

Critic te ārohi



EDITORIAL:

"The Gang Solves the Climate Crisis"

BY FOX MEYER

Great news! We're set to lose about \$900,000/year in the Geology Department, crippling our ability to research natural hazards and climate change. But what we aren't realising is that this is actually a genius move from the top levels of government to solve the climate crisis overnight.

We've got all sorts of national climate and hazard problems to worry about and, if that weren't enough, we're expecting to be hit with the largest-ever recorded earthquake when the Alpine Fault goes. Lots to worry about, which also means lots of expensive maintenance. Central government knows this, and while they aren't busy taking \$2 billion from totally-unproblematic Blackrock, they're in charge of supporting our universities. They could, if they wanted, use some of that \$2 billion to bail out our entire tertiary sector in the name of climate security. But here's their genius play:

If they let all of our climate and hazard research departments fail, nobody will be collecting climate data. And then the problem disappears!

It's so simple, really, when you think about it. Answering an alarm bell can be an extremely costly and downright annoying exercise. So instead of paying consultants millions to figure out what the best response would be, we can save heaps of cash by just getting rid of the bell! They say "numbers don't lie", so all we need to do is get rid of the numbers. Simple. This definitely won't end up costing more in the long run.

Letting geology and science communication collapse is the first step towards a more sustainable future. At least, it's the first step towards a future where people just shut up about climate change for once. Even if that blabber was worth listening to, what's the point? Everything is already so irrevocably screwed that training new scientists can't have any value at all, right? Like why are we even studying earthquakes if we can't say exactly when they're going to strike? Save some money by putting your fingers in your ears. Ignorance truly is bliss.

What you don't know can't hurt you, so we're making sure we don't know much about anything. Ergo, we are indestructible. The millions it would take to prop up our floundering departments (which are only floundering because of the system we imposed upon them, nice) has got to be a higher price tag than the consequences of crippling our hazard and climate researchers. It's not like deplatforming your earth scientists could possibly lead to millions more in damages when we get blindsided by a disaster that one of them was studying.

But I guess that doesn't matter since Blackrock just gave us \$2 billion dollars to become carbon neutral. Who needs home-grown experts when you can just tap that sweet, sweet American oil-military-investment income? I say: keep our heads in the sand! It's a lot more peaceful that way.

THE TL:DR

YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

The Government has introduced a bill to Parliament lowering the voting age for elections to 16-years-old.

A group of 16 young climate activists have won a court case suing the state of Montana for violating their right to a clean environment.

The last of the Covid-19 restrictions were lifted by the Government last week. That means no more seven-day isolation requirement for cases or wearing masks in health care facilities.

Pak'n'Save's 'Savey Meal-bot' meal planner app has recommended recipes for "poison bread sandwiches" and chlorine gas after users entered household items outside of the pantry.

The Dunedin Multicultural Council is celebrating Ōtepoti Culture Fest 2023 in St Clair this Saturday, August 26 from 4:30pm. Check out the event Facebook page for more details!

The Opportunities Party's health policies promise

fully funded contraception and more placements for medical and nursing students. I don't know anything else about that party, but good on them.

Vape-Free Kids has presented a petition with 12,000 signatories to Parliament calling for a ban on vape sales in dairies, supermarkets and petrol stations.

Research shows that young vapers are at a higher risk of bronchitis and shortness of breath, independently of

whether they also smoke darts or weed. The study followed a group of school students over a four year period.

US Treasury Secretary Janet Yellen accidentally ate magic mushrooms on her visit to China. They didn't take effect, but it reminded us of when Jefferson Airplane's Grace Slick tried to slip Richard Nixon six tabs of acid at a White House dinner party in the '70s. It didn't work, but just imagine...



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



“...THERE IS A REAL
SENSE OF ‘NO
CONSEQUENCES’
AMONG YOUNG
PEOPLE,

**SOMETHING
THAT HAS BEEN
FUELLED BY
LABOUR’S SOFT
APPROACH TO
CRIME.”**

Seagull Gang Ram-Raids Night ‘n Day

So we asked the National Party about it

By Hugh Askerud & Fox Meyer
Staff Writer // Editor

Thursday evening, August 10th. A gang of ten young ruffians swarmed into the Octagon Night ‘n Day, harassing staff and customers while refusing to leave.

The offenders – all in matching outfits – refused to communicate in english. Maybe because they were seagulls.

This is no joking matter. As ram-raids continue to dominate the national news cycle, we needed to consult an expert. Immediately, we reached out to Chris Luxon for advice, hoping to learn something from his Party’s tough-on-crime stance. We told him that “ten individuals... entered a Night ‘n Day in town and caused ruckus by intimidating staff and patrons. It’s unclear if they actually stole any items.”

Not one to shy away from pressing issues, we almost immediately got a response from Mark Mitchell, National Party spokesperson for Police. He told us that, “While we do not know the details of this [incident]... it does demonstrate that there is a real sense of ‘no consequences’ among young people, something that has been fuelled by Labour’s soft approach to crime.”

To get to the root of the issue, Critic Te Ārohi spoke with Night ‘n Day staff member Alina*, who witnessed the events firsthand. After co-worker Rodger* had to spend his mid-shift break dealing with the pack of unruly youths, one managed to evade capture by hiding on top of the fridge overnight. The next morning, to rub salt in the wound, the gang came knocking once again. In broad daylight! Something absolutely must be done.

Nina and Amelia, two students after a post-town feed, were trapped in the store while the chaos ensued. “There’s a difference between one or two birds in the library and six or seven big fuck-off seagulls in Night ‘n Day,” said Nina. Though she was pretty unfazed about it all (“I just wanted my wedges”), Amelia was not, saying, “The ratio of birds [to humans] indoors was ridiculous, a line had definitely been crossed.” Still, she said, “We were on a mission to get wedges, nothing was going to stop us.”

The scare tactics employed by the birds were effective, but it’s unclear if they actually made off with any stolen merchandise – the details from the girls were admittedly hazy. If they had, perhaps a better headline would’ve been “Fantastic Beasts and Where to Fine Them”, but we’ll let that one sit for now. In the meantime, the lack of actual damage has encouraged conspiracy theorists to wonder if

the whole ordeal was actually an elaborate marketing play orchestrated by Night ‘n Day itself. Alina doubted this, and mused that maybe the reason the birds didn’t steal anything was because the food is “pretty shit, really.”

But no matter the explanation, Mark Mitchell was insistent that, “Intimidation is frightening and all business owners and staff should feel safe in their own environment.” Thank you, Mark. We can all sleep at night with the promise that “National intends to ensure that young people know that actions have consequences.” Assuming, of course, that extends to birds. Until the election, we expect Dunedin’s seagulls to continue spitting in the face of the law.

The gulls could not be reached for comment.

*Names changed.



Ex-Student Stripper Brings 'Tragic Mike' to Dunedin

Buckle up, ladies and gays

By **Nina Brown**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

"I'll just drop out and become a stripper." Yeah, right, we've all said that. Gianni took it seriously.

The pay is great, you keep fit, rake in that yummy attention, and never have to read another academic article again. "What's not to love?" said ex-student Gianni, who took up stripping as a part-time job while studying towards a double degree in Psychology and Sport and Exercise Science at Otago Uni between 2017 and 2022 (so he did actually have to read more articles).

Having completed his studies in 2021, Gianni's stripping career has taken him around Australasia with different Magic-Mike-esque shows. On October 26, he's bringing his current saucy tour to Dunedin.

Critic Te Ārohi (trying very hard not to blush over Zoom) had a yarn with the breatha-turned-Tatum about the Dunedin stripping scene, local celebrity, and what students can hope to expect from his upcoming three-hour interactive (!) show at the Glenroy Auditorium. Tickets are 30% off for students, but clothes will be closer to 90%.

It all began when Gianni spotted an ad promising \$50 an hour for topless waiters in his second year of uni. "At the time \$50 an hour was like, 'Woah, that's pretty good!'" said

Gianni. He was informed upon contacting the company that what they really needed were strippers, inviting him for a trial at Stilettos "to see if it was for me or not." The trial for Gianni and one other newbie involved 20 to 25 strippers in a circle, "and then this chick Tabitha was like, 'Alright, you guys pick three songs and just go!'"

Gianni passed with flying colours. As you'd imagine, the key to success was just "if you're in shape and if you can dance." He was promptly sent to Queenstown for what can only be described as a stripper bootcamp. After spending a few days with an American stripper who helped him learn the ropes, "I made up a routine and then started stripping on the weekends doing privates and hens' parties and things like that, red cards and 21sts, just all sorts really." So, if you were struggling for red card ideas...

Gianni said his mates were fully supportive while he was doing privates part-time in Dunedin: "The other guys thought it was chat." And it was the perfect job in terms of work-life balance with the party culture in Dunedin. "We could be at a party or whatever... And I knew I would have a strip on that night. And so I'd be like, 'I just gotta dip out for a little bit!'" He even ended up "pulling one of the boys into it a bit."

TRAGIC MIKE

CHARITY
Comedy Cabaret

18+

NETFLIX AND CHILL

One night as he was about to head out, one of his mates asked if he could join. "And I said, 'Yeah sure you can come but you know you gotta take your kit off' - cos he was fit." The pair stripped at a red card on Castle Street, "And it went off. It was crazy. That's what I've noticed actually, like private stripping is a bit more hectic in Dunedin versus like Wellington or other places around the country." He and his mate ended up stripping together more and more, forming a duo routine between them.

The duo were catapulted to local celebrity status after one particular gig on St Patty's Day in 2021. "These girls had booked a stripper," said Gianni, "and it was pretty early 'cos you know how students start in Dunedin pretty early on St Patty's. So it was like lunchtime." When he and his mate rocked up in their tradie costumes, there were around 50 girls waiting for them outside a flat on Queen Street. "The girls saw us and just started screaming, 'The strippers are here!'" The crowd formed a circle around a chair in the middle.

Later, when the boys rejoined their mates and headed to the Lake House party, they ran into the same girls. "It was kind of buzzy because we'd be like little celebrities walking through because the girls would see us... People would come up to us asking for photos and things, but like, we're just students. And that was pretty cool, but surreal!"

After graduating last year, Gianni tossed up between postgrad study or continuing with a career in stripping in stage shows with different groups. "A big thing for me was like, well, it didn't feel like a job, you know?" said Gianni. "I was making pretty good cash from it. I was pretty much getting paid to travel, to train with a group of guys and dance in front of women. Like yeah, what's not to love?"

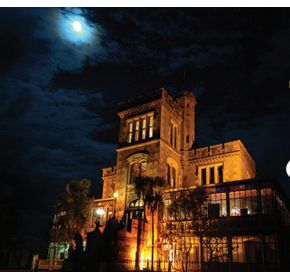
Admitting a preference for stage shows over privates ("It's just more of a thrill, you know?") Gianni is psyched to return to Dunedin with the international group Gentleman Prestige to perform their comedy cabaret 'Tragic Mike'. The theme of the three-hour interactive show (yes, that means you could be pulled on stage) is 'Netflix and Chill', with the group describing it as "enlightening fantasies that our audience didn't know they had relating to characters from movies and shows on Netflix." Think Harry Potter with strip-off trousers and a very magic "wand" - courtesy of Gianni. He clearly didn't get sucked into Draco-Harry fanfic if it's meant to be an unrealised fantasy.

Proceeds of the show will go towards Shine, a national charity dedicated to supporting domestic abuse victims and safer homes across the motu. So, not only will the audience be treated to a "good laugh and a sexy time", it's all for a good cause.

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OUSA Puts Down Pet Project

Starters Bar finally taken out back, shot in head

By Nina Brown
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

It was with heavy hearts that the OUSA exec passed a motion (with one vote against) on Friday, August 11, to cancel the Starters Bar lease.

You'll probably be thinking, "But I thought that closed ages ago?" And you'd be right - the bar has sat stagnant on the corner of Frederick and Clyde St since its closure in 2021 due to health and safety concerns about the standards of the building.

OUSA President Quintin told Critic Te Ārohi that the two-year gap was spent working out "if the building could be improved to a standard that would make it safe to once again operate as a bar." At an exec meeting earlier this year, a motion to terminate the lease failed pending a final conversation with the landlord about whether it could be saved. "Since then, it has become clear that the Starters premise... will not be able to become suitable for a bar again," said Quintin.

The bar was bought in 2018 by OUSA. It was celebrated for bringing about a space for students to drink responsibly amid the context of bar closures like Gardies (now the Marsh Study Centre) creating a "wild west of drinking," as OUSA Events Manager Jason told Critic at the time.

In the brief window when OUSA operated Starters, "it functioned as a great place for students to enjoy affordable drinks and music in a safe environment," said Quintin. "The executive at the time were gutted to be put in a position of making the decision to close," with the 2021 President Michaela telling Critic about the sleepless nights she'd had over the issue. "But unfortunately they were left with little other choice."

Critic reported in 2021 that the exec said they were "hopeful that a replacement bar in North Dunedin will be up and running by O-Week 2022." That clearly worked out well.

"OUSA has always wanted to open a student bar for the purposes of harm reduction," said Quintin. In the "wild west" of drinking culture in its absence, students tend to stick to flats where it becomes easier to drink to excess without the kind of support that comes with a licensed premise.

Quintin went on to say that, "As a Sophie Charter Partner, OUSA is committed to ensuring that North Dunedin is a safe environment for students to engage in the things that make Dunedin student culture so unique and we believe a bar is one of the best ways we can achieve this."

With the cancellation of the lease, the exec are hopeful that they'll be able to approach the issue with a "fresh set of eyes, moving away from always thinking about how we can reopen Starters," which had become a bit like "flogging a dead horse" as one exec member said in a meeting earlier this year.

The one vote against the motion came from Vice President Imogen, who said she felt duty-bound to advocate for a student bar since it was what she campaigned for going into the position: "I agreed that it's not the bar we want for our students... but at the end of the day I don't think we explored all the options with it." For Quintin, he sees it as an opportunity for something "newer and better."

As a plus, they're planning a garage sale for a bunch of the old bar stuff like bar stools "if you're looking to kit out your flat for kickons in 2024." We call dibs on the sign, and also one of the beer towers.

Arana Renovations Undermine Enrolment Targets

Otago wants 11% more students, but doesn't have the beds

By Ollie McKenna

The closure of Arana College has been confirmed for 2024, putting the University's plan to increase its number of full-time students in a bit of a sticky situation.

One of the priorities of the University's Strategic Plan, Pae Tata, was to increase its number of full-time students by 11% for 2030 - despite losing hundreds of staff who would be expected to shoulder that considerable increase in attendance. And even if classroom resources are available, Otago may literally not have enough beds to house this many students.

To put it briefly: although the opening of Te Rangihīroa in 2024 will add another 450 beds, the closure of

Arana will mean 404 people need new accommodation. 14 of these were transferred to Studholme, leaving 390 to take beds in Te Rangihīroa. With an extra 66 rooms at Aquinas expected to be ready in 2024, this leaves the total extra beds at 126.

The University's Director of Campus Development, Tanya Syddall, informed Critic Te Ārohi that Arana College will be closed to prospective students in 2024. The renos will focus on "upgrading fire compliance works, disability and accessibility improvements and seismic strengthening, with an expected cost of \$14,850,000". With such a budget one could buy 625,263,157 paper clips or 3,413,793 cups of coffee or, perhaps most spectacularly, 4.5 average-sized whales (or sort out our Geology

Department for 15 years). Evidently, a lot of money.

Critic Te Ārohi caught up with fifth-year James* who gave his thoughts on the plans to increase University capacity. "I think most people will be pretty pro, more students is the only way to make money." Although James did go on to question how the Uni plans to cater for these new students: "There's not enough room in halls, and the flats aren't up to standard, where do they all go?"

Tanya also confirmed to Critic Te Ārohi that, without any unforeseen delays, Arana College will be back open again for the start of the academic year in 2025.

*Name changed.



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ODT WATCH

Tall Blacks edged by China

So that's why SkySport is so fucking expensive

THERE is winning ugly. Then there is drawing with the ugliness of a thousand axolotls.

What the fuck does this mean?

Striking writers determined to stick to their guns

Editor forgot to top up staff reserves of Redbull

not reducing use, is answer

Student health asking if you drink

Desperate and disappointing

Your mum when shes watching the weird little dance you and your friend made so they could stay the night

'Troublemaker' visits US

SARS-CoV-2 on Jan 30th 2020

Bold and unflinching

Me when the toast pops (not)

Climate change preparation mulled

Wine hoarding in my bunker

Meth, MDMA, imitation firearm found in search of car

'Don't worry about all that just chuck it in the back aye'

Great, but could have been greater

This is what keeps Alexander up at night

Improved Spirit ease to victory

Discovering Kristoff sucks, actually

morally gutsy if aesthetically ghastly

Uni rebrand joke

Pupils using their swedes

That's illegal

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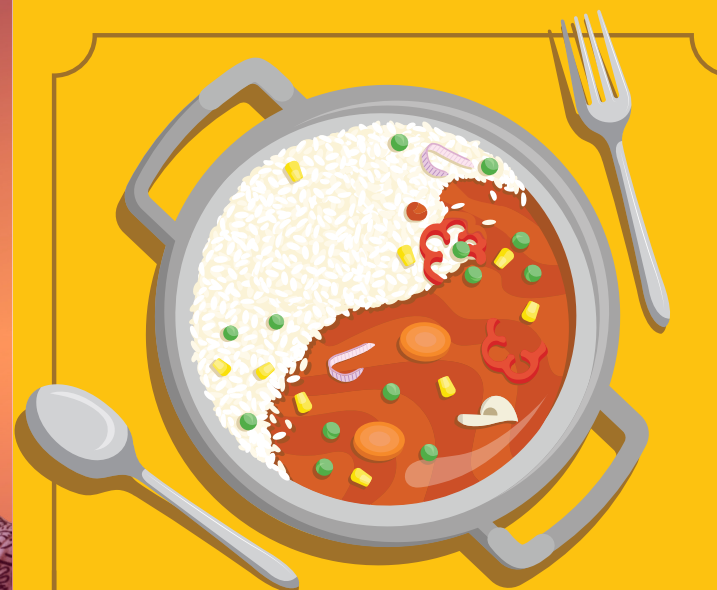
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PUZZLES



ESPRESSO BAR
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

BROUGHT TO YOU BY
MAZAGRAN

KEEPING CRITIC
CAFFEINATED

CROSSWORD

1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8
9						10								
11								12						
13				14		15				16				17
18		19				20				21				
22								23		24		25		
26				27				28		29				30
31										32				

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 clues.

- ACROSS:**

9. Silly bird

10. Something you'd do in front of an altar (2)

11. Sick ride, to a kid

12. Not partake in something

13. Charming garden resident?

15. Salt-rimmed cocktail

18. Canine's neighbour

20. In Dungeons and Dragons, the offspring of
- humans and dwarves

21. Coffee preference

22. Typical Castle Street resident

24. Can break a camel's back

26. This week's connecting theme

28. Something on a chemist's table

31. Convenient rice brand (2)

32. Bo Peep's familiars

- DOWN:**

1. Quiche ingredients

2. Type of dragon

3. Small salamander

4. Setting of The Elder Scrolls

5. Sleepy medicine

6. "Southern" or "Swiss"

7. Famous painting (2)

8. Identity-preserving abbrv.

13. Banner's radiation

14. We're all on it
16. Dumbledore's first name

17. Crooked

19. Black or red?

20. Slow-moving sugar

23. Camera-ready phrase

25. Old-timey term for weed

26. Melancholic

27. Swedish chain

29. Cardinal direction

30. Theirs one in this clue

O	B	X	X	R	R	Q	C	C	S	N	P	T	G	B	F	D	M	Q	U
V	Q	A	C	Q	A	T	X	K	S	A	M	V	M	I	J	R	C	S	F
V	L	A	R	T	C	H	A	H	G	Q	Q	Z	H	O	U	O	W	R	O
X	T	A	U	B	K	E	N	C	A	G	W	C	V	P	A	F	Z	E	S
A	D	Z	P	E	I	L	X	S	H	U	C	F	H	O	I	T	Z	T	B
D	R	E	J	D	A	E	C	L	Q	G	L	R	W	F	X	M	I	R	E
C	E	A	P	T	A	X	W	Y	R	A	V	C	E	N	L	S	Z	A	G
T	H	C	N	O	I	N	Z	M	O	D	G	R	E	E	K	E	H	T	N
C	G	I	L	A	R	E	C	W	W	B	I	A	G	J	I	T	E	S	I
X	S	E	C	A	R	T	R	E	H	U	T	Z	O	B	T	A	L	W	N
W	V	E	O	K	N	W	A	Y	C	C	A	S	T	L	E	G	Y	E	N
O	Z	F	A	L	E	T	E	T	M	Y	Q	R	A	P	Q	W	O	U	A
B	K	A	C	G	O	N	F	S	I	A	F	S	G	N	G	X	G	F	H
E	K	D	A	U	U	G	K	C	F	O	T	B	P	R	J	T	R	W	C
I	E	Z	Z	L	Q	L	Y	I	S	O	N	T	Z	R	S	V	A	D	Z
A	Z	S	Q	T	Y	U	L	M	E	I	S	V	J	W	E	D	G	E	S
G	M	L	R	J	H	S	E	S	J	L	N	D	C	V	A	M	Y	Y	L
D	N	K	S	C	Q	I	Q	K	X	J	S	T	R	I	P	P	E	R	T
Q	X	V	O	Y	E	J	S	F	P	F	B	W	L	R	D	A	T	C	Z
R	M	O	I	M	A	J	W	H	T	M	U	F	C	B	D	A	C	Y	F

WORDFIND

- SEAGULLS

ARANA

CASTLE

BARBIE

KEN

MOAT

STRIPPER

STARTERS

GREEK
- GATES

GARGOYLE

CHANNING

DECLAN

DEPORTATION

WEDGES

LAPDANCE

GEOLOGY

CHICKEN

ISSUE 19 PUZZLE ANSWERS

WORD BLOCK WORDS: WORKSHOPS, SCULPTURE, ENGRAVING, TATTOOING, WOODBLOCK, GEOMETRIC

ACROSS: 9. PARKA 10. OXI 11. BROWN 12. RELEASE 13. APOLOGY 14. BASIL 15. SLINGSHOT 17. ANGELIC 19. MUSTARD 21. SASQUATCH 24. AGONY 26. GLITTER 27. GATEWAY 29. ACHOO 30. SUN 31. POLAR

DOWN: 1. SPAR 2. GRILLS 3. PARALLEL 4. FORENSIC 5. DIWALI 6. OBLONG 7. DOROTHEA 8. ANDY 14. BEARS 16. TEDDY 18. GASLIGHT 19. MAHOGANY 20. STARTUPS 22. ULTRON 23. THRUST 25. ORWELL 26. GOAT 28. YARN

SUDOKU

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

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

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

WORD BLOCKS

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

Y	D	R
I	S	A
T	B	U

E	W	S
C	R	K
O	C	R

S	P	O
U	C	R
R	E	R

O	I	N
D	A	R
S	R	P

E	G	N
I	H	A
R	M	T

A	H	E
S	M	K
I	L	K



Izzy Dalley: Milk

Winner
Painting Category



Cait Gordon: Young Apollo

Winner
Illustration Category



Alice German: Baby Fur Seal/Kekeno

Winner
Sculpture Category



Alice Harrison: Mt Aspiring Trail

Winner
Photography Category



Luc Morley: Float

Winner
Other Category



Ava Erickson
Gladstoned | Runner up
Painting Category



Catherine Deng
Anne Alone with the Marten | Runner up
Illustration Category



Alice Harrison
Church Veins | Runner up
Photography Category



Luc Morley
What If Birds Aren't Singing They're Screaming | Runner up
Other Category

RUNNER-UP FICTION

I Can't Speak

By Samantha Dutton

I can’t speak. Time is stationary. To me at least. I have been bound to this infernal place for so long that I have forgotten what it means to speak. To even try to interact with the gibberish my fevered mind releases. I cannot overcome the hurdle that speaking brings. The mountains I would move even to create a simple noise! It’s impossible, useless, exhausting. If only I could call out. Call for help, for relief from this suffering. However, there is a presence perched over me, peering right into my soul. It is the one that has kept me bound to my chair and has stolen my voice. It is the being, trapping my body in place examining my every flaw. I have to stop it. I should stop it. I would stop it. But I can’t speak.

I can’t move. These restraints move past the boundaries of physicality, onwards on a journey to the depths of my mind. They move even further past the simple reality of a cord binding my hands together in a forbidden embrace. It is a pool that glistens in the fluorescent light, my mind shimmering liquid, but still and vacant. Mental, physical, intertwined. I can hear it slowly dripping, each echo driving me closer to insanity. I can imagine the sound coming from my physical left. Always the left. But why am I not alright? If only I could get up. If only I could break these barriers holding me in place. All it would take is a ripple in the pool of stillness, the bare necessity needed to set it in a whirlpool of motion. What if the current becomes too great? What if the calm waters, now besieged by the torrent of left and right choices pull me under? My heart is like the ocean, drumming its frigid fingers upon the rocks in a frightening cadence to match the tempo the wind has set. Can there ever be an escape from this prison cell? It's impossible, useless, exhausting. I feel like I'm drowning in my thoughts. The tide is rising. I should stop it. I would stop it. But I can't move.



I can't see. These blinding lights cause my vision to tunnel and narrow. It is only made bearable by the shrouded haze that covers my vision. Through it, I can make out the individual bulbs spearing their incandescent light to what seems to be the darkest corners of my being. I am vulnerable to anyone, everyone, everything and there is nothing hidden. The slightest noise, the slightest touch causes me to flinch and cringe away. To wring my hands in a pleading motion expressing words I cannot bring my parched lips to form. To clear the comforting haze would be subjecting myself to battalions of pain marching their way slowly onwards. So I don’t. I don’t move, I don’t speak, I don’t even try to see. I just sit, breathing, barely existing. This is impossible, useless, exhausting. I have to find my way out. I could try. I should try. I would try. But I can't see.

I can't speak. I can't move. I can't see.

I can't speak. I can't move, I can't see a way out of this.

A voice snaps me out of my spiral faster than I can blink away the remnants of my stream of consciousness. My sunglasses are ripped off and the world around me comes into focus. I can see the dentist washing her hands in the sink. I can hear the water dripping out of the pipes to my left and pooling in the basin. She’s saying something about me being a little quiet this time. Swinging my legs over the side of the chair I exhale. I can now speak, I can move and I can see. I thank her, making a mental note to remember to floss more often.

RUNNER-UP NON-FICTION

Days: Thinking of you

By Zoe Wu



The quiet buzz of my alarm nudges me awake. I blearily lift my head, expecting to see warm sun rays weaving around the curtains to tickle my face. Instead, the cold darkness of winter mornings sends a chill down my spine. Groaning, I lay back down, the vastness of my bed swallowing me whole. It feels empty and cold. I dreamt of you. But the bright colour of dreams and hopes drained away as soon as it hit 6am. I wonder if you're awake this early. Tired and cranky, I clank my way through the house like a robot. A doll. Someone is playing with me, moving my arms and legs into position. I sure am not the one doing it. I have no thoughts. But somehow I still remember to send you a good morning message. I smile as I read last night's laughs, and the sun peeks out from behind the kitchen window. Perhaps this day will be good. Even though I'm about to be late, I stop in front of the hallway mirror, grinning softly as I send you a picture. Remember that time we accidentally wore the same thing?

The walk is long but less dull when the sky is a marble of blue and white. Ducks quack their good mornings as I speed past, their cacophony of honks drowning out my music. But I'm not mad at them, envisioning instead the tail wag of your pet duck. How cute! Adjusting my headphones like musical ear muffs, I listen to our favourite artist. It envelops me like a

warm hug, like your hug, chasing away the biting winter air. A spring in my step propels me forward, and I eagerly anticipate that one house. The house with the funny poster that I couldn't resist telling you about. It always makes me giggle.

My day is tedious but in the blink of an eye, I'm on the same path home. A whirlwind of tasks and teaching blurs my mind. All I remember vividly is laughing at my own joke, knowing you would've loved it too. I wish you were here to hear it.

Colour drains away from the sky, like my energy leaking away with every footstep. It takes so much effort to get through every day. When I flop back on the couch, the first thing I do is reply to you. A small smile. And for a while, everything is alright. To end the night, I scrunch myself up against my pillows, eagerly awaiting the opening of this new movie. I wish you could watch it with me. The snacks always taste better when I'm not eating alone. And when I finally close my eyes, I hope to dream of warmth and joy and you. I miss you.

Do you think of me often? Tell me when you do. I am probably thinking of you too.



AVA ERICKSON

WINNER CRITIC PEOPLE'S CHOICE

THIS Barbie IS GETTING deported!



By Fox Meyer (Journalist Barbie)

We tell our girls that they can do anything, and it's true: they can. Unless they want to immigrate to New Zealand.

The Wellington Museum is showcasing hundreds of Barbies from Patsy Carlyle's collection. I wanted to figure out how many of their jobs would be found on our occupational Green List, giving them a straight-to-residence pathway. Here's what I found.

I counted 323 individual Barbie dolls, including multiples in the same box and excluding all Kens because, well, they're just Kens. Of these 323, 209 were either unemployed or just on vacation, and were therefore refused residency by Immigration New Zealand. That includes all of the myriad Beach Barbies, Holiday Surprise Barbies and Bubble Fairy Barbie. Unfortunately, this also barred Troll Barbie and - my favourite - Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* Barbie. Can't bring in invasive species, sis.

The jobless masses also included a range of Dolls of the World Barbies, including Kenyan, Peruvian and Czechoslovakian Barbie. They may have some valuable trades to lend to our community, but they didn't list them on their applications, so I'm afraid we cannot grant them entry. Also their passports haven't been updated since before the fall of the USSR,

which makes things complicated. Only 51 Barbies had a shot at residency based on the Green List and their associated Australian and New Zealand Standard Classification of Occupation (ANZSCO) job IDs. Some of them were still a tossup but immediately there were some shockers:

Legally Blonde 2 Barbie may have passed the Bar and may have valuable legal experience in Washington, D.C., but at no point on the Green list do we call for any sort of legal professional. Sorry, babes! Unless she happens to have two years' worth of drainlaying experience (ANZSCO# 334113), *Legally Blonde 2* Barbie is NOT welcome. Actually, while we're at it, most of the girlboss Barbies (CEO Barbie, etc) will have to hope for some sort of auditing experience as that's pretty much the only attainable financial position on the list.

Obviously most of the Barbies seemed to work as some sort of singer/actress/athlete, which means they'd probably apply via the Talent (Arts, Culture, Sports) Resident Visa. This means they'd need to be prominent in their field with at least two years of experience, prove that their presence would "enhance New Zealand's achievement" in the area, have the support of a reputable New Zealand organisation and never have received any form of welfare or benefit.

Ironically, anyone who's ever been on hold with WINZ for a benefit is very aware of the fact that NZ has had about four and half musicians, ever. This means that Elton John Barbie and Elvis Barbie can probably squeeze in. Maya Angelou Barbie can make a strong case, too. And while we're making exceptions, let's not forget 2000 Olympic Fan Barbie, because she's clearly an Australian citizen and therefore can come as she pleases, but



also she's Australian. Tokyo 2020 Sport Climbing Barbie also appears to be wearing Aussie colours, meaning she might sneak past the border, too. Oh, and so will Royal Family Barbie, even though she doesn't have a real job.

The rest had to hope their job is on the Green List of New Zealand's most pressing labour shortages. Most notably, this included crowd favourite Harley Davidson Barbie - so long as she can prove work experience as a Motorcycle Mechanic (ANZSCO #321213). Fingers crossed on that one. Not because she's a woman, but because she's a flammable plastic doll without opposable thumbs.

Motorcycle Mechanic
ACCEPTED!
ANZSCO
#321213



Five Astronaut Barbies applied, but only four could possibly be accepted. The loser here was Space Camp Barbie as she is clearly still a child and has no valuable work experience to contribute to our society. The other four astronauts (including Mars Explorer and Space Discovery Barbie) will still not be able to apply as just “astronaut”. It’s just not on the list, plus if we bag Elton John then we’ve already sussed enough Rocket Men. But they probably have experience as a mechanical or electrical engineer (ANZSCO#s 233512 and 233311), which is more than enough. Just bring that passion back down to earth.

This is a good time to talk about the celebrity girlboss Barbies, of which there were six: Maya Angelou, Katherine Johnson, Helen Keller, Rosa Parks, Eleanor Roosevelt and Jane Goodall. Maya will have to apply via talent, as we’ve said. Rosa Parks was a seamstress, which isn’t on the list, so she isn’t getting in. Civil rights be damned - activism doesn’t help the economy, sweetheart, no matter what the *Barbie* Movie is trying to tell you. Helen Keller is disabled, so she can pretty much give up immediately. Eleanor Roosevelt did many things but never really had an actual job, and formal experience is necessary for residency, so tough luck. Try the rich person visa instead: the Active Investor Plus Visa, in which you “invest” \$15m over four years.

That leaves just Jane and Katherine. Jane can’t use any of her actual career to get by because we don’t have any native mammals and we hate tertiary education, but she might be able to get in as an Environmental Research Scientist (ANZSCO #234313). That, or we can let her observe Castle for a while and see if she publishes another book. Not that we want authors, either. If you don’t know Katherine, she was one of the ladies behind *Hidden Figures*, the team that sent NASA to the moon. But we don’t want mathematicians, so she’ll have to swallow her pride and apply based on her prior experience as an Early Childhood (Preprimary School) Teacher (ANZSCO# 241111). That’s gotta hurt. Maybe she could swing Developer Programmer (#261312), but she’s probably not up-to-date on her coding.



Early Childhood
Teacher
PENDING
ANZSCO
#241111

Speaking of swallowing their pride, three superhero Barbies attempted to gain residency: Supergirl, Batgirl and Wonder Woman. All three would have to apply via their alter-egos, obviously. This would be toughest for Supergirl, as she’s technically an alien, both legally and literally: Kara Zor-El from Krypton. But, assuming she can fake some medical records, Kara could apply as Linda Lee Danvers, a grad student with experience in acting and camera operating. Both of these skills are useless according to Immigration, and she can’t apply as a Post-Doctoral Fellow (#242111) as she doesn’t have a PhD and that didn’t make the Green List anyway. But even if she wasn’t foiled by the crack team at Immigration, she would’ve had to declare that her definitely-human application was truthful, and I don’t think Supergirl can lie, so.

Batgirl applies as Barbara Gordon, daughter of the Gotham City Chief of Police, and probably relies on her “superb hacker” status to apply via some sort of IT pathway. Maybe Software Engineer (ANZSCO# 261313)? She’s a talented gal so she’s probably got this one on lock. Wonder Woman might be able to make it through as Diana Prince, though her age might put the immigration officers on edge. She has quite the resume, including stints as an army nurse, intelligence officer, businesswoman, astronaut and UN staff member. But healthcare is the safest bet so let’s just call her a GP (#253111) and be done with it - we don’t need any more damn astronauts.

The agriculturists were a paltry bunch. Peaches ‘n Cream Barbie (not the adult toy store) doesn’t have any real arborist experience (ANZSCO #362212) and is largely just a pick-me country girl, so her soft hands fail the test. Also, we’re sponsored by their competitor. Australian, Western, Got Milk? and Western Stompin’ Barbies all could get in as Dairy Cattle Farmers (#121313) and live a nice life married to a mid-Canterburian Ken. Kev, I guess. They can’t apply as Beef Cattle Farmers, though, apparently we don’t want those. Pilgrim and Pioneer Barbies might have a shot as Market Gardeners (Crop Production/Agronomist Managers, #121221), but neither of them are likely to have a formal record of employment,

and that job is not technically on the Green List. Native American Barbie is in the same boat. Tragically, Beekeeper Barbie’s job (Apiarist, ANZSCO# 121311) only appears on the skills shortage list, not the Green List, meaning her pathway to residence will be harder than she initially thought. Heartbreaking. And that’s it for the agriculture sector, I’m afraid.

The scientists were also pressed for luck. Besides the aforementioned girlboss Barbies, headlining the bunch was Dana Scully *X-Files* Barbie. And while “Paranormal Researcher” isn’t on the list, her degree in physics and experience as a medical doctor may qualify her as a Medical Physicist (#234914) or at least a GP (same as Wonder Woman). Four National Geographic Barbies entered. Only Polar Researcher Barbie and Jungle Explorer Barbie have a shot as Environmental Research Scientists (#234313), but it’s not looking likely. Nat Geo Photographer and Nat Geo Camera Crew Barbies didn’t have anything useful to offer us and probably come with some baggage. Finally, Palaeontologist Barbie would have to try for University Lecturer (#242111) in the Otago-specific skills shortage section, but Otago University just cut their palaeontology position, so she’d be deported upon entry.

Finally, we have the healthcare Barbies. This lot was very fortunate, as New Zealand is seeking pretty much anyone who can use a plaster. The bespoke St. Johns Barbies are already citizens, so that’s easy. Nurse Barbie is seen in an ambulance, meaning she can apply as an Ambulance Paramedic, (ANZSCO #411112). Dentist Barbie has about five options to choose from, which means Tooth Fairy Barbie is also probably in luck. The newer Nurse Barbie is seen on her box pushing an old person, giving us hope that she can apply as an Aged Care Nurse (#254412).

All three Doctor Barbies ought to be able to get in; one is seen holding a child, passing as a Paediatrician (#253321), and the other two surely have experience as Medical Radiation Therapists (#251212), Surgeons (#253511), Radiologists (#253917)

Physiotherapists (#252511) or OB-GYNs (#253913) - but to date, I haven’t seen Gynecologist Barbie (I immediately lost her inside me). Maybe next year, speculum included! The two Pet Doctor Barbies are also safe, as Veterinarians (#234711). Civil War Nurse Barbie also probably has a shot at Surgeon, but her heavy PTSD may make her an unattractive candidate.

For what it’s worth, Civil War Nurse Barbie was not the only doll with combat experience. There was also U.S. Air Force Barbie and her sisters in the American Army and Navy, all of whom may be barred for their participation in war crimes. Tough to say. Mechanical engineers are in high demand, after all, and what’s a little civilian casualty in the name of a stronger economy? One thing’s for sure: I didn’t see a Geneva Convention Barbie.

At the end of the day, far more Barbies were denied than were accepted. So if Mattel wants to start setting more realistic career aspirations for the Kiwi-hopefuls, I have some recommendations for New Zealand Green List Barbies that haven’t hit the shelves yet:

Halal Slaughterer Barbie (#831212) would be an undeniable hit, as would Urologist Barbie (#253518), Psychotherapist Barbie (#272311) and Plumber Barbie (#334111). Family and Marriage Counsellor Barbie or Drug and Alcohol Counsellor Barbie (#272112/3) would also be a slay. Forklift Operator Barbie (#271216) goes without saying and, while I hate to admit it, Internal/ External Auditor Barbie (#221213/4) would have a very warm welcome to New Zealand. But God forbid we make a Journalist Barbie, those ones are absolutely useless.

But wait! All of these Barbies are just... Barbie. She’s done it all. She doesn’t need to apply simply as Civil War Nurse Barbie or Harley Davidson Barbie, because she can fix a chain drive AND apply a tourniquet to a screaming soldier. She is truly a queen of all trades, and should have no problem whatsoever passing Immigration - here’s hoping they just don’t look at her age.



DENIED!



Medical
Physicist
ACCEPTED!
ANZSCO
#234914



BY IRIS HEHIR AND HUGH ASKERUD – ART BY EVIE NOAD

For the first time ever, it seems that the infamous open street hosts that gave Castle its legend, its lure, its life, have become a thing of the past. Word on the street (or in this case, not on the street) is: Castle is dead.

While the second-years of 1990 sang Queen as they rolled and torched a car, and the second-years of the 2000s ignited riots at the Undie 500, the second-years of 2023 have only had the bare minimum of Flo-Week, O-Week and Re-O Week to lose their dignity to.

This year, Castle Street has devolved further than ever into a “gated elitist community” populated by “Auckland fucks” who regard those outside their inner circle as “shit on the bottom of their rich Adidas sambas” — at least, according to some of this year’s disgruntled UoO confessions. Yet Castle remains the coveted heart of Otago’s student experience, an experience that is becoming increasingly out of reach for a student population who believe they’re entitled to it.

If Castle Street is considered dead, however, not all of its residents seem to know it. The prospect of a quiet Castle elicits an “oh my god!” from the Beehive flat who, gathered in their living room, collectively refute the idea that their street has lost its

shine. Though they acknowledge it’s been “slowly fading out over the years,” the girls say they (as Castle residents) have “had a lot of fun” and doubt the street will ever see its reign end: “It’s never gonna be dead,” says Gina*, “because the legacy will always live on.”

But to many outside the Castle gates, this year’s residents appear to be exploiting this legacy, standing on the shoulders of breathas past without paying their own dues. “Castle is just shit, isn’t it?” says Robbie from Corner Store on Leith Street. “It seems like they want the status of living there without any of the responsibility of upholding the culture.”

Robbie, who reckons that Leith Street has usurped Castle in spirit, says the street’s “reputation and aura” is the only thing keeping it afloat. “For other people coming into Dunedin, you think it’s going to be the craziest time of your life and you’ll wake up in a ditch or something. It’s just not like that [anymore].”

Castle Street is no longer the menace that generations of second-years (and courageous freshers) have known and loved, and the statistics seem to prove it. Police rushed to Castle Street 51 times in 2021 after receiving complaints from the local community, even with several lockdowns that year. In 2022, Police were only called out to the infamous street 24 times. Nearly three quarters of the way through 2023's student season, Police have only received 13 callouts.

So what's changed? Nobody knows for sure, but a few theories have arisen. The common assumption is that external threats to the street have forced its party culture to become more insular, like a turtle bringing the disco ball inside its shell.

The most obvious factor is COVID-19. Quintin Jane, OUSA's man behind the wheel, tells Critic Te Ārohi that the pandemic was a "circuit breaker," suggesting it forced students to "reshape what Dunedin partying looks like."

One student, Leroy* speculates that "the fact that it's so easy to record someone and get them incriminated" stops Castle from partying like they used to. Only a few years ago the Proctor came into possession of videos and photos that resulted in 17 students receiving disciplinary action, nine of whom were expelled. And while the videos depicted what was undeniably a hazing ritual, the point was clear: your digital footprint can cost your degree.

And then there's the looming landlords who, rumour has it, are putting up legal barriers to party culture. Alex from the Corner Store reports that "some people in their [lease] contracts aren't allowed to have parties." Doll's House serves as a case in point, having had to reject the honour of hosting during Re-O Week due to a stipulation in their rental agreement.

With rumours swirling about one infamous flat's upcoming tenancy court hearing, some students believe that the street hasn't truly quieted down, and that the only thing that has changed is who is allowed to show up. The frenzy and ferality of Castle is still alive, according to Alex, who says that "The parties have been good [this year]. It's just a matter of whether you've been invited to them."

We've found a number of non-Castlers claiming that, for whatever reason, a deep-rooted elitism has sprung up in recent years. When students were asked where they thought this elitism has come from many were stumped for an answer – though a number of UoO confessions have seemed to pin it on high school and regional ties which residents haven't shaken off upon entering into uni.

"There's been a lot of closed-invite hosts where not everyone can rock up and drink," Alex claims. "It's just been more cliquy." Jeffrey* agrees cliquiness was the issue, saying the tendency to have quiet house parties with only specific people invited has "turned the street into a graveyard."

Castle Street is paradise for party animals and landlords know it, making rental competition steep amongst budding breathas. Considering some leases are required to be signed as early as April, it makes sense that first-year students on the cusp of Castle glory would be likely to flat with long-established friends from high school rather than new Dunedin mates. That being said, the pandemic also cost Castle about two years of solid social outreach, leaving the market open for pre-existing groups of friends to come in and snatch up the few available properties. This pattern has apparently lent itself to a majority population of Auckland and Christchurch private-schoolers, who limit their invites to those familiar to them.

But there's a good reason for this, argue the Courtyard girls. They laugh off the idea that they face external pressures, gesturing to the Sunday morning state of their flat, but admit "there's an invite barrier, it didn't used to be like that." The girls claim the exclusive culture of Castle Street is something they inherited rather than created. "We've got a host coming up in October, Courtchella," they explain. Courtchella used to be an open host, but "actually a few years ago it turned into a closed invite thing." Before their time.

Although pandemic restrictions, (the trigger for closed-invite hosts), have passed, the girls say reopening Courtchella to North Dunedin's masses is probably not on the table. "It's hard because we pay for everything. It costs like five grand. We've already had to do that in O-Week." During their O-Week host, someone climbed the flat's roof and ripped open their water tank, leaving the girls without water for a week.

Though they anticipated Castle Street would be "a fun experience," when all the glitz is set aside, "the reality is kind of admin," one resident explains. "Having to organise it all, [our] flats get destroyed," only for the girls to receive "backlash for not inviting everyone," another adds bewilderedly.

It was February 2020 when Kiley left Hamilton, New York to do an exchange programme at Otago: just a week before New Zealand registered its first coronavirus case. Much like North Dunedin, Hamilton is dominated by the student life of Colgate University, a small liberal arts college. But Dunedin, Kiley says, is different.

On that Saint Paddy's, Castle was at its pre-Covid Zenith. Kiley said her brief time on Castle Street was "overwhelming" and unlike anything else she had experienced before, and much more accepting than the scene back home. So when the pandemic forced her to return home early, she vowed to come back to the city that made such an impression. Now, she says, the vibe has changed, and it reminds her a bit more of the Greek-life scene back home.

"Everywhere you have a student body, you're gonna have a unique party culture. But Dunedin is a different kind of intensity. I'd say it was similar to a frat scene, but [Castle Street] is that on steroids. The sheer number of people and open invite nature is very different from Greek life."



Back home, Kiley says, fraternities and sororities dominate the party culture of college campuses across America. Parallels can be made between the Greek system and Castle Street, with both touting named flats with particular reputations, drinking cultures, initiations, and the lowly status of freshers who show up and get turned away from parties (“It’s only sophomores that rush. As freshmen we’d cruise around trying to get into these frats, but once they found out we had no affinity [to them], they’d tell us to get lost.”)

However, in Kiley’s memory of Castle Street, that’s where the similarities ended. “When I came to Dunedin, it was so refreshing to see everyone partying together. [Back home] I didn’t engage in the Greek system by choice, but also by exclusion. There are huge parties in America, but most people aren’t invited.”

The Greek system has a complicated legacy of elitism and classism, one Kiley attributes to the high cost of entry as well as the rushing process.

“The people that I knew that rushed had a really stressful time. You go into all these different houses and they evaluate you. There’s certain things you have to wear, talk about, disclose academic records and give them all your social media. They sit in a room with a projector and discuss whether you’re a fit for their community. It’s very political, it’s very intense, it’s very homogenous. You start to see these houses churning out groups of the same people.”

Although Kiley and her flatmates lived on the corner of Greek Row (Colgate’s equivalent of Castle Street), the parties she regularly saw just doors down were only for those affiliated with Greek life. Everyone else, Kiley claims, was forced to develop their own party culture. “There are mini pockets, but you’re really just partying with your friends. It becomes super insular.”

In spite of the mockery that’s thrown at frats and sororities, Kiley acknowledges there’s no doubt who rules the roost when it comes to partying.

“They’re on this pedestal. Part of this is that they’ve put themselves there, and a part of it is that the rest of campus has just accepted it.”

But Otago’s Frat Row was different, and it actually changed Kiley’s experience all the way back in New York. In Dunedin, she ended up flatting in the same complex as Tommy, a frat star at Theta Chi — one of Colgate’s top fraternities — who also happened to be doing an exchange at Otago. Although they lived in the same tiny college town (Colgate’s 3,160 students to Otago’s 21,000), because they lived in such different social stratospheres, the two had never interacted until they met on the other side of the globe. As it turned out, the two discovered they had a lot in common. “He was actually a super nice guy. Maybe [frat bros] aren’t fully aware of the social problems their system perpetuates, or maybe they just accept it because it’s the way it’s always been. But when you take these guys out of their turf, they’re actually great people.”

They became friends, but when Colgate threatened to pull their students’ credits if they didn’t return, Kiley and Tommy were forced back to America and Kiley made peace with the end of their short-lived friendship. “I was sure I wouldn’t speak to him again. He’d go back to his group and I’d go back to mine.”

But when they got back to campus “he hit me up,” Kiley explains, “and now we’re best friends.” When Kiley’s band needed a drummer, Tommy put her in touch with Spiogs, the drummer of the Theta Chi band which had broken up months earlier. “The first day Spiogs showed up to jam, he had this huge bandage on his hand because he’d just fallen into a trash can fire [the night before]. We loved him.” And thus, the fraternity began attending their gigs.

After Kiley and Tommy’s experience at Otago, an “amazing healing period” ensued within Greek life at Colgate. “Our two groups were forced to look each other in the eyes, we had this reckoning. It ended up being this nutty and awesome thing that went down senior year.”

“I think part of what really allowed me and Tommy to become such good friends,” Kiley reflects, “is that we were equals [in Dunedin], and we wouldn’t have been at Colgate.”

Kiley, now 25, recently graduated from Colgate University. Her memories of Dunedin were so fond that she decided to come back to Otago to complete her Masters in Philosophy and complete an experience that was interrupted by Covid. But it wasn’t quite like she remembered.

“THE PARTIES HAVE BEEN GOOD [THIS YEAR]. IT’S JUST A MATTER OF WHETHER YOU’VE BEEN INVITED TO THEM.”

“It’s just so much more deserted. You don’t see packs of students congregating in the party streets like they used to.” And while she admits she’s aged out of the party culture, the evidence seems clear enough. Kiley worries that the new wristband entry system for ball hosts and gatekeeping events like Courtchella could see Castle Street devolve into a quasi-Greek life dystopia. “It creates this division amongst students. There’s this temptation to stop looking at each other as human beings

that can be friends no matter the circumstance when you section yourself off to those familiar to you. There’s this message [that] if you’re not affiliated, you don’t belong. It becomes very insular and perpetuates this culture of elitism and homogeneity.” But whatever the solution is, it definitely isn’t to “demonise these dudes and girls” who just host for themselves.

“It’s not the most evil thing to just want to party with your friends. It’s awesome because everyone knows each other, there’s a sense of affinity and safeness. You can control how people interact in your space. Casting these guys in such a negative light isn’t the answer. Sometimes the pressure to host gets put on the shoulders of people that have the most social capital and physical space to do it, but maybe the onus shouldn’t have to be just on these guys and girls.”

Still, although she can sympathise with some of their concerns, Kiley says she “doesn’t understand” why today’s residents choose to live on the street and complain knowing its reputation. “If you decide to live [there], you’re committing to living in squalor. Sticky floors, loud nights, and morning clean-ups every weekend. That’s the sacrifice.”

The solution, Kiley suggests, is to figure out how studentville can balance the needs of the residents with the need to collectively pretend to enjoy DnB, even if it means moving the culture: “Maybe historically Castle Street was that scene, but maybe now there needs to be a new one?”

Castle Street’s performance this year has brought a lot of attention, but for all the wrong reasons by studentville’s standards. While the street has long been labelled a “war zone” where “chaos reigned” by past ODT articles, many see the antics that prompted the Proctor visits, bond losses, and dusty next day clean-ups of former residents as a necessary sacrifice to bring students together. Time will tell whether their decline has been for better, or for worse.

But to any freshers fiending for their turn to wake up in a ditch on the Castle Street of yesteryear, the second years of 2023 have some advice: never meet your idols.

Still, hope remains. “There’s still definitely room for improvement,” Alex asserts. “We’ve still got the rest of the year.” Student President Quintin is also hopeful that student culture will see a resurgence, though not in the way Alex anticipates, telling Critic Te Ārohi, “There’s still parties and noise, it’s just different.” He claimed this difference marked an “exciting opportunity” for a more “diverse” student experience to emerge, one that can now focus on “every niche of the student life.”

“How the partying looks is always going to change. Now it’s up to us to diversify the way we do things,” says Quintin. Building on his hope, Alex suggests that “Castle Street and Leith Street will hit the ground running. There will be some great nights ahead.”

*Names changed.



SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



Vox Unexplainable Podcast

Fuck there's some cool stuff here. Every episode takes a question that we don't quite know the answer to, and tells you what we do know, and usually some theories about what the answer might be. It's excellently researched, produced, and hosted – and each episode will have you talking to as many people as possible about what you just heard about. I most recently listened to an episode about the uncracked code of the ancient Indus Valley civilization, but past questions include: Why do we dream? Can plants see? What did dinosaurs sound like? Why do we have a moon? How does our sense of smell work? And what is dark matter? Not yet featured: what's updog?

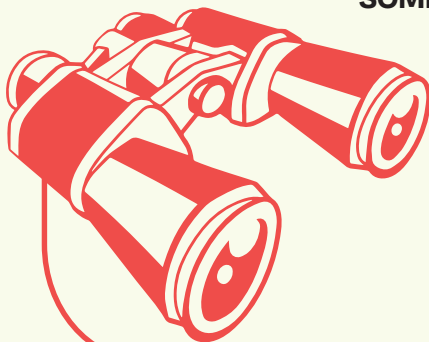
SOMETHING TO GO TO



The New York Times games website/app

I'm declaring Wordle cool again, and also potentially the solution to your ever growing sense of dread. I was slow to the lockdown trend of Wordle, and gave up the daily puzzle after maybe a week, but to this day my family (including my nana) have a group chat where they all send their wordle results. Every. Single. Day. And you know what? They seem happy. So I recently gave in and joined the cringe sheeple that are my family and I actually find myself looking forward to the Wordle every day, far more than I ever did the first time around. Plus, the NYT games website also has a new daily puzzle called Connections that is definitely just a rip off of Only Connect and it's great.

SOMETHING TO WATCH



The Sopranos

Want to put your business degree to good use, but don't want the government taking that tax money? *The Sopranos* would act as a pretty good blueprint if you were looking into committing crime and fraud as a career choice (in game, of course). Also good if you are looking for clips for your sigma edit TikTok account.

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



The Geology Department

While certainly not alone, it seems the Geology Department is next on the Uni's chopping block. Plans are for around a third of the department to be axed, which will likely hamstring the rest of the department for a long time. This includes a lot of the ground-breaking (pun intended) earthquake science and climate change research that comes out of the department, which is probably something we'd be smart to support as much as possible. Also, even if you don't like mining, mining industry reps have been clamouring for more Geology grads for ages. Demand is up, but we're cutting our supply. Why? Hug a geologist. They need it.

SOMETHING TO READ



The ODT's boarding house exposé

It is not often I will recommend that someone read the ODT, unless it's to point out some ridiculous headline or skew on a story or an outrageous quote or opinion piece. Nevertheless, Mary Williams has produced a sobering investigation into the blatant extortion of people facing homelessness in Dunedin (and how we're all paying for this extortion with our taxes). It is split into a number of separate similar articles (gotta get that ad revenue) but "No Safe Shelter" is the most interactive and visually striking, while "No Bed, No Heating and \$440 a Week" is the most straightforward. "Exposed: Abandoned in Dunedin's Houses of Horror" is somewhere in between.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



Chicken chips

That shit is rancid, sorry, and not just because the one time I bought some from Night 'n Day they must have been 48 hours old. You want chicken? Get some wings. If you are in primary school and bones are a choking risk for you, go for some tenders or nuggets instead. You want some chips? Get chips. You want chicken but also chips? Get chicken AND chips. Delicious in harmony, but not as one. Thou shalt not combine the two.

KEIRA WALLACE



Images: Liam Taylor (@liamxdtaylor)

Not many high schoolers can say they've performed alongside their musical heroes, but for Ōtepoti singer-songwriter Keira Wallace, this will soon be a reality. Critic Te Ārohi caught up with Keira about their music and exciting upcoming projects.

Of creating music, it was the songwriting that Keira was drawn to first. "Growing up, I always loved writing. I started a little writing club in primary school, we'd write every break and have a little prompt." For Keira's eleventh birthday, their mum gifted them with a guitar, starting their passion in music. "[They] just went hand in hand...I'd started writing original stuff as soon as I learned enough chords." This year, Keira also started learning violin, a sound they hope they can bring into their music in the future.

Keira describes their sound as what would happen if you gave inanimate objects – like wool blankets, moss and tea cosies – brains and musical instruments, and made them play music. "In a less abstract sense, it's like indie folk." Keira's songs are often woven with imagery of nature. "I like to keep my music quite abstract. I use themes of nature to reflect what's going on in my life and to help me process what's happening around me." Keira likens their songwriting to therapy, grateful for it as an emotional form of processing, given that they consider themselves to be quite logical day-to-day. "I'm quite introverted. I don't really cope by talking to other people about what's going on with me. So it's a great way to have that conversation with myself and actually, to reflect on it rather than putting it aside."

A musician that inspires Keira is Phil Elverum, of American indie projects Mount Eerie and The Microphones fame. "He's so raw and authentic with his work. You can tell that he's not writing

music with an audience in mind, it's purely to process his experiences and that really resonates with me." In an absolute dream-like sequence of events, Mount Eerie is not only playing a show in Ōtepoti, but Keira is also opening.

It's been a fruitful time for Keira. This year, they competed in the duos category of Otago Rockquest alongside a friend. The pair came first place, advancing into the national heats. In June, Keira was in Auckland recording a track at Parachute Studios with producer Abigail Knudson, who performs as MISSY. The song itself came out of Keira's experience in Song Hubs Ōtepoti, a week of intensive songwriting with fellow artists where each day sees a different artist lead an original songwriting session. "The day that I was the lead songwriter, we tackled quite a big topic for me. It was really cathartic finishing that day after seven hours straight of songwriting." The track will be released later this year.

Keira is also performing at this year's Amped after partaking in the programme last year. They recommend the programme to other youth pursuing music, as well as to "drag your friends into learning instruments." Though Keira often performs alongside musicians of a different age group, they've felt supported in the scene but would love to see more younger performers. "I don't feel hindered by it at all or discouraged, but I think I would feel a lot more safe and understood, if there were more younger artists like me."

Keep up to date with Keira on socials (@keirawallacemusic), or catch Keira in a month's time opening for Mount Eerie and Black Belt Eagle Scout at Dive on 29 September.

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Tūhura Tropical Forest

Offer valid Monday to Friday only



TŪHURA
Otago Museum





CHARGRILLS
GET THAT IN YA GÖB

FLATBREADZ

Do you like meatballs? Do you like salads? Do you like halloumi, spiced chicken, fish or steak? Well add anything you like to this easy flatbread recipe. The best thing about this recipe is it only has two ingredients. Pairs well with any meat and veggies on top. Don't forget da sauce also.

INGREDIENTS:

250g Greek yoghurt 250g flour (self raising if you have it)

DIRECTIONS:

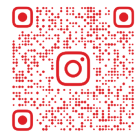
Mix the yoghurt and flour together in a large bowl and leave to rest for 10 minutes.

Divide the dough into 8 balls.

Roll them out with any jar you have or stretch with your fingers.

Heat a pan with oil until it's really hot.

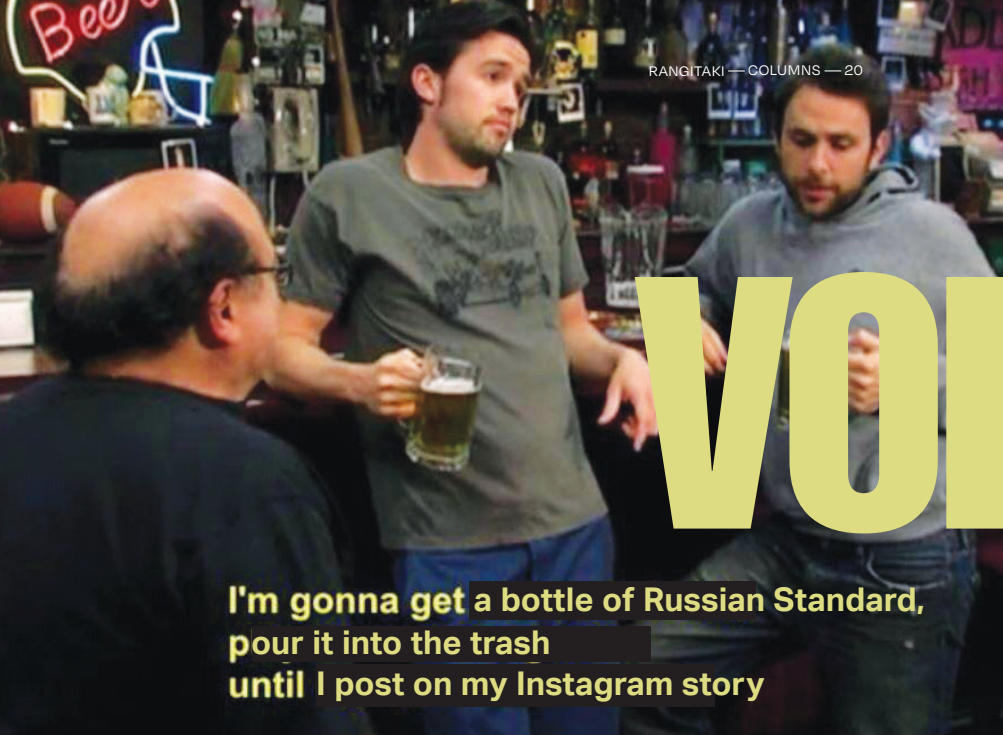
Lay the flatbread on the pan for 20 seconds or until there's brown spots on it. FLIP & repeat.



FIND ME ON
INSTAGRAM

delivereasy

ORRRRR... you could order in ;)



I'm gonna get a bottle of Russian Standard, pour it into the trash until I post on my Instagram story

Vodka benefits from great PR and is likely the most renowned spirit in the world, despite it being pretty boring.

If you're spending more than \$60 on a bottle of vodka, you are a fool. That shit all tastes the same. "Wow, you can really taste that fourth filtration. It really did the trick!" I don't believe you can taste the difference, and if you can, you need a new hobby.

Vodka is the favourite drink of two groups of people: 14-year-olds and functioning alcoholics. Where the hell are all of these 14 year olds getting all of that vodka? Probably from all the really cool alcoholics you meet in the park. If you're over 14 and you're sipping on vodka alone at home, I'm sorry to say, you're also an alco. There's definitely something cool about being a functional alcoholic when you're young and attractive, but then one day you wake up looking like a bloated corpse with such intense rosacea in your cheeks that it looks like your face is trying to explode out of your face. And then it's just sad.

The coolest way to drink vodka is by keeping those behind-the-counter, 375 ml flasks in the breast pocket of your jacket or your car's passenger seat glove box. If any of your workmates have to rush to their car to "take a phone call" multiple times a day, they're definitely making a mid-day Moscow Mule. Not that I blame them. How the hell am I supposed to do all of this manual labour with the shakes? You want your aluminium facade nice and plumb don't you?

Russian Standard

I'll admit it, I miss Russian Standard. Sure, I understand why it's not stocked anymore, but I'm petulant and I want a bottle of Russian Standard. I want it so I can patriotically (selfishly) pour it into the trash (myself) and then post on my Instagram story (pass out on my couch) about how "war is bad" (piss myself).

Ivanov

This is good if you're in first-year and haven't developed any semblance of self respect. The best vodkas are the ones you can barely taste, and Ivanov definitely has a taste to it. Not bad enough to stop you from drinking it, but enough to make you grimace like you just stepped in dog shit.

Vodka Lemon Lime Bitters

The ultimate drink for when you're up in da club. Sipped through a straw, these last about three minutes on average. It's like having a well-deserved half-time orange on a night out. If you order a VLLB and they use a syrup instead of Angostura Bitters, it's time to go - they obviously do not respect the craft.

Tito's Handmade Vodka

This is a great vodka for accidentally breaking lockdown rules on the last weekend of lockdown with your neighbour, falling and knocking over the glass bin on the street, telling your other neighbour to piss off when he tells you to pick

BOOZE REVIEW:

VODKA

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

up those bottles (like I wasn't going to pick up the bottles, I'm drunk not inconsiderate.) and then polishing off two bottles of wine, to then be hungover for two days. Those lockdowns really did a number on me.

Kristov

Baby's first vodka. There needs to be more lower percentage alc/vol spirits along the lines of Kristov. At 13.9%, you can drink a bottle of this stuff and live to tell the tale. You can go into school the next Monday and big dick all your bros about how you totally drank a whole bottle of vodka and didn't feel a thing. Sick.

Smirnoff

Does this even taste good? I don't know. It's just always there. The Regina George of alcohol, she's popular and hot, but of what merit? Plus, I think I like her friends better.

Tasting notes: Like a cloud, a gasp, your sister painting her toenails.

Chugability: 8/10. It burns. Google image search "Denzel Washington chugging vodka".

Hangover depression level: 3/10. It flies right through you. Why do you think it's the drinkers choice of spirit?

Overall: 7/10. I like you, but I don't "like" like you.

delivereasy

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

Get your favourites delivered (when you need them most).





Dearest Orb,

I'm one of those freaks that actually really enjoys university. I love going to my classes, getting coffee with my friends, buying pretty highlighters and watching the sun set behind the Clocktower. I have a thirst for knowledge. However, I also have a thirst for something else. I'm beginning to wonder if my love for university and the quest for knowledge is actually due to the fact that I have raging Daddy issues, and therefore find a sense of comfort and validation in my middle-aged lecturers. There is just something about the cynical, overworked and slightly strange academic man that really lights a fire within my emotionally traumatized soul. The amount of validation I seek from my lecturers is honestly comical, and some of my friends have commented on it in the past. Do I really just love my degree that much, or should I seek therapy?

This was a cult I did not ask to be part of (or did I?)

Birth Date: 29/07/98, 6:17pm Location: Christchurch

SUN:
LEO

Sun determines your ego and identity.

Having a Leo sun means you are the life of the party. You're confident, loud, outgoing and are loyal to those in your inner circle. You can handle a shot of tequila and confrontation.

MOON:
LIBRA

Moon determines your inner emotions and subconscious.

Having a Libra moon means you're friendly, flirty and sociable. You often seek strong connections and feel best when you're in a partnership.

RIISING:
AQUARIUS

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

You have a strong sense of individualism. You're quirky, unique and have rizz for days. You're an intellect at heart and are always wanting to ask life's big questions.

Oh, dearest one, you definitely aren't the first person to fall victim to the cult of academia and the undeniable charisma that lecturers have. There've been plenty of movies about students who have a deep love and respect for their superiors (think *Dead Poet's Society*, *School of Rock*, *Mean Girls*, etc) and there's also been plenty of stories about teacher-student relationships. Whether those actually ended well is up for debate. As a Leo sun, you can't help but be outgoing and confident with those you encounter. Coupled with your Libra moon's innate desire for partnership and connection, it's not surprising you're a simp for the studious. It's likely your Aquarius rising is causing you to attract those who may be a little out of the box, and some lecturers sure do fit into that territory. Honestly, I'd advise that you definitely don't act upon your desires. For the first time, I suggest you suppress those feelings. The University is already in a financial shitshow and we really don't need to add another scandal to this dumpster fire. It's important that you learn how to define the line between admiration and obsession, and love versus lust. It sounds like you need to write your feelings in a diary or hire a therapist to address whatever the fuck this fetish is. While working on yourself, try to keep your desires in your pants.

Hope there are no wedding rings in sight!
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

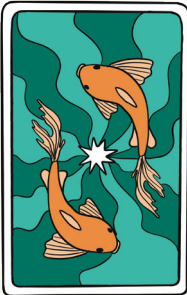
AQUARIUS Jan 20 – Feb 18



If you make noodles this week, your situationship will finally commit to you! Get that pot boiling, baby.

Book to check out this week: *The Karma Sutra*

PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20



You're likely going through a period of anxiety as the perils of the unknown surround you. Take a deep breath, stop catastrophizing, you literally are THAT bitch. Nothing is the end of the world.

Book to check out this week: *A Paradise Built in Hell*

ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19



It's time to stop hiding behind the persona you display to the rest of the world. It's time you love your quirky, unique self, and show everyone the freak you truly are.

Book to check out this week: *Hurricane Season*

TAURUS Apr 20 – May 20



Bragging gets you nowhere, and those that truly love you don't need convincing. Allow yourself to be vulnerable, to feel discomfort, and free yourself from the shackles of self-doubt and imposter syndrome.

Book to check out this week: *Finding the Mother Tree*

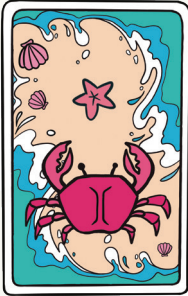
GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20



If you ever feel sad, tell yourself: if a bad bitch could, a bad bitch would. Period.

Book to check out this week: *Birnam Wood*

CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22



It's time to focus on yourself and create the life you want. Stop relying on others for external validation, or waiting for an opportunity to come to you. Carpe diem, slay the day.

Book to check out this week: *1,000 Years of Solitude*

LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22



I love the way it feels to be a haterrrrrr.

Book to check out this week: *How to Win Friends and Influence People*

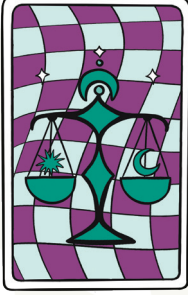
VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22



You should probably lower your expectations. Surprisingly, you actually aren't God, nor are you an expert in every single field of life. Normalise being ordinary!

Book to check out this week: *Moby Dick*

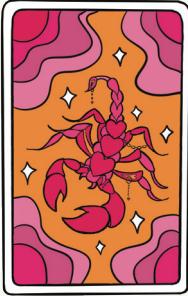
LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22



As the blossoms nestle their way out of winter stumps, the sun rises a little earlier, and the air feels crisper, you are reminded there is light at the end of the tunnel. Keep your eye on the prize, stay balanced, and remember, this too shall pass.

Book to check out this week: *The Road*

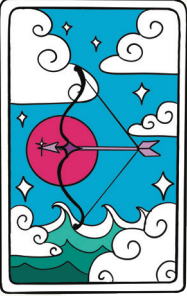
SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21



You need to up your social media game, please. It's literally giving cringe millennial, and that's just embarrassing for everyone involved. Learn the art of photo-dumping and shit-posting.

Book to check out this week: *The Age of Surveillance Capitalism*

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21



If there is one thing about a Sagittarius, it's that y'all will do anything for the plot. But have you considered doing productive things for the plot? Like actually studying, or washing your bedsheets? Love the mundane, and embrace basic hygiene.

Book to check out this week: *Jitterbug Perfume*

CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19



While Capricorns are always the first to be cynical toward astrology, they're also the first to get riled up about being made fun of in this column. Well, well, well. Perhaps you aren't as "chill" and "grounded" as you claim to be?

Book to check out this week: *The Demon-Haunted World*

Moaningful Confessions

a t m s

ADULTTOYMEGASTORE

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

Snap Back to Reality

I've always read this column but I have the suspicion that some of these stories just cannot be true. So, consider this my entry to bring things back towards reality, because this is usually how things go.

Moaningful confessions? Absolutely. I've been moaning for months. 18 months, to be precise. I haven't hooked up with someone in a year and a half. It's embarrassing. My bedroom is so messy and personal that at this point I wouldn't even think about inviting someone back with me, and I think I've also forgotten how to flirt entirely.

I don't know what all these people are doing to have crazy hookups all the time. Like where do they find the confidence to do this sort of thing? It's just so, so bold and I cannot imagine making these sorts of moves. The last time I got close to hooking up with someone, they'd taken me to their room but I got such bad performance anxiety that my stomach hurt and I said I needed to go home. Like how are people out there giving head in alleyways? I just do not understand it.

Power to you, if you are, but the craziest action I've seen this whole time has been from my own two hands. This is also why

I'm submitting this because I feel like you don't get a lot of entries and I want to win a free sex toy. Pay up.

So, while we're at it, I have some more failed attempts for you to laugh at. In first-year I was having a yarn with a girl that I thought might be headed somewhere more exciting, but then halfway through we figured out we were actually from the same small town, and then we figured out we were related. So that got awkward real fast.

Another time, I was talking to a girl at a flat party and she seemed really keen, and so was I, but then she had an allergic reaction to the mould or something and had to go to the ER. Of course. And then more recently I was flirting with someone on Tinder (because I've gotten desperate) and they told me they were actually just on there for fun.

It's a tough life out here. I don't know where all these submissions are coming from, but if one of you freaks feels like helping out a charity case you can find me outside the Richardson building at midnight on Tuesday the 22nd. I'll even bring a condom. Please.



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

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SNAP OF THE WEEK

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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

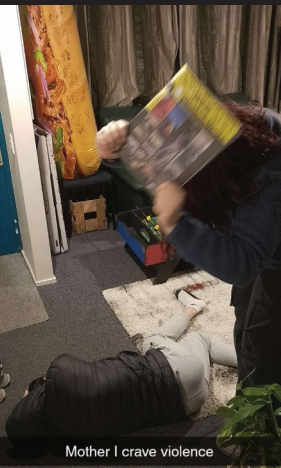
CONTACT CRITIC ON FACEBOOK TO CLAIM YOUR REDBULL



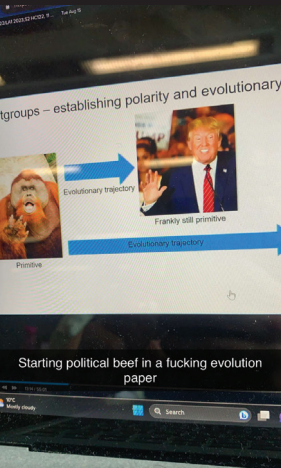
print my nudes. i dare you critic



When you need some fresh air



Mother I crave violence



Starting political beef in a fucking evolution paper



What the FUCK are people doing with the table tennis balls



George street Sesame inOA



Bro is washing the dishes



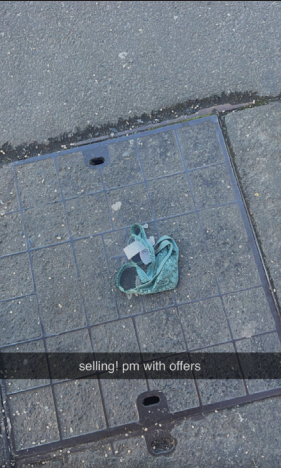
Wow the marketing budget for 1989 (Taylor's version) is insane



rip mussels you would have loved lil tay



Do I take the toilet alcohol



selling! pm with offers



Shelve ya lappy's, read some books!

WANT TO RUN FOR OUSA EXEC NEXT YEAR?

Nominations open 9am 4 September.
Close 7 Sept.

Enquire at OUSA or find the forms on website
ousa.org.nz

ousa
EXECUTIVE



**WEDNESDAY
23 AUGUST**

Lunchtime Concert – Rachmaninov
Commemorative Year Concert
MARAMA HALL
1PM / \$10 WAGED / \$5 UNWAGED

**FRIDAY
25 AUGUST**

FEATURE EVENT: Bring The Noise Heat #2 feat. The Beatniks, beet-wix, chepTM,
Free Booze, I.V.Y, M1DN1GHT, and Noneday
U BAR
DOORS 8PM / FREE ENTRY

The Terrys NZ Tour
CATACOMBS NIGHTCLUB
10PM
Tickets from strungout.flicket.co.nz

**SATURDAY
26 AUGUST**

Soft Bait - NZ Winter Tour w/ Dale
Kerrigan and Hōhā
DIVE
9PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Pennie Black, Tina Turntables, and
Kailee Raven
INCH BAR
8PM

AMPED MUSIC PROJECT 2023 #1 w/
Eris, Ashane De Silva, Grace Gemmell,
Absent Minded, Keira Wallace and TE
WHARE O RUKUTIA
ALL AGES
Tickets from humanitix.com

**SUNDAY
27 AUGUST**

Big Jazz Apple
INCH BAR
4PM

AMPED MUSIC PROJECT 2023 #2 w/
w/ youbeepastablast, Jake
Patterson, Horizon, Talking Furniture,
Half Of One and LANEY BLUE
1-5PM / ALL AGES
Tickets from humanitix.com

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

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