello cottage visible behind them, framed on either side by washing on the line.

The mother, clad in a bold yellow shirt and intricately-patterned skirt, draws your attention to the glum-faced toddler positioned on her hip as one would a washing basket, who she gazes lovingly at through chic aviator glasses (yeah, mumma).

All mothers would probably relate to the slight exasperation in her gaze - she has shit to do, washing to fold, and this kid is looking like it just dropped a deuce in its diaper. It's nice weather, though, so a quick walk to a nearby river for a dunk should do the trick while she waits for the summer sun to dry the sheets on the line. We've all been that toddler, but how many of us have been the mum?

All up, the exhibition is chock full of pieces that will make you reminisce. It was like taking a step back, both in time and in space.

**Recommended song for your visit:** *For What it's Worth* - Buffalo Springfield

(Left) Robin White, *Fish and chips, Maketu*, 1975, oil on canvas, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 1975

(Right) Robin White, *Mere and Siulolovao, Otago Peninsula*, 1978, screen print, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 2004







# THAI ORANGE CHICKEN

Pissed about the price of prawns? Give this chicken a crack. If this recipe was a famous person it would be Jonah Hill on 21 Jump Street. We're talking missionary. We're talking when I'm on top and she's on her back. Good staple to start off with, but couldn't do it every time. Does it stand up to a Zinger box? Not even close.

## INGREDIENTS:

- |                                  |                            |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 900g chicken breast              | 1 large bunch of coriander |
| Large chunk of ginger, minced    | 1 tbsp sweet chilli        |
| 4 cloves of garlic, diced finely | 1 tbsp rice wine vinegar   |
| Juice of 1 orange                | 1 tbsp soy sauce           |
| Zest of 1 orange                 | 1 tbsp fish sauce          |
|                                  | 1 drizzle olive oil        |

## DIRECTIONS:

Preheat the oven to 180. Slice the chicken breasts across the grain into even-width slices and add to a large bowl. Add the ginger and garlic before adding the juice and zest of one orange, coriander, sweet chilli, rice wine vinegar, soy and fish sauce. Stir, and marinate for 10 minutes. Fry off in olive oil for 1-2 minutes on each side until both sides are browned. Move into a baking tray and cook in the oven for another 10-15 minutes until the middle of the biggest chunk is cooked through.

Repour the juice, ginger and garlic mix over when serving. If you want it hotter add some sphincter burner. Garnish with any leftover coriander.

Serves 5-6.

Pairs nicely with a fresh spicy salsa. Check out chargrills fo mo!



BOOZE REVIEW:

# BILLY MAVERICK

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

Behind every jovial flat party, every electric scooter thrown through a glass window, and every deck that spews DnB onto the street...is Billy Maverick. He is the lifeblood of North Dunedin. If the Leith were to ever dry up, it would be replaced with bourbon and cola.

Billy Mavs come exclusively in 12 and 18-can boxes, however any respectable breatha wouldn't be caught dead with only 12 cans. Lovingly referred to as a "coffin", the 18-can box of Mavs is the common favourite among men that think, "Black Lamborghini is the fastest and coolest car and Megan Fox is the hottest chick ever!!!" There is no harm in enjoying a Mav, just don't kid yourself about liking it for the bourbon. You're drinking these to get fucked up on inordinate amounts of caffeine, sugar and alcohol, while gunning for a heart attack at 23.

These things are overly sweet to mask the taste of alcohol, yet the musky flavour of cupboard-aged bourbon still cuts through. This taste is inoffensive

and actually induces a nostalgia for your deceased grandmother's stagnant household. Thank you, Billy Maverick, for your ability to facilitate generational healing.

While it's easy to shit on Mavs, they are undeniably a crowd pleaser and an instigator of chaos. The fabled "court case in a can". A legendary drop that can take a good beating.

Billy won't help you pass your assignments, but he will be there to commiserate with you, and at \$1.50 a standard he's cheaper than most. Spend a night with Billy and you'll most likely end up with a UTI.

**Tasting notes:** Like drinking a coffin.  
**Chugability:** 10/10 will melt a funnel.  
**Hangover depression level:** High, you will regret everything you did last night.  
**Overall:** 8/10. I love Billy Mavs.



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# Moaningful Confessions

a t m s

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## Fucking in-tents

It started off as any good sexual encounter would: we had all been drinking for three days straight and were feeling somewhere between delirium and death. I had been talking to one co-worker named Jimmy (not his real name) and feeling a bit promiscuous. We had spent the last few days basically together and he was a cool Aussie bloke. Nothing special, but sick tattoos and down for whatever.

After we got back from a day drink I decided to make a move. Went to have a yarn with him and started all the classic moves (touching his arm, laughing a lot, the classics). Soon after, he suggested going to his – which really was my idea, I just let him think it was his plan. To my surprise, however, Jimmy lived on his mate's and our boss's lawn in a TENT. Yes, that's right, a freaking tent. But I was pretty drunk and unphased at that moment.

We started making out, feeling each other up, and I managed to take off his pants. It wasn't anything special, but it would make do. Within a couple minutes of us hooking up, we hear someone walk towards the tent and quickly unzip it. To my absolute shock it was our boss, Lee. Lee is at least 40, balding, and not really my type at all, mainly because he was more than double my age. No part of me wanted my boss to see my tits at that time, but I have nice tits so hey, who cares? To my shock, he asked, "A ménage à trois?" Meaning threesome, for any non-native French speakers out there. So, there's me: drunk, topless, looking at my old boss through a tent and I

decided, "Fuck it." I've always wanted a threesome and now seemed like as great an opportunity as ever.

I guess Jimmy also said yes because before I could really think, Lee was climbing into the tent and looking excited. I did what I thought people do in threesomes and started kissing one of the guys and giving the other a handjob. It wasn't ideal, but yeah, drunk horny me was pretty into it. Before things could even progress I felt Jimmy pull away from me making noises that sounded like sniffles. I looked over to him and could see that he was visibly crying. Did I make him feel left out? What the fuck was going on? After checking if he was all good, he just started crying more and exclaimed that "this is not what love should be about" and "it should be about caring about another", or something along those lines. Dear Lord, I do not share the same opinions as this man.

Through his tears, he asked Lee to excuse us and Lee zipped his pants and left the tent. Great, now I get to deal with this man's emotions myself. After I asked what was wrong, he broke down completely and started talking about how he missed his ex-girlfriend dearly. After what felt like an age, but was really only a couple minutes, he stopped crying and I was consoling him about the girl that left him.

Needless to say, no sex was had. I was pretty much sober and wanting to be anywhere else. I left the job a few days later but Lee is still one of my main CV references. Cheers, Lee!

Have something juicy to tell us? Send your salacious stories to [moaningful@critic.co.nz](mailto:moaningful@critic.co.nz). Submissions remain anonymous.

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# HOROSCOPES

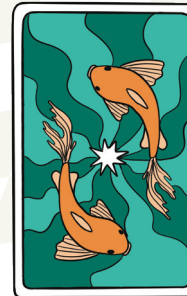
## AQUARIUS Jan 20 – Feb 18



It's time to be more intentional with your relationships. Sometimes you have a tendency to space out and miss life's important moments. Be sure to work on this, as you have plenty of love to give.

Bad habit to break:  
Overspending.

## PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20



Youth is fleeting, reality is fake, money is a concept, and responsibility doesn't matter. It's time to make peace with your delusional tendencies.

Bad habit to break:  
Gossiping.

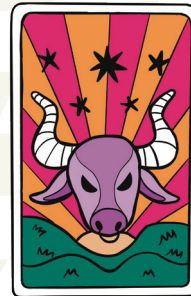
## ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19



If you're dating someone, this is a gentle reminder that your flatmates did not sign up to have your partner basically move in, nor to hear you constantly fucking. Tone down the PDA, for the love of God.

Bad habit to break:  
Being forgetful.

## TAURUS Apr 20 – May 20



While it is not in your Taurus nature to be confrontational, sometimes it is necessary. Practise boundary setting with those around you. Stand up for yourself and your wellbeing! It's time to put yourself first babes xx

Bad habit to break:  
People pleasing.

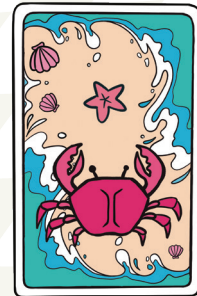
## GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20



A new adventure is on the horizon for you! Soak it all up, and take every opportunity that presents itself, especially ones involving people named Ben. The world is your oyster, Gemini!

Bad habit to break:  
Second guessing yourself.

## CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22



A little gossip never hurt anybody, but recently you may have been taking things a little too far. Remember, you don't have to get involved in everybody's business!

Bad habit to break:  
Ordering too much UberEats.

## LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22



If you're feeling heartbroken and sad, it's time to get back on the horse! Make that Tinder profile, fuck that hot flatmate, screw the crew, flirt in the club. There is no time like the present.

Bad habit to break:  
Dwelling on the past.

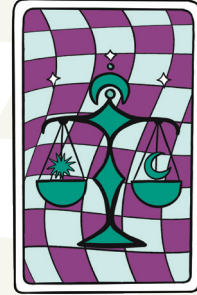
## VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22



Virgo, you may feel a little burnt out and nervous to get back on the uni grind. But rest assured, you'll be fine. Also stay away from shopping trolleys this week.

Bad habit to break:  
Over-analysing your relationships.

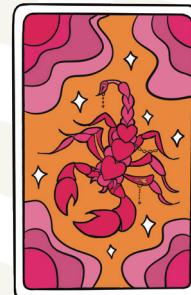
## LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22



You may feel a little more entrepreneurial in your spirit, and you should definitely lean into this. Maybe try to start a business, whether it is legal or illegal is up to you. Who knows, you could be the next Jeff Bezos.

Bad habit to break:  
Drinking too much.

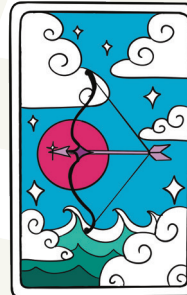
## SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21



Scorpio, I know you have such strong urges to seek revenge on everyone who has ever done you wrong. Instead, try seeking inner peace and happiness. The best revenge is living well!

Bad habit to break:  
Gaslighting your flatmates.

## SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21



What the fuck has been up your ass recently? Whatever it is, it must be huge. Try laxatives this week.

Bad habit to break:  
Complaining.

## CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19



This week you should take a spontaneous road trip. It's time to seek a little adventure and get some fresh air. I hear Ranfurly is nice this time of year.

Bad habit to break:  
Being cheap.

ART BY JUSTINA KING



# SNAP OF THE WEEK



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BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF  Red Bull

## SNAP OF THE WEEK

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sober me was such a fuckin g and also so smart



Bin boner



Pulling a tacky after a long night out



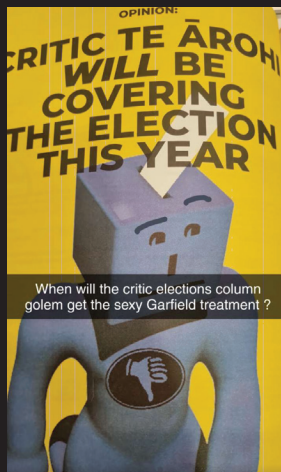
These flattng meals suck ffs



They've finally upgraded! To a box! Only took them a year or two 🤔



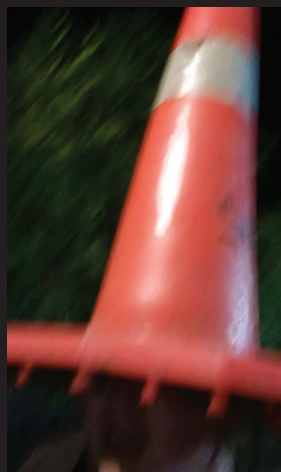
Long sandwich



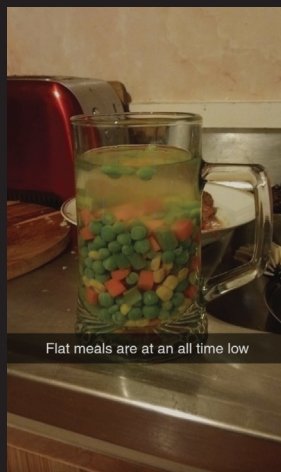
When will the critic elections column golem get the sexy Garfield treatment ?



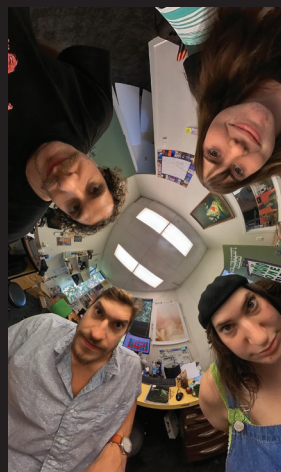
WTF



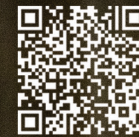
Whole street open and you still managed to fuck it up



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# Human Sexuality and Health

## (PSME 201)

### Enrol now for 2nd semester

#### Learn about:

- Human sexuality and diversity through the lifespan
- Sexual response and difficulties
- Reproductive health and STIs
- Sexual harm: Causes and consequences
- Sexuality and illness, disability, and well-being
- Special topics: transactional sex, education, technology, pornography

#### For all students interested in people, health, and society:

- Psychology
- Public health
- Social work
- Sociology
- Gender
- Law
- Reproductive health
- Education

#### Contact Details

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