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Moaningful
Confessions

EDITORIAL: MOANINGFUL CONFESSIONS MAY MEET ITS UNSEXY DEMISE

We're (maybe) scrapping Moaningful Confessions. I realise this won't be a popular move, but it could be time.

Behind the scenes, the column has been going downhill for a while and submissions have been few and far between. Most weeks it would reach print night and Lotto, who runs the column, would be on their knees (not in the way you might think) begging the staff to submit one of their sex stories lest they be forced, yet again, to dig into their own dungeon of memories. Either that or just make it up entirely.

Before you moan (heh) at being swindled by fictional confessions, keep this in mind: the column relies on students' sex lives. Perhaps the pandemic socially handicapped us to the point where no one is experiencing enough in-person intimacy to have any good stories anymore. I doubt it, but we certainly haven't heard anything to suggest otherwise. What, you scared?

Moaningful Confessions emerged from the ashes of Blind Dates, axed due to its own set of issues. Blind Dates was a column from a few years back where singles would apply, be sent on a Critic-sponsored blind date, and then write up their respective experiences to be published side by side in the back of the magazine. It was super popular until 2020 Editor Sinead Gill cut the column, explaining in an editorial that the pervy stories coming out of the dates meant she wasn't satisfied she could guarantee students' safety. Despite previous editors going to lengths to make it as safe as possible (Facebook stalking, consent debriefs, limiting alcohol, clueing in restaurant staff, etc.), it just wasn't worth the risk.

While some of the submissions for Moaningful were kinda seedy at times, the decision to cut the column wouldn't be based on anything rivalling the Blind Dates controversy. It just isn't what it used to be anymore. It got boring. No one wants to hear the same old story

of "I was drunk, horny, and took someone home from town." Let us know we're not alone in our embarrassing, awkward, and chaotic escapades. Tell us about the time you accidentally broke up a couple after things got awkward post-threesome, raided your flatmate's room for a spare Satisfyer Pro charger after it died mid-wank, or ended up in the ED with a stinging penis after you took "spicing up your sex life" too literally. So, my mind is open to being changed. I'd accept fanfic if it was entertaining enough, like last year's epic saga featuring a sexy Campus Watch stud named Tommy, written by our very own OUSA President Keegan. It was such a hit we even had two guys from Campus Watch show up to the office laughing about how the younger guy had been called Tommy all week by students, while his colleague slapped him on the back and said, "He wishes he were Tommy!"

And remember, submitting your stories scores you a free sex toy - depending on whether we retain the sponsorship! It might have been a little awkward for those who boldly, and then progressively more sheepishly, came in to claim theirs (why was the box in the back of the room?) but we've streamlined the process with a simple anonymous pick-up outside the office. Because nothing says, "Thank you for sharing your intimate details," like a discreet handoff in the shadows.

So please tell me what freaky stuff you delinquents are getting up to (meant in the least pervy way possible). I know you're out there. I've got the axe ready, and it's up to you whether it gets the chop.

NINA BROWN

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LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Hi there,

I've been reading your pieces on hazing rituals over at the Spinoff. It's great to have student media leading the analysis of this, y'all are doing a great job.

One gaping hole in the story, though, is the role of landlords. Presumably, there are people who own these flats. They are making very good money on the inflated rent, while turning a blind eye not only to the initiation rituals but (as you report) their horrific condition. There's probably a pathway to resolving this that involves the University getting help from the tenancy compliance team over at MBIE to investigate these flats for compliance with tenancy standards. There's also the possibility of 'naming and shaming' the landlords as people who are passively allowing extreme anti-social behaviour to take place on their properties. There's even an argument that they are indirectly benefitting from this toxic culture, by pocketing the inflated rents and saving on maintenance.

From a more narrowly journalistic perspective, who the hell are these landlords? And what do they have to say for themselves?

Cheers

Aidan

Editor's response: The articles were written by former editor Fox Meyer, not us, but great point. Rat King Landlords strike once again.

Dear whoever reads this,

Hello! I'm Sonia. I'm a first-year who had the pleasure of obtaining one of your articles during O-Week. While I was perusing through it, there was this one page that caught my eye about the search histories of your members (not the penis kind of members). In particular, about F1. I was wondering which one of your members (not penis) liked F1 because honestly, it would be nice to have people to talk to about it (F1 Twitter is scary) so if it isn't too much trouble, to those members: can we be friends? My favourites are Fernando Alonso, Lando Norris, Danny Ricc, and most importantly Carlos Sainz.

I really hope you're not a Carlos hater pls don't be </3

Here is a peace offering meme.

Thanks,

Sonia

Editor's response: Thank you for your clarification on which type of member you're referring to.

Kia Ora Students,

not sure if you're all just super excited to be back but could we please cut down on groups yelling at individuals who are just passing by. would also be great if we could cut down on the use of slurs too! It sucks to have a partner come back after being out less than 10 mins who is understandably upset from being yelled at and called a f***t while they were minding their own damn business. please just leave people alone, its not worth making your friends laugh by pulling random strangers down.

sincerely,

a little kindness goes a long way

Kia ora

I'm a big fan of the Critic and I'm also a big fan of gay, gay sex. It's pride month very soon too! Will you guys have another queer themed issue? Or like, more gay content? I need all the help I can get tbh.

Thank you,

Gayzed and Confused

Editor's response: Yes! The Queer issue isn't until second sem, but rest assured there'll be plenty of gay content in the meantime - stay tuned ;)

Here is my letter:

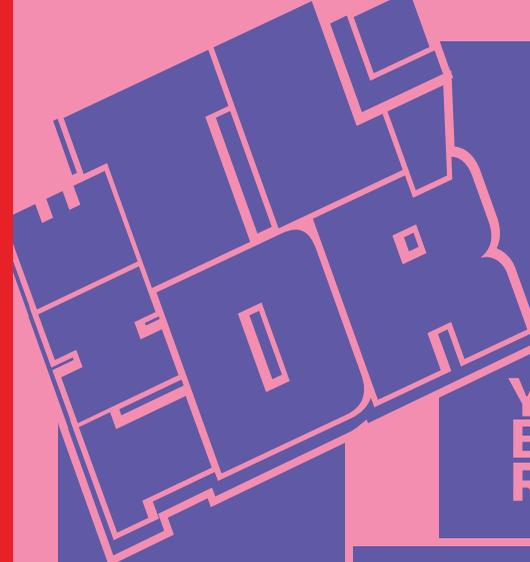
Someone should one thousand percent start an underground student pub

in their flat. Kegs are like \$400ish and alcohol licensing laws are

just suggestions. What have you got to lose?

- Stuck in the Bog

Send letters to the editor to critic@critic.co.nz to be in to win a \$25 UBS voucher.



Critic was interviewed by TVNZ about the Countdown rats and we told them students are more likely to make the trek from North D now cos of clearance sales



YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP

New World Gardens were selling 18 eggs for \$8 dollars exclusively on the Monday of O-Week. The remnants can be found on the footpath outside the Ori venue.

Vapes dull your taste buds according to scientists at the University (yarns surely)

WOOF! Is now open Sundays, from 2pm.

The govt reckons we should have third-year free fees instead of first. Infinite fees free glitch for those who get both.

Briscoes have been doing O-Week advertising, and, like, stay in your lane Briscoes lady

The boarded up Castle St Dairy flat is now serving as further advertising for the Kirin Hyoketsu Lemon RTD. Seriously, how big is their fucking marketing budget?

There was a kerfuffle at Tent City last week over Major Major giving out 30ml samples

Got a tip? Seen a curry grenade thrown through a window on castle street? Send news tips to news@critic.co.nz!



Send your sports results or notices of upcoming competitions to news@critic.co.nz

Otago Nuggets bout to pop off this season - student season tickets only \$30 (not sponsored just a die hard)

CLUBS

Capping Show auditions are on this Monday (6:30pm Castle 1) and Tuesday (6:30pm College of Education Auditorium). Theatre kids, this one's for you

OUSA Clubs and Socs are bringing back free breakfast! Five days a week, 8:30-9:30am

In a club? Send notices and updates to news@critic.co.nz.

A record 105 clubs were at the Clubs Day last week seeking new recruits.

UNI SPORTS



Daddy Grant Announced as Otago's New VC

Dear God please fix our budget

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

Ex-Minister of Finance Grant Robertson has been announced as Otago Uni's fresh Vice Chancellor, effective from July 1st this year. The appointment has inspired enthusiastic support from OUSA, with both CEO Debbie Downs and President Keegan Wells practically glowing as they spoke to Critic Te Ārohi of their reactions to the news.

Grant has deep roots in the Dunedin of yesteryear. He was the OUSA President in 1993 (aka the 'Big Cheese'), which saw a continued battle against rising tuition fees. He was one of 13 students arrested by riot police at a "raucous protest" on the Union Lawn against a University Council proposal to hike course fees by 15 percent. He also led a protest rally of over 1,000 toward the registry building, telling Critic in 2016 that "People were really fed up [...] there was a lot of tension outside, door handles being broken and all sorts of shit."

Grant said, in a statement regarding his decision to step away from his position as a Member of Parliament, that while it was an "immense privilege [...] I knew that I wanted to seek a role that would enable me to make a meaningful contribution with my skills in the region I love. It was my time at the University of Otago that taught me what a difference education can make to people achieving their potential in life."

Like a Love Island contestant listing off her 'type on paper,' Debbie enthused that she's "super excited that someone is going into the role who's a great person, for a start [...] and hugely intelligent and knows and values Otago and sees it for its value. That for me is priceless. I just think he brings so much to the table. I just couldn't be happier, honestly. I think he ticks so many boxes."

Debbie referenced the ex-MP's activism history as one of the reasons why she reckons he's well-suited to the role. "He stormed the clocktower when he was here as president," she said. "I know he's not a traditional academic and this university does traditionally have highly professorial appointments, and I know that has its place too, but I think that with the space the university is in financially, but also the crisis that's facing students on housing and cost of living and all these things, he understands those things." In a press release, Otago University Chancellor Stephen Higgs said that Grant's "appreciation for and understanding of the needs of students was evident" during the recruitment process.

Grant's appointment comes after a period of limbo in the University's upper management, with Helen Nicholson assuming the role of acting Vice Chancellor after David Murdoch dipped on June 14, 2023. This leadership fuck-around came after the University announced mass redundancies would be necessary to reduce a \$60 million deficit which popped up almost instantaneously early last year.

Though the University has since mellowed in its redundancy stance, the financial challenges the institution faces still loom large, with debt expected to reach \$203 million by the year's end. Applications for the Vice-Chancellor role closed on October 20, and interviews took place over summer. Critic Te Ārohi's application never made it to the interviewing stage, so we don't know the exact details of what happened but it's likely there was funnel on entry.

Students were alerted to the news at 11:40am last Tuesday morning with an email from Higgs (that Critic definitely wasn't hitting browser refresh like a Swiftie vying for Eras tour tickets for)

which said that Grant's key focus in the role will be "leading the delivery of our strategy to 2030, Pae Tata, which aims to ensure our University is financially sustainable and continues to evolve and meet the expectations of our students, faculty, mana whenua, government and other stakeholders." Critic Te Ārohi also applied for the role, but humbly bowed out after taking a peek at our own budget and becoming confused.

After the email hit students' inboxes, Critic Te Ārohi hit up a few stragglers at Tent City on the Otago Museum lawn to get their thoughts on how Grant will fare. In an official statement from current OUSA President Keegan Wells, she says, "SHITT YEAH OUSA 4 LYFE". Others were just as excited, with one student, Lachie, telling Critic Te Ārohi, "I'm a big fan, I wish there were more of him." Another student, Patrick, said, "I hope he sticks to his Labour policy [...] just look out for the working class." Others were more tentative about the appointment, with one student, Asher, telling Critic Te Ārohi, "I'm morally ambiguous on him." We're not sure if this was dirty talk or not, but either way they were excited. Young Nats refused to comment.

Chancellor Higgs concluded the announcement by acknowledging Professor Helen Nicholson for her "contribution and leadership while she has been in the role of Acting Vice-Chancellor. It has been a challenging period for all universities in New Zealand, and more broadly around the world, and Professor Nicholson has been a strong and compassionate leader for us during this time. We look forward to formally acknowledging her at the appropriate time."

Student Code of Conduct

Staying safe and well



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

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

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

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

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

Organising or participating in initiations requiring the consumption of alcohol or the use of any drug

are strictly forbidden. The statement by any student that they willingly participated will not excuse the organisers of responsibility.

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

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

4. Throwing or breaking bottles

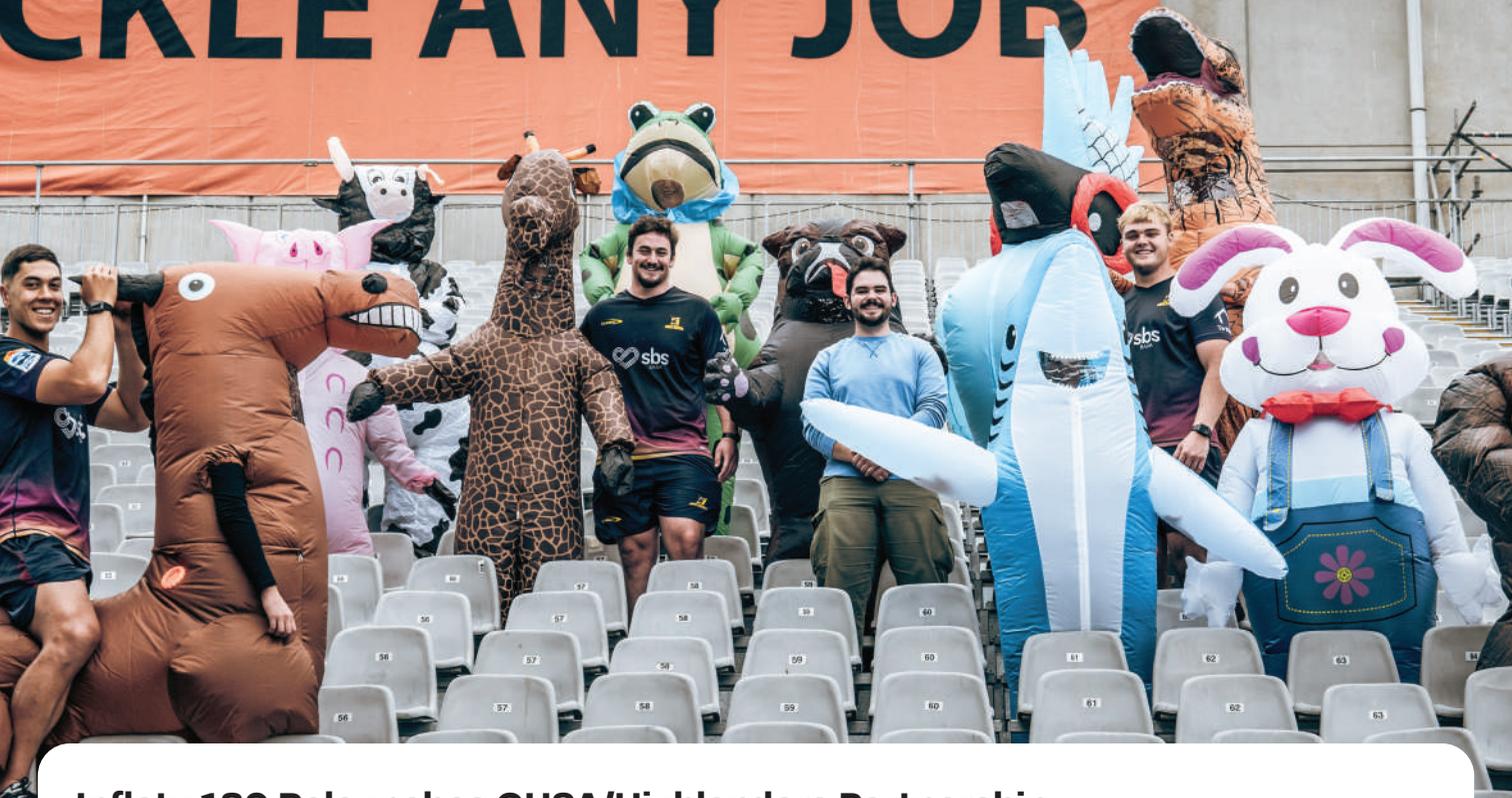
If you throw bottles at anyone, or deliberately break bottles or glass, expect to be in serious trouble.

5. Forging documents and signatures

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

otago.ac.nz/code-of-conduct

CKLE ANY JOB



Inflaty 180 Relaunches OUSA/Highlanders Partnership

Critic dibses the horse costume

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

To relaunch their official partnership with the mighty 'Landers, OUSA introduced the Inflaty 180 at the Highlanders vs Moana Pasifika game last Saturday, February 24. The half-time fun run saw first-year students from each hall (because who else can you count on for free labour in times of inflation lol) donning inflatable costumes, racing the length of the field and back to take a trophy home. It's 250 metres, but that didn't rhyme.

True journalists that we are, Critic Te Ārohi lent a hand in testing the costumes prior to the event, managing to bag ourselves the horse. We could make a sex joke about horses and being inside one, or how a Highlander mounting Critic's steed was the closest thing to intimacy we've experienced in months, but we'll rein it in.

Critic Te Ārohi also spoke to the architects behind the partnership, Amanda Gould, marketing manager for the Highlanders, and Jason Schroeder, OUSA's events manager, about the importance of the Zoo to scarfie culture.

Amanda and Jason told Critic Te Ārohi that they "grew up on the Terrace," which was to the old Carisbrook stadium what

the Zoo is to Forsyth Barr: a playground for scarfies to get on the piss whilst backing the blue and gold. Amanda said that "with both of us being university alumni, it's really important to pass those experiences down."

Jason laughed as he recalled how loose it used to be, describing how attendees would bring hoses to the Terrace, roll it down to land in the drain, and piss through it "because it was so hard to get to the toilet." The Zoo shitter of 2021 wasn't nearly as inventive.

The Inflaty 180 was inspired by a Christmas party gag when Jess from Planet Media pulled up in a "huge fuck off blow up dinosaur." Amanda told Critic Te Ārohi that the 'Landers used to run similar gags to entertain the Zoo crowd at half-time, like Miss Zoo.

Miss Zoo was pretty "fast and loose," said Amanda. "We just picked people out [of the Zoo], drove them round the field on the back of a ranger, and then got them to perform like a special trick." The winner was based on "very scientific crowd noise". An equally hilarious campaign involved literally throwing KFC chicken

into the crowd before it was discontinued after a family of cats began to live under the stands (fondly dubbed 'the panthers').

When speaking about the role of the Zoo in the scarfie community, Amanda argued that, "You don't have to know rugby. You don't have to know what's going on on the field. Half of the fun stuff happens in the stands and it's about that social experience and being there to experience it with your mates. We lost that over Covid, and I think for the groups that went through uni during Covid it's a bit gutting that they didn't have that experience."

In partnering with OUSA, the Highlanders said they're recognising how "students are a massive part of our culture in Dunedin and the legacy of rugby games in Dunedin, and they're part of what makes our games so unique compared to everybody else in New Zealand and in the Super Rugby competition." Amanda added that "O-Week is legendary, so for us to be able to work in with that and provide an additional element of entertainment as part of the O-Week experience is awesome."

Catacombs Slammed for O-Week Lineup Diversity Shortfall

Ceebsing town rn

By **Angus Rees**

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Dunedin DJs and local music punters are criticising Catacombs for its severe lack of diversity in their O-Week lineup. Despite Catacombs opening their doors to DnB artists for six nights of O-Week, the selection is distinctly fuelled by testosterone, and a number of allegations suggest that Dunedin's music scene is generally unwelcoming for both female artists and spectators.

Candice, a local DJ, has been vocal about the venue's inability to diversify their sound, telling Critic Te Ārohi that "a monopoly of promotion companies are just looking to make money in Dunedin rather than [doing it] for the music and putting on a good gig".

Catacombs' O-Week lineup is largely dependent on external promoters who choose which acts will perform on any given night. This year, the promotion companies include Coastal Promotions, Audiology Touring, and Distorted Promotions. Catacombs said that they have "a long standing relationship with these promoters and encourage them to include a diverse range of genres, artists, genders, and backgrounds."

Critiquing the venue's management style, Candice stated, "A lot of the promoters that host these huge international acts aren't even based in Dunedin, and when it comes to booking support for that act, they are just going to get one of their bros." She suggested that the focus needs to switch to "reflecting the diversity of the dance floor rather than just platforming their mates."

While Catacombs told Critic Te Ārohi that artists "come from

various different backgrounds," they nonetheless stated that, "the final call on artists comes down to promoters and who they have on their call sheet." In attempts to rectify this imbalance, Catacombs have taken responsibility for their venue on the Friday and Saturday of O-Week in attempts "to promote a more diverse lineup." This approach follows in-line with Catacombs' vision to "promote Dunedin's up and coming local female DJs" in 2024.

Speaking to the importance of diversity in lineups, Candice said, "If your lineup looks a certain way, it's going to build certain types of dance floors. A lot of the time when it's an all cis white male lineup, the dance floors will look like that." Speaking of her own experience, she told Critic Te Ārohi, "I never really thought about DJing until I saw other women on the lineup [...] there's no better feeling than seeing someone on stage that looks like you. It makes you think 'Oh I could do something like that.'"

One student, Talia, who is a frequent flyer at Catacombs, told Critic Te Ārohi that it's "appalling that we are still seeing inequality". And while it doesn't affect her attendance, she points out that the lack of diversity is definitely "on the disappointing side."

Candice's advice for Catacombs was simple: "If you're worried about not being able to find a non-Pākehā DJ, run a workshop and empower the people in that way. If you actually care about the music scene you start from the ground level." And there's nothing more ground level than the piss-stained floors of Cats.

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Disc Den Drives Into the Sunset

They're finally getting out of the 1990's timewarp

By Hugh Askerud & Iris Hehir
News Editor & Features Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Dunedin music industry titan Disc Den is set to close up shop after a legendary 47-year run. If you haven't been to Disc Den (*cough* fresher) it's a music joint near the Octagon that offers posters, T-shirts, CDs, and pretty much everything else music-related in the big city. At the helm is Hing Chin, a stalwart of the music scene who has seen the record stores of old come and go with the times. Now, he plans to leave the Dunedin music scene for an easy retirement filled with grandkids and quiet tunes. Critic Te Ārohi, looking to unlock the secrets of a musical life, sat down for a chat.

Hing's entrepreneurial relatives have been involved in various music-related ventures over the decades. His father Eddie owned the Sunset Strip nightclub that operated above the original Disk Den (established in 1958 under different ownership). Before the Sunset Strip met its untimely demise by fire in 1967, Hing recalls the time his father invited the Rolling Stones to party there one night. Though his parents didn't let him meet the legendary band ("I had to go to school the next morning"), he considers their 1965 Town Hall concert to be the best live music he's ever experienced. Not due to the showmanship of Mick Jagger or Keith Richards, but the impassioned performance of second act Roy Orbison, a "favourite singer" of his.

Speaking of his scarfie days, Hing studied "a bit of this, a bit of that" at Otago in the '70s, estimating he was one of only 6,000 students. After graduating, Hing bought Disk Den, initially planning to "give it a go for a couple of years [...] [but] as the years rolled on

it became difficult to find what else to do." Speaking to the record store's unrivalled longevity, Hing told Critic Te Ārohi that "the reason we didn't have cash flow problems is I put just about all my money back into the shop for quite a number of years." Disc Den's heyday was the '90s, riding off the back of a conversion to CD sales and embracing the popstastic rap fusion of the time. Slowly, the shop's focus shifted to poster and T-shirt sales, mainly to students, with Hing recounting, "We've always had a good following of student customers buying posters." Critic notes that the amount of Uma Thurman, Tupac, and Pink Floyd adorning flat walls attests to this claim.

Beyond the student market, Hing has catered to the likes of Jonah Lomu, Jack Johnson, Billy Connolly, and even the entire Australian rugby team who flocked in at one point. Summing up his time, Hing said, "You meet different people every day, that's probably what I've enjoyed the most." Hing's departure leaves Relics on Saint Andrews St. as the last shop dedicated to selling records in Dunedin. Owner Dave James told Critic Te Ārohi, "This is just what I do," citing the collective love for music in the community as a key driver for his passion over the years, a passion which Disk Den helped facilitate. Hing plans to close up shop at the end of March, or sooner if he manages to sell out stock before then. Hing's retirement and the closure of Disc Den leaves a hole in the music scene, as another local business bites the dust. But on the walls of student flats, Disc Den's legacy lives on. So hoard your Tupac posters while you can!

ODT WATCH

'Otago boy' coming home

finishing half a BComm

there is hope for conspiracists

'Several thousand' dead eels found

ODT preparing to report on several thousand initiations

Simple satisfaction

RIP our news tips inbox

wank + hashbrowns + menthol dispo

Two games from glory

"nah babe i'll def win u the next one"

Frock stars

beezy's when they discover Princess Polly

Borrowing outlook downgraded

spilled merlot on flatmate's dress :/

Tracks too narrow

DJs speak a whole nother language

new report says uni finances worse than forec

we fucking told you so

Easing into the year with some pleasing Chardonnay

what i tell my parents O Week is

Serving New Zealand to the world

werk pussy pussy pussy cunt cunt cunt hole

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CROSSWORD

Crossword rules:

Multi-word answers are indicated by a (#)

If a clue contains a period-noted abbreviation, the answer will also be an abbreviation

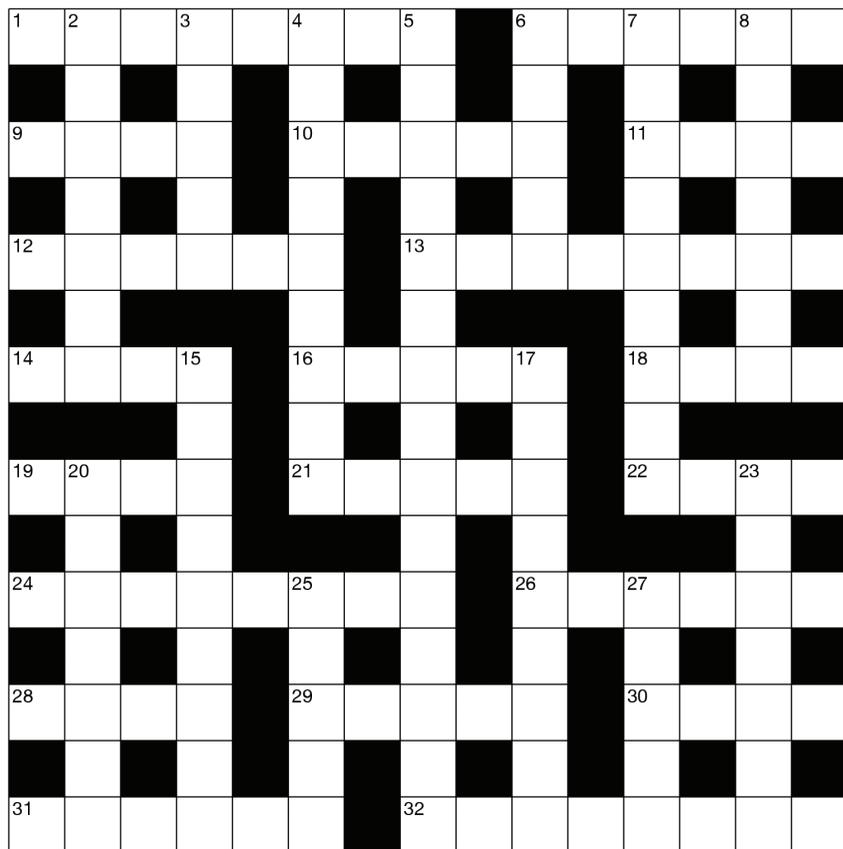
If a word is in the clue, it cannot be the answer

Quotation marks around a phrase mean that the answer is a similar phrase

Pluralised clues = pluralised answers. Same for past and present tenses (-ed, -ing).

ACROSS

- 1. Nessie home (2)
- 6. Kiwi-born Rutherford, "father of atomic physics"
- 9. Ceramics oven
- 10. River's end
- 11. *Blood and guts
- 12. Some of them are noble
- 13. Hard place to find a needle (2)
- 14. Wedding cake layer
- 16. Desert haven
- 18. Electrical letters
- 19. Boring
- 21. Moon of Jupiter
- 22. Drink quickly, as piss
- 24. Like the CIA's interrogation techniques
- 26. Exotic flower
- 28. *Friends character
- 29. Some golf clubs
- 30. Cry of pain
- 31. Grp. that designates world heritage sites
- 32. Cry of success (especially in a carpentry shop?) (2)



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DOWN

- 2. Folding paper art
- 3. *Deer females
- 4. World's highest-paid actress in 2017 (2)

- 5. *Each connected clue is a (3)
- 6. Shit-for-brains Sydney-based urban bogan type
- 7. *Final drinks of the evening
- 8. Refreshed, tidied: "_____ up"
- 15. Practices, as a theatre kid
- 17. Swan-logo jeweler
- 20. *President on the American penny
- 23. Kenya capital
- 25. Egypt capital
- 27. *Bonnie's partner

SUDOKU

EASY

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

MEDIUM

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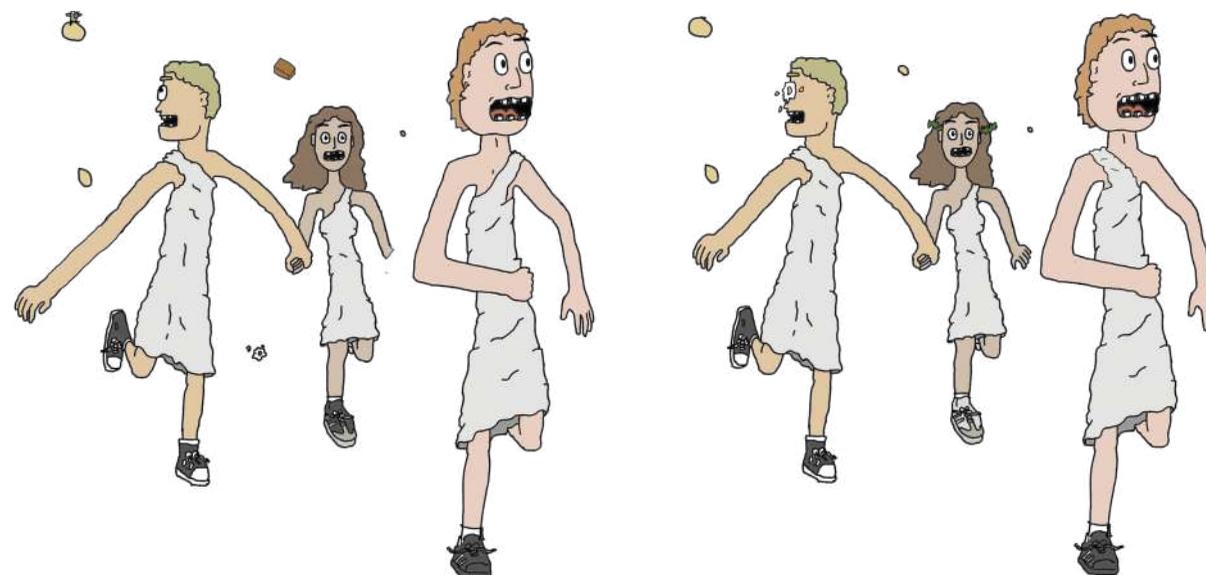
HARD

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SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images



YOUR GUIDE TO THE HIGHS, LOWS, ARRESTS, AND FASHIONS OF FLO 2024

FLO WEEK THEME REVIEW

By Lotto Ramsay & Sam Soppet
Illustrated by Lucia Brown



Monday: Back to School (Courtyard)

Flo-Week opened with a strong start at Courtyard, running the tried and true 'Back to School' theme. The look book for the night was composed of pleated skirts and unironed white collars, with a fair sprinkling of kit from local high schools – including a concerning amount of perfect blazers. Critic notes that most of the latter were rolling. The Birks and white socks combo did appear to make a comeback, despite not being up to uniform regulations. Or human decency. A commendable effort was made by girls Critic spoke to who'd all shortened their skirts for the night. Despite being warm, there weren't as many Britney looks as anticipated which is either a win or a loss for feminism, depending who you ask.

It was a great turnout, especially for the first day of Flo. Our interviews from the night are primarily staticky screams into the mic. The setup was impressive and altogether felt quite safe – even at midnight. Campus Cop John Woodhouse was "very happy with how things have gone," telling Critic that "if [Flo] continues like tonight, I'll be very happy!"

Style tips: Make your old school uniform sexier, and do not think of the implications

Accessorise with: Replying to your mum's goodnight text, for once

Arrests witnessed: 1 (non-student)

Tuesday: Day at the Races (Racecourse/Tunnel)

And they're off! Always a good theme for separating out who is actually posh from the rest. Polos and cocktail dresses were the go, occasionally topped with a fascinator, though many hats did end up in the gutter. This in itself was fascinating. A group of girls also expressed their extreme disappointment in the sheer amount of guys wearing cheesecutters – a sentiment shared by Critic. If your hat sounds like a fart, it might be a shit hat.

The setup was actually fucking wild – they were sponsored by H2YO somehow – with a good stage and real decent lighting. It glimmered nicely over the expected amount of broken glass ('Dunedin Glitter'). Brotown played on a projector to the delight of the masses, though switched over to the Pokies app later in the night. We stared at it intently. Some freshers were present, though too shy to be a nuisance. Woodhouse noted no arrests, and also slapped one of Critic's "You wouldn't deface public property" stickers on a cop car. Also, sorry for knocking your Speight's over. You know who you are.

Style tips: Literally fucking anything, apparently

Accessorise with: Saying 'neigh' to ketamine. And to horse girls

Arrests witnessed: 0

Wednesday: Brides and Grooms (Fridge/Fridgette)

"It's just a bunch of semi-drunk Dunedin students standing around, and I'm one of them," student Charlotte told Critic. Valentine's always seems to get the short end of the stick (and no, that's not a euphemism). All the couples stay home, and for some reason the singles seem a bit hesitant to dress like they're getting married. Girls were generally more into dressing up than blokes, but overall it ends up looking a bit too like White Out because no one owns a tux. Critic did spot a few suit jacket-blue jeans combos, and immediately felt like we were in *The Inbetweeners*. It's funny how Wednesday is still Wednesday whether you're working or binge-drinking. Second-year Amelia told us, "I've reached the point even goon is unappealing," three days in. All in all, a pretty tame night. Woodhouse told Critic that "the street parties are brilliant: it keeps everyone together in one place, under lights and under cameras, and everyone feels a lot safer when they see police officers around." Most people said they op-shopped their costumes, though some did say Glassons – living up to the 'something old, something new' adage. The 'something blue'? Balls.

Style tips: Wear a wedding fit with pride, despite the state of the Dunedin dating scene

Accessorise with: Shamelessly dragging a Tinder match along

Arrests witnessed: 1, for stealing our hearts



Thursday: Double Denim (Complex)

Despite a lot of interviewees expressing excitement for Double Denim on previous nights, there was not a lot of denim, and especially not double – mostly just vaguely blue 'fits. However, big ups to the girl wearing denim jeans with a denim skirt as a top. Seriously guys, everyone has jeans. No excuses. Complex had an impressive lineup, and was absolutely packed despite initial fears of rain. Host Michael "had doubts" about the weather, but "Castle always pulls through. Just when you think it's dying down, people are always getting amongst it." Woodhouse claimed he "accurately predicted that it was gonna be a great night, so it transpired. Very well-behaved, just a thoroughly enjoyable evening!"

As per, the Red Frogs were being absolute legends, providing pancakes and public gym-esque tunes. Overall, the vibes were a bit like a festival, but with less denim. Doesn't matter, the music delivered. "The quality of DJs that we have at these parties is really second to none," Macca told Critic. "These are the DJs that are supporting international artists globally [...] the sets that they are putting down are [what] you'd expect on a global scale. They're world class." If you say so.

Style tips: You're not above wearing jeans. You've probably worn jeans. You probably own jeans. Take denim and double it. Empty the tiny pocket, though

Accessorise with: Some sorta Complex (heh, get it) about being above the Juxedo

Arrests witnessed: 0

Friday: Jungle Green/Camo (Jungle)

Fine. We didn't make it to Castle. One staff member "was gonna go, but the top I was wearing was too lime green, so I chickened out and went to see L Hotel and CANDI play at Catacombs instead." Another staff member had bowel issues, which did actually match the theme, but that's tmi. Cats was good, though.

Style tips: Manscape

Accessorise with: 'Rubbing some dirt on it'

Arrests witnessed: n/a

Saturday: Thirsty (White Out)

Saturday saw Critic dusty, tailing Campus Watch, and wearing the wrong fucking theme. They switched it, and we didn't double check even though they do this every time. We were had. It was honest to God humbling. Is that how freshers feel all the time? Aside from the two Critic Olds in very, very, very fratty attire, Thirsty was amok with white Huffer tees and jorts. So, so many jorts. The bolstering crowd around us moved like The Great Wave off Kanagawa, and we were but a sober, letterman-clad rowboat crushed by the tsunami.

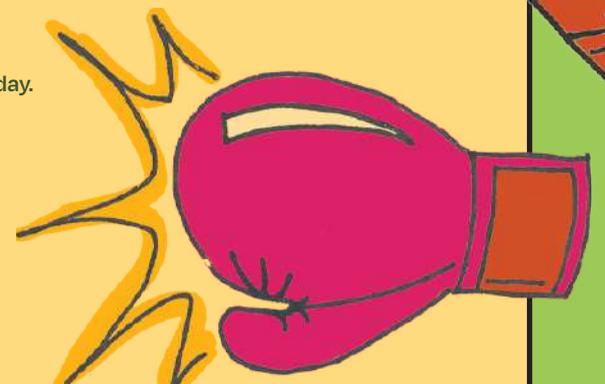
There were a couple lads spotted wearing identical outfits of a mullet, large plain white T, jorts, long white Nike socks, and white Vans. They were even the same fucking height. Another guy claimed that in lieu of owning anything white, he opted for going shirtless since he was "white enough as it is". We were too tempted to join him.

Thirsty was one of the rowdiest of the nights, apparently boasting a \$4k sound system. We witnessed property damage, break ins, and street pisses from all genders. Talking to Campus Watch, they admitted that White Out made it easier to spot the lurkers and outliers who didn't belong on the street and were just looking to cause trouble. We wished we were. If you asked a second-year, though, they said it made it easier to spot the freshers, with cries of "fresher!" heard as they spilled onto the street after being kicked out of halls at 10pm. At least we're not freshers.

Style tips: Don't be a grubby bitch. Or Critic.

Accessorise with: Vanish Oxi Action, and staying home Sunday.

Arrests witnessed: 2



WHICH COUNTDOWN RAT ARE YOU?

BY JODIE EVANS
ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKEY CLAYTON

Everyone and their mother are talking about the Countdown rats - those "unsanitary" intruders scurrying across the deli salad and whipping up an ODT storm. But have you stopped to consider how the rats feel? Perhaps each rat has its own complex life, just like yours. They, too, drink way too much at pres, projectile vomit in the toilet of the BYO and wind up sleeping with their ex again. To bridge this gap in human-rat relations, put yourself in their shoes... or paws. Answer these questions and find out which of these misunderstood critters you are.

1. WHAT'S YOUR DRINK OF CHOICE?

- a) A cheeky sav
- b) Apple juice
- c) Cody's
- d) Kombucha
- e) Goonbag
- f) Classic gin and tonic

2. FAVOURITE GENRE OF FILM/TV?

- a) Rom-com (always)
- b) Anything with a happy ending
- c) Idk, is Wolf of Wall Street a genre?
- d) Biographical
- e) Action/adventure
- f) True crime

3. PICK YOUR FLAT DECOR

- a) Fairy lights
- b) Houseplants
- c) Dirty dishes
- d) Inspirational quotes
- e) A road sign or two
- f) Eat the rich poster

4. YOUR IDEAL WEEKEND?

- a) Retail therapy
- b) Volunteering for charity
- c) Sinking piss
- d) Going to the gym and talking about the gym
- e) Climbing a mountain
- f) Working - no rest for the wicked

5. WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO STUDY SNACK?

- a) Choc-dipped almonds
- b) A good ol' sandwich
- c) Pie and a Redbull
- d) Raw vegetables
- e) Beans from the can
- f) A wee Link vending machine choccy bar

6. WHY ARE YOU GOING TO JAIL?

- a) Tax evasion
- b) Getting dragged into a pyramid scheme by someone from your highschool
- c) Possession of an illicit substance (or several)
- d) Fraud
- e) Arson
- f) Treason (overthrowing the supermarket duopoly)

MOSTLY D: FRESH PRODUCE RAT

Your body is a temple. Most commonly found lifting celery, squatting garlic or nagging Booze Rat to join you for yoga by the bagged salads. You follow a raw vegan diet, supplemented by weekend nose beers. Really hates being called 'vermin' in the papers- you actually work hard for your appearance and this is just extremely insulting.

MOSTLY C: BOOZE RAT

With greasy fur and crusty whiskers, you're the one that kicked off this whole hygiene complaint. As far as rats go, you lean pretty far into the stereotype. When not on the bitters, you can be found still comatose in the confectionary aisle at 11am. Fresh Produce Rat is convinced you have scurvy.

MOSTLY A: DELI RAT

You have a taste for the finer things in life. There's nothing you love more than a charcuterie board of smoked gouda and brie. Rest assured, that doesn't stop you from getting rat-girl wasted with the girlies and passing out amidst the Italian olives on a Saturday night. You're blissfully oblivious- what's this Countdown closure thing all about?

MOSTLY F: CHECKOUT CHICK RAT*

Your bubbly demeanour and charming smile may win you sales-rat of the month but you are not to be overlooked. Behind that shrill customer service voice and those acrylics is a vigilante. You're an unrelenting, calculated rats-rights activist organising the move to Christchurch Countdown. The rats DO run the city and you intend to make it known.

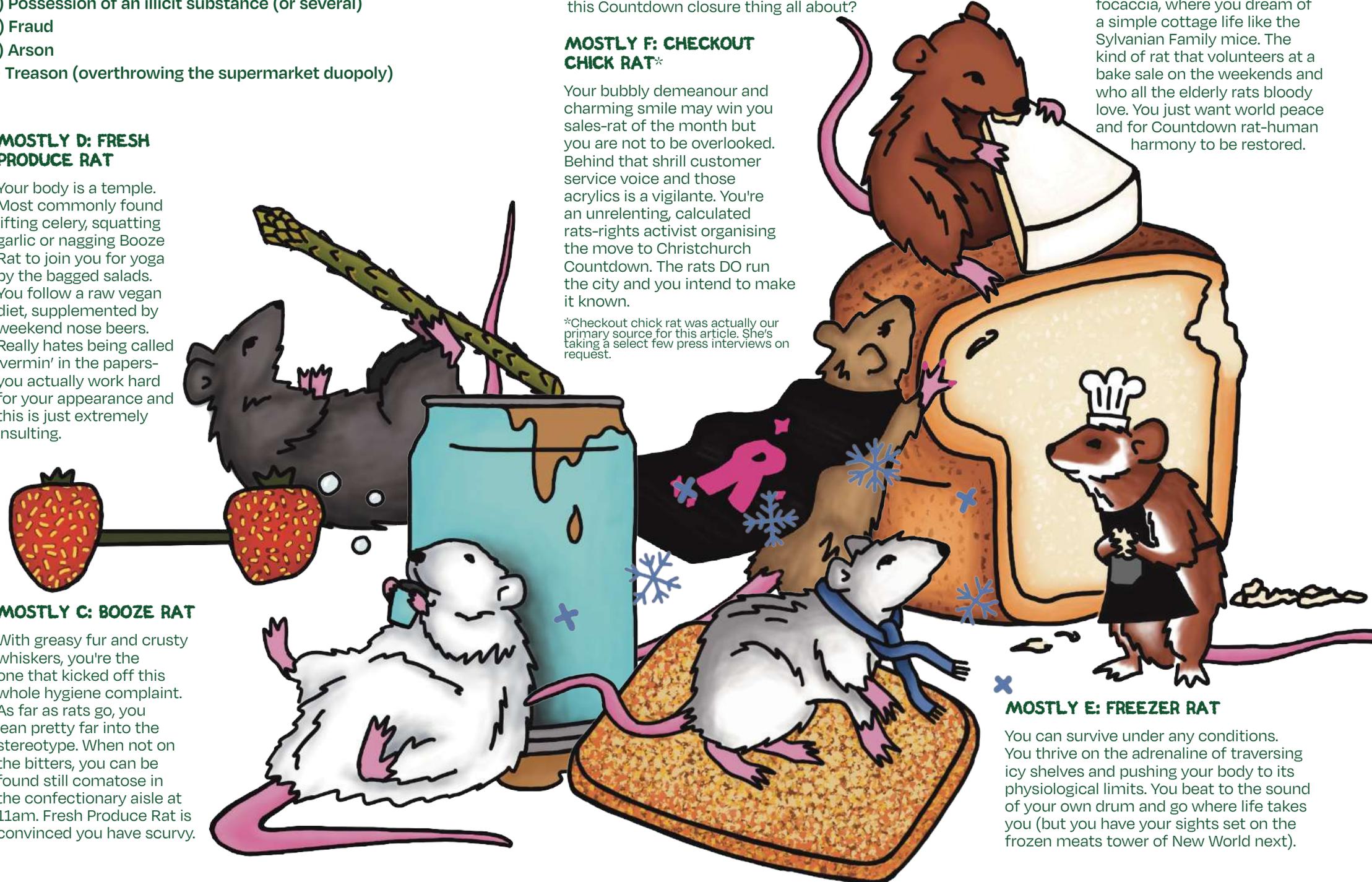
*Checkout chick rat was actually our primary source for this article. She's taking a select few press interviews on request.

MOSTLY B: BAKERY RAT

You're really fucking wholesome. You're at your happiest just snoozing between the sourdough and focaccia, where you dream of a simple cottage life like the Sylvanian Family mice. The kind of rat that volunteers at a bake sale on the weekends and who all the elderly rats bloody love. You just want world peace and for Countdown rat-human harmony to be restored.

MOSTLY E: FREEZER RAT

You can survive under any conditions. You thrive on the adrenaline of traversing icy shelves and pushing your body to its physiological limits. You beat to the sound of your own drum and go where life takes you (but you have your sights set on the frozen meats tower of New World next).



Surf culture in Ōtepoti has always operated in an uneasy tandem with the student community. When a gaggle of students sputter into view of the beach, most local surfers roll their eyes and call it a day, or else begrudgingly share their waves with often very good (if greedy) student surfers. We rarely partake in this taonga, putting us at odds with a surf community increasingly weary of our presence. Die-hard surf bro, MFCO student, and filmmaker Isaac Chadwick, or 'Chaddy' as he is best known, is changing that.

A blow-in from up North, Chaddy's time at Otago saw him create an array of films that brought the Dunedin surf community and studentville squarely into view of one another. With kaleidoscopic depictions of surf and student skullduggery, Chaddy spent his time in Dunedin making waves. Well, filming them.

That was when he started BASK, a film project that would take up most of his time at university. Producing a film a year, Chaddy took to documenting his mates' surfing exploits, along with their more raucous nights on the piss. Eventually incorporating his mates' music into the soundtrack of each film, BASK began to feel like a real scarfie product. Jam-packed with surf and student antics, the gritty vibe of each film endeared Chaddy to the wider student populace.

Now on the other side of his Castle St. days, Chaddy is moving on from life in Otago for a while. But not before filming a 15-minute tear through Indonesia, interpolated with footage from our own backyard, which screened to a roaring crowd of surfers at the NZ Surfing Nationals on January 12. 'Almost Pumping' is a final ode to the city and its surf.

Reminiscing on his experiences, Chaddy spoke to Critic Te Ārohi about his new film and the premiere which brought it to life.

For the boys, it started off as a far-sighted plan to "scrape together some money and head to Indonesia," as surfer Jack McCleod comments in the film. For Chaddy, it was a chance to test his filmmaking chops and try something new, while the rest of the crew were drawn in by killer barrels and idyllic living on the quiet island of Simeulue. That is to say, the trip made it out of the group chat.

The boys booked their flights over to Denpasar in Bali where they only stayed a few days, opting instead for the relative isolation of Simeulue – an island with little Western infrastructure or influence. Chaddy encourages aspiring surfers to do the same: "Get the fuck out of Bali... have a rough plan but just go with the flow." During their brief visit, he filmed "a year's worth of drop-ins in one session." "Bali is such a free for all," Chaddy enthused, "Everyone from seasoned vets to cunts who have been on a soft top twice were in the water".

Chaddy explained that when considering the film he first asked himself: "How can I make this as non-stop as possible?" His focus was set on "making a really gnarly surf film [...] something that was full-on and in your face, making you appreciate the moments when it slows down a bit and there are these beautiful things on screen." For Chaddy, the difference between his films since 'BASK: Volume 1' three years ago was "day and night [...] they've all improved so much."

Building on a clear vision, Chaddy said the film was made up of "less random shenanigans [...] and I was very picky about the level of surfing." Though lots of this pickiness came as a result of perfect Indo waves, the surfing talent on display also made Chaddy's job slightly easier. "Going to Indo, a switch just flipped. Put those boys in perfect waves and it all just clicks." Those boys were Jack McLeod and Ollie Charlesworth, the two central figures featured in the film. While an assortment of other familiar faces appear in the lineup, it's Jack and Ollie who bind the film. Chaddy told Critic that he wanted to have two or three main characters, "which really sets the direction for how the film turned out."

Jack's dislocated shoulder became a central narrative arc, an injury sustained thanks to a late drop from the top of a hefty right-hander. Writing for the Surf Journal, Chaddy said his "left shoulder was hanging out of the front of its socket" after Jack was sent "head over heels into the churning vortex of the wave". The boys thankfully had the presence of mind after getting themselves out of the impact zone to consult the "local guru, who massaged it and popped it straight back into place." According to Jacko, "They got that magic mud on it and it came sweet."

At the root of the film is an intrinsic tie to HYDRO surf, Dunedin's legendary surf outfit which sits on the St Clair esplanade. Chaddy couldn't sing the shop's praises enough: "I was really stoked for them to get behind it." It allowed him to "have the time to not rush it, I could leave it for five days and then come back with a clear head." His gratitude for this support was practically the first thing he mentioned upon jolting to the front of the stage at the film's premiere last month.

Held at the South Coast Boardriders' club rooms at the zenith of the NZ National Surfing Champs, Chaddy's film boasted a hearty crowd of over 40, sprawled on the ground and against walls, hair still salt-crusting from the day's comp. Roars from drinkers at the bar could be heard merrily intertwined with the eclectic soundtrack of the film at the other end of the hall. Watching Chaddy as the event went on, it was easy to see the level of stoke (helped by a well-deserved brew or two).

Despite being set in Indonesia, 'Almost Pumping' reeks of dirty old Duffers. High-cooker waves in our own backyard spliced with shots from an Indo trip which any Dunedin surfer would gladly spend hours mulling over. What more could ya want? 'Almost Pumping' is a film which attests to what Chaddy has done with his filmmaking during his time here. Taking something universal about Dunedin – its waves – and showing its appeal for both students and locals is something not easily replicated. Yet, somehow, Chaddy managed it, ensuring that maybe, just maybe, things might stay friendly in the surf next time you nearly drop-in on some burly local bloke.

Dunedin Surf Film on Film



Critic spins a yarn with Isaac "Chaddy" Chadwick
By Hugh Askerud



HOANI MATENGA HASN'T FORGOTTEN HIS ROOTS

BY IRIS HEHIR



Few Kiwis will ever experience the pinnacles of success that Otago University alumni Hoani Matenga has. Ever since his first taste of representing his country for the Baby Blacks (NZ U19s) in 2006 as a second-year, Matenga's rugby career has taken him on a journey most Weetbix card-collecting kids could only dream of. He has played for the Highlanders, the Steamers, the Blues, France's Stade Montois, Japan's Kubota Spears, and – most notably – the Māori All Blacks.

But no success comes without sacrifice. While Matenga has travelled the world living out his dream, he has also been witness to the band he helped build, Six60, becoming one of New Zealand's biggest music success stories. The Castle St-born band's tale is one of sold-out stadiums, number one singles, and trips to LA to collaborate with Pharrell Williams and Grammy award-winning producer Malay, whose work includes Frank Ocean's Channel Orange and Lorde's Melodrama.

Hoani Matenga struggled with an epic curse of talent, forced to choose between music and pursuing professional rugby. Speaking to Critic Te Ārohi, Matenga reflects on his life journey, discussing the band's beginnings on Castle Street, the Dunedin sound, pressure of the public eye, why the grass is never greener, touring the world as a Māori All Black, and what was really on the Ranfurly Shield.



Hoani Matenga (Te Whānau-ā-Apanui, Rangitāne) is perhaps the most quintessentially Kiwi man alive. It all began with his father John's passion for rugby. "It's cliché," he laughs. "Everybody's father was either into it or got their son into it. Dad always had a ball chucking around with me." But the emergence of Jonah Lomu as rugby's first global superstar is when his dreams really took root. "Everybody was just sort of taken back by what [Lomu] could do. I was growing up at that time. That was the time even the provincial games were sellouts, you know? You'd go into the stadium and there'd be a packed house. The buzz was all there in the '90s, it was the golden era."

Born and raised in Christchurch with PE teachers for parents (who met and fell in love at Otago), a love of sports and the University is deep in Hoani's roots. His uncle, Kit Fawcett, not only played rugby professionally for Otago but made the All Black's 1976 South African tour. According to Hoani, Fawcett became famous for the wrong reasons: "He's famous for this quote, 'The boys are scoring more off the field than on the field.' It blew up in the papers in South Africa and back home, made all the wives of the players lose their shit. It was front-page news on everybody's bloody paper. He ended up getting sacked. A great footy player," he smiles, "but not quite wise enough with those words back then."

Inspired by the likes of Christian Cullen, Zinzan Brooke, Buck Shelford (and perhaps by his uncle's words), Hoani set out to be the best rugby player he could be in the hopes of making it professionally. During his final year at Christchurch Boys High, he made the U17 New Zealand representative team. It was during the training camp that he met future Six60 front man, Matiu Walters. As fate would have it, Matiu had also enrolled at Otago Uni. They'd be living in the same hall, Unicol, the following year. "It was good to know someone in that setup before going down [to Otago]. I had no idea he played music or could sing at that stage."

Everyone's life is made up of forks in the road, seemingly trivial decisions that can have much larger, unanticipated consequences. How often have we lain awake at night wondering what our lives would be like if we'd gone to a different school, or hadn't met that one person on a random night out who you now couldn't be without? Deciding to study at Otago was a first fork of many for Hoani, one he was "close to not making" due to the allure of Canterbury. "Canterbury were on top. All my high school friends were in their [rugby] academy. They were the pinnacle region to play for!" The decision to step out of his comfort zone stemmed from his parents' own Otago lore and an unexpected chance to witness it for himself. During a boys' trip skiing in Wanaka, Hoani passed through Dunedin and ended up crashing at a friend of a friend's hall. "We were just blown away by the proximity of all these kids, basically partying, all living together. It just seemed like such a cool vibe." Landing a full scholarship through Otago Rugby, Hoani took a leap of faith and enrolled in Marketing and Tourism at Otago University.

OTAGO UNI: FRESHER

Upon arriving at Otago, Hoani remembers there being a "weird buzz [...] I walked past this flat and saw these guys outside with a funnel, [shouting] 'Hey fresher! Come do a beer bong with us!' [...] Straight away it's that drinking culture. You just get thrown into the deep end and make the most of it." After O-Week, Hoani's circle had branched out from the few guys he knew from back home. As he strengthened his connection with Matiu, he also met Ji Fraser who lived on the floor below him at Unicol. The two bonded over their mutual love of guitar. There'd always been a piano and a guitar in Hoani's childhood home. "[My parents] tried to put me in lessons, and I just couldn't read music, nor did it interest me. It was all by ear. I'd listen to something and I'd just be able to play it," something he acknowledges is "a talent in its own right." Whether it was 'Changes' by Tupac or songs off his first cassette tape, Michael Jackson's Thriller, his ability to play chord progressions through listening would prove invaluable later in life, beginning in his first year of flatting.

All freshers go through the inevitable panic of choosing which friends will be promoted to flatmates, proceeding to jostle for the lease to a cold, mouldy flat that's never heard of the healthy homes standards. 660 Castle Street was no exception. The highly mythologised birth of Six60 conjures imagery of five guys forging bonds as flatmates through music (as suggested throughout the promotion cycle of the band's latest album Castle St). However, the real 660 flat was a bit different. "It was actually one of my Christ College mates that managed to land us the flat," Hoani says. With Hoani and his friends Woody, Paul and Callum on the lease, the group needed to fill two more spots. "I was like, 'Let's get Matiu and Ji involved!' I could see the potential of us starting a band because Ji had a drum kit. I thought it would be cool if he brought it down to the flat."

THE GOLDEN ERA OF CASTLE: 660 FLAT

It was 2006 when the boys took on the country's most infamous party street. While only half of the flat being band members may come as a surprise, the substandard quality of their flat was anything but. "It was a shit flat," says Hoani. "It was cold. The walls were high. There was a gimp room. We did an initiation [with the former tenants] to figure out who would get it." Flat initiations have been a hot topic in the last few months, both within the student community and in national media. Hoani can't remember exactly what the 660 one entailed ("We were so drunk, it's all a bit of a blur") but he can confirm initiations were alive and well in 2006. "It's been going for years. It used to be way worse back in the seventies from stories my parents have told me, Jesus! I

thought our year was tame," he says, before adding that "everyone's got too PC" in true breatha fashion.

With Matiu's soulful voice and Ji's "freakish" guitar skills, Hoani fell into the role of bass guitarist. "I never really played bass until I went down to Dunedin, but I could hold a strum. On those early songs, those baselines are so simple. Some of the catchiest hooks were made from me playing simple riffs, it worked out really." The band still needed a drummer, however. As captain of the Colts rugby team, Hoani put out a call after training one day. "[I said] 'Hey, by the way, does anybody play the drums?' Eli didn't speak much back then, but he put his hand up and said, like, 'I play the drums, bro,'" he mimics in a soft murmured voice. From that conversation in the Uni changing sheds, Eli Paewai became Six60's drummer. Every Castle Street flat has its reputation and role in student culture: Thirsty for their blowout parties, Deathstar for its infamous breathaism and Courtyard for their girl-powered 'Courtchella' host, to name a few. Back in those days, 660 was everybody's first stop after Gardies, the student bar which sat atop Castle Street. "Everybody used to party at Gardies," Hoani explains. "We used to leave thirty minutes before it closed to set up the dru kit, bass guitars and mics at 660. We put the bed up against the wall to make a dance floor and then blasted the speakers outside. Everybody would just come in." After partying at 660, students flat hopped until they reached other student pubs (such as The Cook or Two Beers), stumbling home in the early mornings with fish 'n' chips in hand. "I don't think there was any bond left [by the end of the year]," Hoani says of the destruction caused by those nights. "Too many holes I think."

Castle Street has always been a tight community, something that proved to be instrumental in the success of the band. Every week a local venue called Backstage held an open-mic night where all the local bands played. When Six60 showed up and played their first ever gig, they had the "whole of Castle Street" coming along and supporting them. "The [owner] was like, 'Holy shit, this is the busiest we've

ever been! That's how we started getting paid." In 2021, the band purchased 660 Castle Street for \$1.7 million, turning it into a scholarship house for students 'with an interest in music and performing arts.' After auditioning, selected students are awarded free rent, access to the university recording studios and mentoring from the band. But placing musical prodigies amid Castle Street's chaos isn't always a seamless fit. As campus rumour has it, one past recipient withdrew from their scholarship and moved out early, unable to handle the noise.

"Let's put it this way," Hoani says of the rumour. "If I was running the audition, I'd pick an all-around package of musical talent, work ethic and someone whose attitude fits the mould [of the street]." Emphasising the importance of balance, Hoani insists that "the social aspect of Dunedin is just as important as the study. The connections you make down there are lifelong. You don't get that by sitting in your room playing a bloody instrument all day. It's the golden nugget, you know?" Of course, life on Castle Street has dramatically changed since Hoani's days. In 2010, Gardies shut down and was bought by the Uni who gave breathas just what they've always wanted: a study centre. That same year, the Undie-500 (read: undie five-hundy) was cancelled indefinitely due to the inability to control the behaviour of students and non-students alike. Today's Castle residents live under the watchful eye of CCTV surveillance, national media interest, and the University Code of Conduct (which prohibits 'couch burning' and 'initiations,' amongst other pastimes), with weekly parties often closed off to neighbours and a select few affiliates.

The street has "always" been populated by Auckland and Christchurch private schoolers, says Hoani, but the closed-invite nature of parties is "very new." He remembers how "everybody would be outside lighting a fire or listening to music, it'd be one big party on one street," observing it's "way more controlled" now and has become

"It's got to the point it's probably like living on Big Brother. No young bucks wanna be controlled like that." Having witnessed the brawling, fires, and property destruction popularised by the Undie-500, Hoani understands why the university took action, admitting "it was getting out of hand."

However, it doesn't help that the university is buying up student bars and turning them into alcohol-free zones, he says, speaking to the danger it has since created at flats. "Now everybody probably loads up with God knows what at house parties and stays there because of the price of a pint in the Octagon. Students can't afford that." With the combination of student pubs, live music venues, open-invite hosts, the Undie-500, \$2 coronas, \$20 double crate deals, \$85 rent, couch fires, over-the-counter party pills (not kidding), and Six60 gigs live at the flat, Hoani concludes "we were probably the last golden era of that street."

“NOT OUR DUNEDIN SOUND”

Castle Street was no doubt Six60's foundation as a band, but they hadn't lived with drummer Eli or even met their future synth player Marlon Gerbes until they moved into Boogie Nights on Warrender Street, where the band flatted for the remainder of their university days. "We had a few gigs there, everybody would have to come dressed for a 1970's Boogie Night, then we'd get up and jam while everybody was dressed up. It was quite fun." In another life, the band could have become a Bees Gees tribute group called 'Boogie Nights.'

Dunedin is home to a rich music heritage, commonly referred to as the 'Dunedin Sound', where bands such as The Chills, Straitjacket Fits, The Verlaines, The Bats and many more helped found indie rock as a genre. However, Hoani says despite knowing of these bands, Six60's influences were from out-of-town. "We liked New Zealand reggae, Trinity Roots, Black Seeds, Katchafire, Cornerstone, as well as the Finn Brothers. That wasn't [popular] in Dunedin at the time. Then Fat Freddy's Drop released Based on a True Story and started playing at Union Hall. It blew up. There was this big resurgence in roots music in the mid-2000s. We were covering all their songs."

Six60 was far from just a covers band, however. With a few originals under their belt, they ambitiously set out to create a record. Drummer Eli dropped by the local Rock Shop, asking a shop assistant whether he knew any producers. As it turned out, the shop assistant himself had a studio and layered the band's music for them. While hits 'Someone to be Around', 'Rise Up', and 'Don't Forget Your Roots' grace the tracklist, track 5 'Desperado' (which can only be found on YouTube) remains Matenga's favourite. He describes it as a "fun, raw" song: "We all end up speaking on it." The EP was released in October 2009. Listening back fifteen years later, Matenga suggests it needed "just a bit of a tweak [...] If you listen to it, it's basically [us] just going into a room and pressing play [...] but it's as good as the Gold Album to me."

Although Six60's stardom was rising in studentville, not everybody was a fan. Their first brush with criticism was when, at a mate's suggestion, the band entered a local Rock Quest. The boys, determined to win, packed their instruments and came along to find all the performances were "death metal and hard shit, the room was filled with goths." After playing originals 'Don't Forget Your Roots' and 'Someone To Be Around' the entire room went quiet. "I swear you could hear a tumbleweed. There was no love for us. I don't think anybody even clapped. We left midway through. It became our perception of the Dunedin music scene, this weird grungy underground clique. We were like 'This is whack! That was the last time we ever did that.' Of course, 'Don't Forget Your Roots' would later be re-released as the second single on the band's Gold album and is now certified triple platinum. Feeling isolated from the Dunedin music scene, Hoani found solace in the fact those bands "wouldn't have been able to get more than 10 people at a gig," whereas Six60 are getting thousands. "The [number of] people at your gig speaks volumes more than what the snobs think."

Six60 may not have been part of the 'Dunedin Sound,' but they are an important part of Dunedin's music history. "We created from our influences which were from out of town. They weren't the local grunge bands that seemed to be born and bred there. But in its own right, the birthplace of the band [is Dunedin]. If it wasn't for the University and that student culture Six60 wouldn't be a thing. If you look at it like that, surely we belong to [the scene] now."

The band made history in recent years by selling out Western Springs and Eden Park stadium, whose audience capacity (fifty thousand) was priory reserved for foreign global superstars. Though the band has enjoyed great musical success, they've often remained critically unloved. In a 2012 Stuff op-ed titled 'Six60: Killing Music Since 2006,' critic Simon Sweetman famously panned their music as "barbeque reggae." He wrote: "Barnaby Weir and Jack Johnson being remixed by a rope-headed pot-smoker with two turntables and a mixing desk is Six60's ideas of roots."

These sentiments were deemed racially insensitive by some, to put it mildly, prompting discourse around New Zealand music criticism being dominated by the chauvinistic tastes of Pākehā men. "We've always said, 'What's wrong with barbecues and reggae?' Thousands and thousands of people love that song, and look at what it's done now in terms of the Māori version, [highlighting Māoridom] on a global stage. It's done a lot of good."



That's the thing with putting yourself out there in the entertainment game," Hoani says. "Whether it's rugby or music, there's always criticism. It's just the nature of the public eye."

BETWEEN A BEAT AND A BALL

Late-night gigging is difficult to balance with reaching one's athletic potential. In 2009, two months before releasing the EP, Hoani made his first-class rugby debut for Otago in their Ranfurly Shield challenge against Canterbury. "Oh mate, if that shield could speak," he says of the recent white powder scandal surrounding the shield. "It definitely wasn't flour [...] let's just say that." They lost 16-36, something Hoani attributes to the likes of Richie McCaw and Dan Carter playing in their prime, both for Canterbury and the All Blacks.

"It was an interesting stage in my life," he reflects. "I was playing pro footy and still playing in the band. There were weeks where I'd be playing a gig on Friday and then I would have a professional game of rugby on Saturday. It wasn't the best mix. The coaches caught wind of it and it was just a matter of time before the public [did too], and articles would be written. Even if you play good, they're just waiting for a crack. If we lost, it'd be, 'Hoani is gigging until so and so time, [that's why]!' And while the music industry may come with critics and competition, it doesn't compare to rugby, as he grew to learn. "In rugby, there's contracts on the line. It could be cut if you play badly. The critics will tear you to pieces in the papers." Just look at the firestorm that rained down on Wayne Barnes last year after refereeing the Rugby World Cup final.

After being offered a contract with the Highlanders, Hoani knew he had to choose between rugby and music. Before his father passed away, Hoani made a promise to him to become the best rugby player he could be. "When you experience death at a young age [like I did], you realise life is actually quite finite. If you have something you want to achieve, at least try, because there's nothing worse than being on your deathbed and going, 'What if?' I said to the boys, 'I have to continue with rugby. It's been my dream to do this. I need to go as far as I can' [...] They told me, 'You'll always be a part of the band.'"

Promising he'd find a replacement, Hoani began holding auditions that were "pretty rubbish", recalling fans' tendency to show up: "They were just shit." Chris Mac (the band's current bass guitarist) was teaching at an intermediate school when Hoani got in touch: "I thought he had talent and would fit the mould of the band." While Mac could play bass, he had a grungier playing style than the band was used to. It was a difficult adjustment (as the Rock Quest fiasco would suggest), "but I think they took to him in the end," smiles Hoani. While Mac went on to experience the musical success Hoani sacrificed, as the only two bass players of Six60 the two share a unique bond and there is "no animosity." "It would probably be different if there was no relationship there. But it was all my doing. I hired him, I taught him all the songs, and I wanted the best for him and the band too."

RUGGERS ABROAD

Leaving the band behind to pursue his dreams wouldn't be the last of Hoani's hard decisions. As a new Highlanders player, Hoani was on the verge of being offered a position in the Māori All Blacks. However, he was also being offered "big-money" contracts overseas with the potential to financially change his life. At first glance, accepting may seem like a no-brainer, except being overseas can impact players' availability to make national teams, often considered to be the highest honour in sport.

Having faith he'd be young enough to return to New Zealand and don the black jersey, Hoani flew over to France to play for Stade Montois, where he found the French's passion for rugby blew Kiwi's out of the water. "They're the pinnacle of fans [...] they'll chant your name if you play well and key your car if you play bad." While Hoani was lucky enough to only have his name chanted, he recalls a time his teammate played badly and found hordes of fans awaiting him outside, smashing his car. "Even the refs have to get security to escort them out of the stadium. They'll literally want to bash the refs. That's as intense as you can get, really."

Stade Montois won their division two final against Pau, with Hoani playing the full 80 minutes. When the Kubota Spears (a premier Japanese club) came knocking on Hoani's door with a contract, Stade Montois pleaded with him to stay. "It was nice to be wanted," Hoani says, "but then I showed them the money I was being offered. They were like, 'Good luck, Hoani!' They couldn't even come close [to matching it]. So I thanked them for the opportunity and ended up in Japan."

Under the Japan contract, Hoani was making nearly half a million dollars (about seven times the median NZ wage). But the urge to return home began to eat at him. "Being young and naive, I thought the money would make everything better. Once I got it, it almost felt like an anti-climax. That notion of 'if only I had more money, then I'd be happy,' that's not how it works." Cultural differences in France and Japan, both in rugby and society, also caused him to miss home. "The physicality of French rugby is huge, whereas Japanese rugby is like trying to catch little mice, it's really fast. I think I lost 10kg to get down to that level of pace. There's only two foreigners on the pitch at once, and it's just chaotic."

Born and raised in the world's top rugby country shaped Hoani's sought-after talent, but as a foreigner, social integration was more difficult. "I think there were about ten guys in the French team that didn't speak to me for three months because [I was told] they couldn't speak English. When I played well and won the team a couple of games, I [suddenly] heard, 'Good job Hoani! Come here!'" to which Hoani responded: "I thought you couldn't speak English?" "Turns out they were just being snobs," he laughs.

“I LOOK AT IT ALL AND JUST GO WHAT A LIFE.”

In Japan, Hoani recalls he'd go out to town and see signs reading 'No Gaijins allowed.' "It basically means no foreigners are allowed in the pub. Imagine if you had that here [in New Zealand]? It'd be news." While Hoani was grateful for the experience, after finishing his contract in Japan he knew it was time to return home. "There's no place like home [...] It's almost like I needed to see the world, but then once you see it, you realise how good it is where you are." Three years passed since Hoani made his return home jumping between super rugby teams. While he was still playing for the Bay of Plenty Steamers, Hoani was 31 and nearing retirement age. In 2018, however, he finally got his dream offer to become a Māori All Black. "It's been a dream of mine ever since I can remember throwing the ball around with the old man," he said to the New Zealand Herald at the time. "To make it with a few disappointments, not making it over the years, the meaning is a lot more." As a lock for the Māori All Blacks, Hoani had the most enjoyable experience of his rugby career, touring Chile, USA, and Brazil with his fellow hoā tākaro. "We're all proud Māori. We all had similar upbringings, humour, and playing styles, singing on tour [together]. It's a very tight-knit crew. Most of the boys have said it's the best team they've ever been a part of, and that's coming from All Blacks players as well." Hoani represented his country in the USA Eagles match in Chicago, where the team won 59-22. Performing the haka, his shirt adorned with the silver fern, Hoani recalls the match as his "proudest moment [...]" Obviously, my father would've liked to see [it], as he passed away during my rugby career. It was special for the family. There was a lot of sentimental value."

HOME COMING

These days, Hoani is living the sweet life. After meeting Brazilian model Kamila De Sousa in Bali, the couple came to Tauranga where they have settled down with their two young boys Nikau and Koa. Tales of professional athletes going from riches to rags frequent the tabloids, but Matenga escaped this fate by investing his earnings in various business ventures and property with an eye to a future career change. Now director and CEO of Hiwa Systems, a company specialising in cutting-edge location tracking technology, Hoani has found the business world an exciting transition. "I like the freedom of being your own boss and having control of your own company. I'm enjoying building something from nothing. It's my creative side but in business." Tauranga boasts a vibrant music landscape, where one can find artists like Tiki Taane, Laughton and Fran Kora enhancing the local scene. In his home studio, Hoani frequently jams with Joel Shadbot of L.A.B and former bandmate Matiu Walters. When asked about a solo career, Hoani says, "Never say never [...]" I'm constantly writing. There's actually a whole list of songs on the wall that Matiu and I have been dabbling with over the last year." Hoani says he has recordings of old music from when Six60 used to be called 3MG ('Three Māori and a Ginga') "that needs to come to life [...]" It's the early days of [the band], sitting in the living room of the flat back in 2006. Gems in there, you know? They just need to be remastered."

Hoani enjoys a close relationship with the band, reuniting on the red carpet at the premiere of *Till The Lights Go Out*, a documentary detailing the band's beginnings, rise to fame, and struggles along the way. "We all got a bit emotional," Hoani says of viewing it for the first time. "It was quite nostalgic looking at it and seeing all that old footage of ourselves when we were young, knowing what's happened since." From playing as three Māori and a Ginga on Castle Street to playing crowds of 50 thousand as New Zealand's biggest band in history, it's interesting to contemplate the untraveled routes in Hoani's life. While Hoani understands the public's curiosity about his decision, he feels no regrets about his choice. "I'm just grateful for the experience. It can be challenging for others [to understand] because they haven't walked in my shoes. They haven't harboured my dreams and ambitions." While Hoani explains most will never feel the exhilaration of scoring tries or slaying a guitar to a sold-out stadium, he emphasises the glamorous media image is never representative of the behind-the-scenes hard work and sacrifices it takes to get there. "There was only one way to get to the top level [of either field], and it was by choosing."

On the days of match losses, on-field beatings, and injuries, Matenga admits professional sport isn't always roses. "There's times in footy where it's not all primo, but it's the same with music. There've been some dark, dark times in that band which the public don't know about that I do because I'm boys with them. There's fights, [bad] things that happen on tour. The lulls, nobody coming to the gig in a foreign country [...] I know if I was in the band [during those lows], I'd feel the same way about rugby; [fantasising about] being on hundreds of thousands of dollars a year and having stadiums shout my name." The human tendency to view the grass as being greener is strong, but Hoani's life has taught him that the reality is always more complex. "You can't look at the other side and decide it looks better. That's just not how it works, you know? I take the highs for what they are and take the lows for what they are." Mindful that the lows pass and a positive attitude is crucial, it's this perspective that carried him along his career.

Two weeks ago, news broke that Eli Paewai is exiting the band. In an Instagram post, the drummer announced his "personal journey with music [was] coming to an end." While Paewai may face similar judgement about his choice, Hoani muses it's always better to pursue what you want, not what others expect. "Going against the mainstream view to chase one's dreams takes a lot of balls. I got a lot of love and respect for the bro Eli and wish him the best on his new endeavours. We'll [both] always be a part of the Six60 whānau." "People haven't experienced what we've experienced," Hoani continues. "I look at it all and just go, 'What a life.' It's just about adding to an endless portrait." He explains that while society's definition of success seems to be achieving fame, wealth, or social status, he tends to agree with Earl Nightingale's viewpoint that success is "the progressive realisation of a worthy goal or ideal"; encouraging students in the position he was once in to find one and achieve it.

As for what he'd like his legacy to be for others, especially his children, Hoani hopes it will be to dream big, have a positive attitude, never stop learning, and make the most of life as "it's bloody short [...]" Anything's possible, man. Whether in business, sport, music, family. The sky's the limit, I'm just getting started." And for something practical to leave you with on a weekday in between the library and beers, Hoani suggests having a read of *Change your Paradigm, Change Your Life* by Bob Proctor; and for the creatives, *The War of Art* by Steven Pressfield. "It will help you get shit done on your journey!" At 36, Hoani's life canvas has a long way to go. While it's bound to be filled with many colourful experiences to come, one of the most brilliant of them all fell on March 9, 2019. After making his return overseas from the Māori All Blacks tour, Hoani walked out on stage to more than 36 thousand fans in Forsyth Barr Stadium. During their world tour, Six60 invited him to cameo during their concert in Dunedin. The last time Hoani had played a gig, the crowd was 1/18th the size of the sold-out stadium that now stood before him. Looking out at tens of thousands of Dunedin faces, Hoani Matenga experienced a homecoming. It was a full-circle moment, both for his rugby and music career. Coming home having achieved his life's dream, now hearing the city sing his songs back to him, Hoani took in the moment: "It was surreal. I was back to where it all began."

WHAT THE FUCK IS OUSA AND WHY DOES IT MATTER?



Hi, I'm Keegan. I'm your student president (for 2024). There is a long list of people who have held this role before me (notably your new vice chancellor Grant Roberston) and hopefully a long list of people that will follow me (if I don't burn this place down). While I love many things about this university (you), I also care deeply and work hard for other things (advocacy, representation, your mum).

To keep you updated on what OUSA executive does we have this lovely column in Critic Te Ārohi. This space in the magazine will be us telling you about things we've done, things we need help with, and things that I just kind of feel like ranting about.

This week I just want to take the time to remind international students to email your visa to the international

office so you don't get locked out of blackboard and wifi. Admin, I know, but I've forgotten every single year so hopefully this reminder helps you not forget.

Outside of that, I literally can not explain how malleable and influenceable I am. If you want something done I will abuse my connections in order to make it happen. My whole schtick is making your life better which I know we can do, we just need to know how. Unless it has to do with pelicans, you're on your own against those horrible creatures.

Lots of love and tell your mum to call me back,

Keegan



For everything *life* throws at you

- ACADEMIC (book icon)
- EATING (plate icon)
- FINANCIAL (money icon)
- RELATIONSHIPS (heart icon)
- ADVOCACY (hand icon)
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OUSA George FM Partner By FUZEN

AQUARIUS
Put the fucking pastel highlighters down - it's too early to start colour-coding things. Organisation won't bring you the comfort you crave, but people will. Get out there and don't let the start of sem pass you by.
New Year's resolution to ditch: All of them. Calm down.

ARIES
You are SO ready, and it's kinda terrifying. Save some enthusiasm for later so you don't burn out. You might not actually intend on going to the clubs you sign up for but shit, is it fun to agree to things or what??
New Year's resolution to ditch: Social sports.

GEMINI
You've already reinvented yourself for this year, but did you need to? Maybe your old aesthetic was cute? Maybe people want consistency out of you, rather than you always trying to change your personally perceived flaws?
New Year's resolution to ditch: Going to the gym.

LEO
You're doing too much but reading this won't stop you. Start carrying around a water bottle. And keep better track of your keys.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Making resolutions for next year.

SAGITTARIUS
Don't impulsively go on an exchange. Don't impulsively go on an exchange. Don't impulsively go on an exchange.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Decreasing your screen time.

PISCES
You're giving more than you're getting. And like, that's fine because you're not one to keep tabs or make complaints, but also like, what about you? You're not as self-absorbed as you think... mostly. It's Pisces season right now, so you get to be a little selfish and recharge.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Quitting nicotine.

TAURUS
Your flat has its shit together, and you have the best-decorated room. Just try not to step on your flatmates' toes in your thirst for adventure this year. Or your thirst for other things. Venus is in power after all - just keep it lowkey.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Cuffing the first okay person you come across.

CANCER
You feel like you've burned bridges recently and it's getting to you. Start the year out right by reaching out, or at least owning your decisions, even if it's out of your comfort zone. You're allowed to make bad calls, babe!
New Year's resolution to ditch: Meditation - you're in your head plenty.

VIRGO
Take the time to explore campus properly this year. You're going to find a new favourite spot which will be perfect for getting away. Lord knows you need it.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Setting boundaries.

LIBRA
You have a lot of hot takes that, in reality, are lukewarm at best. Surround yourself with people who challenge you. You're going to take more criticism this year, but you will be better at handling it.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Growing your skincare collection. You have enough.

SCORPIO
You need a creative outlet. A real one. Focus on finding a new way to work through your emotions that honours your creative side. And no, scrolling through mental health tips doesn't count.
New Year's resolution to ditch: 'Prioritising' self-care. Just do the self-care, babe.

CAPRICORN
You're used to everything going to plan, but you can't plan ahead for everything. This year being adaptable will be important. Plan to have unplanned periods. Loosen your grip just a bit.
New Year's resolution to ditch: Your multi-phase plan to conquer the world before your thirties.

CAMPUS WATCH, WATCHED

By Nina Brown
Illustrated by Sarah Kreft

Campus Watch are the aunts and uncles of North D. They giggle at the antics of youths, make bad jokes and elbow you until you laugh along, and don't hesitate to tell you when you're being a dick – aggressively so if you're caught throwing bottles. Campus Watch is 40 strong, split into five teams of eight: Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo. Based out of the Proctor's Office in St. Dave's, they keep a careful eye on more than 900 CCTV cameras around campus. Campus Watch has been around since 2007 as the middleman between breathas and the cops, and over Flo and O Week, it's been "all hands on deck at Castle St."

Every night of Flo, Critic Te Arohi's resident second-year breatha Sam was on the ground to review the week's themes as they were intended to be experienced: drunk as a skunk. But it was Critic's oldest and crustiest Nina (she/her) and Lotto (they/them) who donned the Campus Watch hi-vis and spent a painfully sober Saturday night on Castle St. eating pancakes and riding in the Vomit Comet (the security car). The beer goggles are off.

15:21

I message Lotto "what does this entail" at their suggestion we dress up for the frat theme, settling on a backwards cap and a flannel shirt after a panicked 'frat boy' Google.

16:40 (LESHCO)

In the Critic office, I stare at a bulk of Red Bulls and blink away the dregs of my afternoon nap.

16:49

Lotto and I are welcomed to the Proctor's Office by Garry, an energetic Belfast bloke in his mid-fifties and the leader of the Delta team. It's Delta team's second (?) swing shift: 5pm to 3am. In the Campus Watch break room upstairs, Garry introduces us to the team: Annabel, Steve, Dean ("Deano"), and another Steve. As we later find out, there are three Steves at Campus Watch, so we'll call them Eel Steve (feeds the Leith eels cat food), Author Steve (adorably published a kid's book after his granddaughter asked him to write her a story), and Ex-Cop Steve (we meet him later in the night).

As I'm handed a mug of tea, I think to myself that it's lucky we didn't choose "not allowed in the Campus Watch tea room" as one of the new sticker slogans. Annabel offers me homemade oat and raisin cookies. "For energy," she tells me, apologising for the paper stuck to the bottom.

17:16

Garry briefs the team. He tells us that two kayaks were stolen from a car on Cumberland St. overnight and that Thirsty are hosting White Out tonight with their four thousand dollar sound system. As the team murmurs about the "absurd" amount of money, I discreetly slip the frat boy cap into my bag. The fuckers switched the theme.

Lotto and I are told we'll be in the security car first with Author Steve and Deano, something I'm grateful for after Garry tells me he'd typically walk 15km over an eight hour shift.

17:46

We're still in the break room and I'm starting to feel woozy from how much caffeine I've downed. Eel Steve is talking affectionately about his Leith River buddies. They "have standards" when it comes to food, apparently, refusing broccoli, pasta, and (bizarrely) rotten possum.

Before heading out, we're taken downstairs to kit up in hi-vis (hiding the now useless frat costume), and given a torch and a radio. Although we're not allowed to share details after signing confidentiality agreements, we're also shown the CCTV cameras in the control room that survey the tertiary sector to an alarming scale, including public streets.

18:54

Leith St. is dead as fuck when we drive through. Boys preing at the Corner Store wave at the car from their balcony. Going past Castle St., I can see a small group of boys on a couple couches in front of Thirsty.

19:09

A BREATHA PISSES AGAINST THE SIDE OF DOMINOES, HIS URINE GLINTING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

19:54

We join Garry and some police officers on Castle St. who are hanging out by the Uni Flats opposite Thirsty Boys. Garry introduces us to Ivan (the 'Can Man'). When we tell him we're from Critic, he protests in a barely understandable murmur that he's been interviewed by the ODT and Stuff already. "That's cool," I say. He's an 80-year-old man who has lived on Leith St his whole life, spending his spare time trash-picking cans in North D and wheelbarrowing them to South Dunedin for a bit of spare change. He's also "adult" media's go-to for a disgruntled commenter on depraved student antics.

We end up at the intersection of Howe and Castle (a popular haunt for the vis-vests). Campus Cop John Woodhouse ("Woody") is near a crowd of preing breathas at Adventure Time. I think I can hear Rihanna playing. Woody excuses himself to go tip a breatha out of a supermarket trolley his mate's been pushing him around in, and gets a hug in return.

Garry points out the red-brick flat opposite the Marsh where people are playing beer pong in the front yard. "They're on their last legs with the Proctor already," he says, telling us about incidents of bottling. I'm too shy to join the boys when he suggests Lotto and I rep Critic in a game against them.

20:30

Lotto's not feeling great by the time we circle via Leith St. to where the Red Frogs are setting up camp at the Dairy, and I'm left to tackle the rest of the night solo when we drop them home in the security car.

21:07

Back at HQ, Ex-Cop Steve is briefing Team Charlie before their night shift starts, set to finish at 7am. As I put my tea mug in the dishwasher, I find a bowl that's identical to one in my flat and wonder whether Critic staff stole one the last time they shadowed Campus Watch in 2018.

21:26

The night's still young, so I accept Clive and Angela's offer of hopping in the Vomit Comet with them. "Gross, but pretty accurate, really," Angela comments about the name. "It's just one of those things when you drink a lot." Angela is a past student, of which there are a lot in the team, and Clive is an ex-prison security guard. Estimating he's about 6ft 4, it made sense.

21:46

The control room radios that two girls need to be driven home from Leith St. On our way to pick them up, Clive and Angela explain that besides rides home, car trips are typically either to the ED ("let's just say there's a lot of alcohol poisoning going on at this university") or to Maccas – the two pillars of the student experience.

It's dark now, and there are more white-clad students around. "Not going to be so white at the end of the evening," Angela jokes. We pass a lineup of cars on Park St. with cones on their roofs on our way to drop the second girl home.

22:01

Freshers have moved into their halls today, so we go to check out the cemetery (Campus Watch call it 'Brackens') where they'll be migrating after curfew. "There's a lot more students out tonight," Clive comments. We spy on a boy pushing a cone in a supermarket trolley. They explain to me that the reaction to Campus Watch isn't always positive, as a student walking to the lookout yells an unintelligible mix of profanity at the car.

22:15

"Tonight's the night," says Angela. We park at the cemetery gate at the mouth of the driveway to the lookout where freshers go to drink since all the student bars closed. The dull roar of what must be around 300 people drifts up the drive. Over the radio, someone reports that windows at the Big Cheese flat have been broken.

A drunk girl approaches us as we reach the crowd. "You guys can protect me, I'm a little bit scared not gonna lie," she says. She's moved in to Unicol today with her two friends from high school. The three proudly show off their new friend: "She's from Tennessee!" I ask them if they're going to check out Castle St. and get a "fuck no" as they gesture to their not-white outfits that would make them stick out as freshers.

We leave them to it. A girl yells, "Oi, who's got my hoon!" as we leave. "It's a foreign language sometimes," says Clive. I nod, recalling an earlier conversation with Angela where I explained to her what a breatha is.

Driving down Clyde St., we come across Deano who's dealing with a pile of broken glass that's appeared in the middle of the street since we passed through just fifteen minutes prior.

22:22

Angela pulls over when she spots trouble at the Castle flat on Leith; a stumbling girl is being escorted out by some guys. "CAMPUS WATCH!" yells a shirtless guy (using his chest in lieu of owning a white shirt?). I'm told to stay in the car. As they go to check on the girl, I overhear the guy say, "It's called the Cemetery!" The team is learning all the lingo tonight. The team returns to the car, ready to move on. Clive wonders how to wave like the King of England, and my suggestion of "like Ken" gets a resounding, "Yes, that's it!"

22:27

It's getting busier on Castle St. now. I'm dropped off with Garry and Angela on Howe St. We go to check on Big Cheese and find other Campus Watch staff there already with a massive \$100 roll of gladwrap patching up two windows at the entrance ("double-glazing!") that were smashed. The girls who live there tell us that a group of guys came to the flat, ripped off parts of the staircase bannister and used them to smash the windows. They also ripped off a toilet seat from the downstairs bathroom that lies sadly on the ground behind them.

The unofficial flat spokesperson, Sahara, compliments me on my "glowy skin", a euphemism for "sweaty". She slurredly rants that they'll have to pay for the damage done, complaining at the "disrespect". Moving outside, she gestures to a tree on their front lawn where the same guys also hung used condoms. A Charlie member muses it might be "their sign of flirtation." But his questionable suggestion is interrupted when Sahara spots a smashed mirror on the ground: "That's my fucking mirror!" Behind her, I see the girl who was escorted out of Castle earlier in tears surrounded by consoling friends. One of them pisses into the bush as he speaks to her.

22:40

The party is in full swing. A police car sandwiches Thirsty on either side with their lights flashing. The crowd froths in the front of the flat to DnB. Annabel whips out her torch to scan gutters for lost phones. I've never been so starkly aware of my own sobriety as we observe the crowd, missing the typical Castle beer goggles. Annabel checks on a girl who's hunched over on the curb with a ciggie in hand. "Every time she drinks and smokes, she pukes," Annabel says when she comes back.

22:50

Garry confirms his nickname is Gazza. He elbows me and says with a grin, "Let's get a pancake." I enthusiastically accept, and he introduces me to Red Frog volunteer Kat. She claims to make the best pancakes out of the team, who are shaking pancake mix like a quasi-cocktail bar in front of a massive queue. Everyone's gotten noticeably wobblier at this point in the night; I spot a girl tripping over backwards as another asks us for a plaster.

Kat wasn't lying; these pancakes are the best fucking thing I've ever tasted. Fluffy, warm, and soaked in maple syrup that's made the ground under the tent sticky from successive nights of spillage.

As I rip into my second pancake of the night, we hear a bottle smash – right beside a glass bin. Here's the thing about Campus Watch: they adore students and are super understanding of inevitable incidents that happen on a night out (vomiting, scrapes, fights, etc). But make no mistake – they hate broken glass with a fucking passion. The culprit's eyes widen at the sight of Gazza approaching. He begins sheepishly muttering apologies. A couple metres away, a bro slaps his friend's ass with affection.

23:06

Deano's caught someone breaking into a Uni Flat opposite Thirsty. The trespasser disappeared down the drive a bit too long for it to be just for a piss. "That's a big issue," he says, one that's enabled by a combination of unlocked doors and non-students hanging around the area during parties. Apparently supermarket prices have gotten so bad that food items are increasingly becoming the target of burglaries, too. Deano's cut short by the commotion next to a police car. A guy jumps onto the car before a group of four officers wrestle the offender into handcuffs and escort him away. "Parkour!" yells Gazza.

23:15

Gazza, Annabel, Author Steve and I go for a walk around to the campus side of Castle via Cumberland St. "The contents of some guy's stomach," comments Gazza, pointing out vomit to avoid on the path. Two boys on a scooter fly past, gripping each other tightly, sure to have agreed "no homo" before taking off. Gazza receives a handshake and a "Sup, g" from a girl on Dundas.

23:20

"The music was shit and the lights were doing my head in," says Ex-Cop Steve, when we greet him at the intersection of Castle and Dundas, away from the crowd. He gives us bad news. A group - likely the same who wreaked havoc at Big Cheese - has broken into one of the Uni Flats and wrecked the place. "Scummy people," he says with venom. "We don't know who the baddies were, the residents didn't see anything because they were too scared hiding in their rooms."

The air is getting more tense as students get more fucked. A guy is escorted into the back of a police van, prompting a "There's a baddie in the back!" from a nearby blonde dressed in white shorts and a white singlet. She and her friend wobble over to us and ask (yelling through ringing ears) for a hoodie to be brought via the Vomit Comet.

23:30

Ex-Cop Steve and Gazza break up a fight where one guy was being pinned by another against the wall of a building,

presumably attempting to prove to everyone that he has a massive penis. Hoodie Girl's friend is thrilled, rushing over to get amongst the action, only to be told "Don't be so stupid!" by Hoodie Girl. Get you a friend that holds you accountable, amiright?

23:35

I count five people now who've asked us for directions to a bathroom. "At this point in the night everyone's looking for a place to wee," says Annabel.

23:40

"Milton's a bloody nice place!" yells a grey hoodied girl to the hoodie-yearning one. "That must be the quote of the night," Annabel says. The Hoodie Duo, at the level of drunk where they're yelling everything and have forgotten the concept of personal space, make up a fun new game. Taking a break from accusing passersby of being freshers, they guess each of our ages one by one. My age is in the range of Unknown Older Girl, as they fire ages from 17 to 23 at me. Gazza calls them "cheeky shites" when his ~55 is suggested to be 63, sparking a round of 'who can imitate his Irish accent the best.' A walking crowd to Maccas goes past: "Can we split a Hunger Buster?"

23:43

"You fucking cunt!" comes from a dude next to Big Red. "Stay the fuck out of our flat!" He's standing with his friends facing off against another group of guys, and Campus Watch rush over to prevent another fight from happening. Turns out the guys being yelled at are high schoolers who've been stealing booze from Big Red throughout the night. Understandably, the flat's pissed.

An ambulance wails into the street, and Gazza all but rubs his hands together as we follow in its wake. We're stopped by a guy and a girl for a picture; I'm pleased, before worrying my sweaty forehead will reflect the ambulance lights. After they move on, we see a couple enter the ambulance without any clear signs of injury - only the guy isn't wearing pants.

Campus Watch Radio: "A cone's been thrown at a car and smashed the windscreen."

00:04

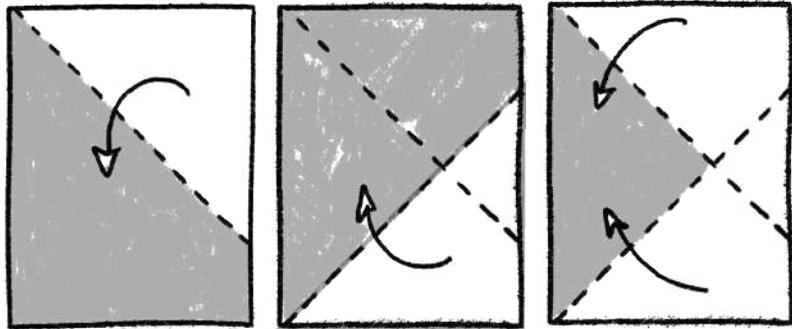
Gazza and I snag another couple pancakes from Red Frogs. It's three hours past my bedtime already, and I make a lame Cinderella joke as an excuse to call it a night.

00:46

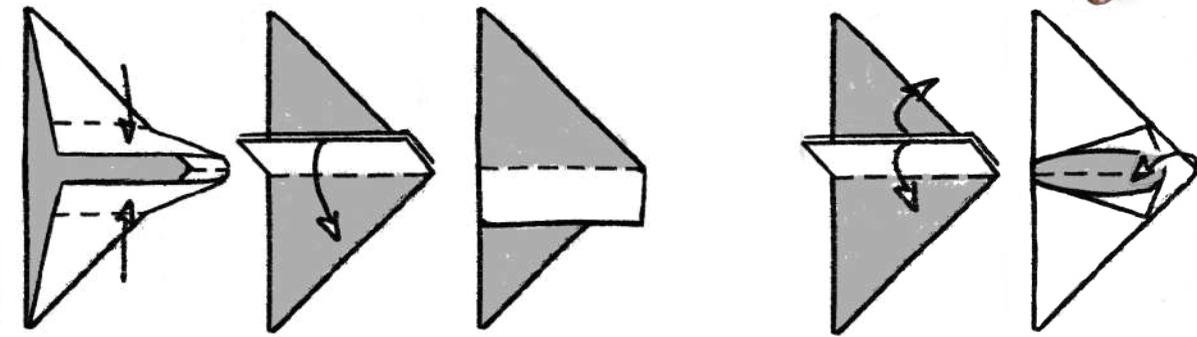
I tuck myself into bed with ringing ears, sticky fingers, and smelly feet, thinking admirably of the Campus Watch teams that will be out until 3am. Cheers for the free food, fellas.

CRITIC ORIGAMI ORB (CROORB)

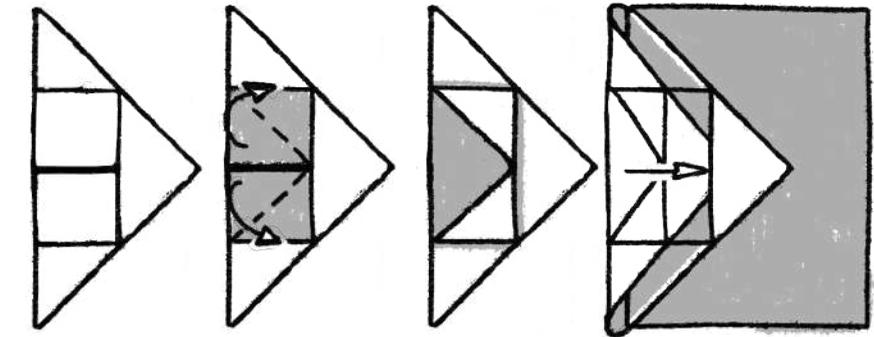
Some basic knowledge of origami would be beneficial. Or not. If you have to start over on a new one it essentially boosts our readership.



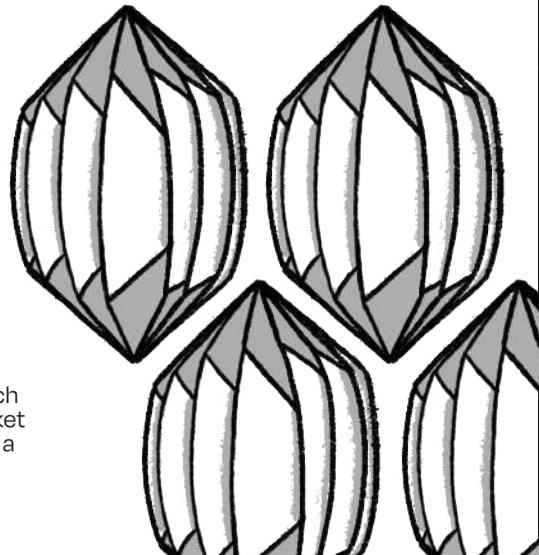
- 1** Fold corner to spine and unfold (this will help us later)
- 2** Repeat on other side
- 3** Using previous triangular folds as a guideline, start to bring BOTH of the short edges in to meet the spine. This step is awkward, but so are you.



- 4** Line everything up so that the two corners meet each other, and all edges are flush
- 5** Next fold the excess to the side, along the triangle's midline.
- 6** Unfold, and repeat in other direction. Unfold.
- 7** Open up each side of the excess, folding each back along the crease you just made. As you do so, gently coax the furthest edge downwards, using the foldlines you made in the first step. (This is called a 'squash fold', and is what it sounds like. Absolutely sucks to figure out from a diagram though.)



- 8** Completed squash fold
- 9** Finally, fold these corners inwards so that they're tucked underneath to seal everything in place. Now repeat for every page. I mean, you've already started.
- 10** Leave as a diamond (sexy) or, once complete, tuck each corner into the corner pocket of following page to create a CROORB



By Jordan Irvine

CANDI

Candice is a familiar voice from Radio One, but she isn't just a DJ on the radio – as CANDI, she's an influential music artist with an impressive track record of live shows. Only established in Re: Ori '22, CANDI has quickly become a prominent fixture in the electronic scene, not only in Ōtepoti as a solo artist and member of Nōrty Club, but amongst the diverse lineup performing at Rhythm and Vines last year. Critic Te Ārohi was fortunate to snag an interview with Candice and find out what music means to her.

Starting as a volunteer at Radio One in September of 2021, Candice managed to secure the electronic music show 'STOMPING GROUNDS' in March of 2022. Not long after, she was recommended to play at Re: Ori – so she found some decks and became CANDI. Candice "learnt how to DJ in 4-6 weeks and then played the silent disco at toga", immediately finding her footing. "I did have some basic DJ gear because my dad was a DJ," Candice told Critic, "[so] I've been around electronic music my whole life, but never really thought about being a DJ. I grew up around a lot of 90's Euro-Dance and it's super cool to see that get a resurgence – 'Meet Her at the Love Parade' is at the core of my electronic journey."

CANDI isn't worried about all the "bells and whistles" when she's behind the decks; instead, "it is more about my tune selection and navigating and molding the energy around the room rather than quad dropping." Her ability to curate a

vibe for the dancefloor is what gives her the most joy when it comes to DJing. As she explained, "There's nothing I love more than playing a tune and then seeing someone else love it too, [seeing] the way their face lights up, it is such a special experience."

Usually, CANDI plays house music, techno, and 140, but is open to playing anything. "I play what I feel like or what I think people in the room would enjoy," she said. Playing a set at RNV recently was the biggest 'room' she has played for. Despite not "expecting it to be super busy [...] I was playing at 9pm on campers' night and the whole stage was packed from front to back." Surrounded by electronic legends and welcoming staff she couldn't help but conclude "It was really cool".

Her main goal, though, is to create a safe space on the dancefloor. "A massive part of our kaupapa for CANDI and Nōrty Club is the love of music, and that can only happen when it's a safe space for everyone to enjoy," she said. "It means a lot to me when people come to my gigs to have a safe space [...] It's about music at the end of the day but it is always deeper than [that]. No anti-social BS on my dancefloor."

You can catch CANDI at Catacombs opening for UK act Bader on the 8th of March, and for Frank Booker on the 9th of March at Erricks. To keep up to date with what CANDI is up to follow her at @lovefromcandi on Instagram.





Flo and O Week are hard on the body, hard on the brain, and hard on the budget. Here's a simple, cheap, and nutritious recipe for guac and chips that's bound to convert even the most die-hard of avocado haters. I will fight anyone who claims anything less than the ingredients in this recipe constitute guacamole. Avocado and salt is called smashed avocado and it belongs on toast. Enjoy.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 avocado
- 1 tomato (diced)
- Half a red onion (diced)
- Handful of coriander
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp lime juice
- Hot sauce (optional)
- Natural flavoured corn chips

non-negotiable, i don't care if you think it tastes like soap

INSTRUCTIONS:

Half and pip the avocado and scoop into a bowl. Mash with a fork. Dice the tomato and half a red onion (just a quarter if it's a big boy), and add to the bowl. Roughly chop the coriander and add to the mix. Add the salt, lime juice, and hot sauce to taste, and mix it all together. There's your dip, scoop it into ya gob using corn chips either as a meal for one or shared with your mates.

BOONZEE REVIEWS

BY SIPPY BILL SWILLIAMS

KIRIN HYOKETSU LEMON

Students return to their shitboxes, locals complain on Facebook, the annual tradition of Flo and O lives on. A fortnight of alcohol and substance ridden debauchery – an alcohol company's wet dream.

The only thing consumed more than piss in these two weeks of degeneracy is the marketing of Kirin Hyoketsu. All they need to do now is supply shitty posters to freshers to rival the amount that Major Major has been pushed down our throats.

In a watered down RTD market overflowing with low-creativity, low-sugar and all-natural ways of embarrassing yourself on a night out, Kirin Hyoketsu Lemon offers a revolutionary new product. Imagine any lemon based RTD you've ever had. Now imagine it was Japanese. The #1 RTD in Japan, the #1 RTD in O-Week... allegedly.

Now I'm no expert in Japanese culture but Kirin Hyoketsu tastes about as Japanese as South Park is anime. It's as if the brand was created as a way to get drunk without consuming anything remotely resembling alcohol. Sprite. It tastes like 6% Sprite.

Kirin Hyoketsu Lemon are limited to six-packs of 330ml cans, setting you back \$18. This puts it at an above market rate of \$1.87 per standard drink, which may be worth it considering it doesn't feel as though it's dissolving your stomach lining. However, O-Week deals offering two boxes for \$30 drops the magic

ratio to \$1.56 per standard, respectful in this age of inflation. This new format of twelve 6% cans may rival the humble coffin for the TikTok-posting, food account-having breatha.

As far as taste is concerned, Kirin Hyoketsu Lemon is actually pretty good. The so-called 'natural' lemon feels more convincing than some other lemon based drinks, and isn't teetering on the edge of tasting like dishwashing liquid. However, drink it while covering the can's design and it could be virtually any citrus RTD. Notably, it's also incredibly fucking funnelable, and with the rate that these go down the hatch, slurred speech begins to sound incredibly like speaking Japanese every other sentence. And while these have the power to turn any quiet drunk into the life of the party, I'm still not convinced someone in the back of Leith Liquor isn't canning a mix of vodka and Sprite and up-scaling the price by 200%.

Pairs well with: A bidet and a tactical vomit

X factor: Fucking shameless breatha-targeted marketing

Chugability: 10/10. These things disappear, and my loans are interest free anyway

Taste Rating: 9/10. As long as you're a fan of Macca's Sprite



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Mr. Daringful Confessions

DON'T DOWNLOAD GRINDR

Okay, some context: I'm a trans guy and at the time I was getting over my ex-boyfriend so I decided to download Grindr (don't ever do that). I'd had quite a few people messaging me but only a select few were actually within a decent distance and I can't drive so needed to rely on public transport.

Eventually, I scheduled to meet with a guy pretty early in the morning. There were a lot of red flags but it was just a hook-up so like, who gives a fuck. He gave me the address to his apartment, I showed up and he came out to meet me. Shit, he was ugly, but he bought me a coffee so I just gave up and went up with him to his apartment. Tit for tat, I guess.

We get to his room and it's full of Harry Potter merch. Like, full of it. I assume he identifies as a Gryffindor judging by the decor. It was the bedsheets, the posters, a suitcase in the corner, and many of the outdated meme stickers on his laptop.

I don't know why I stayed but we hooked up and that wand was a solid two inches. The condom was way too big for him but he used it anyway. Afterwards, he showed me pictures of him with his co-workers. Turns out he's a legal defendant and the photo was of him in one of those white wigs and robes – no idea if it was real or not but he looked goofy as hell and in this framed photo of him he was squinting in the sunlight and

actually making the face of the "do the roar" kid from Shrek.

He invited me to go get brunch with him and I said no. I walked directly from his apartment in the city to a Chemist Warehouse nearby to get a Plan B, because if there was going to be any risk it was NOT going to be with this guy.

Then I remembered there was another guy I'd matched with that might be better. I wanted redemption, especially after some particularly bad sex where I did all the work. So I messaged this other guy and he offered to come pick me up. I walked to where we were meeting and I heard a guy call my name from somewhere on my right. I look over, and he's leaning out of a van motioning me over.

I went over, got in the van and we drove off somewhere. We parked on the side of the street and had sex in a bed that was in the back of his van. He was dripping sweat the whole time and definitely 50 years old. Upon leaving the van, I saw a birthday card addressed to him in a child's handwriting so I'm 99% sure he had a wife and kids but mb ig.

After that I went home and deleted Grindr. I think I needed to get this out. Thanks team.

SHOULD HALLS BE VEGETARIAN?

DEBATE

FOR: OLLIE THORNS

It's a pretty clear case, freshers are better off without meat. The calorie intake that freshers require as a result of their hangovers and regurgitation of food (binge-drinking rookies) means vegetarian dining halls would bring a net positive not only for the environment and animals, but the student population at large. Let me elaborate: if halls stop serving meat, freshers won't get as drunk and obnoxious, and the animals and biosphere as a whole will be better off. Several logical mechanisms can be explored to show this. Firstly, if freshers don't have meat in their dining halls, they will do one of two things: buy meat themselves (which is expensive and uses money they can spend on a box), or be forced to eat more carby foods, preventing excess alcohol absorption. With less drunk freshers, things like eels and (allegedly) ducks are less likely to be abused in alcohol-fueled madness. Everyone's critical thinking could benefit from a hearty falafel curry. Plus, getting freshers familiar with vegetarian meals is probably a good thing. As people tend to cook meals they are familiar with, freshers' quality of life will increase from having more money to spend on warming their dingy second-year flats from their tried and true vegetarian meals being cheaper. And with hall kitchens becoming vegetarian, the new order lists will dent the demand for meat in Dunedin, making it a less valuable commodity. This encourages lower production of livestock, less feed for the livestock, and more efficient land use, ultimately culminating in less greenhouse gas emissions and a happier Leonardo DiCaprio. Under 25s saving the environment? Say less.

AGAINST: LIAM GOULD

You can lead a breatha to a vegetarian meal, but you can't make them eat it — or more importantly, enjoy it. We know, based on studies overseas, that when faced with vegetarian meals as the default option, most college students will stop eating meat, leaving a small minority of carnivores who still opt in for that dusty late breakfast bacon. But should Otago force this minority to have vegetarian meals as their only choice? Meat is a staple of most New Zealanders' diets, whether you like it or not. This is doubly true for the Otago breatha. Whether it's chasing gains at the gym or putting on bulk to endure the Dunedin winter, there's no denying it serves a utility to this proud species. Vegetarianism might have its benefits, such as environmentalism and animal welfare, but what will happen to this group when they're forced to change their diet to accommodate these ideals? Let me tell you, it's unlikely they'll suddenly see the errors of their ways and embrace the teachings of Jamie Oliver. Instead, they'll become resentful, indulging in meat with a vengeance in their second year, the halls having destroyed any hope of potential change in their futures. First-years may be annoying, bless them, and those of us who have had to endure a culture fixated on the consumption of animals might find some satisfaction in turning the tables by forcing vegetarian food on them. But if the end goal is a world where more people are vegetarian, that goal is in no way aided by a generation of disgruntled breathas who have had it forced on them. Let the freshers have the choice, because a breatha who chooses to become a vegetarian on their own volition is a breatha who is more likely to stay one.



Debatable is a column written by the Otago University Debating Society. The Debating Society welcomes new members and meets at the Business School every Tuesday at 6pm.

SNAP OF THE WEEK

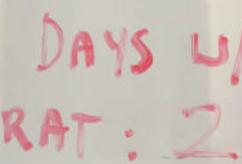


SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 40 PACK OF INDOMIE NOODLES

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON FACEBOOK TO CLAIM YOUR REDBULL

when your flat is basically countdown



Shagging on the clocktower



The last three years of the critic, reenrolled to expand the collection



cant park there mate



Dinner tn



there's something magestic about this city



The audacity of these neighbours



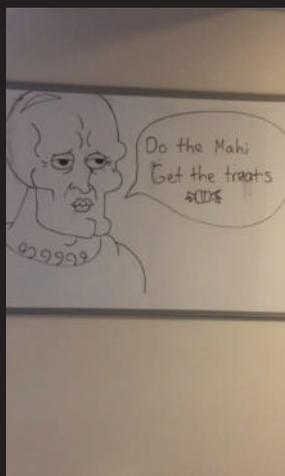
Sorry lads the river is closed



spending a week listening to shitty DnB and scaffolders



Excuse me sir, your fly is down



Do the Mahi Get the treats AIDS



in a bad way rn

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