



critic te
ārohi

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1
91 FM



DEAL OF THE WEEK:



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Buy any regular combo and get upsize for free.

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Nando's Octagon
20% off food and drink.

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R18
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SATURDAY 06 MAY

OMMU: Craig Monk (guitar), Tenzin Mullin (bass), and Jeff Harford (drums)
INCH BAR
Koha entry
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

Soft Plastics - 'Saturn Return' Album Release Tour w/ Space Bats, Attack!
YOURS
8PM
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz

FOUNDRY UNPLUGGED #1 feat Robert Scott and Makayla Houpapapa
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, PORT CHALMERS
3:30PM
Tickets from eventbrite.co.nz

SUNDAY 07 MAY

Shaky Hollows and Jared Smith
DUNEDIN FOLK CLUB
7PM / \$20 / ALL AGES

LETTERS

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

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Tēnā koe, e te rangatira,

Please pass my appreciation onto Nā Skyla from Ngāti Hine for their recent article: "You cannot be what you cannot see." This is excellent journalism and very timely. Keep up the fantastic work.

Ngā mihi nui,

W. L.

Hi Critic,

As winter approaches so too does the looming presence of essay deadlines which are undoubtedly plaguing many a student. Researching and writing essays can be a bit shit but if there is one thing that makes the process infinitely better it has to be reading the 'Acknowledgements' sections at the beginning of Masters and PhD dissertations.

The amount of heart within these small paragraphs is ridiculous and lets you appreciate that an actual human wrote the 300 page work you're about to skim for 5 minutes. For example, "Behind every woman there is someone else and my support is my husband Stephen. His love and confidence in my abilities has never faltered, even though I have sorely tried him at times." Isn't that so fucking sweet? Take a minute to read these and your academic vigour will skyrocket like it would if you exceed the 'Max 2 cans a day' label they put on Red Bulls.

H



Kia ora Editor,

Looks like the big bosses at Otago Uni are gonna have a crack at cutting some departments to save some dosh. Classic.

I mean, who needs philosophy and sociology anyway? All that thinking and questioning is just a bit too much for us students, right? And let's not forget about those pesky language departments. Why study other cultures when we can just use Google Translate? Personally, I think they should cut the physics department. I mean, who needs to know how the universe works? It's not like we're gonna run out of space anytime soon.

Our education system is already struggling, and cutting valuable departments will only make things worse. We need to stand up for the importance of education and ensure that our institutions are adequately funded to provide quality education for all.

Chur,
T. D.

EDITORIAL:

I AM BATMAN

BY FOX MEYER



Really didn't know what to write about this week, so here's how I caused a minor rabies scare in rural Ohio.

I started out attending uni at a shit school in the shittiest state in the entirety of America: Ohio. I only went because they gave me money and I will never forgive them for it. In fact, the best thing that I ever did at that school was drop out. Anyway.

While I was there I worked at the carpentry shop. It was the kind of place that was filled with southern accents even though it was very far north, where I was once served raccoon stew at a potluck dinner. I'm a vegetarian. But no matter; I realised it was raccoon when a vertebrae floated to the top, and my boss told me he'd "picked it up this morning" from the side of the road. Nice place.

At the end of my second year I was going a bit insane. Sick of repairing student doors and windows and the like, I asked if I could work on a personal project. I wanted to build bat houses, these little wooden boxes that you drill into trees. Like bird boxes, but for bats. Not a hard concept, really.

If you've never been to the states, you may not be familiar with the concept of rabies. Maybe you've been to Indonesia or whatever and heard about it there, but rabies in the states is a whole ordeal. If you so much as come into contact with a wild animal, that's enough to warrant a trip to the hospital, depending on your parents' paranoia levels. Some animals are worse than others: raccoons, for example, or bats. Definitely bats. That's the classic.

If you've ever had a rabies shot, you know how absolutely barbaric the process is. The needle is enormous, and it goes in your stomach. They're expensive without insurance (#freedom) and they are incredibly painful. They're also encouraged in any situation where you can't capture and test the animal for rabies which, in the case of a tiny bat at nighttime, is pretty difficult to do.

I built enough bat houses to house 400 little brown bats, an endangered species. I installed them in the last month of my second year, right before I decided to travel to New Zealand for a semester. I literally never went back. There is still a bunch of my random shit in rural Ohio because I got the fuck out as soon as I had the chance.

But I did leave a legacy. I was still on the local Facebook meme page and, soon enough, right about six months after I left the page was flooded with posts about bats. Bats, everywhere. Bats in every single attic on campus, bats dive-bombing students on the night time streets, bats running into windows, bats, bats, bats! Nobody could figure out what had happened, but seemingly over one summer the local bat population had exploded. But I knew. I knew exactly what had happened: the bat houses worked. They'd worked much better than intended, leading to a population boom that overflowed out of the boxes and into the halls of residence. Nice!

I am very pleased with myself. I have a deep well of spite to empty for that entire state and institution and, even if it was an accident, I couldn't think of a better parting gift.

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What do the cuts mean for **YOU?**

The University's current financial health is looking about as healthy as a deep-fried Mars bar, and many will be wondering what exactly this means for students. In their communications about the projected slashes to staff numbers and papers, the Uni said that all students will "be able to complete their qualifications, whether they are undertaking undergraduate or postgraduate studies." But what can you expect as an undergrad watching as niche papers with low enrolments are culled in this new Hunger Games of academia? Or a PhD student finding yourself suddenly with a new mentor? What if you're one of those employees on the chopping block? Tag yourself in the following.

FRESHERS

As a fresher, you've only just dipped a toe in the water that is academia and it's already feeling a little hot. At the beginning of your degree and already opportunities are falling before your eyes, there's a lot to lose for y'all. Three first-year students voiced their frustrations to Critic Te Ārohi, with one saying, "We've had a few mates who have had to get their course changed already for next semester." While it's likely the larger courses offered to first-year students will remain unaffected, smaller courses could be reduced significantly in scale and size, leaving students with fewer options to choose from. Doing HSFY and wanting to take a theology paper out of interest? Wanting to change your degree pathway after having a semester to figure things out? Unfortunately these may not be options with a deficit that could spell the end of several smaller subjects currently offered by the University. What it comes down to is this: first-year students are facing a university landscape which is completely in flux. Tread lightly, freshers.

SECOND-YEAR BREATHAS

Though it's likely that some of you second-year breathas are still building up the courage to haul ass to your first lecture of the year, you will still feel the consequences of the University's cuts. One thing to note are the potential job losses for students working in colleges or campus hospo outlets, though the university's plan thus far has centred on full-time employment positions. For many second-year breathas struggling to pay the 200 dollars rent a week, part-time jobs at the University are a key form of income - particularly for those who have faced significant financial hardship in their lives. One breatha, Angus, works at one of the halls serving up food and beverage for the freshers who would otherwise struggle to feed themselves. "There's a few of us who work at the colleges and I'm worried I'll be one of the ones to go."

LATE-STAGE UNDERGRADS

If you're a third- or fourth-year student coming to the end of your degree, you may be lucky enough to avoid the brunt of budget cuts. That is, unless you want to do a Master's. Which a lot of people do. Anna, a third-year student studying Food Science, says her degree is being cancelled as the University is removing Bachelor of Applied Sciences as a subject. While she'll be able to finish her undergraduate degree before the cuts are made, Anna "doesn't feel ready to leave yet", and wants to come back to Dunedin for another year to complete her Master's degree. She wanted to study Food Science, however had to switch to Marketing. So if you're coming to the end of your degree and don't feel ready to face the real world, maybe check that your degree will still be around before signing up for another year in dirty Duds.

TUTORS AND DEMONSTRATORS

Among those employed by the Uni are student tutors and demonstrators. We spoke to Geography dem Rose* and Politics tutor Alice* to get a sense of how the Uni's financial woes might impact their jobs. Neither had received any kind of correspondence from the Uni, with

Alice commenting that she just hoped she wasn't going to be "entering her redundancy era." Ruby said that, though "they like to fuck with the little guy", she expects that the cuts would mainly be targeting higher salary level staff with dems feeling the flow-on effects from that. On top of full-time study, Ruby said that most of the dems she knows of have other jobs as well. So hearing about the potential for class sizes to increase as papers are cut has caused a bit of concern among the cohort: "It is quite full-on demonstrating [already]... I think that could put quite a lot of extra workload onto an already busy schedule." Not only would it mean that demonstrators would be stretched more thinly between the students in the classes themselves, it would also mean more lab reports to mark - which can already take up to 12 hours for a set. So, while their pay wouldn't necessarily go up, "the workload would increase by heaps."

HUMANITIES POSTGRADS

If you're trying to build an academic career as a postgraduate, any cuts the Uni makes to your department could really throw a spanner in the works in terms of career development. Especially in the humanities, as Master's student Aleisha* pointed out that cuts like these tend to target those departments over other degrees like Law, Commerce, and Science, "And so I'm pretty nervous that my departments are at risk." Aleisha is studying towards her second Master's degree, eventually setting her sights on getting a PhD and becoming a lecturer herself. "It's the concern of like, if I don't get this opportunity now at Otago in my field in my department with the lecturers that I love, then like when will I be able to get it? Because the big wide world is ten times more competitive." Rattled over the possible implications impending cuts could have for her career in academia, Aleisha acknowledged that she's in a privileged position compared to most, since she's already completed a postgraduate degree. "I just feel for everyone," she said, "especially my lecturers because I just love them so much and respect them so much. I don't want to see any of them lose their jobs, I think they're all just such incremental people to the Uni. They're amazing teachers, they're amazing people."

PHD STUDENTS

You've started a PhD with a specific supervisor, because they are the expert in this field. If they lose their job, what happens to your study? This isn't unheard of - it happens all the time with illness or other reasons. But if you've just started, with the idea that this specific supervisor will be with you all the way, you might be in for some rough waters. "All students will be able to complete their qualifications" doesn't necessarily mean "with supervisor continuity", does it? If your supervisor does stay at Otago, depending on the department, they might find themselves swamped with the jobs left behind by redundant staff. It's already stressful enough supervising a PhD student, but now they might have to juggle all those jobs on top of the extra work picked up by vacated positions. You'll definitely finish - it just might not be exactly what you signed up for.

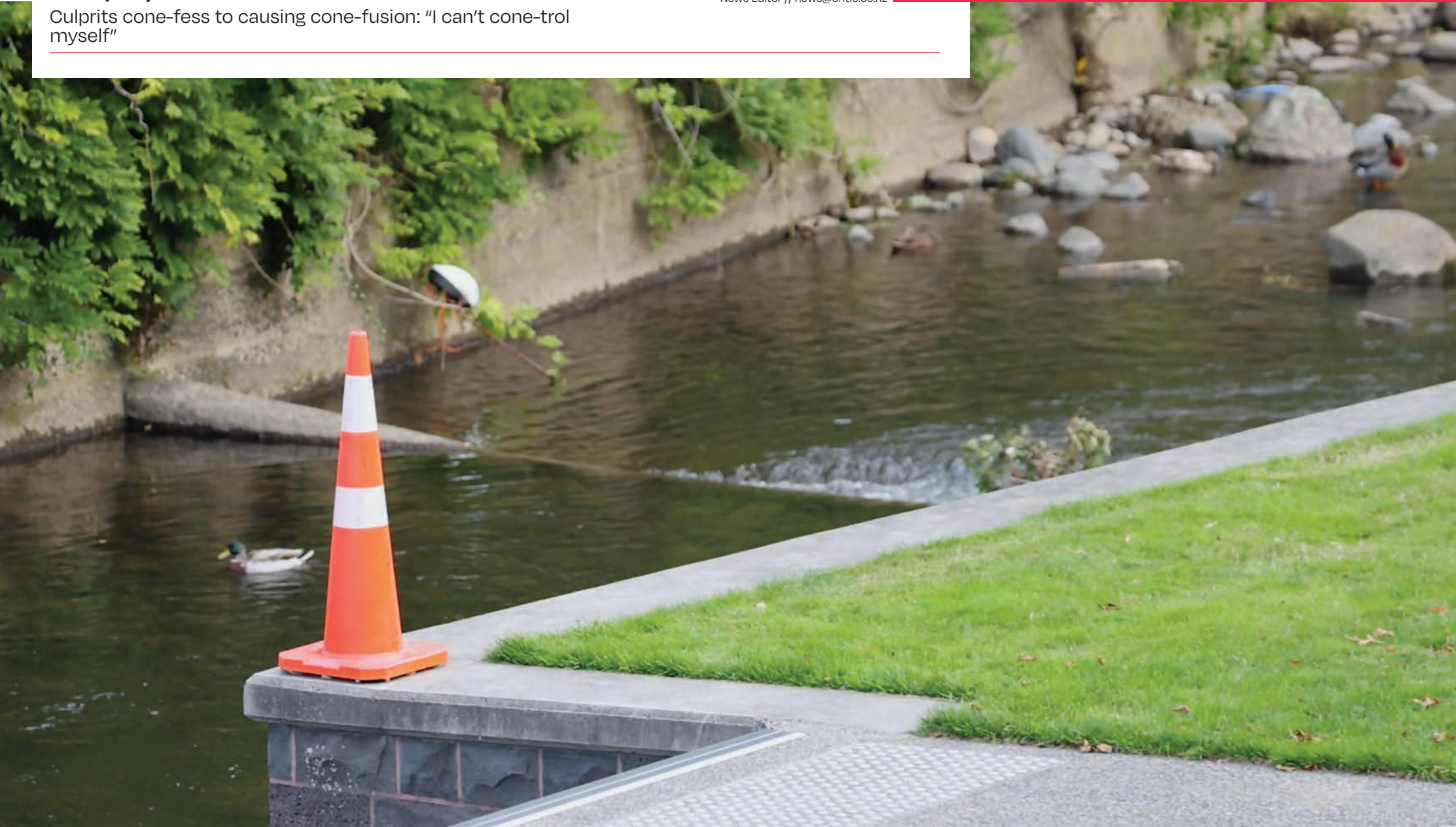
*Names changed.

The \$40,000 Cone-undrum

Culprits cone-fess to causing cone-fusion: "I can't cone-trol myself"

Nina Brown

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz



Currently, there are 1294 cones on the DCC's George Street revamp project. They revealed that they've lost around \$10k worth of cones and road signs to theft and damage on the project, every quarter. That's \$40k a year.

Currently, there are 1294 cones on the DCC's George Street revamp project. They revealed that they've lost around \$10k worth of cones and road signs to theft and damage on the project every quarter. That's \$40k a year. They said that, while they couldn't break that figure down any further, "it does give you an idea of the impacts."

There are no limits to what you can do with a road cone and a good imagination. However, DCC project manager Glen said that cone antics have been a "constant challenge" for the retail quarter crew. "And I'm not saying that this is students!" said Glen. "I'm just saying that this often happens on weekends." Meanwhile, fifth-year student Josh was pretty up-front about the reality of the situation: "We rearrange [them] so that people can't get to the street," he laughed. Classic.

The construction goes right through the centre of town, directly in the path of town-goers returning from a night on the piss. On your way home, your fingers will have itched at the seductive plethora of cones on the streets, ripe for the taking. If the DCC didn't want them to be stolen, why would they leave them so openly strewn about? And why would they be so perfectly funnel-shaped? For a herd-based species like cones, this cone-stitutes an extraordinarily high-risk environment.

Glen said that while they know it can be tempting for people to "liberate [cones] from their locations or put [them] other places", cone antics "[do] put people at risk." Since a major part of the construction on George is updating water infrastructure, there are some big pits that need to be coned off to keep residents safe. Heaps of cones mean that these holes are well-marked, and there's safety in numbers. But with numbers comes cost; the DCC rents the cones out for 50 cents a day, per cone. With 1294 cones, that's \$647 per day. And no, stealing cones does not mean that you're helping them save money. Your actions have cone-sequences.

Glen told Critic Te Ārohi that in some instances it can mean a setback in terms of timeline, which is a bit of an inconvenience. On Great King Street, they recently had a site get fucked with so badly that workers weren't able to do the work they'd been contracted to as markings had been moved. "So, you know, just from five or ten minutes of someone mucking around with the site, that lost us a day," said Glen. And as the construction is currently the butt of frustration for most city-dwellers, Glen said that they want to get out of there just as quickly as the rest of us.

Glen could respect the hustle, though. On one occasion, his workers witnessed some people in a car in front of them literally wind down their window and try to snatch a cone from the side of the road. It was apparently "a bit heavier than they expected," Glen laughed. "Their operation didn't go as smoothly as they wanted, so they drove off, I think probably quite embarrassed." Other times they've just been left impressed by the out-of-pocket locations cones have been found, like seeing a cone on top of a tree that was "really quite tall", causing the workers to wonder exactly how they had got them up the top of there. The person who put it there probably doesn't know, either.

Josh proudly shared that his personal favourite cone antic in the past had been to put them face-down in the public toilets "so they have to take it out when they go to the toilet," said Josh. "I thought it was funny at the time, little deviant I am."

The 'Totally Georgeous' team are planning a social media campaign in the coming weeks to plead with klepto breathas to keep their hands to themselves when wandering amongst the construction-ridden streets over weekends. While Glen said that they're trying to look at it in a "light-hearted way", ultimately the goal of the campaign will be reminding people that "those cones are there both for their safety, and for the safety of other people."

Depending on how well the campaign goes, Glen said, "maybe we'll offer an amnesty on road cones at the end of the year." They also have old road signs lying around that could be free to a good home, depending on how nicely you ask. Get in quick!



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

Central Otago's Drug Bust a Year in the Making

It also takes me one year to do anything significant

Operation Vintage commenced in March of last year following a concerning increase of drugs and drug-related harm in Cromwell. Three men are facing charges for the sale and supply of cannabis and methamphetamines, and the unlawful possession of firearms. Properties were raided in Cromwell, Tarras, and the Haast area.

Criminal Investigations Detective Inspector Shona Low shared that Police considered this operation as targeting a "commercial crime group" with the aim of disrupting "a significant illicit campaign" in the area. "This is not about personal use or low-level offending, this is about large-scale operations who profit from considerable harm." Police are currently in the process of seizing the cannabis plants that are dotted across an area greater than 8km. Plots were found on DOC and Crown Lease land.

A couple of self-described stoner second-years, Jonas* and Adam*, Critic Te Ārohi spoke to said that they'd heard about the bust via friends involved with drug-related harm reduction initiatives and through news articles. They described the news as "interesting" and were aware it could have an impact in the cannabis-using community here. Adam wasn't worried about the supply in the immediate future but did think the supply will dry up sooner than it has in other years. "Personally, I think it's probably better if everyone smoked weed rather than drinking, but obviously it's a lot more complicated than that," said Jonas. Indeed it is.

A want for harm-reduction overall was reflected in the statement from Low, who said, "This commercial operation was designed to make money for those running it, with no regard for the harm it caused to people at the other end." Police have linked the large scale of the group's

cannabis operation and its resulting profits, to their ability to supply the more harmful drug of methamphetamine. They also link the subsequent wealth, and social media as a danger to young people, with the press release saying: "They flaunt their wealth through social media, attracting young people into their lifestyle." Adam agreed that social media in a close-knit community could be a gateway to become involved in criminal activity: "If you see someone online flaunting the benefits and you know that that person is associated with that business, you're going to be like, 'That's a good business to get into.'"

Operation Vintage is still in progress, with Low saying, "Our enquiries are ongoing, but I'm confident these arrests will go a long way to making our communities safer. It also sends the message that organised crime is not welcome here."

*Names changed.

By Jamiema Lorimer
Staff Writer // jamiema@critic.co.nz



Rat World Mag's Fifth Issue Launches at Yours

Yours as in the co-operative, not as in your flat

By Remy the Rat
Head Chef

Rat World, an independent quarterly publication, celebrated the release of their fifth issue with a launch party hosted by Evening Books and Yours cafe. The Tāmaki Makaurau based magazine launched the issue in Ōtepoti after Evening Books owner Frances offered to host.

The party was an opportunity to browse the freshest issue of the mag, listen to some local musicians, peruse a photo exhibition, and get your tarot cards read. Needless to say, us Critic Te Ārohi attendees came out of the event feeling affirmed and energised, albeit a little sleepy from the burning sage cloud wafting over the evening.

"It was really cool to see people come together and celebrate arts and culture not readily accessible or shown. It was a really cool night," said first-year student attendee Billie. "With a lot of sad moments happening recently it's always nice to see people just happy!"

Issue five featured the work of a number of local creatives, many of whom were students from the Uni and Polytech. The photo exhibition at the launch accompanied a photojournalism

piece on Ōtepoti street postering that was the product of a collaboration between photography student Liam Taylor and our Local Produce columnist Jamiema Lorimer.

Ciaran Naylor, a second-year fashion design student at the Polytech, had his brand Dimock featured in the issue. Asked how it felt to have his work in the magazine, Ciaran replied, "It's pretty incredible!" He said that the experience of working directly with other creatives and designers who "speak the same language" was "incredibly inspiring" - especially since they were also all still learning. "I've made so many friends and connections through these experiences too," he said. "It's made me even more excited to be a part of the Aotearoa art/fashion scene after I graduate."

The launch will be the first of the Evening Books' literary events that Frances hopes will become regular in the store's calendar. This Friday, Evening Books will be hosting the author and activist Murdoch Stephens along with Renters United for a reading event of 'Rat King Landlord' - a topic we can probably all identify with.

Now for the real question: Should Critic follow suit by celebrating our weekly releases with a raging flat party?

Need an MP?

Dr David Clark

MP for Dunedin

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dunedin@parliament.govt.nz
544 Great King St, Dunedin 9016

Authorised by David Clark MP,
Parliament Buildings, Wellington



OUSA Clubs Unite for Earth Day

Nothing brings people together like a climate crisis

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

Last Saturday marked Earth Day, an international day of recognition to Papatūānuku and to raise awareness for environmental issues. To celebrate, around 30 students from a diverse range of OUSA clubs gathered at Woodhaugh Gardens "to celebrate te taiao (the natural world), tangata (people) and kai (food)."

Around half a dozen clubs with "similar values" gathered to "connect and strengthen enviro community," said Slow Food Youth Otago member Zoe. A major focus for Otago Campus Vegans (OCV) member Jowan was on creating a coalition between environmental clubs. "Community building has shown to work as an effective means of building a movement that's sustainable," said Jowan.

For AAPES member Ben, Earth Day is about "recognition of being a part of a larger earth system and being interconnected with everything." Ty (Ngāti Maniapoto) said that, despite being so close to nature, "it's easy to forget how lucky we are." Meanwhile, OCV member Klem said, "I'm just here because I enjoy walking and trees."

And indeed, the event included a brisk nature walk through the ngāhere (forest). On the stroll UniQ member Ty told Critic Te Ārohi about the interconnectedness of the ngāhere. Trees like the native kahikatea have massive intricate connected root systems meaning that they can withstand pretty much anything. And like the roots of the kahikatea, "when connected we'll take whatever comes our

way," said Ty, referring to the clubs' goal of increased cooperation.

While appreciating local fungal flora and fauna, we got schooled by third-year Ecology student Linea. "There's so much life in the world you just have to know where to look for it," she said. Speaking of life, Critic Te Ārohi learnt that mushrooms are the sexual reproductive parts of mycelium. The more you know. Some psilocybin shrooms may have also been spotted, but we're professionals.

Over kai, we asked the environmentally-conscious students what the biggest environmental issue is. "Climate change" was the crowd favourite by a long shot, with Otago Campus Christians member Linea adding a timely "neoliberal capitalism". We suggest she check out our last issue.

ODT WATCH

A rocky start that never recovered

Vomiting at pre's

At 6pm, police were called to the drive-through at KFC in Anderson Bay Rd, where a 64-year-old man had crashed into signage.

The rare occasion where a Zinger box did more harm than good

A MOTHER and son have been arrested and trespassed from a Dunedin bar following a series of abusive tirades on Sunday morning.

Didn't know Ellen was in town

Ignorance is bliss for new Fonterra watchdog

He doesn't even know my milkshake brings all the boys to the yard

^{GORE} No need to worry about water nitrate levels: council

Press X to doubt

Third seagull-imitation champs held

No chips were safe

Elephants and hospitals

Legally I'm not allowed within 100m of either

HIGHLANDERS

Your team
No matter where you're from.

FRIDAY 05 MAY
FORSYTH BARR STADIUM

7.05PM Highlanders v Chiefs

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MENTAL HEALTH WEEK

MON 8TH FRI 14TH MAY '23

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Attend a free meditation session or reach out to OUSA Student Support for a chat. Share your feedback on student mental health through our survey.

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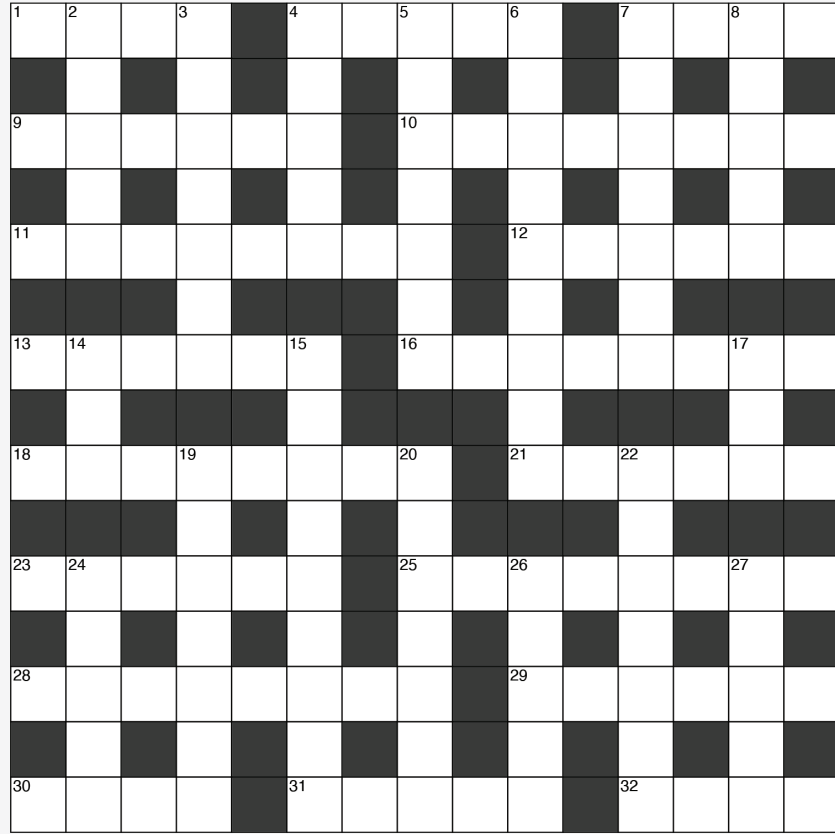
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PUZZLES



BROUGHT TO YOU BY
MAZAGRAN
KEEPING CRITIC
CAFFEINATED

CROSSWORD



ACROSS:

- 1. Darth Vader would be very happy that this has been removed from the highlighted clues
- 4. Stiff-upper-lip type
- 7. Scheme
- 9. Womb occupant
- 10. Total heat of a thermodynamic system
- 11. Watched online
- 12. String, chaos, or conspiracy, for example
- 13. Beachfront property, of a sort

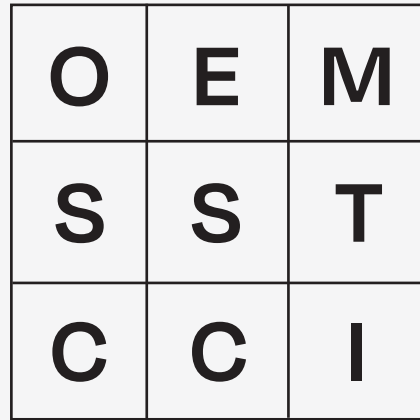
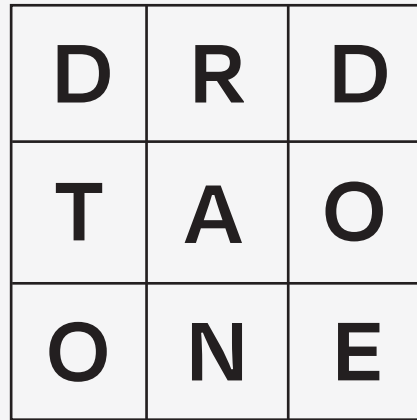
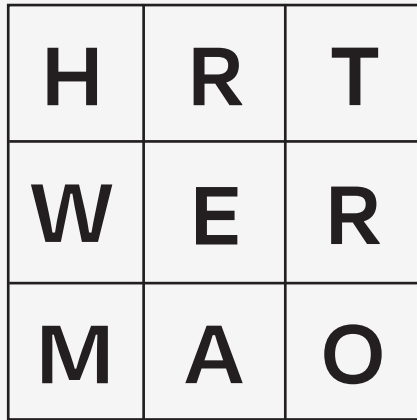
DOWN:

- 2. Fess up to
- 3. Least lit
- 4. Hit Darude song
- 5. How many apples keep the doctor away? (3)
- 6. Comatose
- 7. Sugar pill
- 8. Fancy-looking punctuation mark
- 16. Weird Al's surname
- 18. One of seven sins
- 21. Island nation with the whole island on the flag
- 23. African adventure
- 25. They did things before they were cool
- 28. Absurd wealth
- 29. Rico, Vallarta or Princesa, for example
- 30. You'll want to get it tested during O-Week
- 31. L on the forehead
- 32. "Mille"

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

WORD BLOCKS

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



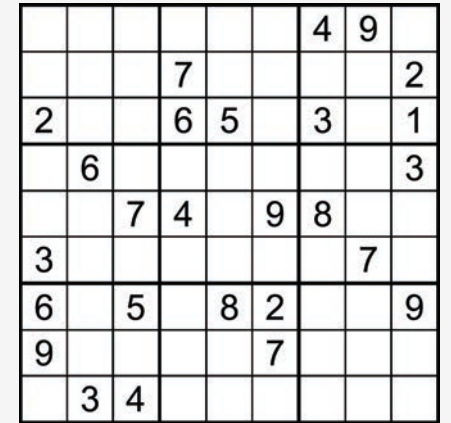
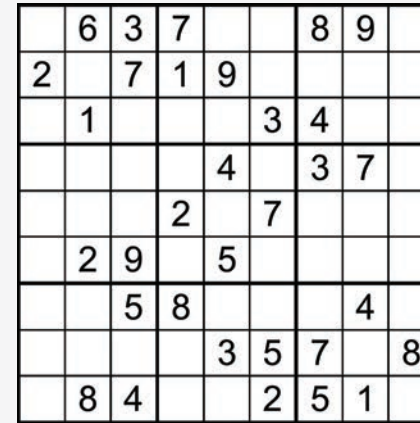
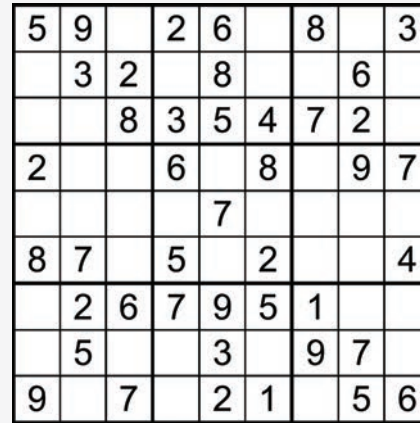
ISSUE 08 PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. ICEBERGS 6. BRANDO 9. UCLA 10. DIRECTNESS 11. DICKSOUT 12. HPWREE (SHIPWRECKED) 13. AFFORDABLE 16. QUAN (QUICKSAND) 17. NERE (SNICKERED) 18. PSYCHIATRY 20. BALTE (BLACKLISTED) 22. AQUATICS 24. SNORKELLED 25. RUMT (DRUMSTICK) 26. LETALE (SLIDETACKLE) 27. TRICYCLE

WORD BLOCK WORDS: POLITICAL, ELECTIONS, OBJECTIVE

DOWN: 2. CACTI 3. BLACKHOLE 4. REDWOOD 5. STRUT 6. BACKHOE 7. AGNEW 8. DISREPAIR 14. FREELANCE 15. BUY 16. QUARTERLY 18. PRECEDE 19. HYUNDAI 21. LARVA 22. ANLET (CANDLESTICK) 23. CAMEL

SUDOKU

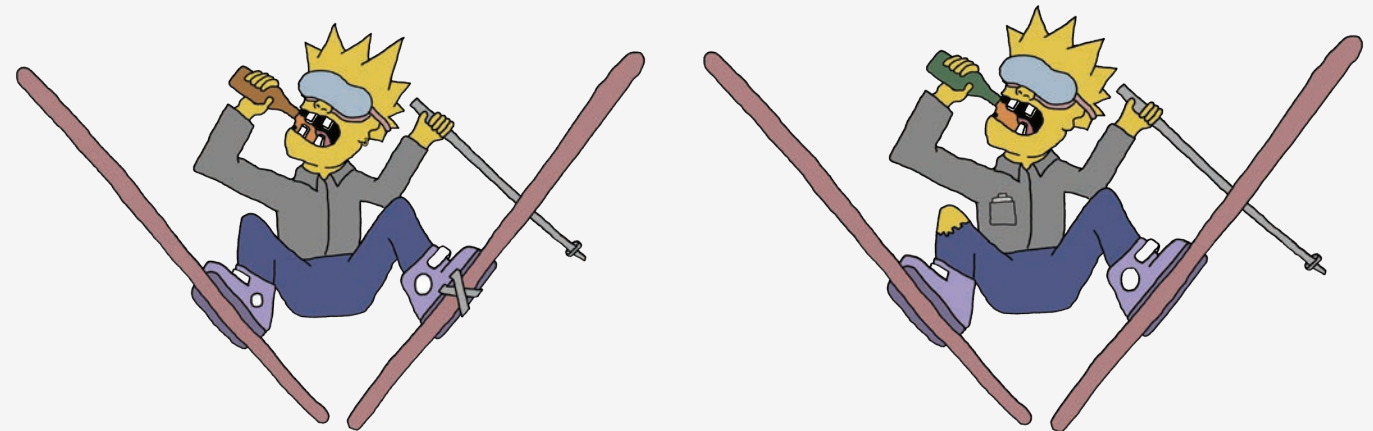


WORDFIND

- DATING
- BOILER
- ROOM
- DAVID
- ANZAC
- IVY
- SKATING
- CONES
- BUST
- RASPUTIN
- DECKS
- PRODUCE
- ARTIFICIAL
- EVICTED
- SLIME
- SEASON

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between these images.



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How to Lose a Guy in Five Dates

By Nina Brown
Art by Dan Van Linn

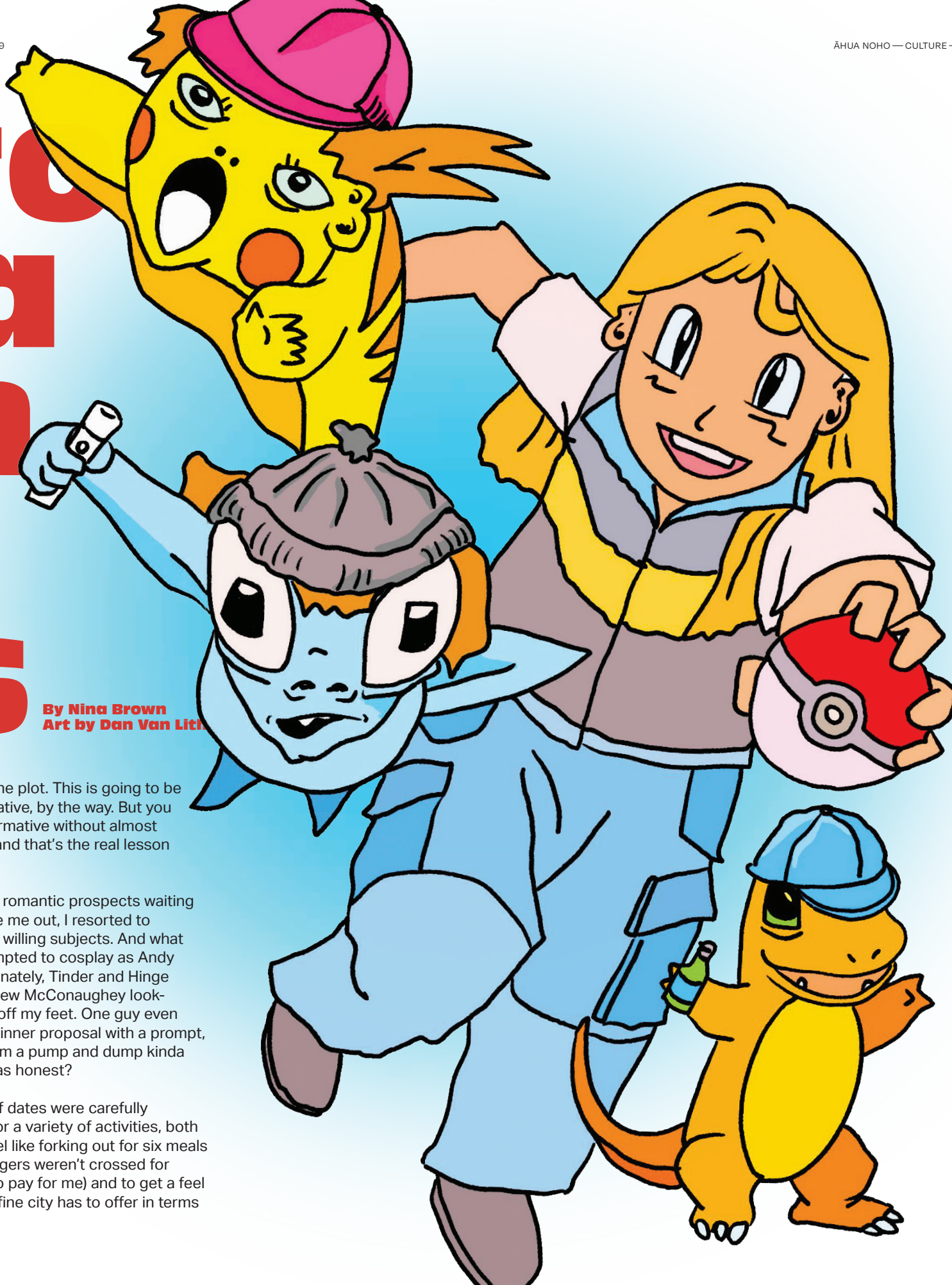
As someone who's been called a serial monogamist, I recently had the novel (dis) pleasure of re-entering the Dunedin dating scene. Now, "dating scene" is a somewhat generous term for what awaits singles on the damp streets of Dunners, which I was reminded of upon re-downloading Tinder and being hit with pics of men with Big Fish, toting lewd pick-up lines asking what I'm "up to tonight haha x". And as winter approaches, breathas are becoming even more brazen in their attempts to spend the night in a bed that isn't on the floor and has more than a flimsy, unwashed sheet on it. And I was here to help.

We are all familiar with Dunedin hook-up culture. But how many of us have ventured outside of the Tinder, Snapchat, and root pipeline? When was the last time you went on, say, a date? Dressing up, going out, getting to know one another, maybe a cheeky bevvy or two. The whole shebang. With nothing better to do, apparently, I set out to unearth the romance of Dunedin - by going on a bunch of dates with

random men. For the plot. This is going to be pretty heteronormative, by the way. But you can't say heteronormative without almost saying "no more", and that's the real lesson here.

With no immediate romantic prospects waiting in the wings to take me out, I resorted to dating apps to find willing subjects. And what girl wouldn't be tempted to cosplay as Andy Anderson? Unfortunately, Tinder and Hinge didn't yield a Matthew McConaughey look-alike to sweep me off my feet. One guy even responded to my dinner proposal with a prompt, "No can do sorry. I'm a pump and dump kinda guy." At least he was honest?

The following list of dates were carefully selected to allow for a variety of activities, both because I didn't feel like forking out for six meals out in a row (my fingers weren't crossed for these gentlemen to pay for me) and to get a feel for everything our fine city has to offer in terms of romance.



James: Etrusco at the Savoy

The Italian restaurant Etrusco at the Savoy is a little on the fancier side of the dating spectrum. A yassified BYO, if you will, with corkage standing at a cringe-worthy \$9. Perhaps one to save for a Thursday night once the cozzie lives payments have replenished your bank account.

To get the ball rolling, I took my flatmate James* out for the first date. As a self-proclaimed date protegee (he takes girls on coffee dates "as a hobby") James' role in this was to prep me with the skills I needed heading into my intrepid journey. Like Rachel and Joey in that one episode (I watch a lot of *Friends*), we dressed up nice, armed ourselves with a \$16 bottle of red, and walked to the restaurant together from our flat.

The popularity of the restaurant proved both a good and a bad thing: the buzz of chatter and laughter that welcomed us created a nice atmosphere, but the press of bodies meant it was stinking. Fucking. Hot. Beads of sweat immediately sprouted on my forehead, and if this had been a legit first date I would have been rushing to the bathroom to dab that shit. Instead, I settled for making fun of James' long-sleeved, wintery outfit compared to my positively summery strappy dress. Looking around, the place screamed "date" with warm lighting, fancy decor, and intimate two-person tables dotted around the periphery. Class.

In a meta kind of way, asking James advice on what constitutes as good first date chat made for a great conversation starter to use with a prospective beezy. His advice was mainly just to a lot of questions that wouldn't necessarily be answered by a simple "yes" or "no", with a healthy amount of eye contact. I questioned his skills, however, when he asked me how many rabid kindergartners I thought I could take down with a baseball bat before they downed me.

Hot tips based on this date are not to bring up your ex (let alone show photos) and eat slowly if you want the date to last. Or, in the case that you contract the ick, just straight up ask for a doggy bag to take your yummy pasta home and pat yourself on the back for being so brave. Another tip: reserve talking about the method of milking whale sperm or harvesting caviar for once you've established a solid back and forth. And don't tell your date you vomit-burped from red wine.

Amount of shots needed before a second date:
None xx

Tom: Poolhouse Cafe & Bar

In theory, the Poolhouse on Filleul St has everything you need to make for a great first date. Reasonably priced drinks, dim mood lighting, music, and the opportunity to strike up some cheeky competitive banter. With pool, there's also the option to let your date pull the cliché move of showing you how to hold the stick right. The pool cue. Mind out of the gutter, please.

The man of the night was Tom*, who I'd matched with on Tinder the week prior. The details of the date are admittedly a little hazy since I was coming in hot from a Critic BYO where they'd coined my drink repeatedly and then sent me on my merry way. Sabotage!

At the bar, Tom was a perfect gentleman and paid for the table we'd be situated at over the course of the evening. Tick. He also bought me a drink which I sipped gingerly only out of courtesy. This could differ from person to person, but I quickly discovered that I am far too competitive (especially sloshed) for this to be a good first date activity. My attention belonged almost solely to the task at hand. We tied 1-1. The Knox billiards table from my first year (up the dove) proved to be good for something other than an opportunity for the wanky second-year boys to show off, I suppose.

After a debrief with the flatmates, we agreed that the best course of action with a place like this is to break the ice with a sit-down drink before cracking into some one-on-one pole action. The fact that the game involves so much focus and circling a table on opposite sides can take away from the purpose of a date, which is first and foremost to get to know one another. This could be a location better suited for a second or third date - which I also did. She's committed.

Amount of shots needed before a second date: 5

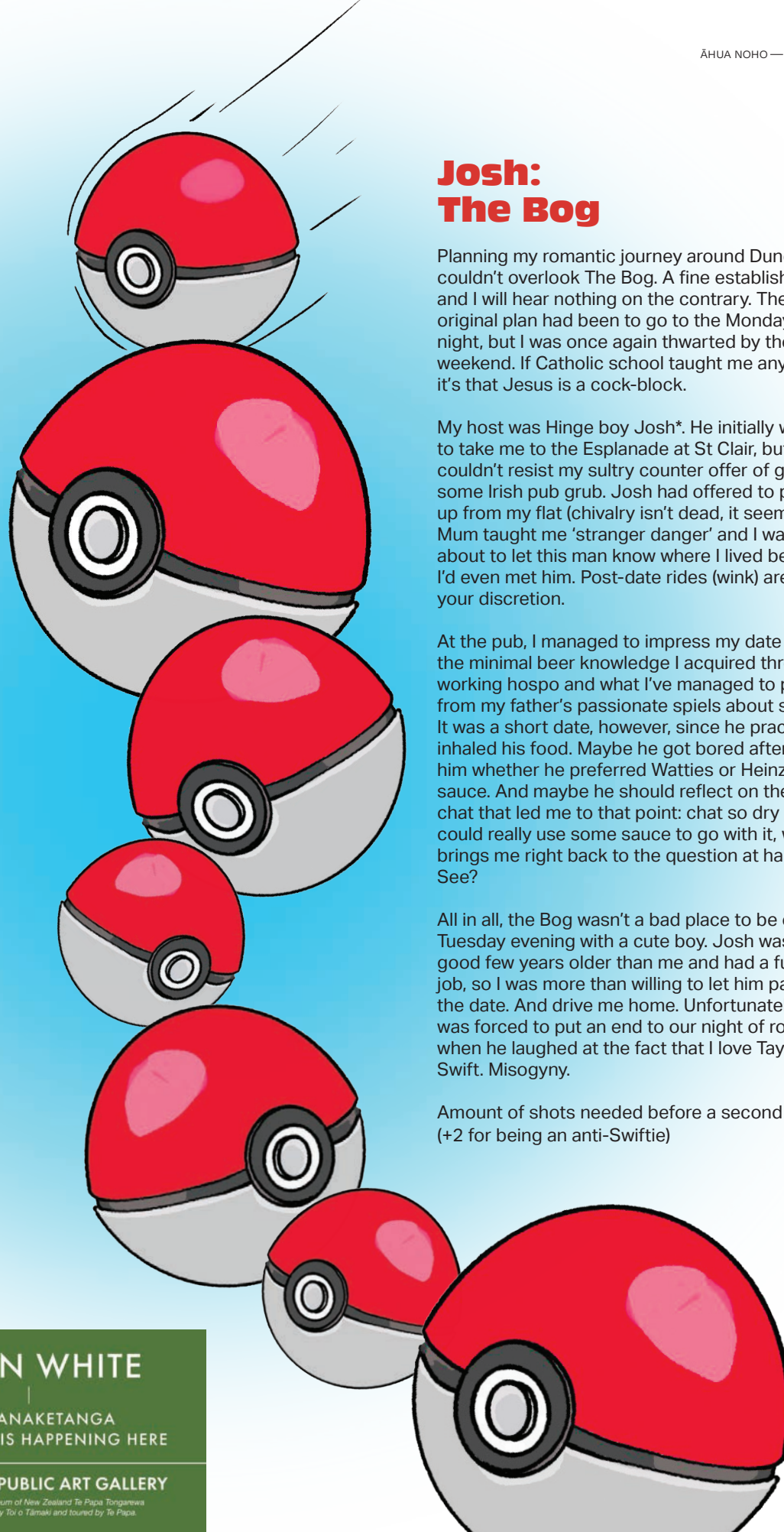
Dylan: A Walk on the Beach

The original plan for this date was to get a Sunday morning coffee at Long Dog Cafe with Hinge man Dylan*, followed by the potential for a little beach walk if things went well. Based on his profile, which included beachy pics and surf chat, he seemed like the kind of guy who would suit the locale. Neither of us, however, had the wherewithal to check if the cafe would be open on Easter Sunday. It was not. We improvised with a wee walk around the corner and a sit down yarn on a St Clair beachside bench.

In all honesty, a walk is probably one of the best ways to spend a first date. It's cost-effective (free) and conversation flows when you're side-by-side and don't have to worry about which of their eyes to keep eye contact with. Ours was fairly short; he started to show me the hidden path going up the cliff even further around the coast from St Clair but, after having to save me repeatedly from being blown off the edge from strong gusts of wind, we agreed it would be best to turn back.

I was initially put off a little by the fact that Dylan wore the exact cologne as an ex of mine I prefer not to think about, had a similar style of dress, and took me down the same path I'd gone with said ex three years ago. The bench yarn saved him, though, where not only did I learn that we had mutual friends, but that he had been competing in a long weekend surfing competition and my friends and I were welcome to come to the prize-giving afterparty (slay). The only downer to this date, other than the cologne debacle, was the fact that I was absolutely starving after spending two hours with this boy during the time I'd hoped to be getting a Long Dog feed (not slay).

Amount of shots needed before a second date: 2 (for confidence)



Josh: The Bog

Planning my romantic journey around Dunedin, I couldn't overlook The Bog. A fine establishment and I will hear nothing on the contrary. The original plan had been to go to the Monday quiz night, but I was once again thwarted by the Easter weekend. If Catholic school taught me anything, it's that Jesus is a cock-block.

My host was Hinge boy Josh*. He initially wanted to take me to the Esplanade at St Clair, but couldn't resist my sultry counter offer of getting some Irish pub grub. Josh had offered to pick me up from my flat (chivalry isn't dead, it seems) but Mum taught me 'stranger danger' and I wasn't about to let this man know where I lived before I'd even met him. Post-date rides (wink) are up to your discretion.

At the pub, I managed to impress my date with the minimal beer knowledge I acquired through working hospo and what I've managed to pick up from my father's passionate spiels about stout. It was a short date, however, since he practically inhaled his food. Maybe he got bored after I asked him whether he preferred Watties or Heinz tomato sauce. And maybe he should reflect on the dry chat that led me to that point: chat so dry that it could really use some sauce to go with it, which brings me right back to the question at hand. See?

All in all, the Bog wasn't a bad place to be on a Tuesday evening with a cute boy. Josh was a good few years older than me and had a full-time job, so I was more than willing to let him pay for the date. And drive me home. Unfortunately, I was forced to put an end to our night of romance when he laughed at the fact that I love Taylor Swift. Misogyny.

Amount of shots needed before a second date: 4 (+2 for being an anti-Swiftie)

Oscar: Ice Skating

Turns out it can be pretty tiring being such a player - plus, I was clearly running out of original date conversation - so I enlisted the help of another friend, Oscar*, to go to the ice rink with me for my final date. If you haven't been to the ice rink before, go. Date or otherwise, it's a must-do Dunedin experience. An American friend of mine chose to study in Dunedin based on the prestige of the ice rink alone. I'm not even kidding.

While there's obviously nothing sexier than watching a man struggle into skating booties and then dry-land-shuffle to the rink, the true merit of this date activity lies in its test of character. Struggling to stay upright and he leaves you in the dust? Chad. Gets defensive and emasculated after performing a one-man-show of Bambi on ice? Also Chad, and you'll thank your lucky stars you found out on the first date rather than after a couple of months of being gaslit.

In our case, Oscar was holding on for dear life to our buddy Ruby (the ice equivalent of a walking frame). We bonded over pushing each other on Ruby, collecting snowballs from the shredded ice to throw at each other, and laughing at the twelves face-planting around us - some of whom also appeared to be on dates. Young love. Shouting at each other over the screaming of even younger kids, Oscar and I agreed that, if nothing else, at the very least you'll get some excitement from the dizziness of skating around in endless circles.

Amount of shots needed before a second date: 1 (it's more fun)

Rather than resulting in any epic rom-com moments of love professions, my romantic journey in the end served as more of an opportunity to practise how to friendzone a guy. My advice at the end of the day would be to extend the upper limit of your chosen dating app's age bracket if cozzie lives are stretched a bit thin and you're in the mood for a complimentary dinner. And much like the ending of *How to Lose a Guy in Ten Days*, it tends not to go down all too well once your date discovers that there was an ulterior motive behind your evening outside of the wit of their Tinder bio.

*Names changed.



What is that, trawling its way through my digestive tract?

Is it the coffee I had at 9am
or the coffee I had at 1pm?

Is it the fastfood I had on Monday
or the takeaways from Sunday that I reheated
and ate on Tuesday?

Is it the smashed avo I had on Wednesday
and the surprise apples I snacked on through Thursday?

Is it the pints I had on Friday
or the box I had on Saturday?

Is it my suspected lactose intolerance
a doctor will never confirm
or a symptom of an underlying condition much worse?

Is it my period
anxiety?

Is it is it is it is it?

Poem by Jamiema
Lorimer

Art by Evie Noad

Just accepting that when you lack structure because
resources because you lack money and that acceptance
that the only pain left to feel is the pain of what little
sustenance you have churning through your organs
because you lack time
is now so numbing
that you lack
resources because you lack money and that acceptance
that the only pain left to feel is the pain of what little
sustenance you have churning through your organs
because you lack time
is now so numbing
that you lack

It's all shit
isn't it?



IF WE RUN OUT OF ARTISTS, WE'LL HAVE TO USE A.I.

DON'T LET THE MACHINES WIN

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George
beats working

GO OUTSIDE

SS GRASS
EMOS SOME
TOUCH SOME





MĀORI, MUSKETS, AND MADNESS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

**NĀ SKYLA (NGĀTI HINE, NGĀTI WAI
KO EVIE NOAD TE KAIWHAKANIKONIKO**

Kawiti was tired of digging graves, so he started digging trenches.

Amidst a showdown between northern Māori and British forces, the Musket War veteran began construction of an underground fortress. Kawiti's formidable pā was a never-before-seen bastion, made up of underground bunkers, intricate tunnelways, rifle pits, trenches, and a double stockade to withstand British artillery bombardments. The assemblage took at least 10 months to construct, and was called Ruapekapeka, the 'Bat's Nest'. Today, we know these tactics by a different name: trench warfare.

After the smoke lifted, trench warfare remained ingrained in military strategy. And years after the standoff, Pākehā and Māori troops would be fighting together in trenches once again, but this time, they'd be side-by-side on the other side of the world.

The First World War claimed the lives of some 18,000 New Zealanders and wounded a further 41,000. The war took approximately 100,000 New Zealanders overseas, the first time for many of them. On Anzac Day, we remember the sacrifices made by our warriors of all kinds, in battlefields across the globe, and we are thankful that war never visited our shores. But for many Māori, WWI was not their first brush with warfare, especially considering the landmine they were leaving behind.

War had visited Aotearoa before. War between Māori and Pākehā altered the face of New Zealand during the 19th century, with tens of thousands of Māori dying in the intertribal Musket Wars fought during this period. The introduction of muskets revolutionised conflict in Aotearoa, culminating in the battle at Ruapekapeka Pā, where Māori invented what we now know as trench warfare. Then war visited again, with Northland embroiled in the Land Wars. Then it visited yet again, with WWI. Only this time, Māori shipped off to fight alongside the Pākehā, instead of against them. When they returned, though, that brief period of equality came to an abrupt ending.

The generation of Māori who fought in WWI were the children and grandchildren of those who fought against colonists. Their grandkids, in turn, would have been born in the '60s and '70s, and would have fought against police. And their grandkids are us; everything you are about to read was really not that long ago.

Mikaere (Ngāti Manu, Ngāpuhi, Ngāti Maniapoto) has spent his entire life collecting knowledge of the battles his ancestors fought, both on the battlefield and in their everyday lives. "Sure, Māori have always fought among one another. But the Land Wars symbolised a turning point - a different kind of devastation that they hadn't witnessed before. It's easy to look back and think, 'Oh well, what was another war to these people?' Well, it was everything."

Muskets changed one thing immediately and forever: discourse. With a ranged weapon, your enemy never had a chance to explain themselves. Attackers never had to fear confrontation, and debate was moot. "It was the sudden shift to distance weapons that washed out our ability to debate and confront one another face to face," said Mikaere. "And it was the way Māori began fighting alongside these Pākehā, even if they didn't completely agree with their beliefs, but to settle previous unresolved grievances with other Māori." But it wasn't all intertribal. One moment of warfare stands out amongst the rest. According to Mikaere, "The greatest, probably most prominent expression of outright Māori resistance to colonial rule was the infamous armed conflict of Ruapekapeka in Northland."

Situated 30km south of the Waitangi settlement, Ruapekapeka was a purpose-built underground fortress that would go on to shelter hundreds of Northern Māori. The brains behind the masterpiece was the notable Ngāti Hine chief Te Ruki Kawiti, a renowned military tactician and skilled warrior, who earned great mana during the Musket Wars. Kawiti was often referred to as 'Te Ruki', a transliteration of 'The Duke', as he was often compared to the Duke of Wellington due to his reputation as a masterful battlefield tactician.

According to Mikaere, "We know Kawiti was a veteran of the Musket Wars during the first half of the 19th century, and his close experiences with the British allowed him to learn the impact and power of European weapons and the forthcoming ineffectiveness of traditional pā in the face of distance weapon-armed enemies." Distance weapons such as muskets would go on to drastically change the face of intertribal warfare, obliterating some tribes and dramatically altering the territorial boundaries of others. With foresight, Kawiti soon turned his attention to enhancing traditional fortress plans, focusing greatly on the design and fortification of defence installations, to develop what is now recognised as modern trench warfare.

According to a British observer, "The fence round the pā is covered between every paling with loose bunches of flax, against which the bullets fall and drop; in the night they repair every hole made by the guns." Kawiti had sighted the pā carefully: it was isolated and distanced from supplies, a site that could be occupied and abandoned easily. Even from the trenches in the pā, you could still have a line of sight to the two coasts of Taumārere and Hokianga. - an intentional move by Kawiti to unify the once warring neighbours of the North against the British.

Ruapekapeka Pā represents the pinnacle of military pā construction and subsequently provided the blueprint for modern trench warfare - a claim that has been massively disputed by the British, often in denial that natives could ever do anything so clever. In fact, the pā was so impressive that the British initially thought Englishmen must have constructed it. "It's interesting to learn that the British were almost totally shocked at Kawiti's structural masterpiece, which was clearly ahead of its time for a bunch of savages," said Mikaere. "Ruapekapeka Pā was the first of its kind - tough to tackle and basically indestructible as most of the fortress was underground. It spoke volumes about the capabilities of Māori as more than just warriors, but as strategists and great tacticians. It's no wonder that many have claimed Ruapekapeka to have inspired WWI trench warfare."

The debate about whether Māori invented trench warfare has circulated since the 1980s. Historian James Belich argued in the favour of Māori, crediting Northern Māori for what would go on to inspire aspects of the First World War. However, Belich's claim has been heavily criticised by other academics, with Gavin McLean dismissing it as "baseless revisionism". And while we can't say if Māori were the first warriors ever to develop this strategy, it is undeniable that Māori advanced trench-based defences without external aid.

Ruapekapeka, meaning the 'Bats' Nest', refers to the underground network that the fortress served for Māori of all ages. A colony of bats, living in underground tunnels for weeks. Some British observers recounted hearing haka and waiata from Ruapekapeka Pā in the early mornings - an obvious expression of lament, fear, and courage to keep going. "I suppose even despite the battle at Ruapekapeka being the first massive conflict between Māori and Pākehā, Māori still utilised any spare moment to express their fears of the battle. There were some families present at the pā, with their many children, and I can imagine that a lot of that fear was for the future of those tamariki - those waiata kept people going."

Unlike the British military, who at Ruapekapeka only had men in the camp, Ruapekapeka Pā had an overwhelming presence of women and children on the battlefield - the fortress took a village to build, and even more to defend it. The role of women in particular was of equal

“You mean to tell me that British soldiers bombarded the pā for weeks and still couldn't crack the place? And the only time they managed to pass through was when the fort was empty?”

importance as the men, as many women were matakite (seer) and healers, they were non-negotiable members of the war party. One of the several responsibilities women held on the battlefield was "to finish off the wounded British soldiers" - typical Victorian-era values saw women as unworthy and lesser than. According to Peeni Henare in an RNZ documentary, it was "the ultimate insult [for a British man] to be killed by a woman."

Even children as young as ten were required to do their part. Many of them were tasked with the loading of ammunitions, and to defuse those of the enemy: they would keep an eye for incoming bombs and shells, running out to remove the wicks before they could detonate, they also were in charge of reloading the guns for those on the front lines. The unused munitions were then emptied of gunpowder to be used for muskets from Ruapekapeka Pā - an ironic symbol of how Māori were continuously using Pākehā inventions against them. "There are several elements of irony to the whole Northern War campaign. The first was the English nicknaming Kawiti 'Te Ruki' in comparison to the Duke of Wellington. They perceived it as a friendly nickname, but underestimated just how skilled he really was," Mikaere explained. "Ruapekapeka is likely the best example Māori outsmarting Pākehā with their own shit. You mean to tell me that British soldiers bombarded the pā for weeks

and still couldn't crack the place? And the only time they managed to pass through was when the fort was empty? That speaks for itself - Māori observed, learned and outperformed the English in their own game."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the valley and barely a kilometre away, was the British camp. Here, the English soldiers were subject to barbaric mistreatment from their superiors: cruel living conditions and physically challenging work. Kawiti had strategically selected Waiōmio Valley, a place of no strategic value to the British, and lured them to set up camp. It took them three weeks to crawl through the dense Northland bush, hauling heavy artillery and supplies with them over 20km from the Bay of Islands. "Looking at the records, I don't really blame any of the British soldiers, just their overseers and the government. Most of these men were not well-off, and they too were separated from their families. We have to remember that if our tūpuna struggled, why would these men have had it any better?" Mikaere argued, sharing that healing comes with acknowledging the suffering of both parties and that, while Māori in the pā came from a culture built around the importance of interpersonal relationships, "the English, at the time, had no concept of emotional connection with one another, especially without alcohol. And it certainly showed."



The victors of the battle are still debated, but at the time Governor Grey decided the Brits had won. He utilised the apparent British success at Ruapekapeka to reaffirm his control of Pākehā settlers. James Belich strongly argued that Grey won the propaganda war while Kawiti and Heke won the war on the battlefield - and while the battle at Ruapekapeka cooled the flames of the Northern Wars, it fanned the fires of Māori resistance across the rest of Aotearoa. "It is very evident that Ruapekapeka Pā acted as a blueprint for forthcoming Land Wars, going on to inspire the plans for Rangiriri in Waikato. I recently read that the engineers for Rangiriri, Te Wharepū, and Te Uriuri, learned techniques for the battle site from Te Noorta who had fought at Ruapekapeka Pā - it only made sense to utilise the tactics that Ngāpuhi, who had experienced land confiscation before Waikato, used to fight off the British," Mikaere said. "They were extensively outnumbered and suffered few casualties. The pā and Kawiti's strategies are due for these credits... But Northland was never the same after the fight."

The Northland region, the place of first European presence and settlement in the country, and home to the capital Kororāreka, surged into extreme, never-before-seen poverty following the battle at Ruapekapeka. A once prosperous and abundant region, booming with Māori-led business, turned barren after all resources were squandered on the wars between Pākehā and Māori. This poverty is still observed in Northern towns today, as it remains one of the country's poorest regions.

Some decades later, after innumerable battles between Pākehā and Māori and the British confiscation of Māori land, the First World War broke out. Eventual conscription policies meant all able-bodied men had to serve their country, including Māori who had, in living memory for many, been treated as anything but equals to the British. Tribes who had land confiscated as punishment for supposed rebellion against the Crown were the leading crowd of resistance to conscription - Te Puea Hērangi was a prominent figure of anti-conscription, particularly for Māori, in support of men who were imprisoned for refusing to serve in the war.

According to Richard S. Hill in 'First World War - State Authority, Indigenous Autonomy', Te Puea Hērangi was clear about her opposition to Māori in active service in the name of the British, and that her people would struggle fiercely for the independence of their political culture within the New Zealand polity. "No Waikato volunteered, a lesson for the Crown in the power of Maori control mechanisms." And while the Kīngitanga and its stance did focus minds on the many grievances held across numerous tribes, other established Māori leaders feared that this would detract from their efforts to convince Pākehā of a new place for Māori in New Zealand society. When conscription was introduced in 1916, the Crown proposed to exempt Māori, partly in order to avoid a showdown with oppositional tribes. But Māori MPs and other Māori leaders remained hostile to exemption. Over

2000 Māori served in the Māori Contingent and Pioneer Battalion, which would later become the Māori Pioneer Battalion.

On 1 September 1917, Māori troops were granted their own separate battalion with the formation of the New Zealand (Māori) Pioneer Battalion, and by the end of the year it had 928 members. The Māori Battalion was the only one in the Expeditionary Force to return as a complete unit, but the welcome a far cry from what Pākehā received. In Apirana Ngata: E Tipu e rea, Michael King discusses that "when the war ended, the Government refused to help Māori soldiers back into civilian life as it did Pākehā soldiers, paying them money to buy farms, and training them in trades." Furthermore, Philippa Mein Smith wrote in A Concise History of New Zealand that "the men of the [Māori] Pioneer Battalion, who fought for equality, found themselves excluded from Soldier Settlement Schemes to assist men to purchase homes and farms." To add to the offence, Māori had provided land for soldier settlers, which is what Mikaere was quick to define as "blatant, ignorant separatism. Our tūpuna caught the same ships over, fought the same battles, and suffered the same wounds as Pākehā did, but were not acknowledged in the same way Pākehā were."

Alison Fletcher discusses in an article that Sir Peter Buck, Te Rangihīroa, highlighted the military capabilities of Māori, arguing for much more than the recognition of Māori as just "a fighting race". "If the presence of the Māori contingent in Egypt was able to develop further authenticity to the NZEF because they were recognised as the 'old New Zealanders', then by inference Māori were intrinsic to any understanding of national identity." By 1914, with a few prominent exceptions, Māori were both economically and socially marginalised. This was recognised by Māori leaders who encouraged the mass-enlistment of Māori to form a separate Māori contingent, believing that a specifically-Māori military would increase the visibility of Māori support for the war, and hopefully result in recognition that they should be treated as full citizens of New Zealand. Then-Captain Peter Buck wrote from Egypt during the war and explained his observations of prejudice: "Though living side-by-side, the Pākehā knows very little about the Māori and in many cases he thinks the Māori has degenerated."

But their endeavours in the Pākehā world was not appreciated by all Māori. The wars of the 19th century, including the somewhat fresh invasion of Parihaka and land confiscations, remained established in the memories of many Māori. When news of war reached New Zealand, the race relations between Pākehā and Māori were at their worst. "Pākehā blamed Māori for many of the liabilities during those days - the news titled smallpox as 'the Māori epidemic' and even school boards instructed both Māori and 'half-caste' kids to be denied of schooling until further notice," Mikaere said, further explaining the clear divide between Māori and Pākehā. "The health

board established regulations to entirely prevent Māori from the Auckland region, and even restaurant owners barred Māori from their places. The irony behind this is that smallpox was brought to New Zealand by a European missionary."

So considering the way Māori were continuously shunned from society, why should they serve for a country that put its best efforts into excluding them?

"When we think about Anzac Day, we think of young, bright-eyed Pākehā men in their military greens, experiencing their first plight with war. But for our Māori ancestors, a people who resisted the constant mind-fucking from the colonial government through countless battles - from the Musket Wars, the Northern Campaign, the Waikato Wars, the siege at Taranaki - to then be thrust into WWI in living memory of these battles alongside Pākehā who suddenly saw us as 'good enough' to fight with them, is ironic," Mikaere explained. "Many of our men struggled and sacrificed, to 'do their part' and be seen as equals in their own home - and so many of them would never see that home again."

"I remember that 'Te Ao with Marama' interview with Sir Bom Gillies, and how he said that some of the boys from the battalion, who never complained about receiving no assistance from the government, would return home and drink themselves to death to deal with that hurt. These days you can read short summaries of Māori soldiers who fought in these wars, described as 'broken men' and 'desensitised by the war', but they were deprived of support in every form and so they sought healing in alcohol. And you wonder why Māori struggle with the drink these days. At the centre of every Māori issue is the Pākehā."

The Māori Battalion would go on to become a well-known, widespread contingent, with Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the Commander of the Nazi German Afrika Korps, famously promising, "Give me a Māori Battalion and I will conquer the world."

Today, we look at our forebears with gratitude for their sacrifice. But for Māori, it is bittersweet. Their enlistment was the ultimate price of citizenship, paid in full with blood.

Māori observed, learned and outperformed the English in their own game."



VOLUNTOURISM:

DOES THE "THIRD WORLD" REALLY NEED OUR "HELP"?



Voluntourism. You've probably heard of it as that thing your mate did over summer where they travelled the world while helping indigenous communities in poor countries. Sounds great, right? Not always. Voluntourism can be extremely exploitative, while advertising is designed to hook well-meaning students with deep pockets.

Students get involved in voluntourism for a number of reasons. Honours student Sarah, who went to Ecuador through voluntourism company Antipodeans Abroad, told Critic Te Ārohi, "I wanted to do something out of my comfort zone." Nicola, who went to Nepal through World Challenge, and Olivia, who went to Borneo through Antipodeans, said they wanted to travel while helping people in some way, too. Meanwhile, for fourth-year student Kate, who went to Fiji and Cambodia over a gap year in 2019, her "primary goal was to learn, not to achieve something." Those who engaged with voluntourism in high school tended to be less conscious of the risks and negative aspects of the experience going in, which is understandable given the fact that many voluntourism organisations target high school students and don't necessarily give the full picture.



BY ZAK RUDIN



Voluntourism companies often market themselves as charities or non-profit organisations. "There's a lot of glamour associated with it," said Kate. Third-year student Jade, who went to Ghana for the 2019 summer through Latitude, said that the experience was "sold to me as an opportunity for personal development." Sarah said her experience was "framed as a super cool opportunity" with lots of "cultural learning", and went on to say that "I didn't really question it but also didn't really have the framework to be questioning it... I think I wanted to back out of it once I started thinking more deeply about what I was doing, but it just felt like I was too far in."

The expectations of the voluntourism experience can be quite different from reality, but one thing was consistent: all of the students Critic Te Ārohi interviewed had good intentions. However, Social Impact Studio Coordinator Sze-en told Critic Te Ārohi that many organisations are "centred around the self-development of the volunteer [which] can override some of that good intention... The packages seem attractive as it's so easy, but that probably comes at a cost somewhere."

A common catchphrase used by these organisations is: "You can make a difference." But, as Jade questioned, "how is a 18-year-old from New Zealand gonna make any real difference?" Jade told Critic Te Ārohi that she volunteered as an Information and Communications Technology teacher at a school in Ghana but had practically no computers to use. "I kept thinking, 'This isn't gonna be helpful,'" said Jade. Nicola, who helped to build a toilet block at a primary school outside Kathmandu, told Critic Te Ārohi that most of the work involved moving bricks, while the actual construction was done by local builders. "The expedition leader told us not to overwork yourself otherwise you'll burn out," said Nicola. "There were lots of lazy people in my group."

Sarah was also sceptical of voluntourism having any positive impact. She said there were a lot of "rich girls" on the trip, some of whom had "never carried a pack before." Similarly, Nichola described the culture amongst the volunteers as "cliquey and closed off." Although volunteering was one "reasonably small" part of the trip, Sarah said one of the volunteer's mums posted on Facebook about her daughter "helping the poor in Ecuador". Sarah went on to say, "If schools want to take trips they should label it as what it is: learning and self-development, rather than under some feel-good guise of helping poor communities."

This isn't helped by the fact that many voluntourism programmes require a hefty deposit and cost a pretty penny all up. Jade said she paid around \$12k after flights, visas, and equipment. The \$5.5k service fee supposedly went to host families, but Jade admitted that she did not know if that was adequate or what percent the family got. The \$17.5k price tag could've been donated directly to families through a service like GiveDirectly, which does exactly what it says it does.

Despite the cost, Jade found her experience of living in Ghana for two months and volunteering at a local school to be "really culturally enriching." Jade emphasised the importance of building authentic relationships: "I developed really strong relationships with the teachers and my host family." Last January, Jade returned to Ghana after being invited back into the community and was able to continue relationships with the people she met in 2019. However, out of the 300 people that had engaged in the programme, she was the first volunteer to have ever come back. "People think about the experience but don't think about going back [and] forming long-term relationships," said Jade.

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THE TEMPORARY NATURE CAN ALSO BE "POTENTIALLY HARMFUL FOR CHILDREN IN THESE INSTITUTIONS TO HAVE PEOPLE MAKING SHORT-TERM CONNECTIONS AND THEN LEAVING AGAIN, WITH THE PATTERN REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN."



This is not uncommon - voluntourism is often characterised by its temporary and short-term impacts. "Voluntourism doesn't have a great reputation," said Douglas Hill, Associate Professor of Geography. "Usually these are short-term stays and the actual skills that the voluntourists bring to their work may not be really filling any meaningful gaps... the benefits to local communities are pretty limited." According to Douglas, while short-term stays might get some insight into the culture and lifestyle of the local communities, "it is likely to be a fairly superficial understanding at best." Ultimately, Douglas advised, "If people want to volunteer overseas, they should be realistic about the need to commit to a longer period of time and be humble in trying to understand the perspectives and culture of the people where they are working."

Douglas was quick to draw the distinction between voluntourism and International Development Volunteering (IDV) which runs through NGOs "committed to building long-term relationships with partner organisations in countries of the Global South." According to Douglas, the longer duration and higher level of commitment advantaged IDV over more common short-term voluntourism. The Uni, through the Geography department, has ties with one such NGO called Volunteer Service Abroad (VSA) which operates through UniVol. "Through this programme, many students have had the opportunity to go and work with partner organisations in the Pacific, Asia, and Africa for ten months," said Douglas. However, Douglas admitted that "most volunteers would still say that their stay was not long enough to make the kind of meaningful change they had hoped for."

Poppy, from the Social Impact Studio (the Uni volunteering and leadership hub) highlighted how "the temporary nature of voluntourism results in a lack of investment... change happens slowly and it takes time to build relationships." Nicola, who was in Nepal for one week, told Critic Te Ārohi, "I had no time to make stable connections." Crissy, who volunteered in Tanzania through WorkAway, said she always had an "uneasy feeling that I could leave and was always temporary." Because voluntourism is often at vulnerable schools and orphanages, the temporary nature can also be "potentially harmful for children in these institutions to have people making short-term connections and then leaving again, with the pattern repeated over and over again," said Douglas.

The language barrier also doesn't help with making connections. Olivia said she "only knew how to say hello." Sarah could speak a bit of Spanish during her time in Latin America, but mostly spoke in English.

"One of the indigenous women said they really like having people come so that their children can learn English," said Sarah.

The prior knowledge and connection to the places that students visited was also limited. Sarah said that "there was nothing specifically tying me to Ecuador." Jade described the pre-departure briefing by Latitude as "mostly just practical implications for packing" while "the real learning was when we were there." Kate said, "I didn't personally have connections but came under the name of the Anglican Church through the NZ Church Missionary Society!"

Despite the lack of connection, many students Critic Te Ārohi spoke with were conscious of their privilege and how white saviourism drives many voluntourism companies. According to Douglas, white saviourism is built on "an assumption of cultural superiority and a desire to help those less fortunate in non-Western countries." Sarah told Critic Te Ārohi that her experience "kind of felt like a consumption of culture... I feel like everywhere we went we were just this massive eyesore; I feel like we were creating a burden."

Skyla (Ngāti Hine, Ngāti Wai) told Critic Te Ārohi that white saviourism is nothing new and goes back to the Missionary Settlement period in Aotearoa. "What white saviours are trying to save BIPOC from are actually problems that were created by white people in the first place," said Skyla. Meanwhile, in the context of voluntourism, "white folks are placed on a pedestal, in the belief that they are 'doing the right thing', and centering the work around their ideal experience rather than enhancing the well-being and quality of life for BIPOC communities," said Skyla.

All of the students that Critic Te Ārohi spoke with were openly critical of voluntourism and conscious of its negative aspects. "Volunteering needs to be engaged with in a different way," said Jade. Many voluntourism organisations rely on the status quo remaining unchallenged. However, Kate told Critic Te Ārohi that we need to focus on the underlying issues that support the existence of voluntourism and work towards resolving them instead of "simply propping it up." Crissy agreed: "We should empower people to do it themselves rather than just dropping in." Kate told Critic Te Ārohi, "the longer you stay the better... it takes a good number of years situating yourself in that context [to make a positive impact]."

Ultimately, Sze-En encouraged students to "do your homework... It takes a certain level of awareness and self-reflection, which I think can sometimes be pushed down because young people are so keen to get out and travel!"





By Hugh Askerud

IVY are the line of gear that the Dunedin music scene is currently high on. Formed in 2020, IVY have jammed their way to city-wide success, despite the majority of the band being fresh out of high school. Nonetheless, IVY have hosted gigs at many of Dunedin's classic venues, including The Crown Hotel, Dog with Two Tails (rip), and recently U-Bar, where they have played twice to a frothy pint night audience. Hardened by the sweat and screams of pint night, IVY are preparing to play gigs in Queenstown along with several other proposed gigs around the city. Their success has been rapid over the past few months, yet the band's humble beginnings lie in the pits of Bayfield High School where the group was originally formed.


The band was brought into existence at a football tournament when guitarist James Axton reached out to vocalist and guitarist Jesse Hanan with the vague hope of stringing a band together in some form or another. With Bayfield being a relatively small school, the pair were already close friends and had a wealth of volunteers seeking to join the cause. Connor Cooper was later adopted as the groups bassist, and Ocean Temple was brought on as a drummer after the trio of friends found him jamming in the school hall on his lonesome.

Jesse spoke about the band's beginnings, saying, "We didn't start with covers, just got into our own songs which were terrible - some of the worst songs you've probably heard." Yet this period was also cited by James as one of the most important for the band as they were allowed to "get all our shit stuff out of the way and have time to just goof around."

Reflecting on the process of their craft, the IVY members commented that usual rehearsals got pretty intense but, as Connor said, "It never feels like a grind even when we're really grinding." Additionally, Ocean stated that "when we're crafting songs, lyrics always come second to the feeling of the music." Nonetheless, most of the songs are written by lead vocalist Jesse Hanan whose lyrics are manifested from feeling and personal experience. As Jesse eloquently put it, "What is a song if it doesn't come from the truth?"

Looking to the future, IVY plan to build on their renowned single 'Stranger' and their recently released EP with a few new tracks and a string of gigs which should cement the band as a household name in the Dunedin music community. The group are also proud to announce the release of a new "soulful" single 'Heartless' which is set to come out on Spotify in May. Preaching what they describe as "progressive alt-rock", the band plans to "push the boundaries of what's popular with our generation and keep being unique in our style", in James' words.

Along with releasing their new single in May, IVY have a gig at The Crown with Midwave Breaks on the 26th which you can head along to if you want to support the band.



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THAI RED CURRY

I've just been to Thailand. It'd be rude not to do a Thai beef red curry. You will love this.

INGREDIENTS:

Oil	½ cup of water
700-800g beef rump steak, cut into small cubes	1 broccoli head cut into small florets
Salt & pepper	1 cup frozen or fresh green beans
1 brown onion, diced	Cooked rice to serve
1 tsp crushed garlic	
1 tsp ginger (if you have it)	Optional garnish: Plain yoghurt
3 Tbsp thai red curry paste	Peanuts
1 can diced tomatoes	Coriander
2 coconut milk/cream cans	Chilli powder

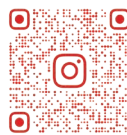
DIRECTIONS:

Season the cubed rump steak with salt & pepper and let it sit for a couple of minutes while you prepare the other veggies. In a frying pan, heat oil on medium heat and add the rump steak. Cook the cubes for a minute and a half on each side. They should be browned on the outside but not cooked through on the inside. Put the meat aside into another dish.

In the same pan, add more oil and the diced onion. Cook for a couple of minutes until the onion starts to become translucent, and add the crushed ginger and garlic. Add the curry paste and stir into the onion for a minute or two until you can smell it. Add the diced tomatoes and coconut milk/cream and half a cup of water. Turn the element up until it starts to boil and then turn it down to medium heat to simmer for five minutes.

You don't want to overcook the veggies or meat, so add the rump, broccoli and beans in 3-4 minutes before you serve. Serve with rice and garnish with yoghurt, peanuts, coriander and chilli powder for optimal vibes.

Enjoy a taste of Thailand! It's as authentic as the parasites I brought home in my tummy x



FIND ME ON
INSTAGRAM

BOOZE REVIEW: RIOT PUNCH!

BY ALBERT EINSTEINLAGER

Riot Punch is the perfect drink to serve during half-time at a 3rd XV high school rugby game.

Riot Punch is an evil alchemy, being both incredibly easy to execute and terrifyingly effective. Through many years of painstaking research, a perfect recipe was developed: cheap vodka paired with blue Powerade. Any ratio of the two is a well-made drink, so refine your mix until you can sip without retching. Dubbed 'Riot Punch' because if a brawl breaks out you'll be the only one prepared with an erection.

If you're drinking Riot Punch it serves two purposes: to get as drunk as humanly possible while still standing on your feet, and to ensure you've drunk enough Powerade to stave off any hangover in the morning. I'm no food scientist, but I am 100% sure that they would agree with my theory of preloading electrolytes in order to prevent hangovers. Like some kind of alcoholic bear preparing for the morning after hibernation. The hypothesis is simple, and the results are profound. Source: me.

This drink is no simple Saturday night mix; you can't sit around watching rugby while sipping this yak. This is for that long-haul bender where you are determined to not fuck out. The vodka and Powerade synergising to float you along the knife's edge of bastardom: vodka for all your dumb fucking drunken ideas and an electrolyte formula to help you execute them. Your body will enter into autopilot and operate without a conscious thought for upwards of

eight hours, and there is no chance of you remembering any of it. Think of it like an early onset dementia simulator.

A few years ago I had bumped into two guys at a party - both drinking Riot Punch - and I commended them on their choice of drink. They both looked at me funny and asked if I remembered them. I did not. They told me about how the previous year we had met at a party where I was trashed off of the Punch, and they thought it was such a good idea that they had been drinking it ever since. And then everyone clapped. How profound: to have such an impact on two people's lives when you can't even remember meeting them. Sort of like blanking on your own father's name while you're giving his eulogy.

If you want to have as much fun as possible with as little physical repercussions the next day, I recommend Riot Punch. While your physical ailments are nil, the mental anguish of not knowing what you did for a full work day is the trade-off. Perfect for those that were gonna behave badly anyway, or just simply want to forget.

Tasting notes: Hit the Chug Jug.

Chugability: 8/10. Like a prolonged shot that lasts the whole night.

Hangover depression level: 4/10. How good are you at handling anxiety?

Overall: 6/10. Not for weekly consumption.

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Too hungover to get up just yet."

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Moaningful Confessions

a t m s

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Just Like the Movies

I made this high on brownies. True story tho, enjoy:

It was the third date and we had just finished up at the movies. He suggested that we go somewhere. I gave a shy "okay" smiley nod and then followed him out onto the street. We walked for a while trying to find the perfect private place. As we walk past his old high school, he says, "What about up there?" with his finger pointing to his old school's grandstand. I say "okay" and we climb up the stairs to the top bench.

We chat for a while both giving each other the 'I wanna kiss you' vibes, flirting back and forth. Next thing you know we kiss, which escalated to a hot makeout sesh and eventually to something more. Before I knew it, the clothes were off and I was on top of him. Everything was going good until a man and

his dog began to walk past in the dark. I koala-cling to my date's chest trying to cover up the front goods as much as possible. We awkwardly giggle into each others necks as we wait for him to pass by, hoping our naked bodies were invisible in the dark. Once he's out of sight, we continue on, with him covering up my mouth to keep me quiet. We both finished up, then walked back to where we had parked our cars, say our final kiss goodnight and thank each other for what a wonderful time we both had. Classic date ending.

I went to bed that night smiling. The next day I was telling my bestie all about it. She starts laughing and says, "You know they have cameras in there right?"

Surely I can claim royalties.

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



Aquarius, it's time to wake up. Someone in your close circle may be up to no good, so it's time to reevaluate who is in your nearest and dearest posse.

Bar to visit: Woof!

PISCES Feb 19 – Mar 20



And first of all, I wanna thank me.

Bar to visit: Carousel.

ARIES Mar 21 – Apr 19



Feeling down? It's time to put some yee into your haw, and get back on the horse that is life. Optimism and encouragement only!

Bar to visit: Pequeño.

TAURUS Apr 20 – May 20



You break it, you buy it baby! But you're about to come into some serious cash, so go nuts.

Bar to visit: Dunedin Social Club.

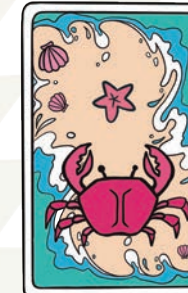
GEMINI May 21 – Jun 20



Gemini, life is a balancing act, and you have been succeeding in doing so. While you are unhinged, you are also studious. Also, eat a vegetable.

Bar to visit: Albar.

CANCER Jun 21 – Jul 22



Cancer, it's time to WAKE UP and start TAKING ACTION. You can't sit in your room rotting away forever. It's time to engage in society.

Bar to visit: The Mornington Tavern.

LEO Jul 23 – Aug 22



Feeling broke? Tough luck, bitch. Maybe you should have invested in crypto.

Bar to visit: The Baaa Bar.

VIRGO Aug 23 – Sep 22



Looks like new love is on the horizon! After some rather traumatic relationship experiences, hopefully your new special someone isn't a gaslighting prick. Stay aware while catching those feelings!

Bar to visit: The Craic.

LIBRA Sep 23 – Oct 22



Libra, it's normal to feel frustrated. Not everyone can be as cool and swag and slay as you. It's a hard knock life, being that bitch.

Bar to visit: Eureka.

SCORPIO Oct 23 – Nov 21



You are feeling spiritually impoverished. The cozzie lives seem to be getting the best of you, perhaps it's time to start growing your own veggies and lay off on the alcohol for a while.

Bar to visit: Yours (there's no alcohol x)

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 – Dec 21



Oftentimes, you lot can come across as the biggest 'pick me's' this godforsaken world has ever seen. Use this week to try to find your own identity, and get off TikTok.

Bar to visit: Eleven Bar lol

CAPRICORN Dec 22 – Jan 19



Feeling indecisive? It's okay, you can't be in control all the time. Try to let the universe guide you, there is no need to have a straight-laced plan. Flip a coin. Let go.

Bar to visit: Zanzibar.

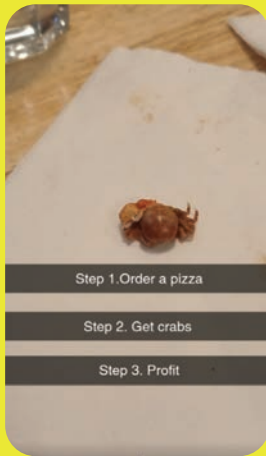
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

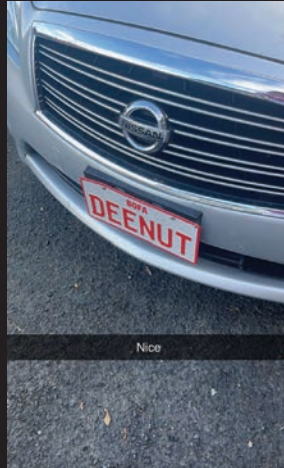
CONTACT CRITIC ON FACEBOOK TO CLAIM YOUR REDBULL



Step 1. Order a pizza
Step 2. Get crabs
Step 3. Profit



stop being poor
DUH!
Critc knows what's up



Nice



God I love feeding the fishes



Sign me up



Ribs. Bath. What more could you want?



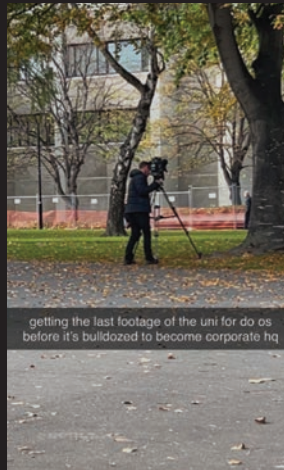
My boys got a jungle down there



Bone apple teeth



I hate when they dont give gift receipts



getting the last footage of the uni for do os before it's bulldozed to become corporate hq



someone giving mullets in richardson foyer

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BOOKING FEE

MAY 18TH - 20TH & 22ND - 24TH

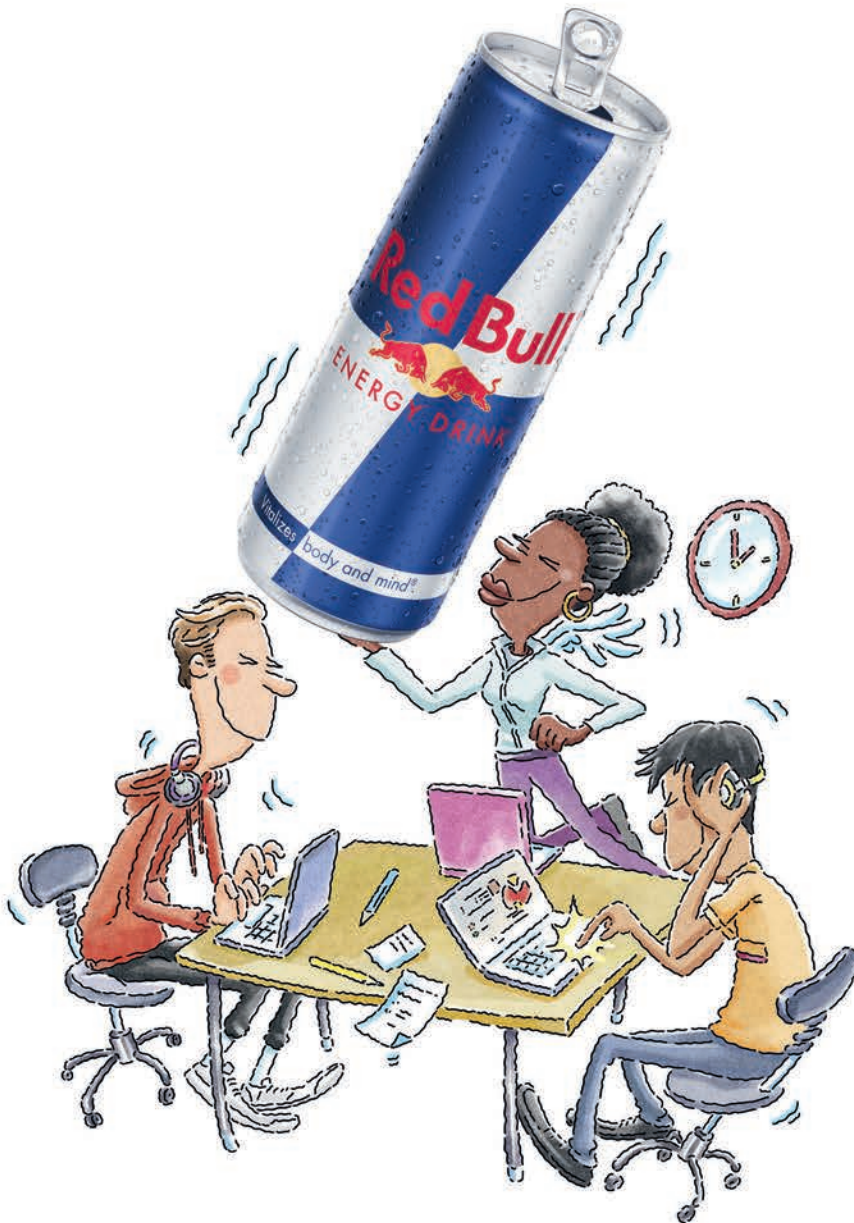
7:30PM (DOORS OPEN 7:00PM)

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AUDITORIUM

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LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT STUDY BUDDY?



RED BULL GIVES YOU WIIINGS. 