


CRITICAL GEOGRAPHIC

ISSUE 4, MARCH 2023

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OF CASTLE
STREET

I GOTTA FELINE

INSIDE THE ANIMAL ATTIC

**THROW
ME A
SHAKA,
SEND
ME YOUR
DATA**

EMAIL ME (MIA) WITH ACADEMIC
QUALMS:
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ousa
EXECUTIVE



FRIDAY
24 MAR

Vanessa Worm w/ Band - Mosaics Tour
DIVE
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Shaky Hollows w/ Dr Twang & The
Dangerous Women and Akoba
THE CROWN HOTEL
8:30PM / \$10

SATURDAY
25 MAR

Soaked Oats - Working Title 2023 Tour
MAYFAIR THEATRE
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

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



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

LETTERS

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



Callout: Critic would like to thank Otago Museum and the DCC staff who assisted us in co-ordinating photography for this issue. We love and respect your mahi.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Critic,

I enjoyed your recent piece on how the university halls should serve less meat. I agree with your stance, and think a move to serving less meat at the university is a great idea. Students at Cambridge University have recently voted for an entirely vegan menu, along with similar changes at Stirling University and four universities in Berlin, so it's not like we'd be the only ones. Students are at the heart of universities, and it's great to see them championing moves like this.

You will therefore understand my disappointment when I turned to this week's food column, to find none other than a recipe for meatballs. For all your talk about putting your money where your mouth is, all three of the dishes featured in your recipe column this year have been centred around animal protein. How about mixing it up and giving us some vegetarian meal inspo? As a voice for students, I think promoting more climate friendly diets through your recipe column is an easy place to start. If people want meat for dinner there are plenty of recipes on the internet, and I think Critic could be a great starting point for people wanting to include a few more vegetarian meals in their diet.

Love (most of) your work,
Jamie Oliver

Editor's Response: *Fuck me, that's a fair call. Next two recipes are veggie tho!*

Hi Critic

There was a typo in the Gig Guide, which dropped the "T" from Ticketmaster. Ticketmaster does give me the ick, thanks for immortalising that in print.

Cheers
R

Kia ora,

I saw that the new Uni logo cost nearly \$700,000 just to get to the provisional stage. Butthurt boomers are flocking to Facebook to whinge about this "wokeness" as expected, but I'm also a bit peeved here. I respect the vision that they have, and I agree that profiling te reo Māori is important. But I don't think it should cost \$700,000 in consultation and design. I don't think it should be celebrated. Having a Māori name on Māori land should not be cause for uproar of any kind. It should just happen. It sure as hell shouldn't cost \$700,000. Like, I applaud them for doing it, but it's not exactly revolutionary. If they want to honour their commitments to Te Tiriti, they should've just spent most of that money hiring more indigenous staff. I'm sure a small team of native designers could've made a provisional logo for a fraction of the cost. Love the design and the message, genuinely confused about the price tag.

M

Dear Critic,

We all know the University isn't always the most competent organisation. But why on earth does the clocktower always ring consistently two minutes late? It can't surely be that hard. Sort your shit out.

Sincerely,

A student who is always two minutes early (unlike the clocktower)

Editor's Response: *It's to allow extra time for all those VIPs (very important paperwork).*

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THE SILENCE OF THE SULPHUR-CRESTED COCKATOOS

BY FOX MEYER

I cannot stress how much interviewing Sid (page 20) felt like interviewing Hannibal Lector.

We started off in the aviary's kitchen, getting a safety debrief. We were told that this individual was highly intelligent, that he has a history with visitors, and not to let him get too close to our face or fingers in case he was feeling nibbly. We were told how to act if he were to misbehave, and we were told that he already knew we were here. He could hear us.

Then we were led into the main corridor, which was filled with the squawking of exotic birds. Just like in the movie, one side of the long corridor was covered in doors that led to various enclosures. We were told, almost word-for-word from *Silence of the Lambs*, that the star resident's cell was all the way down on the end, past the others. On it, a sign warned: "Alone and prefers it this way. Can be aggressive so caution required." We genuinely felt like Clarice Starling.

We were told that Sid "hates, like, 90% of men", which is iconic but not exactly ideal for us men, especially our photographer, who had the brilliant idea to wear Birkenstocks. We were told Sid would make up his mind right away if he liked us or not, and if he didn't like us, he would make it known. No way to find out but to try. We stepped through the door to his cage - one of two - and then we were in Sid's world.

Sid's world turned out to be awesome, actually, if he likes you. Which he did. But he was really cheeky about it, bouncing around and getting closer and closer, flaring that sulphur crest of his. There was no confusing what was going on: Sid was sizing us up, testing our boundaries. He wasn't trapped in there with us; we were trapped in there with him, and he

knew it. Then he spread his wings and jumped onto my shoulder.

I don't know if you've ever had a large bird that close to your face, but you can see the fear in my eyes in this photo. Now, I've got deep, deep respect for how intelligent these animals are, but that's also why I'm so scared of them. They're not like spiders or bees, which I think of as little organic robots. If a cockatoo wants to scare you, it's because it chose to. It's having fun with you. And so when Sid stuck his sharp-ass beak into my ear and started clicking to me (softly, sweetly), I reckon it was his way of saying "there's nothing you can do about this." And fair enough, he's the boss. But after a few of those interactions we were ready to get the heck out of there.

I don't want it to sound like Sid's in bird prison, though. It's more like an aged care facility. He's been there since the 80's, and he and the other birds can't just be released into the wild. So while the staff give these relic birds the best possible rest of their lives, they're also focussing on conserving native species outside of the aviary, like kākā. And they're not taking in new exotics.

And again, here's where it parallels *Silence of the Lambs*. Clarice yearns for silence from her memories, because it means innocent lives have been saved. I yearn for silence from the aviary. When the squawking ceases, it means that the aviary's long, long duty of care is finally finished. That their staff gave their exotic inhabitants all the love they deserved, and saw them through to the end. To the silence of the sulphies.



Sextortion Scam at Otago One of Many

"Sexting Blackmail" up 20% in the last year alone, mostly targeting young men

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



Police told us that there were 81 reports of sextortion across the country from December to February, almost all of which targeted young men.

Nine male students have reported being hit with a sextortion scheme in Dunedin over the course of a single week. If they didn't pay a ransom, their nude images would be sent to their course mates at Otago University.

Police told us that there were 81 reports of sextortion across the country from December to February, almost all of which targeted young men. And that's just reported cases - Police suggested that the real number is likely higher, because people might be too embarrassed to report the crime.

We spoke with one student, Jack*, about his experience. Jack answered the phone late last week, saying that he was counting down the hours until 3pm that day. That was his deadline. After 3pm, he said, whoever had his images would email them to his entire FYHS course. He had three hours and four minutes remaining, and was about to go to a lab. By the time the lab wrapped up, he said, "We'll see what's happened."

Jack had never sent nudes before. He told us that this was the first time, and it was only because he'd just been talking with a mate "who sends them all the time", and who had reassured Jack that there wasn't anything to worry about. As luck would have it, he was hit up soon after by a girl that seemed keen to chat.

Critic Te Ārohi understands that all nine men have been victims of the same scam. Contacted via WhatsApp or Snapchat, all nine came into contact with an unknown user who was posing as a seemingly-normal girl. They'd exchange a few messages before being convinced to start swapping nude or otherwise intimate images, which really isn't all that uncommon in this generation. Jack said they went back and forth, with the "girl" pushing him to include his face "which I did, which wasn't great." When he said it was time to go, the user sent him screenshots and screen recordings of their chat and told him to pay up, or else.

"I might not be a religious guy," said Jack, "but I know that those that take advantage of the disadvantaged aren't gonna end up in a great place after death."

Jack was told to pay several hundred dollars, which is when he requested the user's bank account details. He promptly sent those numbers to police, who advised others caught in this scheme to do the same. This method has already turned up one sextortionist in Dunedin: reportedly a 15-year-old local boy, who had had this scam run on him before turning it on others.

When they don't ask for bank transfers, the scammers usually demand pre-loaded gift cards. But however they want their money, the users tell their victims that if they don't pay up, the images will be released online to their families, friends or colleagues; whichever creates the most anxiety. Police told us that even when the money was paid, "they often post images anyway." Jack chose not to pay.

And his gamble seems to have worked: as of the morning of Thursday, 16 March, Jack said that he's cut contact with the scammer. It doesn't look like his images have been posted anywhere or sent to anyone, "and I don't see any reason why they would go forward." Probably a smart call by the scammer, since this would be a class three offence, right up there with aggravated assault, threatening to kill, or your third DUI. "These crimes are serious," said a representative from the Police.

Not everyone's story ends like Jack's. Out of the 81 reported cases in the last few months (and remember, that's just the reported ones), the majority have been young men. Often, the images are released even with payment. As online presence grows, so too does online harm. According to Netsafe, sextortion reports are up 20% in the last year alone. A representative from Netsafe told us that both their report statistics and police's indicate that young men and boys between 16-20 are the main targets of these scams, members of a generation who spend more time than anyone else online. They're the most familiar with this environment, and yet they're still being hit the hardest.

Netsafe can help in these situations. They're what's called a "trusted flagger", meaning that when they report image abuse on social media, their reports go straight to the top of the queue. A normal report has to wait in line, but theirs usually get dealt with in a few days, tops. And they double-, triple-stressed that they weren't here to judge. "We've seen it all," they said.

"This is a generation who aren't naïve to online harms," said a representative from Netsafe. "[They] are growing up in an era when meeting partners online first is more normal than it ever was, exchanging nude photos is a more common part of dating rituals, and scams in general are rising at a rapid rate... It's a recipe for potential harm." Those harms fall on the shoulders of people like Jack, who said he knew at least one other person that this had happened to. "People don't realise that there's someone behind the image," he said.

Police, Netsafe and students we spoke to all repeated the same message: that it is not the victim's fault. Alex, a second-year, told us that "if you want to send nudes that's, like, your right."

Rick Bourne, Investigation Support Supervisor at the Southern District Police Headquarters, said that "It's important that victims understand that they have done nothing wrong and that it is not their fault. They should receive no blame whatsoever." He insisted that victim support for these types of activities is "always offered and available".

"Police encourage all victims to report their cases to police by 105 online or in cases of emergency should the victim really feel frightened and scared of some immediate action against them, they should ring 111."

*Name changed.



OUSA Reacts to Uni Name Change Proposal

New Māori name, new logo just dropped

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

On Wednesday, 15 March 2023, the Uni announced that they're opening feedback for their new visual identity proposal. Essentially, they've come up with a new Māori name and logo for the Uni, which is one piece of a "long-term plan [with] the desire to become a Te Tiriti-led organisation".

The name change would be from Te Whare Wānanga o Otāgo to "Ōtākou Whakaihu Waka – a metaphor meaning A Place of Many Firsts." The new logo is pictured above. The entire costs of consultation, design and everything else related to this proposal was over \$670,000.

Students have until mid-April to give feedback on this, but here's what a few key student leaders had to say:

Haki Hamilton Acting Tumuaiki of Te Rōpū Māori:

He kōrero tēnei hei akiaki i a koutou ki te tuku mai i ō koutou whakaaro ki te Kaupapa e pā ana ki te panonitanga e hiahia ana mā te whare wānanga. Ko te ingoa o tēnei Kaupapa ko te 'tuakiritaka project. E tautoko ana au i ngā kōrero a Quintin. He āheinga nui tēnei mō tatou katoa, mō ngā taura whare wānanga ki te tuku whakaaro e pā ana ki ngā piki me ngā heke o tēnei hiahia. E pōhiritia ana ō koutou whakaaro mō tēnei.

E arotekahia ana te tuakiritanga o te whare wānanga nei. E mea ana te whare wānanga ki te panoni i tētahi wāhanga o tōna ingoa i Te Whare Wānanga o Otāgo ki a Ōtākou whakaihu Waka. Kāore te ingoa tūturu o te whare wānanga e tīni, ka noho ko te University of Otago.

He Kaupapa tēnei e tino taukotia ana e ngā mana nui o tēnei whare wānanga, engari, ehara i te mea he whaipānga noa iho ki a rātou. He whaipānga nui tēnei ki a tātou katoa ki a ngā taura whare wānanga me ngā taura Māori.

E kimi whakahokinga kōrero ana ēnei kaiwhakarite. He whaipānga nui tēnei ki a tātou katoa, taura mai, kaimahi mai, mokopuna mai. E hiahia ana ngā kaiwhakarite o tēnei Kaupapa kia hāngai tēnei ki te hiahia o te whare wānanga, kia noho hei whare wānanga whakamana tiriti hei te tau 2040.

Me he pātai āu, me he whakaaro ōu, haria mai ki a mātou, kau e whakamā. He āheinga nui tēnei mō tātou katoa. Kia kaha mai tātou.

Quintin Jane President, OUSA:

Kia ora koutou,
The University of Otago is engaging in a review of its visual identity. Called the Tuakiritaka project, this project seeks to update the university's branding in line with the Vision 2040 Strategic Objectives, released earlier this year.

Alongside this, the University is looking to change its Māori name from Te Whare Wānanga o Otāgo, to Ōtākou Whakaihu Waka. The official name of the University is not changing, and will remain the University of Otago.

This is a lucky time to be a student. You have the opportunity to help shape the future of the visual identity of the University. There are two main things they want to know: "Does this proposal align with where the university is heading" and "is this the right time for the change?" But more broad feedback is encouraged too!

Perhaps you think they should only use one version of the logo, or which logo is given priority should change. Maybe you think we should formally change the name. Even if you think nothing about the proposed identities should change, let the University know. They will take your feedback on board, I've sat in enough meetings to know how much they listen.

I'll also be chairing a town-hall style Q & A for students, with senior members of University staff, to answer any questions about these proposed changes, and give them a chance to hear your feedback. This will be in the main common room in the University Union Building, from 4 – 5pm on Tuesday 21st of March, I hope to see you there!

In the meantime, fill out the survey in your emails, and let the University know what you think. Feel free to email me with any questions you may have (president@ousa.org.nz), or any feedback you would like raised to the University on your behalf.

Elisepa Taukolo President, OUPISA:

Ni sa bula Vinaka and warm Pacific greetings!

We welcome the opportunity to share your thoughts on the Tuakiritaka project. The University of Otago seeks to explore its university identity through this project.

This is a great opportunity for Pacific students to learn more about the important concepts and kaupapa it entails and also ask questions, such as "How is Pacific representation being represented in this visual identity?" and "can we as Pacific people add our own Pacific flavour to this visual identity?" But more feedback is highly encouraged too!

We anticipate this project will have a wide impact, both in and outside of the University community, and is being developed in line with our new strategic direction vision 2040. Therefore it is crucial that our Pacific whānau have an opportunity to feedback on this project. We are looking forward to hearing your thoughts.

Feel free to come and have a Talanoa with my team and I if you have any questions or thoughts on this.

Watch Out: Coffee News has a Rebel at the Helm

Local looking to spice up the world's most vanilla newsletter

By Rauri Warren
Contributor



In defiance of the Coffee News franchise's prime directive of being trivial and mediocre, local franchisee Ash is keen to promote Dunedin's underground print media scene in its coffee-table-corporate-shitposting pages.

Ōtepoti Zinefest organiser Spencer Hall describes Coffee News content as "junk mail with trivia and horoscopes; the Giggle TV of print media." For example, last weeks "Did you know?" section included the gobsmacking revelation that sunscreen and thick clothing protect a wearer from dangerous radiation from the sun. Wow! Others find the inoffensive and amateur style endearing. "I dunno, I love it. Its shitness is part of the charm," said Jeremy Potts, a local artist.

Coffee News isn't low quality on accident. In fact, it may be the first ever instance of carefully constructed corporate shitposting. In a since-deleted Spinoff interview, the NZ proprietor and master franchisee Rudy Kokx explained the importance of not emphasising "nasty

stuff and bad news" so that advertisers know that their brand will have favourable associations. And this approach has paid off: **Coffee News is the most widely printed weekly publication in the world**, with over 600 franchises and offices in eight countries (that's what their website claims, anyway).

The content of an edition of Coffee News is almost entirely dictated by an editor in Auckland who receives the week's content directly from the American parent company, which scours the internet for harmless content to be published worldwide. "We have an agreement with the American parent company that we don't touch the copy, apart from on the 'What's Happening?' page," said Kokx, which is about half a paragraph usually dedicated to non-profit organisations. So how could Coffee News possibly promote Dunedin artists without setting off alarm bells?

Enter your local Coffee News franchisee, Ash. Ash has been working for Coffee

News since the pandemic put a stop to his dreams of running a cafe, and he has ambitions to take the publication beyond its strictly-controlled framework by including things like extra weekly inserts, opinion pieces, and could even help local artists by delivering their publications to his vast network of 150 Dunedin outlets (soon to be 300).

There have always been spaces where one could seek out intellectual societal discussion. Coffee houses were once the place where civilised society gathered to debate economic theory and gossip over whose ankles were on display at Sunday Mass. Black Star Books has a grand collection of local zines, and of course there's the yearly Ōtepoti Zinefest – and rumour has it that the good anarchists of Yours Cafe have a newspaper in the works – but speaking and being heard are two different things. Like Windows updates, the mood to read comes unexpectedly, and ignoring it may render you unable to connect. Accessible and nearby print-based media is, therefore, essential. However, Dunedin artists are a troubled folk: sickly, fearful of the sun, and antisocial – unwilling or unable to risk life and limb depositing their precious works around the vast and intimidating ecosystem that is Dunedin's public sphere.

Ash has already evaded the scrutiny of his higher-ups by publishing different ads in the physical editions to those in the online editions seen by management. Cheeky. This isn't to say that anything gets through; weight loss pills and spiritual training are one thing, but according to Kokx anti-vaccine mandate advertisements have been turned down by the Dunedin franchisee. Kokx says Coffee news should stay away from any such advertisements (pro or anti), political parties, and any religion – but what if an entirely different publication were to be inserted into the fold of every edition?

Can he get away with it? Watch this space, things are about to get weird.



Former Green Party Co-leader Joins Law Faculty

Is Meteria Tu-slay?

Former Green Party Co-leader Meteria Turei has joined the Otago Uni Faculty of Law as a Senior Lecturer. This semester, she is taking the third-year compulsory law paper LAWS302: Jurisprudence. Critic Te Ārohi spoke to students to see what they thought about the Uni's newest addition.

Many will be wondering why Meteria's name is so familiar. As Meteria said in her first lecture, students may know her from "shows like Parliament TV and the news when I was an MP for 15 years for the Green Party and Co-leader of the Green Party." She also got a lot of air-time in 2017 when she resigned after admitting to benefit fraud while struggling to make ends meet as a single mum. It wasn't received well by the nation, to put it lightly.

Chris, who is taking her paper this semester, said, "All I know is that she got a lot of shit in Parliament and that it's great to see her thrive again." Another one of her students, Seth, agreed, saying,

"Most of us law students have broken at least a couple laws, so it would be quite hypocritical to criticize her." Yes, driving passengers while on your restricted license, drinking underage, and hitting a bong are all still illegal.

Law student Samuel (not taking LAWS302) said he thought that "it really has no bearing on whether she is a good law lecturer. I imagine most law lecturers have broken the law to varying extents at some point, but that doesn't mean they should be replaced."

In Samuel's opinion, the key to any good lecturer is for them to present perspectives in contentious areas different to their own, communicate effectively (which a career in politics would no doubt benefit), and to reward students on the merit of the quality and content of their writing, "even if they come to a different conclusion" than the lecturer. Seth added that he liked the way Meteria lectures with respect to tikanga Māori.

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

Samuel said that the fact that Meteria was previously in politics "indicates she has strong views on a number of issues", but "that is hardly abnormal for lecturers." He went on to say that he thought "people often know roughly where particular lecturers sit on issues. There is also nothing wrong with that, in that lecturers having such views, and even informing students of their views, can result in students being exposed to new perspectives and forcing them to come to their own conclusions on issues."

Third-year Ecology and Anthropology student Linea said, "No lecturers are unbiased. It provides a counter-perspective to the conservative leaning of the law - it's important to see other perspectives." It's almost like critical thinking and informed discussion are, like, the whole point of Uni?

Metiria politely declined to comment.

Dental School Patient Fees Change

4/5 dentists agree: it's still better than DIY

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

Patient fees at the Dental School now cost a flat rate of \$120 per session, or \$90 with a Community Services Card. The Dental School announced this change with the explanation that it will ensure their financial sustainability without sacrificing their level of care.

Previously, fees changed depending on the nature of work being done. This change means a single appointment to fill a cavity costs the same as a single appointment as part of a root canal treatment. The appointment-based approach "is simpler for everyone to understand and apply", according to the School's announcement, and "will result in a better overall experience for our patients, and the staff and students who treat them."

Some students were stoked, noting that expensive treatments just got a lot cheaper. But the majority seemed to be more than a bit frustrated. Iain told us that after his dental work was interrupted

last year, he returned to the clinic for some cavity fillings. "I asked what each cavity filling would have cost last year," he said. "Approximately \$52." Now, that same operation will cost him \$90, assuming it could be completed in one sitting. "I was told I require five sessions," said Iain. So, what would've cost him below \$300 last year will now cost him \$450. "In Dunedin, we were extremely fortunate to be able to trade being a guinea pig/cadaver/learning case for affordable dental care, but that is no longer true," said Iain.

The 90-minute appointments all cost either \$90 or \$120, and according to the School's announcement "the number of appointment fees... will be capped to ensure you are not disadvantaged, and reflect that we are a teaching hospital." This is regardless of how many appointments are necessary to complete the work. Professor Paul Cooper, Faculty of Dentistry Dean, clarified that "the Faculty of Dentistry is not aiming to make profit from this new fee structure." The

Community Services Card benefit is entirely new, said Paul.

The announcement further detailed that, "If you are an existing patient of a postgraduate student or a specialist clinician, the new fee structure does not impact you." But it seems to have impacted Iain. Because his dental work was interrupted right as he transitioned from an undergraduate student to a postgraduate student, he may not be eligible for the fee change exemption; undergraduate students' patients are exempt from this exemption. What a mouthful.

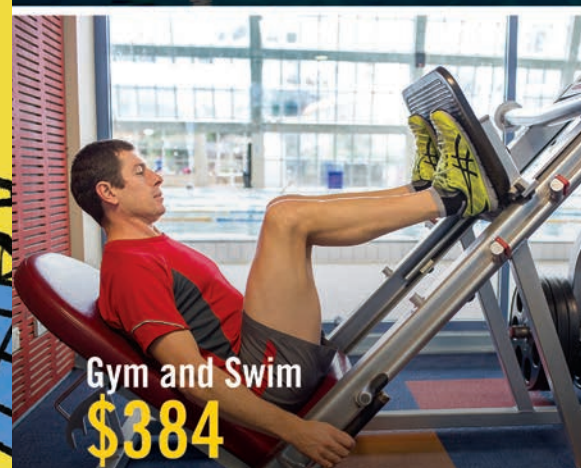
Paul again stated that, despite the changes, they "provide a significantly lower treatment cost" than private practice since "the majority of the care is provided by students who are being trained." And while this means it may take a bit longer, it's still cheaper than private practice. Cheaper rates attract more patients, which gives dental students more opportunities to practise their craft.

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"Toss the Boss" off Forsyth Barr

He dived for our sins

By Zak Rudin
zal@critic.co.nz

On May 12th, Co-President of the Otago Disabled Students Association (ODSA) Sean Prentice is going to be "tossed" off Forsyth Barr Stadium to raise money for charity. Sean is "petrified of heights", so this will be a fun one.

The irony of being "tossed" off the stadium was not lost on Sean, who said that he is doing it "for my sins, and in the spirit of brain injury awareness month". Back in 2019, Sean sustained a major brain injury and concussion after falling 15 metres from the McKeller Mansion's balcony at a party. Since then, Sean has become a staunch advocate for the disabled community.

Now, at just 25, Sean has taken up the role of Co-President of ODSA working in conjunction with the Uni. Sean said that having a disability is an "inseparable part" of who he is now, and the fact that he is now able to laugh and talk openly about it "reinforces to me how comfortable I am with it."

Sean and a bunch of other "bosses" will be abseiling 35 metres from the stadium's rafters as part of the "Toss the Boss" fundraiser to raise money for Southern Youth Development (SYD).

SYD, formerly known as the Malcam Charitable Trust, is a non-profit geared towards helping young people navigate education and work pathways. "Around 1,700 young people are going through their programmes," said Sean. As well as their strong focus on empowering young people and creating a sense of community, the non-profit adopts a sustainable circular economy approach. Sean's chief connection with them has been through the Te Oraka Bike Grabs, which involve "reclaiming bikes from waste and doing them up". The "Toss the Boss" fundraiser will contribute to outreach for such projects.

Ray O'Brien, tumuaki of the Sustainability Office, has been involved with SYD as a

volunteer on their board of trustees. "Most of the board members are University employees which is a great community connection," said Ray. "It's an amazing and longstanding local charity that focuses on supporting young people to have the best future they can."

Sean encouraged students to support the fundraiser as well as allying themselves with the disabled community. While it's hard to know what it's like for our disabled whānau without actually having a disability, he said that the best way to help is to build authentic connections with people in the community.



You can find out more and donate to the fundraiser here.

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Meet at Marsh Study Centre for welcome and briefing

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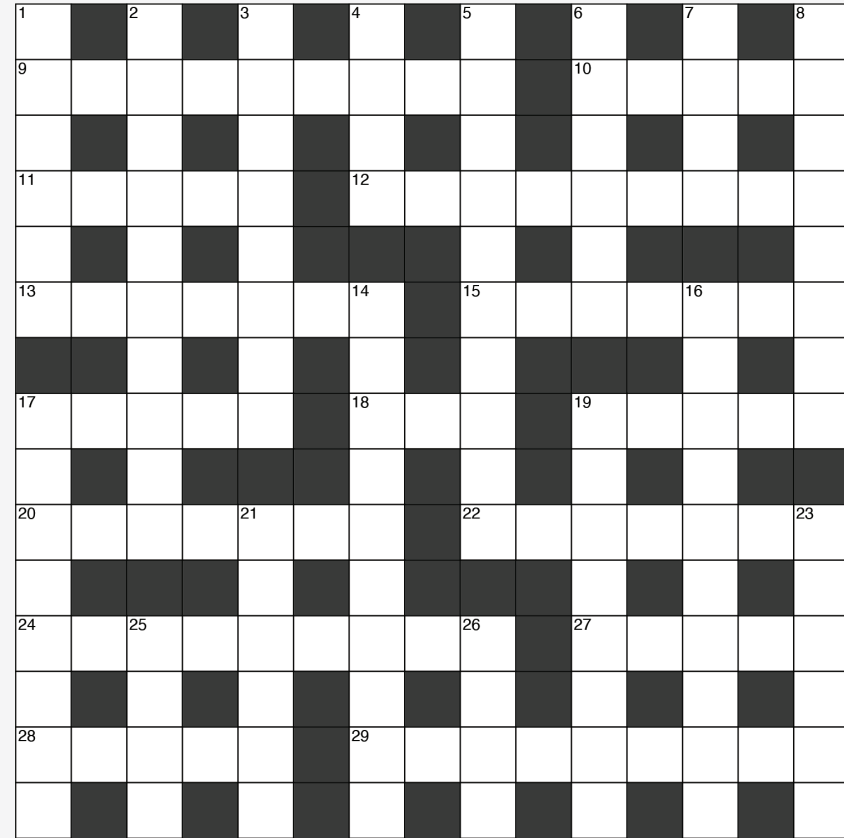
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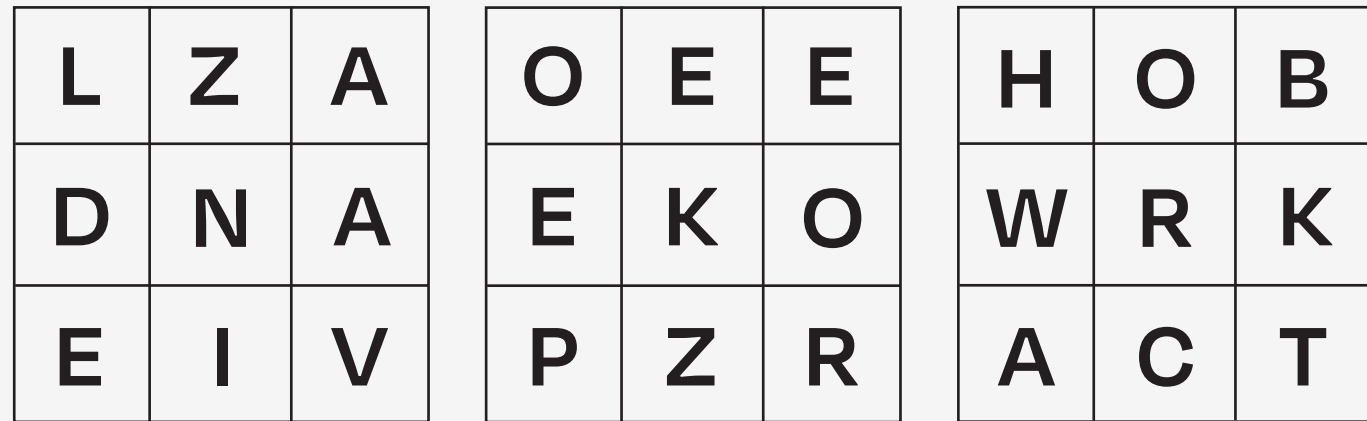
The (#) tells you how many words are in the solution. If a clue doesn't have a (#), it's a one-word answer.

- ACROSS:**
- 9. Stored information
 - 10. Indian yoghurt and cucumber dip
 - 11. Recent and confusing Nolan film
 - 12. Area containing Fiji, Solomons, etc.
 - 13. A good way to get banned from Tinder? (2)
 - 15. Ciggie bin
 - 17. Cooks rapidly
 - 18. On the ___ (fleeing)
 - 19. Cosy cover
 - 20. Opulent home
 - 22. Christmas tree debris
 - 24. What Lisa Carrington took home (2)
 - 27. Fiendish holiday visitor, to a dyslexic
 - 28. Bar across from Jizo
 - 29. Like a family with a nonworking spouse (2)

- DOWN:**
- 1. Got around on a board or blades
 - 2. Link between two things
 - 3. Phineas and Ferb's pet
 - 4. Cheese type
 - 5. "American Gods" author (2)
 - 6. Nationality that could precede all the highlighted answers
 - 7. Classic hard rock band
 - 8. Something that gets things started
 - 14. "My Heart Will Go On" Grammy winner (2)
 - 16. Rotation
 - 17. Debug the house
 - 19. Morning activity?
 - 21. Jailhouse inhabitant
 - 23. Martial arts master
 - 25. Starring role
 - 26. Vegetable you wouldn't want to find under the sink?

WORD BLOCKS

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



ISSUE 03 PUZZLE ANSWERS

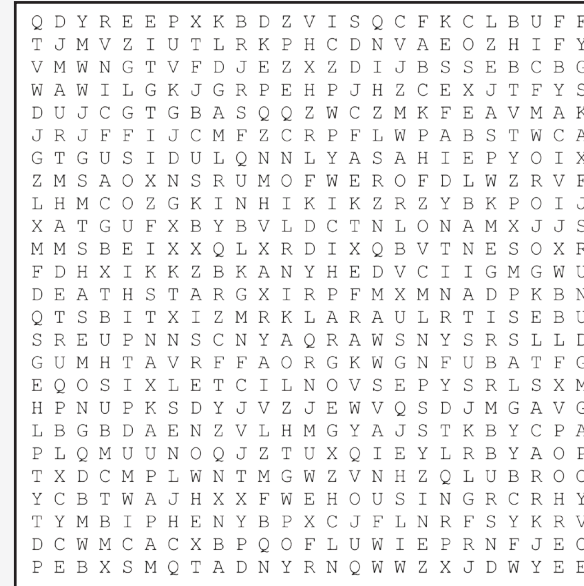
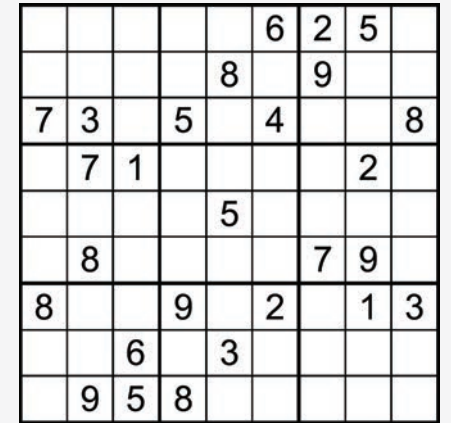
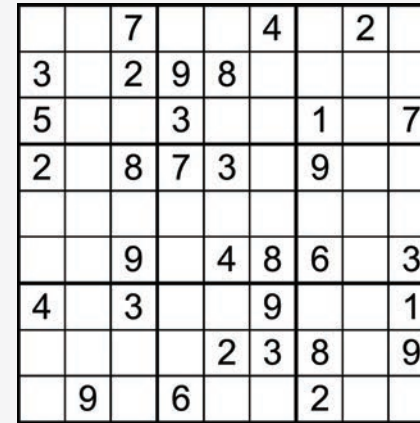
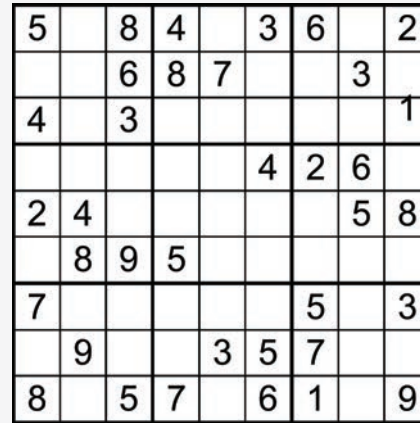
ACROSS: 1. CARDINAL 6. SCRIBE 9. COFFEE 10. GORILLAZ 11. LIMA 12. ZESTY 14. ARSE 15. HECTIC 17. AVIATION 20. JALAPENO/HABANERO 22. SIDNEY 24. FAVA 26. JADED 27. BABE 29. VINDALOO 31. JUNEAU 32. KIDNEY 33. BABUSHKA

WORD BLOCK WORDS: ALCOHOLIC, FORESKINS, POKERFACE

DOWN: 2. AIOLI 3. DEFIANT 4. NIETZSCHE 5. LAG 6. SPRAY 7. RELIANT 8. BEANS 13. SEAFOOD 16. EPA 18. INSIDEJOB 19. ONE 21. ABANDON 23. DEBUNKS 25. ALIBI 26. JELLY 28. BLACK 30. ORB

SUDOKU

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WORDFIND

- WONDERS
- PARROT
- GEOGRAPHIC
- HOUSING
- SUSTAINABLE
- SID
- BUSHUB
- CASTLE
- BEES
- MUDPIT
- DEATHSTAR
- GLASS
- GNOMES
- AWESTRUCK
- CONES
- GARDIES
- BRIDGE
- KAUPAPA

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



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MY LIFE WITH THE BUS HUB BARNACLES

A study of one of Dunedin's most misunderstood creatures

Hugh Askerud, PhD.



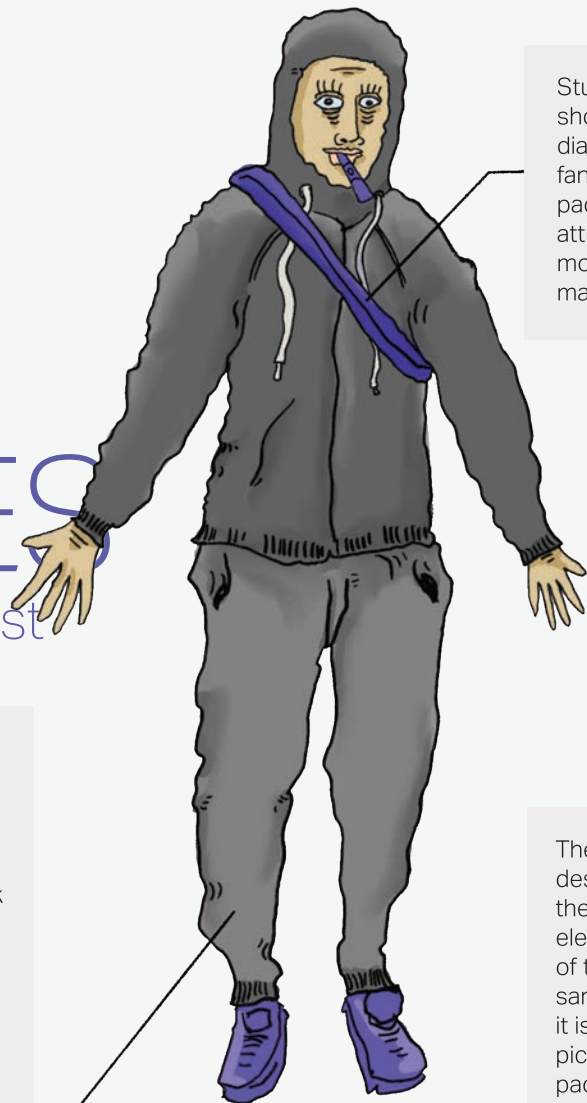
A classic example of biomimicry, the barnacle's footwear is designed to mimic bright displays of wealth and status.

A bus hub barnacle is usually about 1.5 metres tall, and can be identified by their disposable vapes and matching clothing. Pack behaviour is common in this species. While they are often regarded as dangerous, like so many other mid-sized mammals, their bark is worse than their bite.

You know them when you see them. Small, with steely eyes and shifty hands, the bus hub barnacle is one of the most feared species in the city. They travel in packs, able to ward off much larger predators, and apparently have no sense of fear as they operate directly outside of the local police station. But there is more to this animal than meets the eye. Critic Te Ārohi sent a young naturalist to observe the wild animals and, if they dared, try to get amongst their ranks.

"Can be violent and should not be approached" is a description of a bus hub barnacle given by a security guard who usually works in the area. For those unaccustomed to Dunedin's cultural canvas, a bus hub barnacle can be identified as a teenager who loiters around the bus hub every afternoon, hoodie drawn up, disposable vape in hand. These creatures will often berate passing members of the public and exchange TikTok jargon with one another, much to the chagrin of the other bus-goers who have no choice but to listen in.

Aforementioned security guard Will* defined a bus hub barnacle as a "wannabe gang member, some of whom are very violent." Ominously, Will also warned that while there were only 20-30 barnacles present, "they are out to recruit new members every day." Don't be fooled by their beguiling smiles, budding explorers; were this pack ever to ally with the local breathra population, it could spell the demise of the casual bus-goer.



Studies show that diagonal fanny packs attract more mates.

Their outer casing is designed to protect them from the elements. The more of them that wear the same attire, the harder it is for predators to pick one out of the pack. Strength in numbers.

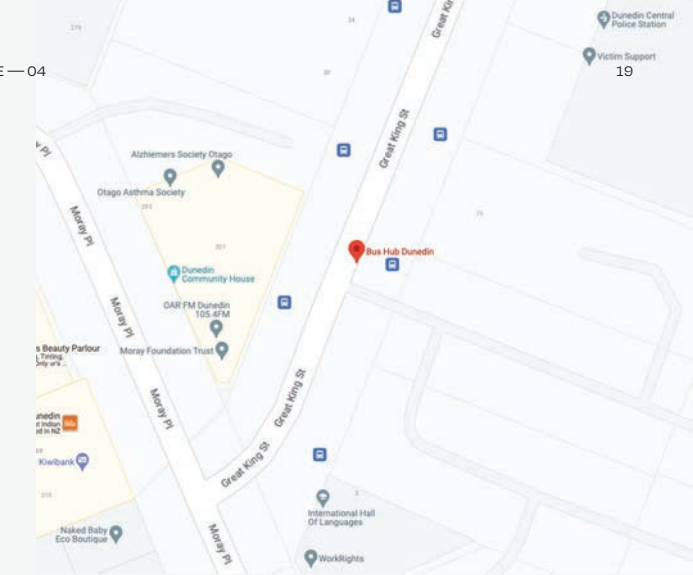


This species communicates through pheromones.

Bus hub barnacles have been subject to intense scrutiny from media and police in recent years, largely due to the fact that their natural habitat is right outside the police station. But with so much negative attention, any good naturalist must consider if this group is truly deserving of their bad reputation. After all, as we've learned from hyenas, the most feared animals are often also the most intelligent.

Will mentioned that "some can be friendly", but followed this up by saying that "they will keep asking you for drugs and alcohol, which gets very annoying." To get a different perspective, I had a chat with Carey*, a year 12 student who frequents the bus hub after school when the group's presence can be felt most prominently. Carey stated that she "would be ashamed" to be considered a bus hub barnacle. She followed this up by describing the pack as "a mix of people who have dropped out of school and their mates who are about to drop out", so, in her words, "they're not really defensible."

What perplexed Carey the most was that the bus hub barnacles never seemed to go anywhere despite their convenient location. Perhaps this is an allegorical reflection of the group's inability to take other opportunities in their lives. So, are the bus hub barnacles really as indefensible as Carey claims, or is your average barnacle something akin to a Shakespearean tragic protagonist, stuck in the land of opportunity yet unable to act?



What perplexed Carey the most was that the bus hub barnacles never seemed to go anywhere despite their convenient location.

To answer this pressing question I would need to be indoctrinated into the bus hub barnacle community, perhaps for life. Thus I entered the ranks of the community the only way I possibly could: by loitering in their ecosystem. Will had recommended carrying a weapon and wearing red to show my affiliation with the group. In turn, I adorned my finest Liverpool FC kit and carried the most powerful weapon of all, the written word, in order to make my presence obviously felt.

I approached the group's habitat at around 3:24pm: peak barnacle hour. Instantly, I spotted the mass shuffling outside Farmers. While a core group of barnacles sat vaping, kissing, and shouting at one another, another group of older, drunken men had attached itself to the periphery of the group. After strolling aimlessly for five minutes, I plonked myself in between the two groups and waited for the mystery of the barnacle to unfold.

Listening to the half-conversations between members of the community, it occurred to me that the group could be defined by one core value: change. Conversations often dissolved under the weight of small attention spans as one barnacle amongst the ranks would get bored and make a gut-wrenching noise to draw a crowd. Additionally, the community always seemed to be on the move. Sitting then standing, hugging then kicking, you never knew what to expect. Half-horrified and half-entertained, the constant flux of behaviour was, for me, a sight to behold. As such, it shouldn't then have come as a surprise when one member of the group proclaimed, "Our bus is here," and the lot piled on. I had been scorned, rebuked, left behind. But that was okay, I didn't want to be a part of their stupid club anyway. Not at all.

So I sat there, stunned by the realisation that the bus hub barnacles do actually catch buses. I began once again strolling around the ecosystem aimlessly. I peered up and down the row of seats before it dawned on me that I had outlasted the group I had feared for so long. Sitting down, I began hurriedly scribbling my observations in a notebook before glancing around and noticing a few wayward glances aimed in my direction.

Suddenly, the realisation hit me: in my endeavour to track the comings and goings of the bus hub barnacles I had, in a way, become another one of the strange oddities that the bus hub attracts. Oh, how the tables turn!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER:

An interview with Sid, the sulphur-crested cockatoo
By Fox Meyer



Note: We'd like to thank the DCC staff who take care of Sid and his avian mates for letting us in and sharing Sid's story. They're keen to tell a bigger story about the ethics of aviaries, which are a relic of a more Victorian time. They can't just get rid of the birds they've inherited, so instead they're focused on giving them the best life possible while emphasising other projects, like their kākā breeding programme. We'd like to do a full story on the history of the aviary in the months to come.

Sid has black, beady eyes. When you stare into them, you can almost see your reflection. They're like pools of shining obsidian. Behind those eyes is the brain of a mastermind; a bird with a chequered past, whose talons have prised at the locks of countless cages and whose calls have graced the air of many a sanguine sky. He is not just a sulphur-crested cockatoo; he's a local legend. An icon. A rogue in white robes.

Sid does not normally talk to journalists. This interview was the product of a careful negotiation process, in which we traded him fourteen perfectly-shaped stones to add to his collection in exchange for fourteen minutes of his time. The bottom of his current enclosure, located at the top of the Botans, is littered with similar stones. But only a few have the right shape and texture to be considered perfect. Sid carries these around in his beak, using them to scrape against the black, woven fencing of his enclosure and the asphalt walls below.

His favourite movie is *The Shawshank Redemption*. In it, a young man with a penchant for geology uses a small hammer to carve his way to freedom through the prison's walls. Sid told us that his perfect stones offered a similar salvation, and he showed us his project: a small area of smooth asphalt, shaved down and widened over the years by slow, steady scraping. He holds the stone in his beak and rubs it against his wall. "Patience is a virtue," he reminded us. "Even the hardest boulder is broken by the will of steady water."

Sid has not always been in this enclosure - in fact, this is a relatively new pad for the bachelor, who was moved here sometime around the 1980's. He was moved into his new room a few years ago, after an altercation with his neighbour. Human staff told us that Sid instigated the fight - that he was the one who ruffled the feathers, as it were. Sid tells a different story: "That [squawk] had it coming," he said. "If it were up to me, I would've finished the job." The former neighbour declined to comment.

Despite his rough exterior, Sid is actually a very sweet animal. Those that he loves, he loves with all his heart. His passion manifests as fiery defensiveness, yes, but also as artistic flare; Sid is well-known in the aviary as a proud and skilled dancer. He told us that his favourite tunes come from Dolly Parton, Kendrick Lamar and, of course, Jimmy Buffett. "Margitaville takes me back," said Sid.

“Patience is a virtue. Even the hardest boulder is broken by the will of steady water.”

But back to where? We know from anonymous sources that Sid's connections to the underworld run deep. He has family ties to at least one active "gang" of sulphur-crested cockatoos back home in Australia, who have made a name for themselves as the 'Rubbish Bin Raiders'. The Raiders are known for their ingenious method of opening rubbish bins, displaying a level of intelligence and teamwork that has drawn the attention of the international scientific community. When pressed for details, Sid said he would never rat on the secrets of their method. "Raiders for life," he said.

"The Raiders get a bad rep," said Sid, who was quick to defend his mates. Birds of a feather, indeed. "They've done nothing wrong, at all," he insisted. "These people move into our neighbourhood, cut down our trees, pave over our fields...and then, when we start eating their waste, their literal garbage, we get called 'gangs'. How messed up is that?"

His time behind bars has given the old bird time to ponder. "Some say I'm going mad," he said. "And maybe that's true. But in old age, I'm learning to appreciate the finer things in life: the perfect stones, the sweetest berries. I've even made some human friends," he said, gesturing to his favourite human staff. "It's not all bad. I get a lot of visitors. I mean, heck, you came all the way to see me!"

By now, the clock read 13:26. We had just seconds left together. Sid clung to the black wire that separated bird from breather. He rolled a stone end over end in his beak, using his muscular tongue like a thumb. We sat in silence. He stared intensely, and did not blink. The clock struck 14:00. "Time's up," he said. "You come back, now. You'll know where to find me."

THE NAME SAYS IT ALL

KO TE KATO O TE INGOA I KŌREROTIA

Nā Skyla (Ngāti Hine, Ngāti Wai)

Mātauranga taiao, environmental knowledge, has never been more relevant. Built over generations, it's represented in the names of places all around us, and it offers insight into how these places might behave in a changing climate. That is, if you know what they mean.

The great waka migration from the tropics of Polynesia to the cooler landmass of Aotearoa called for the readjustment of an entire culture and people. The first settlers of this land quickly discovered that it differed immeasurably from their homes in the Pacific. They had to adjust to entirely different seasonal patterns. They had to discover new resources and develop new methods of acquiring clothing, tools and shelter. All of this is stored as a vast, accumulated wealth of mātauranga taiao, and it's reflected in what ingoa (names) they gave the places they went.

Many, if not most, ingoa Māori provide us with an insight as to what contributed to its naming. Some serve as physical reminders of historical events, many of which commemorate battles, and others acknowledge potential dangers or provide warnings around the landscape. For example, Wai-te-matā, now known as the Auckland Harbour means 'obsidian waters' – a glassy surface that once resembled volcanic obsidian rock. According to Te Arawa tradition, the harbour was originally named by the ancestor Tamatekapua, captain of the Te Arawa waka, when he placed a volcanic stone as a mauri, or talisman, in its waters near present-day Birkenhead. It also obtained the name 'Te Wai-o-te-mate' or 'the waters of death' from neighbouring tribe Ngāpuhi as a reference to battles to control the Tāmaki isthmus.

On their journey's inland, Īhenga and Tamatekapua explored the lakes district, naming many of the tribal landmarks we know today, including two of the Te Arawa district's largest lakes – Rotoiti-i-kitea-a-e-Īhenga te moana and Te

Rotorua-nui-a-Kahumatamomoe. These are now known locally in their abbreviated form as Rotoiti and Rotorua. Tamatekapua's exploration extended far beyond the tribal territory of Te Arawa to the far reaches of Te Ika-a-Māui (North Island) leaving behind names that still exist today.

On the other hand, histories local to the Otago region tell of Rākaihautū who journeyed across Te Waipounamu, carving out the illustrious southern mountains and lakes, establishing the ahi kā (occupation rights) of the Waitaha people. The ancient names that Rākaihautū anointed upon the land link the sacred waterways to the ancestral Pacific homelands of Te Pātū Nui o Aiō - the first home of Māori. Waitaki was given the name wai (water) and taki (weeping sound) to illustrate the unfortunate tragedy that occurred amongst Aoraki and his brothers who were turned to stone after being tipped from their waka. The further naming and formation of the land and its many cascading, rippling waterways that flow from Aoraki and Waitaki river is explored in this pūrākau, of which symbolically represent the everlasting tears of Tāne Mahuta. The great southern river is of paramount importance to Waitaha, as it is entirely sourced from Aoraki, the highest mountain in the Southern Alps - kā Tiritiri o te Moana. For several centuries the Waitaki river channels have provided long-served local Māori as a main highway, an abundant food basket, medicine cabinet and a source of immense mana and identity.

Similarly, other local place names hold just as much significance in determining the history of the location or even providing clues as to what one might expect in that area. Present day Logan Park was once known as Tauraka Pīpipi, an estuary that once was inhabited by a brown songbird known as the Pīpipi; the commonly known Halfway Bush was originally called Taputakinoi and once served as a battle site; and Kōpūtai, which refers to a full tide, eventually became Port Chalmers. Many place names represent great losses for some, like Pūrākauui, which

highlights the bloody massacre where many perished and were piled upon each other, appearing as a huge heap that resembled a large pile of wood. On the other hand, original place names also tell of impressive feats - one of the most popular is the story of Wairaka, the daughter of Toroa, one of three captains of the Mataatua waka. Historical accounts recall Wairaka saving the canoe when it came adrift, commanding 'me whakatāne au i ahau!', or 'I must act like a man!'. From the heroic deed of Wairaka, Whakatāne came to be and remains to this day. In addition to her long-lasting legacy, Wairaka's bravery is also commemorated in a bronze statue which now stands solidified on a rock at the Whakatāne heads. Contradictory accounts also claim Muriwai, the aunt of Wairaka, to have saved the Mataatua waka.

Elsewhere in the North, Te Tai Tokerau, a well-known ancestor named Tohe once lived in the furthest point of the Northland area. His people were the guardians of Te Rerenga Wairua (Cape Rēinga) and former rivals to Ngāti Whatua. In efforts to attain peace, Tohe offered his granddaughter Rāninikura to marry into the rival tribe - but he missed her and decided to travel to see her before he died. Warned against his age and inability to walk such a distance, Tohe set out to see his mokopuna (grandchild), traversing the torrential waters of the Hokianga and naming many places along the way. Tohe made great progress but did not live to finish his journey, passing at the shore of Riripo which he called Mahutu. Tohe's remains were eaten by seagulls - news of which reached Rāninikura, who renamed her hapū (smaller tribe) Ngāti Manu to commemorate her grandfather. Therefore, Ngāti Manu is a significantly old name in this region, surviving numerous hundreds of years.

Most iwi, on the other hand, are named after particular ancestors, often founders of the land they inhabited. A prevalent feature across the entire motu, the concept of collectively identifying with an individual's name is somewhat foreign

from the outside looking in. To Māori, however, it is a solidifying expression of identity, one that reinforces the importance of kinship and whānau as a support system. From the far North, where the vast majority of tribes are named after women, to here in the deep South where the iwi take names from great voyaging ancestors, Māori have long identified themselves with these ancestral names for their pioneering traits and leadership qualities. However, one iwi in particular contrast this commonality with a different take, taking place many generations before Kupe in the distant land of Hawaiki was mother-to-be Kareroariki who craved a particular meal: a human heart. Due to her high ranking within the tribe, her demand was justified, and a sacrifice was enacted to satisfy Kareroariki. Three names emerged from the birth of the child of Kareroariki: Puhi-kai-ariki, Puhi-moana-ariki and Puhi-taniwha-rau - which collectively give rise to the plural, 'ngā', or many puhi - Ngāpuhi. The fact that Ngāpuhi derive their name from an event rather than an ancestor, which is the case with most tribes, is unusual. Considering the long-established identity of larger tribes across the rest of the country such as Te Whānau-ā-Apau, Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Kahungunu and Ngāti Maniapoto, all of whom are derived from particular ancestors, the case of Ngāpuhi proves incredibly rare. And ya'll wonder why Ngāpuhi think they're all that.

Without oral histories and Māori place names, within which the largest clues to pre-colonial society lie, how are we to familiarise ourselves with these places to begin with? The original place names of this land provide us with immeasurable information and an undeniable blueprint of how Māori settlers perceived the world and responded to obstacles. From the OG girlboss Wairaka, to the devotion of Tohe, there is so much to be learned from the way in which our ancestors lived. And yet, there still remain folks who refuse to educate themselves on the importance of Māori place names, even as places named for their flood-prone nature make headlines for, you guessed it, flooding.

Mātauranga Māori has never been more relevant than now.



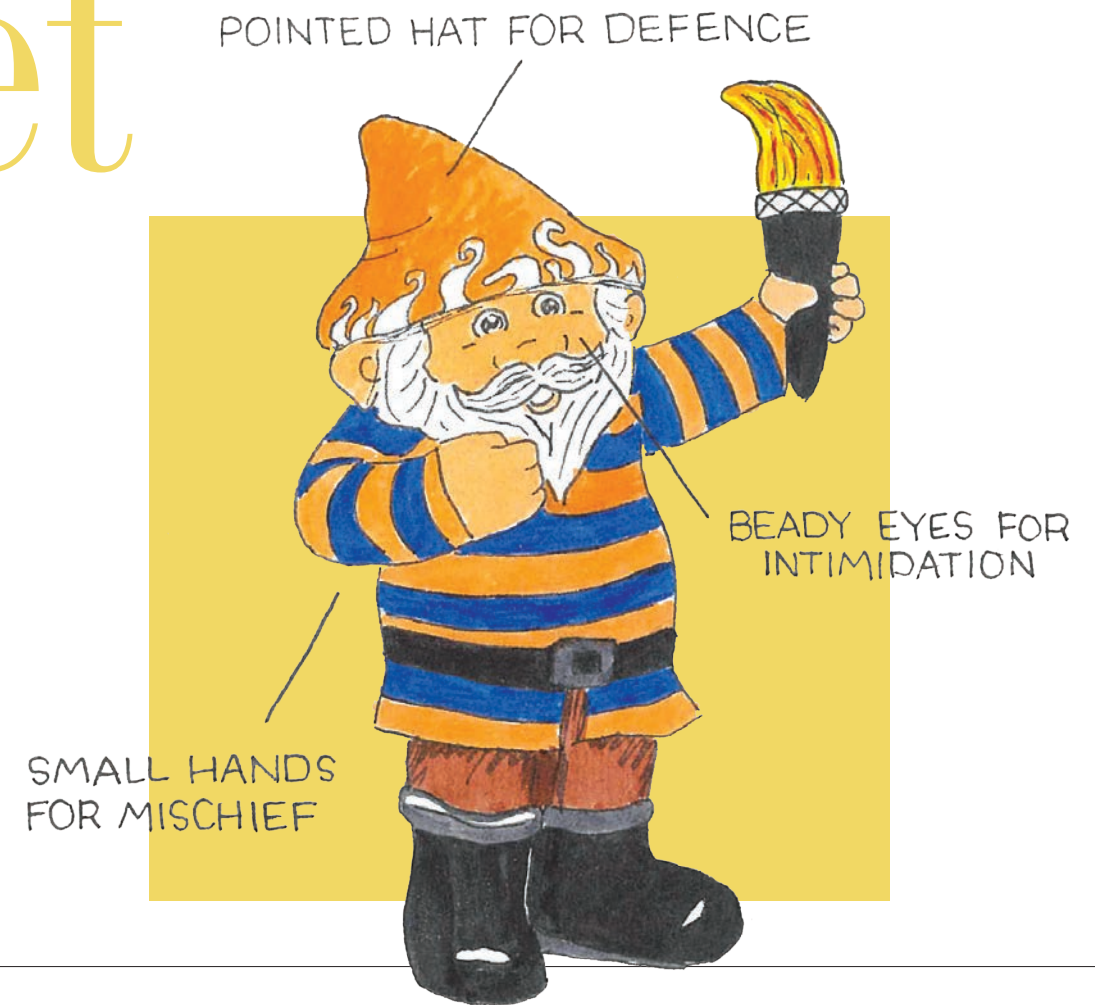
The Seven Wonders of Castle Street

By Iris Hehir
& Fox Meyer

The Seven Wonders of the Natural World are incredible and inspiring demonstrations of nature's power, eclipsed only in recent years by better things like the internet and the Crunchwrap Supreme™.

But you don't have to travel to the Amazon to be awestruck by natural phenomena. Right here in our backyard, we play host to Seven Wonders equally worthy of reverence: some still thriving, some lost forever.

Castle Street remains as Aotearoa's oldest and most infamous student quarter. However, its vibrant inhabitants, strong cultural traditions, and wretched architectural features have become increasingly endangered over the years. Starting in the collegiate South and ending in the feral North, Critic is here to take you on a walk down memory lane, celebrating the Wonders we've lost and showing you how to conserve what's left today.



GNOMUS SELWYNIDAE

1. Selwyn Gnomes

Castle Street isn't known for its warm association with freshers, but our first stop is Selwyn College: home to no less than 200 of them (*Disciplis selwynidae*, var. *primianas*). The College is also home to the native breeding population of Selwyn Gnomes (*Gnomus selwynidae*), which are gifted to and cohabitate with each human resident. Unfortunately, the native population of Selwyn Gnomes remains in steep decline.

These creatures have long been endangered, being the target of annual poaching campaigns carried out by the local population of domesticated Knox students (*Disciplis knoxidae*, var. *primianas*). The rivalry between Selwyn and Knox College is well-known, with much effort going into these poaching campaigns as part of an annual display of territorialism.

While the population of *G. selwynidae* remains protected today, the patriarch of the colony is remembered as one of the Seven Wonders. This individual, known as Verne the Gnome, was a legendary figure in Selwyn College. He was killed in an attempted kidnapping, when lasso-wielding *D. knoxidae* brought him to the ground. He died on impact.

The ongoing sporting and cultural competitions between the two colleges are when the gnomes are most at risk. Conservationists are advised to lock their dorms, carry Dove soap, and ward off roving groups of *D. knoxidae* when they are in heat or on the prowl. Hopefully in the future we can see a thriving wild population of Selwyn Gnomes once again. For now, they remain largely in the care of zoologists and their hosts, *D. selwynidae*.

2. Deathstar's Mud Pit

The next spot on our tour is the most recent Wonder to be lost: the mud pit out the front of Deathstar. Like California's La Brea Tar Pits, this cesspool was once home to a remarkable diversity of microorganisms. By slurping up broken glass and remnants of couches, it has preserved the physical record of Castle Street culture from the harmful effects of solar radiation and weekly recycling.

In its prime, the mud pit covered about ten square metres. An area of this size could support a thriving population of bacteria which, in turn, provided a balancing effect on local populations of *Breatha sapiens*. It became a sort of figurehead for the filth of Castle Street culture, waded through by all walks of life. Unfortunately, human development and expansion spelled doom for this unique environment.



Following a chemical train derailment (AKA sewage spill) in 2022, the fragile ecosystem was thrown into disarray. Like the Amazon Rainforest, Deathstar's mud pit was razed and paved over in the summer of 2022. Unwilling to risk the health of local *B. sapiens*, the property managers sealed the mud pit forever in an asphalt sarcophagus. Algae and sludge was replaced by asphalt and, well, more sludge. There's still plenty of sludge.

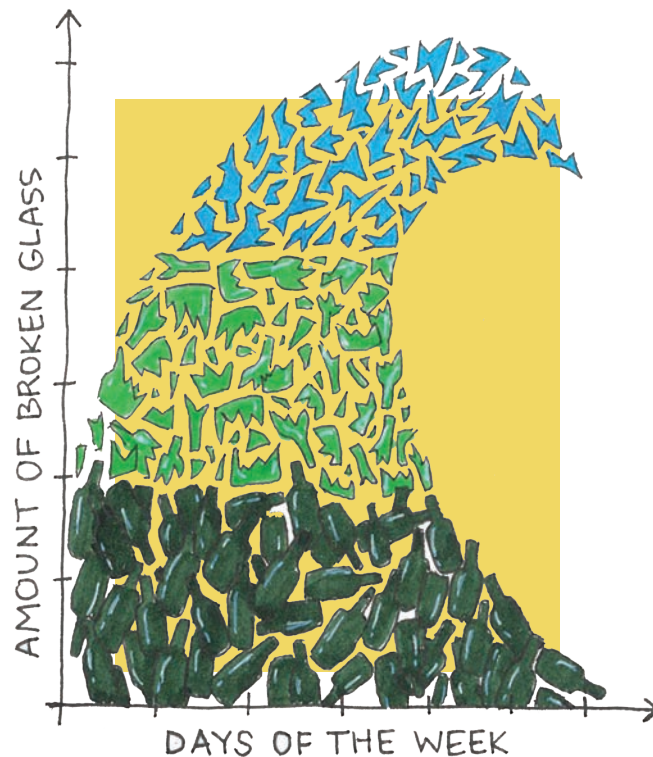
The site now serves as a memorial to all we've lost in the name of human expansion, and pays homage to all the crazy bacteria we never got to experiment with. Who knows, maybe there was a cure for cancer brewing in there somewhere. Probably not, though. It was mostly cholera.

3. Tides of Glass

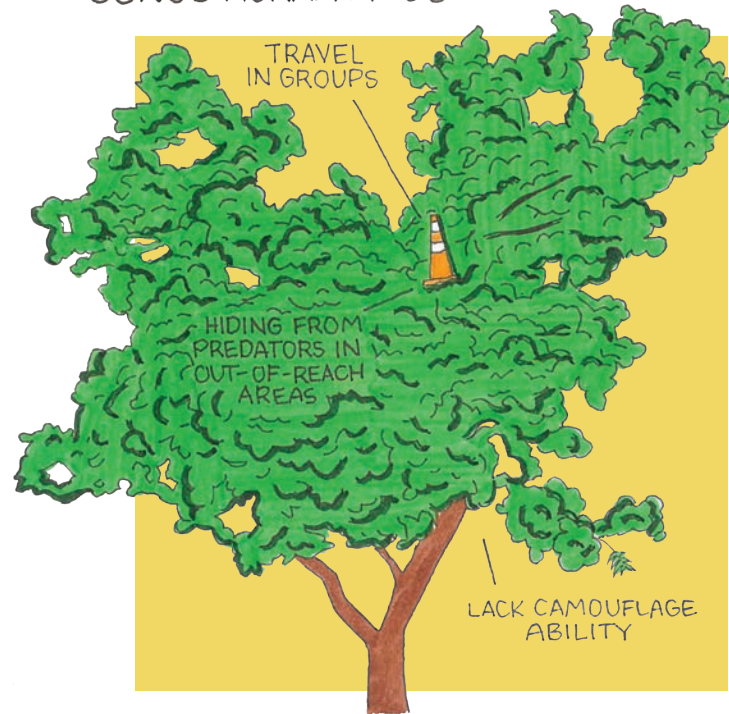
The third Wonder on our walk can be seen all throughout the street, but the areas outside Deathstar are where it's visible in its prime. Every evening, tidal forces sweep forth massive amounts of broken glass, which is then deposited in laminar sheets across Castle Street. This pattern follows a seasonal cycle, with heavier deposits on weekends, and lower average deposit rates over the summer.

These glass tides are much like a clownfish's anemone: hazardous to most, save for the few local residents who have evolved an immunity. By surrounding themselves with sharp shards of glass, residents of Castle Street are able to ward off intrusion from outside predators, namely police (*Sus domesticus*) and cyclists (*Celermotus dirotae*). However, in recent years, locals have been experimenting with a new form of defence, recognizing that they are not completely immune to the hazards posed by tidal waves of glass.

While the remarkable natural cycles of glass tides will never entirely disappear from Castle Street, their prominence may be in decline. This decline is natural, forced not by overhunting but by the organic evolution of the environment. As these local "clownfish" become more and more self-aware and self-governing, their need for their "anemone" decreases. The loss of this Wonder ought not to be mourned, as it has been eroded not by outside pressures, but by the natural course of evolution.



CONUS AURANTIACO



4. The Mighty Cone Herds

Once upon a time, a visitor to Castle Street would've been amazed by wild herds of traffic cones (*Conus aurantiaco*), with the sounds of their guttural mating calls in the air, proudly lapping up the sun in the cool goo of Deathstar's mudpit. These mighty beasts travelled in groups of up to a thousand individuals, and their footfalls could be heard from as far away as Grange Street. But not anymore.

Like the Selwyn Gnome, *C. aurantiaco* has been the victim of overhunting. Prized for their exotic pelts and used widely as an oversized drinking funnel, the traffic cone has been nearly completely driven out of its natural habitat. The herd animals have learned to avoid this area, and on the rare occasions that they do visit, they stick to out-of-reach areas like trees, roofs and the tops of cars.

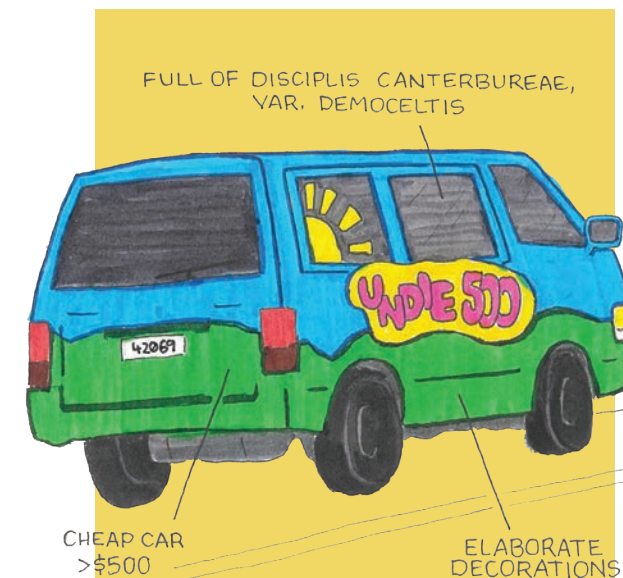
If you look closely into the windows and doors of many a Castle Street flat, you will see taxidermied corpses of *C. aurantiaco*. Many residents choose to decorate their homes with at least one of these prized beasts, but some collections have hoarded as many as a dozen. If it weren't for their adaptability, this remarkable animal may have been lost forever. Truly a cautionary tale.

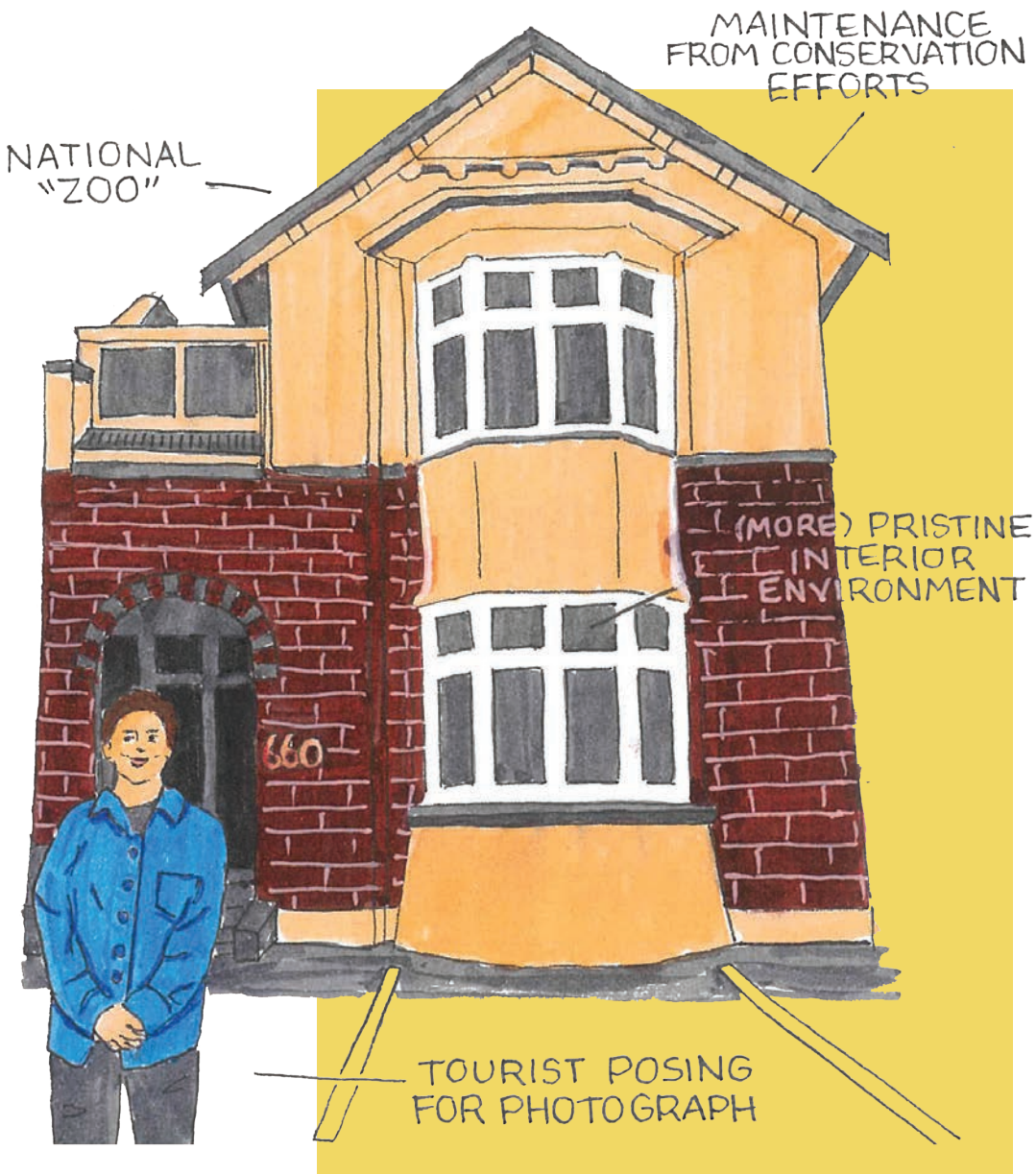
5. Undie 500

The Undie 500 was an annual pilgrimage to Castle Street by engineering students from the University of Canterbury (*Disciplis canterbureae*, var. *democeltis*). These students commuted to Castle to appreciate its remarkable biodiversity and cultural significance, for obvious reasons. But, like too many other aspects of Castle Street, this Wonder has too been lost.

The pilgrimage followed a complex ritual. Student groups would buy a car for under \$500, decorate it elaborately, and then drive from Christchurch to Dunedin while stopping at pubs along the way. As the pilgrimage was taken by more and more students, it grew increasingly out of control, eventually ending in the infamous Castle Street Riots of 2007 and 2009. Unsure of what to do with their cars, the students decided to torch them in the street.

While this pilgrimage traditionally celebrated the local flora and fauna of Castle Street, overzealous participants ultimately doomed the ritual forever. Perhaps in the future it will be reignited, but with so much history already lost, it's possible that this mass migration of cheap cars and drunk engineering students will never again be seen by humankind.





6. 660

One domicile on Castle Street stands above all the rest: 660. It is no longer the largest nor the most famous, but its history is unparalleled. The building today remains a Wonder, thanks in part to the conservation efforts of a group of former Castle Street locals that named themselves after the site and travelled internationally to raise awareness about the address. Their monetary contributions have secured a future for the flat as a hub of culture as the walls slowly close in on Castle Street, preserving it forever as a National Park.

Visitors to 660 may not be welcome. This is for the best, as too much foot traffic can damage the delicate ecosystem within. Sometimes, the best way to love something is to leave it alone. That being said, the environment contained within 660 is constantly evolving; once it was a hub of debauchery and madness, with vomit-covered drum kits and swiss-cheese walls. Today, it stands more pristine than ever before. Its conversion to a National Park means that its legacy will be preserved for future residents, but that it will never again be truly wild.

Critics have argued that "National Zoo" may be a more accurate description than "National Park", as this Wonder is not allowed the true agency of a wild animal. They would say that by controlling the culture inside - to any degree - conservationists have essentially put the Wonder in a cage, or a sort of incubator. Nevertheless, the Wonder has been preserved, and will continue to be the poster child for Castle Street tourism.

7. Gardies

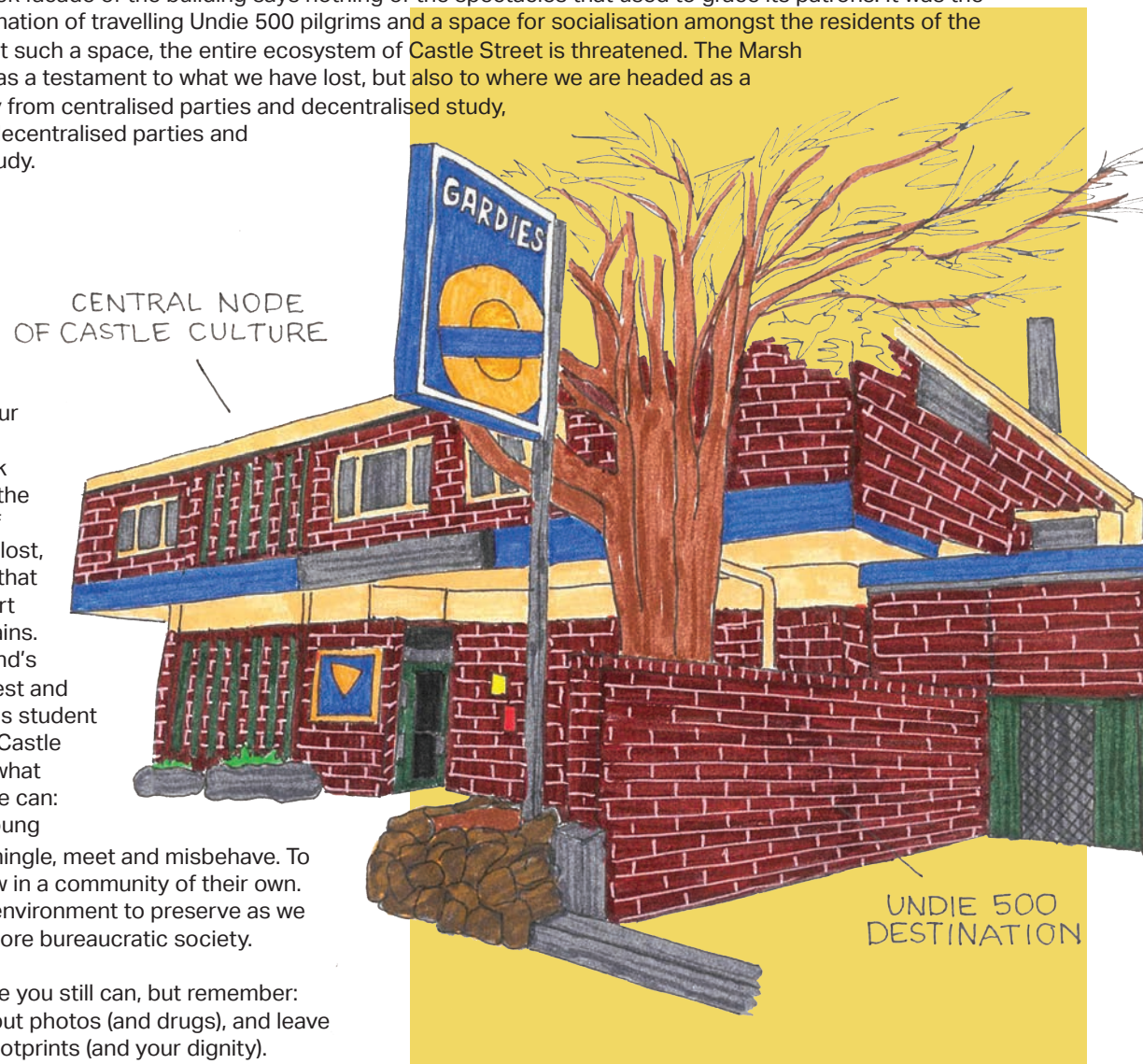
Our final stop on this tour of Castle Street is The Marsh, formerly known as Gardies. What was once a thriving watering hole is now a sterile pond, transformed from throbbing student bar to sleek studyspace. The forced metamorphosis of Gardies encapsulates the current state of Castle Street conservation more than any other Wonder, especially given the fact that many current residents are not even aware of its history.

The Gardies of olde was a central node of Castle culture. When it began to struggle financially, students made a plan to buy the bar and run it themselves – a conservationist approach. The University, backed by deeper pockets, was able to outbid them. When they assumed ownership, the University gutted the beast and repurposed it, destroying a critical piece of the Castle Street ecosystem. Much of the local decline in biodiversity has happened in the years since losing this keystone species.

Today, the sleek facade of the building says nothing of the spectacles that used to grace its patrons. It was the ultimate destination of travelling Undie 500 pilgrims and a space for socialisation amongst the residents of the street. Without such a space, the entire ecosystem of Castle Street is threatened. The Marsh today stands as a testament to what we have lost, but also to where we are headed as a species. Away from centralised parties and decentralised study, and towards decentralised parties and centralised study.

As we finish our tour, you are invited to think deeply about the importance of what we have lost, and the ways that we can support what still remains. As New Zealand's oldest, proudest and most notorious student environment, Castle Street offers what no other locale can: a space for young residents to mingle, meet and misbehave. To learn and grow in a community of their own. It is a critical environment to preserve as we move into a more bureaucratic society.

Visit now, while you still can, but remember: take nothing but photos (and drugs), and leave nothing but footprints (and your dignity).



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LIVE LAUGH LETTUCE

He Kāika toitū, he Kāika ora: The Sustainability Neighbourhood



Dunedin students have long copped a bad rep when it comes to sustainability. Google “Otago Uni student culture” and you’ll see images of crappy \$2 store costume-clad Hyde Street Party goers, couch burnings, and streets littered with broken glass. These depictions don’t exactly scream “environmentally friendly”, and while they are accurate to a certain extent, they are only one piece of the puzzle that is Dunedin student culture. If you look beyond Castle St, Ōtepoti is thriving with eco-pockets and Uni staff and students who genuinely give a shit about climate issues and taking care of our environment. One such pocket is the Uni Flats He Kāika Toitu, he Kāika ora: the Sustainability Neighbourhood.

Critic Te Ārohi sat down with Sustainability Office Head Ray O'Brien, who was integral to the creation of the neighbourhood. It was one of the first projects Ray picked up when he started his position at the Sustainability Office. "Students came to us with frustrations about their flats not being sustainable, we responded with the He Kāika toitū, he Kāika ora," he said. "There is an emerging culture that we have seen and heard and the neighbourhood is one way to support and nurture it."

"So there were students in situations where they were not able to live by the values that they wanted to live their life by, and I wanted to find a way to resolve that."

Ray had already begun chats with Uni Flats about finding a suitable place when Covid came around in 2020. The lack of international students freed up space in flats which would normally host those students to be utilised in a different way. "That gave us an easy option to just get something up and get it started," he said.

In the planning stages, Ray said that what he didn't want to do with the neighbourhood was to create a "hot house of intensity and anxiety around sustainability issues...Having a six-star luxury eco home would never have been relevant. So they had to have a level of normality." One big thing he was looking for when choosing which Uni Flats to use for the neighbourhood was a "communal area where they could actually form a neighbourhood rather than an isolated flat." The three flats they ended up settling on have a massive back garden which was perfect for the sort of central area of the neighbourhood.

The neighbourhood also has a greenhouse, bike shed, veggie gardens, worm farms, compost, and even some garden furniture that was manufactured in a "social enterprise to create a bit more of a community feel in the back garden." They also have beehives run by the Uni beekeeper Otto, who also runs the hives at halls such as Aquinas, Carrington and Toroa. Ray told us that

hall kitchens are buying the honey produced on campus from the hives, "So when you put the honey on your toast in halls, it's likely to be the honey from the garden." Critic scored a pot after the interview, and can confirm that it also goes hard in peppermint tea as a cheeky hangover cure.

When asked about what challenges the neighbourhood has faced since its birth, Ray replied, "What hasn't been challenging over the last two years with Covid? It all happened in the midst of all that disruption...it made it really hard for us to run events. We [had to] cancel a whole lot of events last year because we just couldn't be around there. We just couldn't turn up." He said that "this meant it was much harder to build a neighbourhood community."

The neighbourhood won an Australiasian Green Gown Award in 2021 for the 'Build Back Better' category.

The residents at the neighbourhood have changed over the past three years, from primarily domestic students in the absence of international students during peak-pandemic years, to this year being back to a predominantly international and exchange student make-up. "Now that we don't have the travel restrictions from Covid, they're going back to their original purpose," said Ray. He said that this has given some "nice opportunities" in terms of Kiwi Hosts, who are the domestic students that have a leadership role in Uni Flats. According to the Uni Flats Tautiaki (Warden) Tracey de Woeps, this year's Kiwi Hosts "either all lived in the Sustainability Neighbourhood in 2022 or requested a role in the [neighbourhood] for 2023."

The role of Kiwi Hosts, according to Tracey, is to be the "friendly flatmate and welcome the new students into the community and assist them

with the culture changes that come from living and studying in a different country. This could involve a wide range of support, from a trip to the local supermarket and understanding the New Zealand lingo, to how to set up a bank account and advice on life in New Zealand."

This year, fourth-year Human Geography student Demi is the Tētēkura Student Lead for the Sustainability Neighborhood, working in direct contact with the students living there and organising things like regular hui and workshops. Before that, she was a resident there in 2022.

Demi has come from an environmentally conscious background. She grew up on a deer farm with a "pretty expansive garden",

and went to a country school that had "sustainability at its core...lots of environmental chat." She said her parents are also quite passionate about the topic, "so it was always kind of discussed in our household and cared about."

She was keen to join the neighbourhood to surround herself with people with "similar values" to her, and be in a place "of living environmentally and sustainably". In her second year of uni, she said that she definitely agreed with the other students' frustrations of living with peers who didn't have the same susty drive that prompted the neighbourhood to be set up. "We had a compost that we would take to the Students for Environmental Action garden - it was usually me taking that, not anybody else. I would try to get everybody to recycle correctly, but often it wasn't the right things in the right bin."

"I would feel weird if I was the only one not recycling, you know? Which is not like a peer pressure thing, but you know you're a bit of a dick if you don't and everyone else is."

Living at the flats, Demi said that she "met some really cool people... It was nice having like-minded people around me and who would do gardening bees together." They would also have David Attenborough movie nights. "But yeah, just having a garden on site was awesome to be able to just go out, pick some fresh spinach or kale, take it back to the house and cook with it...[there was] just something really simplistic and wholesome about it."

Unfortunately for Demi, the kaupapa of the neighbourhood did not extend to her immediate flatmates: "I don't think there was anybody sustainable in my flat other than me...In terms of getting involved with the other neighbourhood and making it all connected and a neighbourhood that wasn't really happening like that, they wouldn't show up to the hui or come out to the garden or use anything from the garden. They would buy bags of spinach and [there] was like a whole bed of spinach...But there were others, like the ones that have carried on this year, that were super passionate and we got on like a house on fire."



While Covid has been a “pain in the backside”, Ray said he thought that there is a “different feel around campus” this year. “The challenges were pretty much the same through Covid, but we now have Demi as a Tētēkura Student Lead and the Kiwi Hosts all working on building that neighbourhood feel in 2023. We still expect a range of different levels of commitment to different aspects of sustainability, that’s an important part of it. It’s where some of the key learning may come from – respecting each other and influencing change.”

Canadian international student Rose* said that the appeal of the neighbourhood came from what she was used to at home: “I am used to having a garden at home. I’m used to having sort of the composting facilities and having things growing and I was really going to miss that at university. So I thought this was a great chance to be able to still have that here.” Most of all, she wanted to find “like-minded people, and I’d say that that really worked out...A lot of us are vegan or vegetarian, which is kind of nice as well. I feel like it goes hand in hand with the sustainability [aspect], so it makes it a little easier to share food and cook together too.”

To Agathe, also an international student from Canada, sustainability is about “being aware of the impact of my actions and trying to seek alternatives when I can to have less environmental impacts.” She said she’s had a few jobs in the susty realm where she learned a lot. While she is careful “not to be a preacher”, she said she enjoys sharing what she’s learned along the way. “Because that’s the whole point...if you tell your friends and stuff, then they might just incorporate the knowledge without knowing and then they can do their own part as well.”

Georgia said that, being from Glasgow originally, “none of the flats that I’ve lived in over the past two and a half years have had gardens or much nature around them besides like the parks.” She said that seeing the mention of outdoor space in the online description of the neighbourhood was a definite part of

the appeal: “Well that guarantees me a garden in a space to go and read my book, or just lie in the grass if I want to...it also mentioned recycling and all sorts of stuff and that’s another thing that Glasgow isn’t particularly good at all.”

"Having a garden on site was awesome to be able to just go out, pick some fresh spinach or kale, take it back to the house and cook with it...[there was] just something really simplistic and wholesome about it."

For Georgia, the initial couple of weeks was a definite learning curve in practising sustainability. She said that when she read the compost sign in the flat she initially was like, “Oh,

for fuck sake, this is going to be such a hassle. Why bother composting?” And then “literally like two weeks in” she got the hang of it. “It’s just about being mindful. I think sustainability is about mindfulness, and yes it is a bit more effort than what we’re used to because we’re used to throwing stuff away like with fast fashion and that kind of thing, but yeah I think sustainability is quite a good thing.” Georgia agreed that it definitely helped to keep the habits up by living in the neighbourhood: “I would feel weird if I was the only one not recycling, you know? Which is not like a peer pressure thing, but you know you’re a bit of a dick if you don’t and everyone else is.”

The Sustainability Office describes the neighbourhood as doubling as a ‘Living Lab’ where research can take place. They are currently working on getting energy monitoring up and running in one of the flats. How it works is there is a clip that goes on the different circuit cables in the flat that monitor how much power is being used. “Once we get that, we can start looking at how do we gamify that? How do students work together to help each other reduce their energy and their footprint?”

The neighbourhood won an Australasian Green Gown Award in 2021 for the ‘Build Back Better’ category. The Green Gown Awards Australasia (GGAA) applauded the Uni’s ability to turn the pandemic travel restrictions, which would leave many of the approximate 700 beds normally reserved for international students empty, into an opportunity for a “new model of student accommodation”.

Ray is hopeful that the kaupapa of the community could spread and have an “impact on the wider flatting community. Landlords might hear about it, and standard Uni Flats might change...As we settle into post-pandemic routines, we hope to learn even more from the Sustainability Neighbourhood and share that learning for wider application to other accommodation.”

*Name changed.



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Labour



yours

Yours, a workers co-op, cafe and creative hangout space, opened late last year on 43 Moray Place. Being anarchist and all, Yours does not place too much of an emphasis on financial quantitative transactions, instead opting for manaakitanga and relationship-building. Critic Te Ārohi sat down with a few of the people behind the co-op to understand how an anti-capitalist community space can thrive within the confines of capitalism.

Nothing in the cafe is priced; instead, there is a list of common price ranges for coffees, cakes and whatever else is on the menu that day and people can choose how much or little they want to pay. There are no bosses or managers and the decisions are made by those affected. Sol, who works in the kitchen, told Critic Te Ārohi that "the work is kind of directionless" and relies on self-motivation, self-delegation, communication and teamwork.

The organisation is essentially made up of a number of syndicates or groups, each responsible for making their own decisions. Otepoti Possibilities Cooperative manages the day to day running of Yours, and there are different syndicates for the bakery, kitchen, events, art, media and even farming. There is also a bookshop open in the evenings (conveniently named Evening Books) above the cafe.

The name "Yours" turned out to be the product of a lot of discourse amongst members. Carl, one of the members of the co-op, told Critic Te Ārohi that they spent a hot minute "puzzling over names", but in the end they decided on "Yours" to create an inclusive sense of belonging and participation. And if you were wondering, yes, the name was designed to cause confusion. Get pranked.

Despite operating on a completely different playing field to most businesses, Yours has largely been successful. Carl said they're "still open", which apparently translates to "100% successful". Good going. Meanwhile, Liam emphasised the importance of autonomy from the state and big funders, meaning that Yours is self-reliant and therefore resilient (a novelty in a society largely dominated by capitalist interactions).

The workers behind Yours were upfront about some of the challenges they've faced. Dylan told Critic Te Ārohi that the lack of a lead-in period meant they "hit the ground running very hard and fast." Meanwhile Carl said, "We're still working out how to collectively manage a space." The members Critic Te Ārohi spoke with also acknowledged the "amount of privilege it takes" to engage and noted that most of their members are men.

The idea behind Yours is simply to "feed people" while putting the theory of anarchy into practice. According to the co-op members that Critic Te Ārohi spoke with, anarchy has a number of misconceptions, the most common being the conflation with "chaos".

"Anarchism doesn't mean you can do whatever the fuck you want," said Dylan. Rather, according to Dylan, a functioning anarchist collective requires a lot of organisation in which the needs of all the members are taken into account to achieve a better outcome. It follows that payment is on an individual equitable basis depending on the needs of the particular member. For Sol, he's happy taking free kai as his dues and "not having to buy groceries." Must be nice.

The workers were also quick to distance themselves from charities, social enterprises and NGOs, which, according to Liam, "end up becoming kind of politically agnostic," as they just do the same thing as regular businesses but "tack on some good." For Yours' members, the means are the ends. "Anarchy is a verb," said Dylan, adding that you can't simply "achieve a state of anarchism," but rather, it is a constant practice to "prevent systems of domination which will happen if left unchecked." For many anarchists, revolution does not come hand-in-hand with a molotov. Instead, "revolution is the things we can do now in our own communities," said Liam. Yours does not claim to be a model standard of ethical practice but rather strives towards less exploitative practices and better consumption by moving away from industrial food systems to more locally produced wholesale goods, according to Carl.

Carl noted the distinction between conventional market economy and gift economy, which brings with it a "sense of responsibility and trust." Sebastian, a high school student, told Critic Te Ārohi that it was a "great idea but new to me." Meanwhile, Yours has gotten its fair share of surprised, apprehensive and generally funny responses to payment. One person who was trying to buy a muffin apparently was outraged at there being no price on it and said, "No, you can't do this to me." As if you don't know how much a muffin usually costs. Another said they "don't have the brain capacity to choose right now." Ceebs paying only a couple bucks for a coffee I guess.

Amidst the cost of living crisis, impending climate catastrophe and gross inequality, Yours has created a safe community for many. Carl said that it is "common knowledge that capitalism is failing us," and Yours "demonstrates the possibility of other ways [to capitalism]!" Yours welcomes everyone (except cops and fascists, according to a sign on the wall) and even if you can't afford a coffee you can always give some veggies or do some dishes for it. You also "don't have to buy stuff to hang out here," said Dylan.

You can find them on insta @yours_otepoti.



NEW TOWN? We are just across the road from the Uni Library, come visit!

A promotional block for Tūhura Otago Museum. It features the museum's logo, the name 'TŪHURA OTAGO MUSEUM', and social media icons for Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter, with the handle '@otagomuseum'.

In the Eye of the Beholders

Fox Meyer & Molly Willis

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



This week: Otago Museum's Animal Attic

Fox: We're looking at something... unsettling. Something wrong. Something that wants to be wild, and something that represents a piece of a bygone era. Lots of pieces, actually.

Molly: Maybe it's some sort of shredded art piece? Like if someone ran an old manuscript through a shredder and then did something with the pieces? Something from the uncanny valley?

The answer: We're looking at a leopard! Or, something like that. It's a taxidermied specimen in the Otago Museum's Animal Attic, one of many.

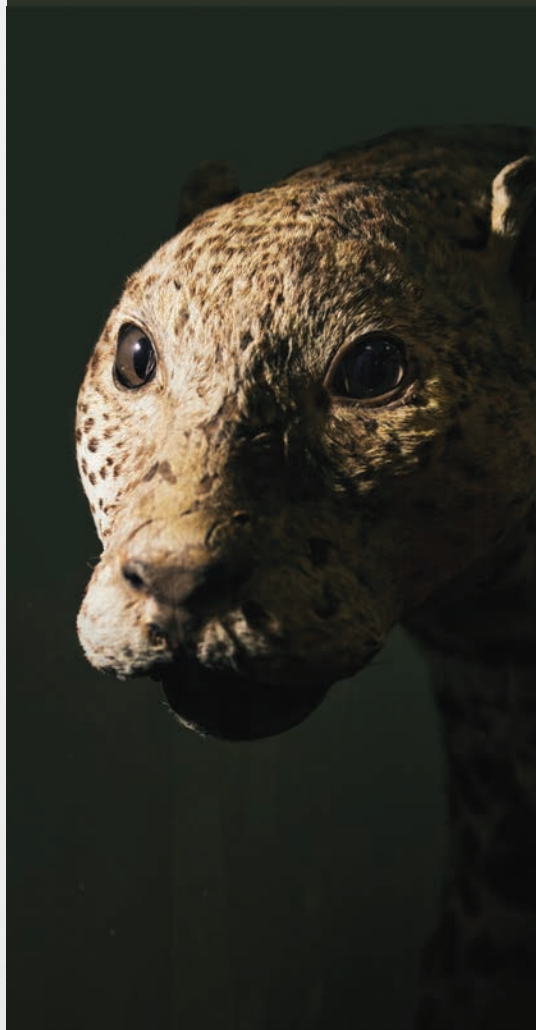
It's funny you say "uncanny valley" because that's usually reserved for things we humans make from scratch, that don't really translate well into execution. But here, we have things that are 100% undeniably canny: living creatures. So why do they feel so... weird?

Well, it looks like a lot of these specimens were collected in a time where animals weren't treated all that well - in life, or in death. You can see the gunshot wounds in more than a few of their foreheads, and some have sun damage on a side that was left in front of a window for too long. And even without those effects, they'd still be weird as hell, because the taxidermy job is... lacking, to say the least.

On some of the creatures there aren't any problems. I guess it's pretty hard to fuck up the taxidermy of a snail. But on most of the mammals, it looks like the taxidermist was doing his job literally below decks of the same ship that sailed to find these creatures. Like they caught them and stuffed them in one go. It's like they said, "This is a leopard! You know what a leopard is meant to look like, right?"

I guess the real art piece here isn't the specimens themselves, but the social discourse they create. They're relics of a Victorian time: things we would never produce today, but that we've inherited anyway from years past. So now what? If we throw them out, that's just wasting the sacrifice these animals were already forced to make. That feels wrong. But having them to look at also feels wrong. So what do we do? More than anything else, I think that broader discussion is what this exhibit can encourage.

Recommended song for your visit: *What Does the Fox Say* by Ylvis.



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CORN FRITTAS

The last three recipes have had heaps of ingredients, so here's one with just five must-add ingredients. It's corn.

Maize well load 'em up with sour cream and/or sweet chilli if you've got any. Corn't go wrong with a few greens on the side. Carrots and broc are relatively affordable right now so boil or roast to keep the body happy.

Could be an all good lunch meal for a couple of days as well. Makes 3 (ish) each for \$5. Double the recipe if you want to end up shitting straight kernels.

INGREDIENTS:

MUST ADD:

2 cans creamed corn

1 onion, diced

2 eggs

1 cup plain flour

1 tsp baking powder

SHOULD ADD:

Ham or bacon, cut finely

1 1/2 tsp curry powder

TO SERVE

(OPTIONAL):
Sour cream

Cheese

Sweet chilli

Sriracha

Greek yoghurt

DIRECTIONS:

In a large bowl, mix together the corn, diced onion, and eggs.

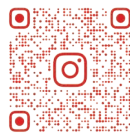
Add the flour and the baking powder and combine.

Drizzle oil into the pan on medium heat. Drop spoonfuls of mixture onto the pan. Cook for a minute or two each side. Flip. Cook until golden and cooked through.

That's the simplest form of the recipe. Adding curry powder makes them way tastier. Ham is a cheaper alternative to bacon to get a salty twang in there.

Ideally, you want to load them up with sour cream, sweet chilli and cheese, but they could also pair nicely with a fresh salsa for some greens. Don't forget ya salt 'n pepper to clog your arteries.

ENJOY!



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BOOZE REVIEW:

PART TIME RANGERS

NOAH'S ARK IN AN ALUMINIUM CAN

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

Part Time Rangers provide aid to at-risk animals worldwide, donating 10% from every can to various charities. They are yet to help out the orangutan addicted to heroin in my basement.

The gimmick is that each box has a nice animal on it, and depending on the box you buy, you will be providing aid to said animal. Enjoy the moral terror of being forced to choose between Peach Penguins, Pink Rhinos, Yellow and Black Elephants, or Purple Goannas. Regardless of your choice some animal is getting shafted, and it's probably going to be you. There used to be more drinks in the range, so I guess the Great White Shark must have gone extinct recently.

Since these drinks are saving the world, there's no need for them to taste good. Across their entire range, PTR's taste like TV static held in close proximity to a fruit. At \$2.50 per standard, I can't justify drinking these for anything other than the faux superiority I gain over my peers.

You can sip away like the armchair activist you are, puffing on a disposable vape, while masturbating to YouTube videos "debunking" Jaws. I will continue to get shit-faced off of homemade G&T's, AND I'll produce an eighth of the waste.

Question: how do these groups of animals feel by profiting off of my inevitable alcohol-related death? Do they laugh at the irony of self-abuse in honour of endangered species, or do they weep at how detached humanity has become from their environment?

Either way, I can at least find solace in my bloated death knowing I contributed, like, \$5 to save some penguin. Call me Steve Irwin.

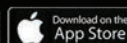
Tasting notes: Shark-fin soup with a side of braised ivory. Chugability: 4/10, get it overwith fast.

Hangover depression level: No hangover, they're basically water. Depressed for the animals.

Overall: 4/10, these things have more morals than I do.

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ORRRRR... you could order in ;)



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EXTENDED TO
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Moaningful Confessions

a t m s

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Cherry cherry boom boom

I remember it as if it was yesterday.

New Year's Eve was in the air, and my hunger for an intimate partner for the night was in full swing. I was talking to this girl at the time and we thought New Year's would be the primo opportunity to finally do it.

As she and I were walking side by side, we had the awesome idea to do it in a public toilet. It felt like a no-brainer at the time until we realised that the toilet block was filled with 10-15 other occupants. We chose a stall and said, "Fuck it, let's do it."

Everything was going amazing until three stranger's heads popped over the toilet to watch. Let me just add, this was a lad's toilet. I kept going until I realised this wasn't right and had to give them the rest of my Marlboro golds to piss off.

Now that that was over, I looked down at my private bits and noticed blood everywhere. She wasn't on her period so I thought it was me, but little did I know that no one had ever popped her cherry.

That night I was also wearing a white hoodie which got absolutely drenched in her blood. Not a happy camper at this point. The next day I woke up with a roaring headache and walked into my mate's lounge not realising I was still wearing this hoodie.

My mate's mum said, "Holy shit what happened? Did you get into a fight?" I replied "yes" and she told me to take it off to throw in the washing machine.

I never told her what that blood was.

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

a t m s
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HOROSCOPES

AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18



While it's in your nature to be blunt and direct, sometimes this can come off as a little mean. It's important to remember how you speak to people. It may be hard to believe, but sometimes others actually do have feelings.

Location to visit: St Clair Beach.

PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20



There is no need to psychologically analyze literally every single person you meet. Remember: life isn't always that deep, everything is made up, and yolo swag. It's time to ease up on the over-thinking.

Location to visit: Huzur Kebab.

ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19



Already feeling tension in the flat? Surprise, surprise! Could it perhaps be you? Try doing your dishes this week, just to be sure. Also pay special attention to seagulls this week. They are trying to tell you something.

Location to visit: Your mum's house.

TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20



Next time you're at New World, try picking up some empathy and emotional intelligence. Sometimes you can be the biggest douchebag without even realizing, and it's time to address that.

Location to visit: A gender studies class.

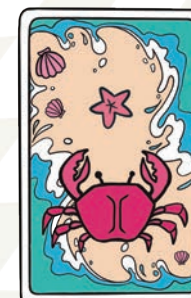
GEMINI May 21 - Jun 20



As fun-loving and goofy as you are, it's important to remember that actions have consequences. Think things through before making any rash decisions. This week, try to do something that isn't 'for the meme.'

Location to visit: Cumberland College.

CANCER Jun 21 - Jul 22



Chances are you've been feeling a little misunderstood recently. It's okay, not everyone deserves your love and affection. Fuck those cold-hearted losers who don't want to be constantly mothered by you. Keep on smothering!!!

Location to visit: Mount Cargill.

LEO Jul 23 - Aug 22



This week, be careful who you trust. Some of your friends may really be foes. Don't let them fool you! Also, indulge in some craft beer.

Location to visit: Emerson's.

VIRGO Aug 23 - Sep 22



Perhaps now is the time to invest in Sims or a Tamagotchi. It'll be an effective form of soothing your control issues. Dictate the digital beings, not the human ones!

Location to visit: Burns 1 Lecture Theatre.

LIBRA Sep 23 - Oct 22



Libra, it's time to get out there! You've had a few weeks in hermit mode, and it's now time for you to start living your best life again. Go on some dates, drink some tequila, and remind yourself of how cool you are. Live laugh Libra!

Location to visit: Dive.

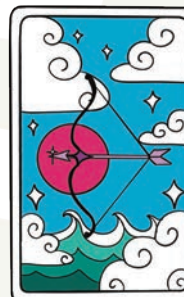
SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21



This week, try fucking someone in an obscure place. You need to lighten up a little. Personally, I'd suggest the law library or Castle 2 lecture theaters.

Location to visit: Peaches and Cream.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21



You know your beloved and important opinion? Yeah, no one actually asked. Resist the urge to tell everyone your damn business this week. Those around you will be eternally grateful.

Location to visit: A therapist's office.

CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19



It's time to get an STD check. Something tells me there's something spooky-oooky going on with y'all at the moment. Don't keep spreading an unwanted seed.

Location to visit: Student Health.

SNAP OF THE WEEK

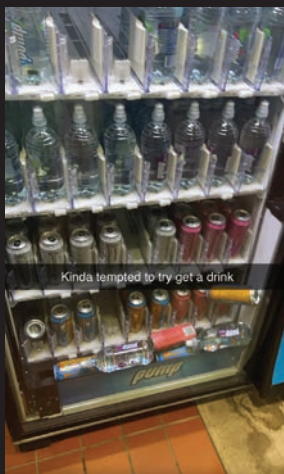
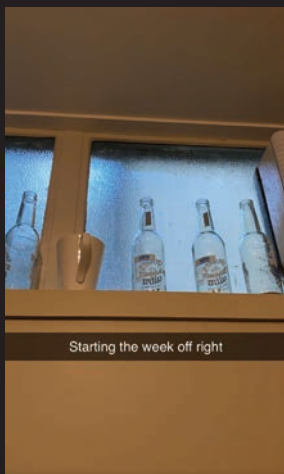
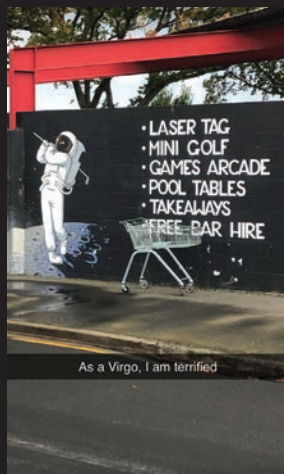
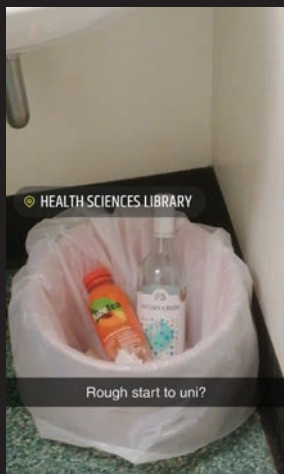
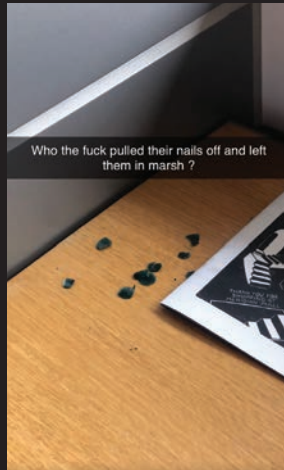


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SNAP OF THE WEEK

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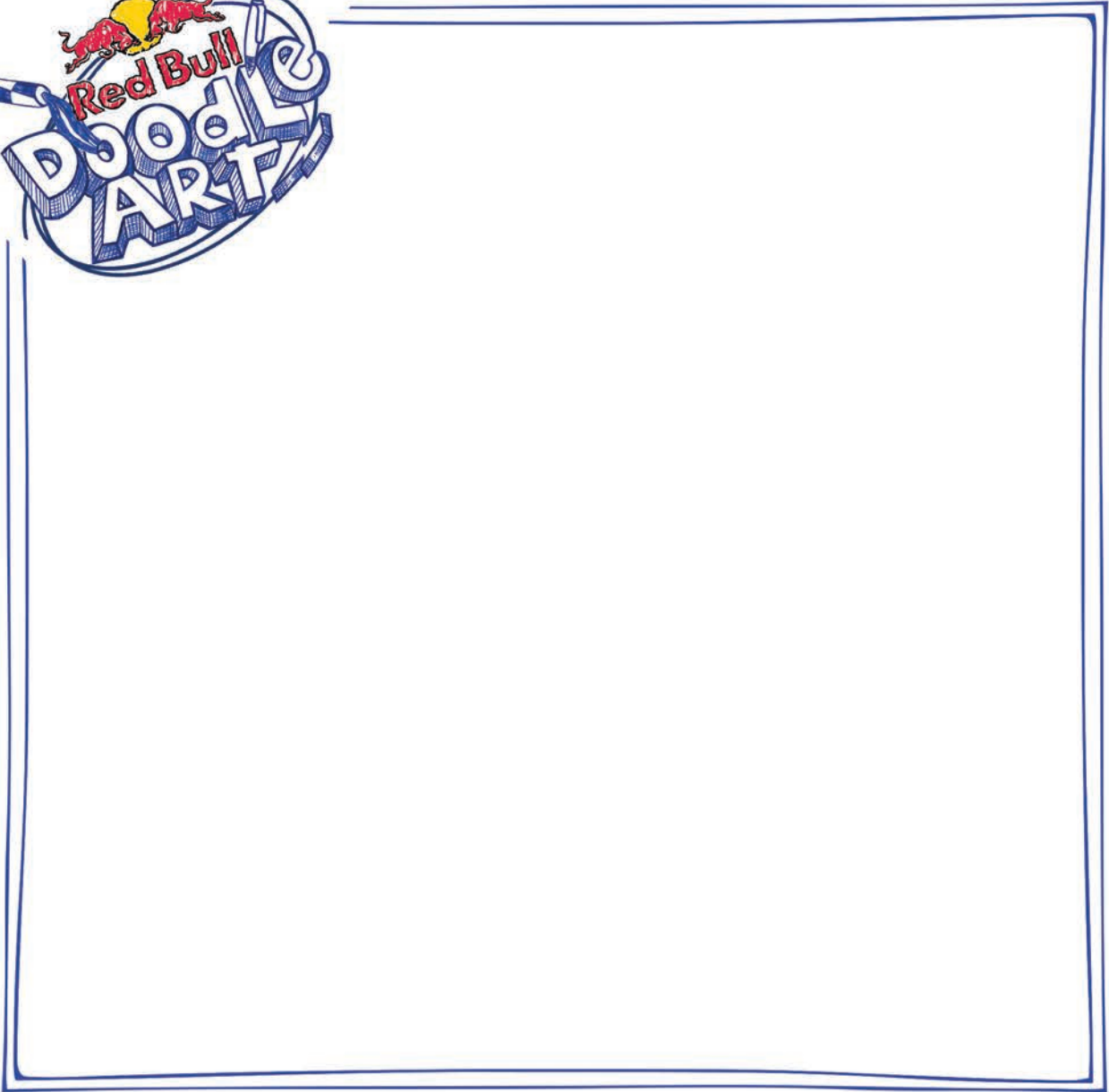
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