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EDITORIAL: YOUR INITIATION “TRADITION” IS BARELY CONSENTING AGE, ACTUALLY

As students are beginning to turn their attention to where they'll live next year and listings for Castle Street flats are cropping up, the subject of flat initiations is once again on people's minds. Personally, it's been in the back of my mind since last year, when I witnessed a freshly initiated first-year tell us at Critic that he'd feared for his life.

You'll probably be seeing a lot of anti-initiation campaigning sometime soon, mainly from the Uni. Each year, Dave Scott (the Proctor) goes door to door on Castle and Leith to remind them they could be putting their degrees at risk for hosting an initiation. Dave's a great guy who cares about students' safety, and was genuinely upset when I spoke to him during initiation season last year at the incidents he'd already had to deal with. I can't begin to imagine how frustrating and disheartening it must be for him.

Here's my two cents on flat initiations. Student culture is a bit like your summer hospo job; the turnover rate is so high that if one waitress decides to teach the new recruit that sneaking shots out the back mid-shift is the way things are done, the habit will stick. Successive staff are taught the same, until eventually the restaurant is so booze-soaked that if you wrung it like a towel, tequila would drip out.

Throngs of clout-chasing breathas have fallen prey to this same phenomenon. They're convinced to endure gross and degrading flat initiations under the banner of “tradition” peddled by older students. If you dig into Critic's archives, though, you'll find that these so-called “traditions” are barely old enough to buy booze. And judging by the initiations I've seen, it's debatable whether you lot should be able to, either.

At the end of last year, Critic broke the story of a Leith St flat initiation that included animal abuse – the capture and torture of a live eel that we saw video footage of. It was just one example of the frankly vile flat initiations we'd

heard of. Last year's Editor Fox Meyer pointed out that a lot of them were horrifyingly similar to CIA torture methods. I'm sure I don't need to point out to you how fucked up that is.

While clearly illegal, there was no attempt to hide the eel initiation. The backyard of the flat could be seen in plain sight from Dundas St where anyone who happened to be walking past could see it. Which begs the question: why? “It's tradition” is what one breatha after the next told Critic Te Ārohi. It was done to them, so they were doing it to the next poor lot – with a little something extra, snowballing from what probably started as a bit of harmless fun into the monster it's become.

Critic last year had first-years simultaneously telling us it was probably the hardest thing they'd ever had to do and that they'd genuinely feared for their lives, whilst also insisting that “everyone enjoyed themselves”. But when you cut through the bullshit; when you take away the cheering (and jeering) crowd and slaps on your backs; when you walk through your hall wearing your shaven head like a badge of honour; ask yourselves: was it really “fun”?

The first-year who we interviewed, isolated from the environment that had encouraged him to view the initiation in a positive way, seemed to change his mind as we asked questions that confronted him with initiations' reality. You could see the doubt trickling in. Was the self-described “humiliation” worth it? We asked him at the end if he would continue to initiate others like himself, and he said he might not. I hope he remembers that sentiment when initiation season rolls around this year, for freshers' sakes.

NINA BROWN



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EDITOR
Nina Brown

SUB-EDITOR
Ellie Bennett

NEWS EDITOR
Hugh Askerud

FEATURES EDITOR
Iris Hehir

CULTURE EDITOR
Lotto Ramsay

ÉTIA MĀORI
Heeni Koero Te Rereua

STAFF WRITERS
Harriette Boucher, Jodie Evans,
Jordan Irvine, Gryffin Powell,
Angus Rees

CONTRIBUTORS
Adam Stitely, Molly Smith-Soppet,
Connor Moffat, Sam Smith-Soppet,
Monty O'Rielly, Abby Bowmar, Deborah
Huang, Jonathan McCabe, Tom Bolus

FOOD COLUMN
Ruby Hudson

BOOZE REVIEWS
Chunnya Bill Swilliams

DESIGNER
Evie Noad

SUB-DESIGNER
Sarah Kreft

ILLUSTRATION
Mikey Clayton @itsspikeymikey
Aria Tomlinson
Jakira Brophy @jakira.art
Lucia Brown @labfolio_

PHOTOGRAPHER
Kevin Wang

VIDEO EDITORS
Hunter Jolly, Ryan Dombroski

VIDEOGRAPHY
Sam Smith-Soppet, Hugh Askerud

CENTREFOLD
Sarah Kreft, Evie Noad

FRONT COVER
Mikey Clayton

ONLINE
Will Wray

DISTRIBUTION
Pedals Dunedin

ADVERTISING SALES
Nicholas Hanover
Jess Lake
sales@planetmedia.co.nz
03 479 5361

READ ONLINE
critic.co.nz
Issuu.com/critic_te_aro

GET IN TOUCH
critic@critic.co.nz
Facebook/CriticTeArohi
Tweet/CriticTeArohi
03 479 5335
P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin

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LETTERS



UNIVERSITY
BOOK SHOP
For all booklovers, everywhere.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Deeply disappointed to see the OUSA executive won't be going ahead with a by-election for the vacant residential representative role. There's still 5 months left in the year! Terms don't end when semesters do.

They were able to run an election for the vacant FSO role very quickly, why can't the same be done for residential?

Especially in the context of the current government's reforms to the residential tenancies act, the more voices and work that can be done to protect renters the better.

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

Dear Critic,

I am writing to inform you of the injustice I have suffered.

The sustainability office, Te oraka, is known for their \$3 refill of dish soap, and as usual when my flat ran out of dish soap I took in the bottles. On arrival everything seemed the same, my socially awkward self checked that it was alright to fill up the bottles and a quick glance at the (small) sign showed the \$3 number next to dish soap per expectations. With my two bottles filled I approached the counter to pay my \$6 total and was completely blindsided when the lady told me the price would be \$45.

FORTY FIVE DOLLARS FOR DISH SOAP!

In absolute shock I respond with "what?!" And run back to check the sign I haphazardly glanced over previously. Lo and behold at the bottom of the already small sign, in even smaller print, was the words, per 100ml's. My two measly bottles of refill cost me \$45 when I could have simply gotten new bottles at the supermarket for less than \$5.

The lady very helpfully informs me (after I've filled the bloody things up) that they changed the price because they weren't making money. Well excluding my innocent purchase do they seriously think they are going to be making any more money now? Any student who takes a few seconds longer than me to read the sign isn't going to pay \$45 for a litre and a half of dish soap.

To rub salt in the wound we discover that a bulk bottle costs \$35 for 5 litres. They charged me more than they would have to pay for a single tub!

As my flatmate very helpfully put this goes entirely against the policy of sustainability. The purpose of refills is to be cheap so that you don't have to buy another bottle and create more waste. Even if the price did need to rise, a \$3 per litre to cut off the abusers of the system would have made more sense. If

you aren't gaining profit from selling soap then perhaps stop selling it rather than ripping off students who can barely afford to heat their houses.

Sincerely,

An angry, swindled student and their furious flatmates.

Hello,

There is an update. The sustainability office responded, it turns out there was a miscommunication with our soapy injustice. The student working that day over charged us and the signage was simply to stop students abusing the system.

We are now feeling rather guilty about our angry email to the critic as the company has offered us a refund and some vouchers for further refills. This is the reason for my current email as we are feeling rather Karen esc.

Sincerely,

A much less angry student and their guilty flatmates. (Possibly Karen's)

Editor's response: *This was a rollercoaster. Congrats on your soapy justice!*

Dear Mrs Critic,

We have happily accepted your trade deal of Sam Soppet for half a loaf of bread.

Yours sincerely, the OUSA Executive Team.

Dear Mrs Critic,

We are sorry to inform you that you did NOT get the position of mascot for the Bus Hub.

Deepest regrets, The ORC



YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

A rogue rubbish truck has been spotted crashing into cars on George and Queen St. Put your glass in the yellow bin one more time, I dare you...

Air New Zealand is abandoning its 2030 carbon cutting emissions goal

One News reported last week that Minister for Arts, Culture and Heritage Paul Goldsmith ordered officials to remove te reo Māori greetings and references to "Aotearoa New Zealand" in an official invitation to the formal Matariki celebration this year

Te Rōpū Māori are hosting their annual ball on August 23rd! Find the event on Facebook under 'Hōkai 2024 - Garden Grooves' for more info and to purchase tickets

POLSA are hosting a charity Bog quiz night to raise funds for FIANZ's humanitarian efforts in Gaza on August 28th. You can find the link to sign-up through their Instagram bio

Te Rōpū Māori are hosting a lunchtime fundraiser with some of the best soul food Otago Uni has to offer this Thursday 15 August at 523 Castle St from 12-3pm to travel to Te Huinga Tauira (the annual National Māori Students' Conference). Pre-order yummy kai before 5pm on Tuesday 13 August through their Insta (@teropu.maori)

Students of Massey Uni's Manawātū campus chalked protest messaging for the tertiary open day last Wednesday, including, "200+ courses cut - Join SAC - Fight back." The Uni chose to leave the messaging in an effort to support freedom of expression, reports Massive Magazine

Bowling Club in Caversham will be closed for a month from August 23rd. To cover the expenses of their "much-needed break", owners Liam and Jackie are asking the community to go for a \$4 dinner as much as possible until then! They're open Mondays to Thursdays 3:30pm - 8pm

Contestants in the final of a local music competition (Dig the Gig) threatened to strike after not receiving Platypus vouchers that they were promised. Two days later the bands were flush with new drip thanks to the organisers getting A into G

Bus use is at a six-year high in Dunedin. The Otago Regional Council has reported that it's seen a 21% increase in the past year compared to the previous

Kiwi triathlon athlete Hayden Wilde grew ill with E. coli-like symptoms after his event that involved swimming in the Seine. Concerns over the river's safety continue

A parliamentary committee is hearing submissions on a law change to scrap a clause that binds Oranga Tamariki to Treaty principles, which Starship Children's Hospital leaders say will make their job a lot harder

Unemployment is on the rise in New Zealand. Over the last year, the number of people out of work has risen by 33,000, to 143,000

Binge-drinking culture has made headlines in NZ again after three Christchurch men were recently admitted to the ED after swallowing bottle caps while drunk

POLSA are hosting a student vs lecturer debate at the Richardson Moot Court on August 12th at 5:30pm

CLUBS



Problems Reported at Award-Winning Te Rangihīroa College

Trouble in (fresher) paradise?

By Gryffin Powell

Staff Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Te Rangihīroa College had a rocky start at the beginning of the year, flooding mere 24 hours into its first full-time residents moving in. It has now been alleged to Critic Te Ārohi by multiple sources that the flooding was the first of other issues. The hall, which is the University's first purpose-built residential college in 55 years, recently won an award for the building. But with rumours of disbelief among some at the news, residents would be forgiven for wondering whether their \$500 per week fees offer bang for their buck. Critic reports.

Te Rangihīroa College has “issues from top to bottom,” one source told Critic Te Ārohi. While they did not go into detail about what these issues were, they, alongside “senior staff members,” had apparently found it “funny” that the college had received an award for the building's quality in June.

The award Te Rangihīroa College received was the Excellence Award for a Multi-Unit Residential Property at the Property Industry Awards. The Property Council of New Zealand on their website describes the awards as: “The best of the best; projects that provide an outstanding return or delivery of service potential on investment of funds, creating value for owners, tenants and the wider community.”

Yet there were reportedly issues even before residents had moved into the college. A cohort from a science camp were hosted at the college for a week in late-January at the same time as another group of international students. One source claimed that staff members were not made aware of this, allegedly meaning catering did not have enough food to feed all of its students. In a statement to Critic, Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director James Lindsay refuted this, saying that “all staff were aware of both groups, including our catering team, to ensure proper coordination and service.”

Just over three weeks later, the college flooded a mere 24-hours after move-in day, causing sixteen residents to be temporarily relocated on just their second night at the college. Critic reporters who happened to be in the dining hall (for a since controversial hall food review) took a photo of water-damaged ceiling tiles, with diners relocated outside lest their food be dripped on.

Most recently, Critic received reports that the college was evacuated for up to an hour (it was actually half an hour) after fire alarms went off during the Friday of Re-O Week. In a devastating move for the freshers, many students were left without their boxes during this time. Critic offers our condolences for the pre-drinks that will have been disrupted for Castle Street's Tradies and Schoolgirls host that night. Students claim that they were never made aware of the reason for their evacuation from the college although one student heard a toaster may have been the culprit.

Lindsay confirmed to Critic that it was in fact “popcorn being cooked for too long in a microwave setting off smoke alarms – [which] was later discussed at a full college hui.” Clearly, it was a

well-attended hui. “The Fire Service was called and students were allowed back into the building within 30 minutes,” said Lindsay.

Other claims against the college came from one worker involved in the exterior work of the college. He told Critic that the tiles of the college were laid poorly in his opinion, making his job “a lot more difficult” when having to stone blast artwork onto it. In response, Lindsay said, “The University's Property and Campus Development Division has not experienced or been made aware of any issues with the exterior pavers and stone blasting. Nor have they received any concerns from our contractor undertaking the stone blast work.”

Critic sought the opinion of some who've stayed at the college, which has been positive for the most part. Zainaa, a student who stayed at the college during Hands-On at Otago – the College's first time housing residents – thought that the hall experience “low-key ate”. The only issues according to her were the windows in the disabled rooms, which were apparently difficult to work. “Other than that it was quite good,” she said.

Fergus, a resident at the hall this year, said, “I mean, definitely for the most part the hall's been great. It's warm, the Kaiāwhina [sub-wardens] are good, [the] rooms are nice. If I'm honest, I've had a great time. I think that other than the flooding issue there haven't really been any other issues that are continuous or the hall's fault.”

Another student who's stayed at the college (preferring to go unnamed) also had issues with the windows in his room. The latch to open his window had completely fallen off, with the student arguing that “shitty sustainable glue” was to blame. Not a greenie, then. A fire door on his floor was partially broken as well, apparently being held together with masking tape. For the price, however, he reckoned the college was “really worth the money.”

Fees this year for Te Rangihīroa College start at \$19,266, and are set to rise to \$19,988 for 2025. Ensuite rooms and a compulsory activity fee raise this price even further. Weekly fees are above \$500 for the 38-week residency period which, while standard for all University-owned residential colleges, is hundreds of dollars pricier than the living costs of an average student flat in Dunners. Worth it for toast-time, though.

Lindsay said in his statement to Critic responding to the list of claims made about the college, “Opening a large, new residential college is a complex undertaking. However, welcoming 450 students into our newest residential college, Te Rangihīroa, has been overwhelmingly positive. The University is proud to have delivered a high-quality building which meets the New Zealand excellence in Green Star Rating from the New Zealand Green Building Council. While we acknowledge that any major building project may encounter minor issues, we are confident Te Rangihīroa meets high standards. It has been recognised by industry bodies for its excellence.”

Uni Flats Unplugged

Things are looking pretty dim

By Jodie Evans

Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

A number of Uni Flat residents have been (literally) left in the dark after a series of evening power outages occurred without explanation in the peak of Dunner's winter. In an effort to stay warm, residents went to bed early and “piled on blankets” all the while feeling miffed. However, an email from Uni Flats management explained that the electricity issue, caused by an increased demand to the Dunedin grid, is out of their control. Hope you've got your Oodie handy.

One Dundas Street flat reported having no power on two consecutive nights (Tuesday 30th and Wednesday 31st July), with seven other flats experiencing shorter outages during this time. Two days after the first power cut, residents received word from a Facility Manager at Uni Flats who said the problem lies with the network operator for the Dunedin power grid and wrote: “Please be rest assured that the network operator is working diligently to restore power as quickly as possible.”

Dundas Street resident Leena* told Critic that, even though she understood the situation, her flat was disappointed by what she felt was a lack of support offered from Uni Flats. “It would have been nice to be offered extra blankets or hot water bottles, or even just a bit more of an apology,” she said, pointing out that there had been no further communications from Uni Flats management about the issue, or indication as to whether they should expect more outages. The Facility Manager's email signed

off with “warm regards,” to which Leena joked that it would have been more aptly written “cold damp regards.”

Another resident Briar* was a bit more optimistic about the situation, cheekily telling Critic that she was “not too fazed” as she fought through the low temps by “hitting up the roster” and sharing body heat with some more than willing Hinge matches.

There have been reports of similar sporadic outages in privately owned flats on Grange Street (with Contact Power), with residents left likewise “confused and cold.” Back in May, national grid operator Transpower warned of insufficient electricity supplies across the motu during cold snaps when demand is particularly high, and encouraged households to be conservative with energy use at these times. It is unclear whether these circumstances also explain these current outages.

University Flats Warden Tracy De Woeps told Critic that the outages were localised to flats in Clyde, Leith and Dundas streets and sat with provider Aurora Energy, who did not respond to Critic's requests for comment in time for print. She said residents were sent email and text updates throughout the outages and that they “always encourage tenants to reach out to us if they have particular concerns.”

*Names changed.

International Film Festival Comes to Dunners

Two weeks of your flatmate telling you to watch *2001: A Space Odyssey*

By Adam Stitely

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

The New Zealand International Film Festival (NZIFF) is coming down to dirty Dunners from the 15th to the 25th of August. This means it's time to grab your least conspicuous trench-coat (the snacks won't sneak themselves in) and try to remember something from your year 10 French class (je suis is French, aye?). Only then will you be ready for what the Regent Theatre has to offer over the next two weeks.

The festival's 2024 programme will screen 86 feature films and 19 shorts, including 12 New Zealand films, as well as a special 30th anniversary screening of Peter Jackson's *Heavenly Creatures*. Seems a good enough reason to stop doom-scrolling Netflix and inevitably rewatching the same comfort tv series. The rest of NZIFF's films for 2024 come from over 20 countries, ranging from Iran, Somalia, Bhutan, France, and Nepal, among many others.

The event opens on Friday August 15th with the New Zealand film *We Were Dangerous* by Josephine Stewart-Te Whiu. Her award-winning film follows a trio of delinquent schoolgirls who are fighting against the colonial system in 1950s New Zealand. Other notable films on the programme include *Head South* by Christchurch-born director Jonathon Ogilvie, a film that celebrates the post-punk underground music scene.

Alien Weaponry: Kua Tupu Te Ara is a New Zealand music-based film directed by Kent Belcher that covers the band's rise to fame, as well as its breaking of boundaries in being the first band in the heavy metal genre to sing in te reo Māori. Looking at the programme, Critic reckons French film *Humanist Vampire Seeking Consenting Suicidal Person* directed by Ariane Louis-Seize sounds like a wild watch.

The New Zealand International Film Festival follows an early showing of New Zealand-filmed indie movie *Bookworm*, starring Elijah Wood. Hosted at Reading Cinema last Tuesday, the film featured a Q&A session with director Ant Timpson. Whilst the film undertakes an all-ages father and daughter adventure on the hunt for the infamous and mythical Canterbury Panther, Critic decided to question the directors beliefs on the existence of the Fiordland moose. Ant could neither confirm nor deny their belief in the existence of the Fiordland moose – and that's that, we're afraid.

NZIFF has made an effort this year to encourage students to take part in the festival, balancing a deliberate selection catered for the youths alongside a wide range of films for all demographics to enjoy. Tickets are available for purchase via the Regent Theatre box office or online, with individual film tickets priced at \$17 for students and 5-trip passes available for \$70.

Surveyors on the Recruitment Rark

Chur to two weeks of companies' "open bar tabs"

By Hugh Askerud

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Surveying students have had one hell of a fortnight, managing to get on the piss with surveying companies' dime. Over twenty companies (from both NZ and Aus) were in town on a recruitment spree, offering both summer internships for third-years, and graduate positions for fourth-years – all with the help of a bit of liquid networking courage at after gatherings.

Both third and fourth-year students were invited to University-hosted employer events with the companies. School of Surveying Dean, Professor Tony Moore, confirmed to Critic that the school "conducts an annual recruitment drive during which various surveying companies present to 4th-year students who are nearing graduation and seeking employment [...]" Additionally, 3rd-year students are also invited to attend [...] as these sessions can provide them with information on potential summer internships and future job opportunities."

These events were then followed by company hosts at a variety of different pubs by prospective employers. Although it was first reported to Critic that these events were "open bar" type affairs – raising an eyebrow or two – it has since been claimed that the tabs would run out after a period. Anyone who's been to an "open bar" 21st will know that that only lasts for the first 30 minutes or so before you're relegated to sending your hot friend to the bar if you want a free drink.

Critic was told that surveying students were lucky enough to snag drinks at The Bog, Emerson's, Ombrellos, and Lone Star for a cheeky nibble as well. Speaking to the time had at the events, Harry* told Critic that the vibe was "good – all the company's love a yarn." But after-gatherings weren't limited to licensed premises.

Harry also mentioned that when the bars would close at midnight, they would "go to someone's flat – depends on how rowdy the CEOs are."

Regarding the "liquid courage" involved in the two-week recruit, Professor Moore said, "On-campus, companies are permitted to provide non-alcoholic refreshments, such as snacks or non-alcoholic beverages, during their presentations. We do not allow alcohol on campus during these events. For gatherings organised by companies off-campus, such as at bars or other venues, these events are arranged independently by the companies and are not endorsed or organised by the University. We ensure that any such events are clearly communicated to students through promotional materials provided by the companies. The University does not facilitate or oversee these off-campus activities, and they are managed entirely by the participating companies."

On the benefits of the two-week bender beyond just the bar, one third-year surveyor, Sean*, told Critic, "I think it's a good idea that companies are coming down and telling us about their company. Sort of gives us an insight on what our lives might look like in the future." However, he added, "I'm not sure, but the companies that put on a bit of food and drinks at the pub don't really seem interested in talking to the surveyors [...] the boss was on the other side of the room to where everyone was." Seems it's not only the students who needed to brush up on their networking skills.

The series of employer events ended last Friday, August 9th. Condolences to all the surveyors who missed out.

*Names changed.



Catacombs Wets The Bed

Pink Pony pop postponed

By Nina Brown

Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Moshtix sent disappointed ticket-holders for the 'Pink Pony Club: Pop Party' an email last Wednesday announcing that the event had to be postponed – not because Chappell Roan would never willingly set foot in the dank den of DnB (Catacombs ofc), but because of "significant water damage at the venue."

Postponement of the 'Pink Pony Club: Pop Party' came just nights after the venue was closed at around midnight due to similar issues. Catacombs' gig manager Jack Greenlaw confirmed this, telling Critic Te Ārohi, "I made the decision to close the venue on Saturday so that we could get professionals in to assess and avoid the risk of damaging various speakers and equipment we have at ground level under the stage, unfortunately it wasn't possible to get such a team in with the club in full operation."

One Critic staff member, Connor, watched on from Vault 21 as patrons poured out, adding to the line he was in. Another staff member had been in Cats earlier in the night. We'll call him John to ease his fear of being canceled ("please don't associate me as someone that goes to Cats I'm better than this"). John said, "I don't wanna out myself and say I was at Cats on Saturday, but allegedly I was there and allegedly the floor was real wet but I thought people were just spilling drinks or whatever."

John's friend who was "allegedly" with him there apparently saw the bathrooms taped off during the night, as well. He speculated this might have had something to do with the flooding. What was more upsetting than being caught red-handed as a second-year in Catacombs, was how John knew the ground was wet: "My mate

had splashed me with the water to piss me off or whatever, but it's kind of gross looking back cos it was lowkey, like, shit water."

It's not confirmed whether it was "shit water", however. Catacombs told Critic that (as of time of writing) they're still investigating the cause of the flood: "We closed off the kitchen, store room and bathroom area first as these are the lowest points of the building floor so naturally that is where water travels. Unfortunately we currently do not have any more information regarding the situation as investigations into the reasons this occurred [sic] are ongoing."

Moshtix signed off their email regarding Pink Pony Club's postponement: "We're sorry for any disappointment caused but hope to see you at the rescheduled event." One of said disappointed masses (and copping some heat from fellow Critic staff) John had the following to say, "I think I can beat the number one fan allegation because that's like the first time I've been this year, and maybe going two weeks in a row as a second-year is problematic but people can change and I'll try and do better."

On the issue at hand, Jack said, "Rest assured we are working hard to get the club back up and running and I would advise students to keep an eye on our socials for updates." Moshtix has postponed the event for September 20th – by which date Critic is optimistic John will be able to dance at the club on the stage in his heels.



Med Revue Review

Cut the relatable crap and let me chat shit fr

By Jonathan McCabe
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

Madagascar: Med Revue 2024 went off without a hitch. The three night show sold incredibly well and, beating the insular claims, not just to Med students! From August 1st until the 3rd, the cast of med students took a few hours break from their rigorous 16-hour-day study schedules to put on one hell of a show.

The impressive quantity of ticket sales over the first two days, paired with high demand for door sales, saw organisers opt for an increased capacity at the Friday show. Critic could make a joke here comparing this to the Med School itself in a jab about them cramming as many students in as possible, but that would spoil the good news. So we won't. All profits were contributed to Camp Qualities, a non-profit effort to support children and families in their battle through cancer.

Much like the tried and true structure of the Capping Show, the show consisted of a range of independent skits, live music, and dance sequences. The smaller skits were intertwined with an overarching plot that followed a parodied storyline of DreamWorks' *Madagascar* echoing the med student experience. Critic Te Ārohi sent in their finest BA reporter, equipped with the notes app and Google for the inevitable onslaught of jargon.

Review:
Despite what doctors might say, I do not have a medical bone in my body. As someone whose last foray into the sciences was in 2020 (I dropped physics after hearing that Covid would likely cancel the accompanying field trip) I feared I'd walk out without understanding a single joke. My qualms were settled surprisingly quickly, however, spotting the familiar faces of Communications and PPE peers dotted among future healthcare professionals and theatre kids in the crowd as I was ushered into the Teacher's College Auditorium.

The crowd was greeted with a game quizzing us whether on the term shown on the projector was a Pokémon, dinosaur or medical term: Lacune, Microceratus and Nincada. I'll let you guess which is which. At least they're self-aware? Meanwhile, the live band played certified banger after banger. Stand-outs included their version of 'Can't Take My Eyes off You', and the impressive harmonies and high notes reached on 'Somebody to Love'.

The night stretched just over two and a half hours of run-time. Credit where credit is due: each scene felt immensely original and managed to get us roaring till finish (your post-town root can't say the same). The show depicted a set of practising doctors

(Alex, Melman, Gloria and Marty) who were sent to Gore by the Medical Council after nearly losing their licence to operate. An interruption in transit placed the ageing, egotistical doctors in the heart of North D where they partied it up with Julian, the King of Castle.

It was the topical skits that were the heart of the show in my opinion. Memorable moments (as in they're branded in my brain) include the tales of pre-ejaculation man and the "why is there an audience in your rectum" scene. The second half began with an empowering sexy dance sequence to Rihanna's audacious 'S&M'. Who says med students don't fuck? The scene came smack bang in the middle of Brat Winter. The feral energy captured on stage replicates how I imagined Charli XCX's birthday went down.

Other musical appearances came from the cast-made A cappella group called Stitch Perfect. Most notable was their version of the riff-off-esque 'I've Got the Magic in Me' which they parodied into 'I've Got Buzz Lightyear in Me'. Med students apparently see a lot of x-ray footage of foreign bodies inside bodies. Watch out Sexytet, this group of newcomers might just give you a run for your money!

Despite the various attempts at universal relatability of the show, Med students were ultimately the target audience on the night. There were a few times where only the medical members of the audience would abruptly burst out into hysterics. I assume these were inside jokes, but they were thankfully few and far between. I

appreciated feeling included. The cast fought off the deep seeded sentiments of pretension and otherness from the rest of the uni by providing definitions to the fancy medical jargon whenever it was used. Lead actress Caitlyn Wickham (Gloria the hippo) expressed her excitement on this to me, saying, "It is really nice to see people outside of the Med School coming in to see what we are working on."

But this didn't mean that OUMSA (Otago University Medical School Association) would halt their relentless anti-dentist rhetoric. Punches were thrown towards both dentists – and physios, actually – throughout the show. But to everyone's shock, none were directed towards the lawyers in the house. The Society Of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) is currently building towards this year's Law Revue titled Lawrat. While Lawrat is rumoured to have some med-directed jabs up, Law students in the audience were left utterly disappointed without beef to be had. Coyly, Caitlyn said, "They're not really on our radar." Oof.

Caitlyn Wickham estimated that, on top of her already packed schedule, she spent about 120 hours in rehearsal since practices began in March of this year. The directing team, however, began shaping the script shortly after last year's Med Revue. It was crunch-time in the weeks leading up to the show when the cast was needed every night, plus full days on the weekends according to Caitlyn. "It was a lot but it was so worth it," she concluded.

ODA PRESENTS



Inside Out? More Like Dance Your Heart Out

ODA's annual dance showcase approaches

The Otago Dance Association's annual showcase is fast-approaching, scheduled for September 28 in the College Auditorium. This year, the ODA's exec have chosen to base the showcase on Pixar's *Inside Out*, the 2015 cartoon movie applauded for its colourful depiction of the inner workings of people's emotions. Tag yourself, Critic is Disgust (at you if you don't go to the show).

Co-directors Hannah Lemon and Sophia Vlaar told Critic Te Ārohi that the inspiration for basing this year's showcase on *Inside Out* came from the buzz that this year's sequel received – and likely for the fact that every man and his dog went to see it.

It's not the first film-adaptation student-run show that Dunedin has seen this year – first Capping Show's adaptation of *Barbie* with their 'Beezie' show in May, and Med Revue's 'Medegascar' just two weeks ago. However, ODA is hopeful that by branching into 2024 releases, it'll give them the edge. A cheeky pump of nostalgia for students' youth with the bright, cheerful characters can't hurt, either. Hannah and Sophie assure audiences that "there will be a roller coaster of emotions [...] and will be moments for all people to feel something."

The theme is also part of a wider effort from ODA to be more student-oriented (important for a student-run club for students). This started with their regular dance class programmes, running multiple beginner-friendly classes of different disciplines each week – ensuring at least some coordination on the dance floor when PRADA plays on aux this ball season.

The showcase's dances are created by volunteer student choreographers, each receiving guidance from the directorial team throughout the process of putting together the show. A main cast of nine dancers fill the roles of the emotions, Riley, and her parents. "I got goosebumps during the auditions watching the five emotions dance together," said Sophie.

Hannah and Sophie promise students a great way to spend your Saturday, with tickets costing less than \$20 for the two-hour show. There will be two showings, both on Saturday 28 September – 1pm and 6pm respectively. Ticketing information will be released on September 1st via the ODA Facebook (@otagodanceassociation).

By Molly Smith-Soppet
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz



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PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 4 ___ and flow
7 **Connecting clue**
8 **Pearl producer**
11 ___ and behold
12 Tiny particle
13 Mexican fast food joint (2)
14 Punk
15 Has the same function as vinyl and cassettes (acr.)
16 Tin
17 Supports 5D
18 Prescriptions, for short
20 Tutorial, for short
21 A rugby ref's back-up (acr.)
22 Role model
23 Vape
- 24 Young fellow
26 NZ streaming service
27 Break from harmful substances
29 Likes men and women, for short
30 Exists
31 Email subject line
32 R&V coincides with this holiday (acr.)
33 **Spikey wee fella**
36 Band role and also a fish!
37 Unimpressed noise
39 **Coat-joiner**
40 Brown-haired
41 The night before

DOWN

- 1 Adult sheep meat
2 Dishonourable
3 **Suburb home of the happy hen**
4 Gaunt
5 Breast
6 Slippery river dweller
9 Caesar, for example
10 You've probably stolen them (2)
16 Natural fly trap
18 Critic's cancelled column
19 Shortly
- 20 A smug person: "___ you so"
23 2024 Laneway hip-hop act
25 Wheel connector
28 A boner is...
30 As originally positioned (2)
34 Trait carrier
35 Genus of flowery shrubs native to NZ
38 Cuddle

SUDOKU

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EASY

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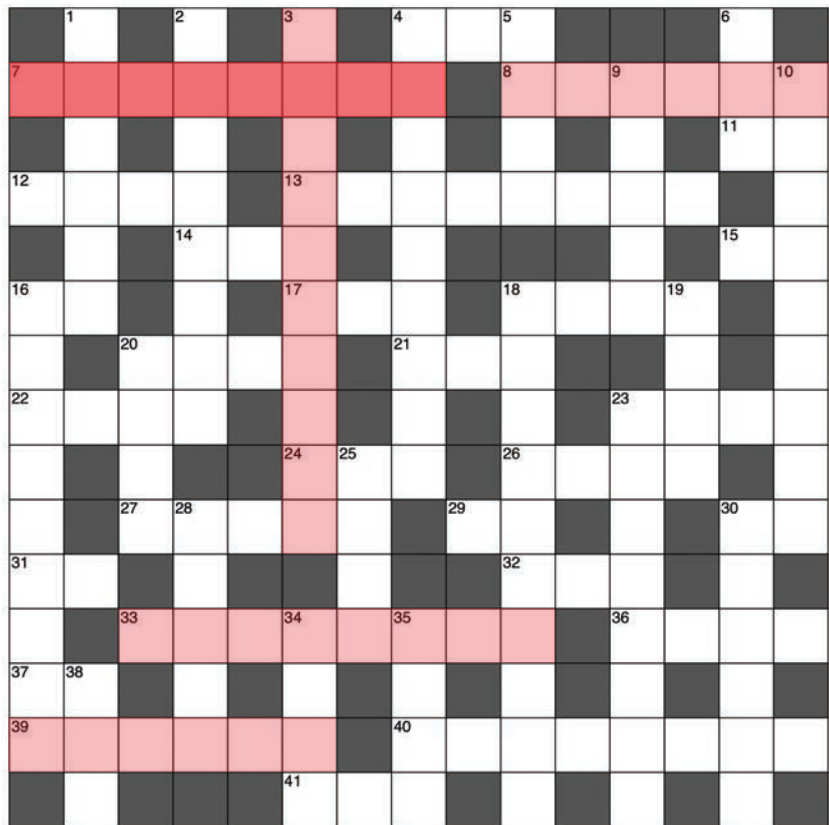
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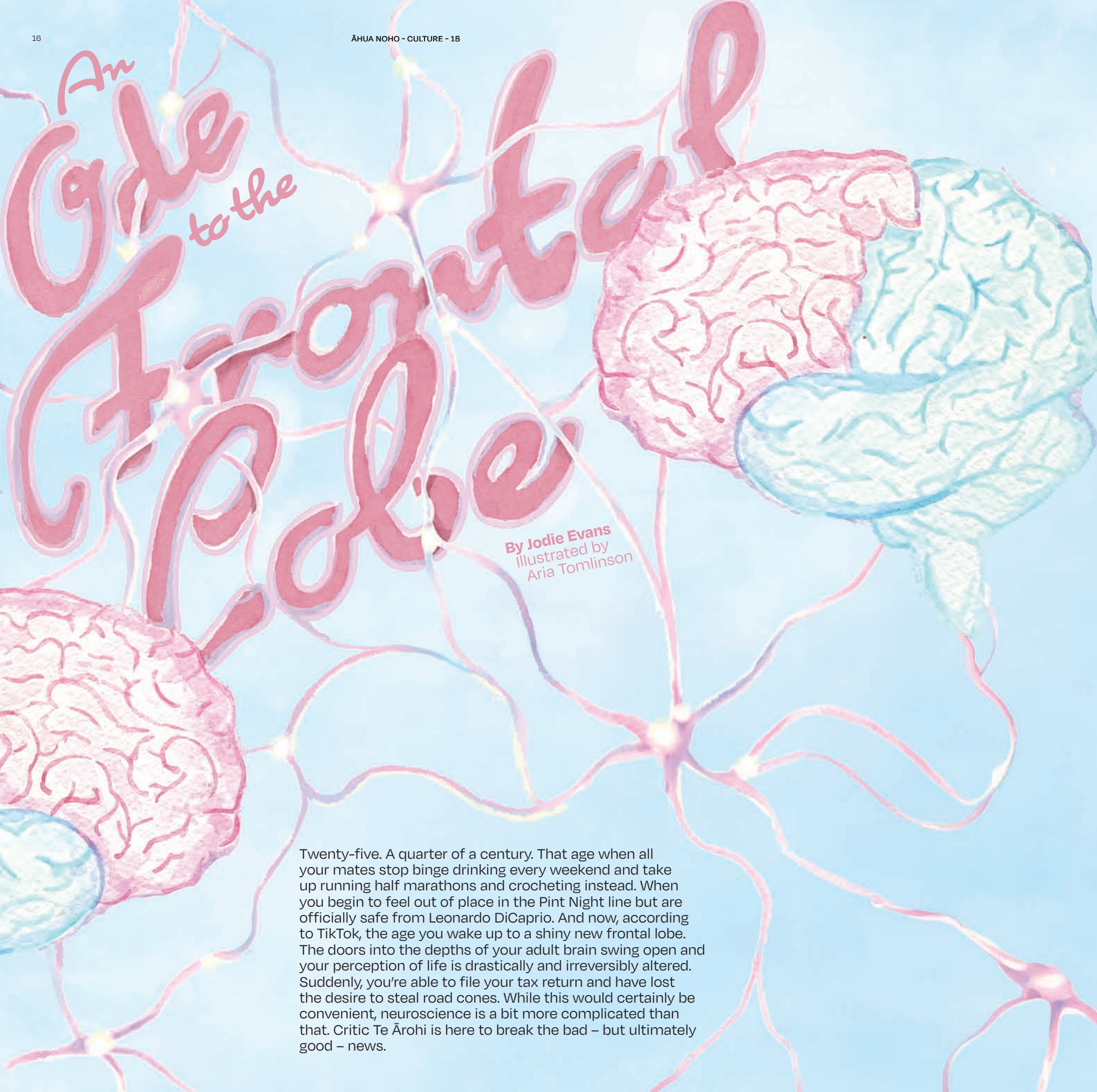
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GREY MATTER
QUARTER LIFE CRISIS
NOKIA
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ADDICTION
MENSTRUATION
SKINNY DIP
PEACE GARDEN
BANANA BREAD
CLEANSKIN
DJ BAX
DONK
FLATCEST

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images





Twenty-five. A quarter of a century. That age when all your mates stop binge drinking every weekend and take up running half marathons and crocheting instead. When you begin to feel out of place in the Pint Night line but are officially safe from Leonardo DiCaprio. And now, according to TikTok, the age you wake up to a shiny new frontal lobe. The doors into the depths of your adult brain swing open and your perception of life is drastically and irreversibly altered. Suddenly, you're able to file your tax return and have lost the desire to steal road cones. While this would certainly be convenient, neuroscience is a bit more complicated than that. Critic Te Ārohi is here to break the bad – but ultimately good – news.

Full-frontal ~~nudes~~ nodes

The frontal lobe (more specifically, the prefrontal cortex) is located beneath your mental breakdown bangs, just behind your forehead, and it's a pretty big deal. It's the home of executive thinking which is a fancy word for big-brain stuff. We're talking about mental processes involved in problem-solving, planning, working memory, impulse control, and managing your emotions. It helps you navigate social relationships and make choices (for better or worse). It's where you might weigh up the pros and cons of your situation (before inevitably inviting them over again), or where you assess the jump-ability of that jagged corrugated iron fence between you and the Hyde Street Party. While it's true that other regions of the brain also have a part to play in these tasks, the frontal lobe takes centre stage, believed to be the most responsible for an individual's personality. In other words, it's the Daddy Grant of your noggin – overseeing and directing all the important shit.

Good (enough) things take time

Contrary to the famous pop culture factoid, there is little scientific consensus on when the frontal lobe reaches maturity, nor is there such a thing as a “fully-formed brain”. Much like marathon-training (or so your quarter-life crisis peers tell you), the brain's progress isn't linear. Brain cells and their connections are constantly in flux, as you encounter challenges and learn new skills throughout your lifetime. By no means are everyone's frontal lobes in their final form the day they turn twenty-five. This is a good thing! Your older brother and his meathead friends have hope yet. Just like the growth of any other part of your body, brain development varies from person to person. Anything from childhood experiences to how much ket you do on the weekend can affect your brain development. Maturity itself is an iffy concept, with no scientific measure either. While it might be helpful to assess your Hinge date's maturity by his choice of jorts or whether he refers to his female peers as “beezies”, it doesn't necessarily correlate with his grey matter.

The evolutionary advantage of getting kicked out of U-Bar

While your frontal lobe may not reach its final form during postgrad, it won't be exactly the same as when you were a fresher – back when missing every CELS191 lecture and cramming them all the night before the exam sounded like a solid plan. At the risk of sounding like a boomer, it's pretty well known that our adolescent years are characterised by risk-taking and intense emotion. During our

teen years and early adulthood, the reward centre of the brain is more sensitive. It means we chase pleasure (whatever that means to you), with our ability to assess the consequences of such adventures running a little behind.

But it's not all bad. All that risky shit and the tsunami wave of feelings you ride is super important for developing your sense of self in this complex social environment. Back in our hunter-gatherer days, it's believed the risk-taking of young people encouraged them to seek new opportunities, allowing them to find food and resources. Now, you might not be jumping on your flat's roof or laying on the pool table in U-Bar (definitely not speaking from experience) to look for life-sustaining supplies, but making choices (good or bad) and learning their outcomes helps to form those all-important connections in your brain, and prune off those you don't need.

It's the neuroscience equivalent of trial and error. Responding to your environment in different ways contributes to the gradual sculpting process of your adolescent mind. As we stumble through those years, our frontal lobe is soaking it all up and slowly maturing. We become better at choosing larger long-term rewards over smaller short-term ones, planning and coping with our emotions more effectively. So, while it's not like a switch gets flicked on your twenty-fifth birthday that makes you join running clubs and cry less, don't be too gutted. Good things take time. And from what we've heard, brain development is the good-est.

Mind over matter

As the Critic grandma and nearing the big two-five, I thought I'd take this time to reflect on my own chaotic cerebral journey. I can't say the past few years haven't felt different. I'm more level-headed and I don't put so much weight on what others think of me (hence why I could publicly admit to fancying a cartoon horse in this year's Sex Issue). Situations that used to feel earth-shattering to my younger self are mere bumps in the road. Don't get me wrong, I still do dumb stuff all the time. Just recently, I decided to attempt a particularly complicated move on the Carousel dancefloor (Critic's own Angus Rees was on the decks, how could you blame me?), one that ended with me lying flat on the cold deck staring wistfully up at the open sky, wearing my gin and tonic.

Overall, though, things do feel a bit more steady (clearly my feet haven't gotten the memo yet) these days. It certainly didn't happen all at once. It's only noticeable in hindsight or sometimes reflected back in the eyes of older family members and childhood friends. Above all, I find it strangely comforting to think that, despite all the scary stuff about growing up in today's world (still confused about the kids I babysit saying “Skibidi toilet”), I'm becoming more mentally equipped to deal with it. Even if the world is on fire and Christopher Luxon builds a coal mine on the Union Lawn, perhaps by then our frontal lobes will be able to handle it... or something like that.

FLIPPED



Fighting Internet Addiction with a Nokia phone

Screen addiction. Information overload. Brain rot. Terms that, if you've spent any time online, you're probably familiar with. And, if you're like me, terms that are probably pretty applicable. It's not unusual for me to spend upwards of ten hours on my phone per day. Assuming I'm awake for about 16 hours a day, that's over 60% of my day. Yikes. That kind of statistic for any type of activity is concerning.

Your mum isn't the only one on your case about "that damn phone," with science telling us that this kind of screen time might be cause for concern. "Internet addiction" (IA) is the commonly used phrase relating to excessive screen time. However, there's no real consensus on its diagnosis, definition, or measurement, and the World Health Organisation (WHO) doesn't consider IA to be a disorder. It's also not clear whether "addiction" is an apt descriptor for excessive phone time, since the levels of severity of use are less than traditional, substance-based addictions. You know very well what I'm talking about.

What is clear, however, are the negative implications associated with excessive screen time. Adolescents identified by one study as having IA possessed higher risks of comorbidities (having more than one medical condition) including depression, anxiety, and stress. Another study found adult men self-identifying with IA presented patterns of dopamine receptors in the brain similar to cocaine addiction. This kind of pattern can result in increasingly heightened reward-seeking behaviour for that sweet, sweet dopamine hit (looking at you Subway Surfers).

Spooked by the science and chasing that Y2K aesthetic, I invested in a flip phone. The plan was simple: spend a week digitally detoxing by swapping the smartphone for a forest green Nokia 2660, courtesy of Dick Smith. For ease of reading (and because your attention span has been fried by TikTok, let's be real), this article has been split into handy sections chronicling the good, the bad, and the ugly of my week with the Nokia 2660. Let's commence.

The Good

First impressions were pretty positive. The phone arrived quickly, and the box included a pair of wired headphones (Apple and Samsung could never). Flipping the phone open for the first time felt like healing my inner 2000s child. Snapping it shut was even better – watch out, Blair Waldorf. The phone also came with an SD

card that, with the help of a totally legitimate YouTube to Mp3 website, allowed me to download a couple of songs. There's something inherently cool about listening to Chappell Roan on a phone that looks straight out of 2007.

Without a doubt, the best part of owning a flip phone were the reactions from other people. Whipping it out of my pocket was a sure-fire way to make people smile. During a gig at Yours, I brought it out to film the dance floor and was met with gasps and laughter. The design of a flip phone is just intrinsically charming. People were eager to get in on the video just to see what it looked like to be filmed on a flip phone. I've never felt so popular.

The Nokia was a fantastic icebreaker, and highly recommendable as a way to initiate conversation with people. The photos I captured with my new friends were a highlight. There's something about pixelation that brings an otherwise dull photo to life. Make no mistake, the camera quality is not great – like, at all. But if you're willing to forsake quality for pure vibes, the Nokia 2660 does the job. Mirror selfies are primed and ready to be uploaded onto MySpace.

I would be amiss to not mention perhaps the best feature of the Nokia: Snake. With literally nothing else available on the phone to provide short-term entertainment, Snake became the main attraction. And I got so fucking good at Snake, y'all. Instead of doom-scrolling to pass the time, I was guiding a tiny digital reptile around the screen which was arguably just as banal but much more rewarding. I never managed to beat the game, but within a week I got pretty damn close.

Speaking of, doom-scrolling is much harder to do on a flip phone. The 2660's ability to connect to the internet is zilch – hence its appeal to those looking to cold-turkey being online. Access to the internet was limited to my laptop, making for a much less addicting experience since the desktop layout of apps like Instagram and YouTube are just plain unappetising. My non-uni related screen time tanked. I went from ten hours a day to just under two. The flip phone may be an extreme switch, but if you're looking to immediately slash your screen time, it works.

Finally, owning a flip phone just felt so much more fun than a smartphone. Perhaps it was the superiority complex of appearing just like every early 2000s movie cool girl. Or perhaps it was owning a phone which flipped and had big, pressable buttons. Rather than a device that was designed to suck you into its glass screen, I carried a conversation piece in my pocket. You really have to experience flipping open your phone to take a call to know what I'm talking about – the vibes are unmatched. Either way,



I loved the idea of being a flip phone owner. The reality, not so much.

The Bad

While the idea of owning a flip phone was seductive, the reality of navigating life with one was decidedly less sexy. The Nokia's inability to connect to the internet presented, in an increasingly online world, some difficulties. Going out clubbing without the ability to order an Uber home was hardly reassuring, and probably sounds like a safety nightmare to most femme-presenting people. Being so off-grid started to feel more and more like a vulnerability as time went on. As a chronic planner, having no access to things like Google maps, a menu pdf, or online reviews was a special, digital version of my personal hell.

Communication was also noticeably harder. The only way to keep in contact with my friends and family was through text, which is probably not most people's preferred method of communication. And I cannot stress how much slower it is to text using a phone keypad opposed to a full keyboard. Perhaps if I was five years older and had my tweens to practise on a keypad I would have been better prepared.

Sadly, I have only ever used a screen to type, so the transition to buttons was not pretty. Texting my mum, "On new flip phone, talk later" required me standing in place on campus for two minutes, fighting with the keypad layout. It was giving boomer, but infinitely more embarrassing because I'm not even old. No doubt if I'd kept at it I could have brought my keypad skills up to speed, but the whole experience was so demoralising that I kinda just gave up. Once you've known the on-screen keyboard, it's hard to go back.

Plans are so much more likely to be made on Messenger or Instagram these days, so texting felt like the virtual equivalent of Oliver Twist: cap in hand, begging for a hangout. Pair this with the texting speed of a Victorian orphan and I was on a fast track to FOMO, pushing me back onto my laptop and boosting my social media hours – sorta defeating the whole purpose of owning a flip phone in the first place. Is it *Black Mirror* of me to say I started to miss my smartphone?

The Ugly

The counter-culturalist in me hates to admit this, but I don't think flip phones and I are meant to be. Respect to those who do. To use one is to actively reject more convenient, more advanced, and more addictive technology. The perils of a smartphone are also its strengths; the internet's wealth of information, music, and utilities are

only a tap or a scroll away. There's so much tech wrapped up in our little glass rectangles that going without one becomes a hindrance once the novelty's worn off. I use my smartphone as a notepad, a GPS, and a planner as well as a way to communicate; turning to the flip-side meant forfeiting all these too.

The way the world is moving also makes going flip-mode much trickier. We're becoming increasingly cashless (bet you didn't even realise the whole of campus is cashless), restaurants are starting to use QR codes rather than waitstaff, and having access to your email on hand is almost expected. The world is changing, and to use a flip phone felt like digitally digging my heels into the ground. She was verging on Luddite. Not cute.

To top this whole experience off, as if it could sense my aversion to becoming a full-time flip phone user, the Nokia 2660 died within a week of me acquiring it. So much for the glory days of the indestructible Nokia. I'm not entirely sure why this happened. The battery suddenly refused to hold charge for more than ten minutes, and I chose to take it as a sign from the universe. The 2660 now lives in my desk drawer: a sad, green reminder of the time I attempted (and failed) to go against the grain, to oppose an increasingly online world, and to fight my screen addiction.

But still, according to the WHO, I'm not technically addicted, so I guess I'm in the clear. Back to Insta Reels I go.

texting
felt like
the virtual
equivalent of
oliver twist:
cap in hand,
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1

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

LOCATION: 30 Octagon
HOURS: 10am – 5pm Daily
One of New Zealand's four major metropolitan art galleries, DPAG was NZ's first gallery opened in 1884. They house a massive collection of Kiwi artworks, and have many current exhibitions on display.



2

STUDIO2 AND MARGARET FREEMAN GALLERY

LOCATION: 147 Hillside Road
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 9am–12pm; Sat, 1pm–4pm
Studio2 & Margaret Freeman Gallery is a vibrant working art space for artists with a disability.



3

BELLAMYS GALLERY

LOCATION: 495 Portobello road, Macandrew Bay
HOURS: Wednesday – Sunday, 12pm – 5pm
SPECIAL ART WEEK HOURS: Mon–Sun, 12pm–5pm
Manu (Wed–Fri) and Pauline Bellamy (Mon & Tues) are printmakers working in a variety of print mediums. Manu enjoys collaborating with musicians, academics and writers; Pauline is also an expressive painter of South Island landscape, figures, portraits.



4

BLUE OYSTER ART PROJECT SPACE

LOCATION: 16 Dowling Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 11am – 5pm; Sat, 11am – 3pm
This not-for-profit, contemporary art space supports experimental artist projects. During Art Week, they'll exhibit the work of three Kāi Tahu artists including moving image, cyanotype photography, sound, and sculptural installation.



5

ARTISTS ROOM

LOCATION: 2 Dowling Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 10am – 5pm; Sat, 12pm – 2pm
In the heart of Dunedin's "Arts Quarter", the The Artist's Room Gallery's walls hold a "breathtaking, inspiring and ever changing collection of fine quality, original New Zealand art from some of NZ's finest established, and emerging artist's."



6

BRENT MCDOWELL GALLERY

LOCATION: 5 Dowling Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 11am – 5pm; Sat, 11am – 1pm
A current exhibition is from American post minimalist artist Richard Tuttle's. His lithograph/screenprint suite 'In Praise of Historical Determinism' is "an attempt to 'say' what history is, even as a suggestion of repetition, which we are 'determined' by and which can be expressed with a print".



7

MILFORD GALLERIES

LOCATION: 18 Dowling Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 9am – 5pm; Sat, 11am – 3pm
During Art Week, Ralph Hotere's Selected Works (1970 – 2005) will be on display. Hotere is undoubtedly a New Zealand art icon. The display celebrates his unique and intriguing practice and attests to his profound impact on contemporary art in this country.



8

OLGA

LOCATION: 32 Moray Place
HOURS: Tues – Fri, 10am – 5pm; Sat, 10:30am – 12pm
OLGA presents a program of intriguing, exciting, important and innovative art by leading and emerging New Zealand and international artists.



9

KORU

LOCATION: 2 Castle Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 10am – 5pm; Sat, 10am – 3pm
Koru displays a mix of local artist's work. This is likely to include larger paintings by Chris Flavell, amongst others, and larger pottery bowls by Jengis Poor and Oamaru stone sculpture by Dave Broughton, Moira Crossman and Craig McAnachan.



10

OTAGO ART SOCIETY

LOCATION: 1st Floor, Dunedin Railway Station
HOURS: 10am – 4pm
OAS conducts a busy programme of public exhibitions. During Featured Artist weeks and Demo Days, the artists are on site demonstrating and visitors can interact and watch the artists at work. OAS has a student rate of only \$25 for membership.

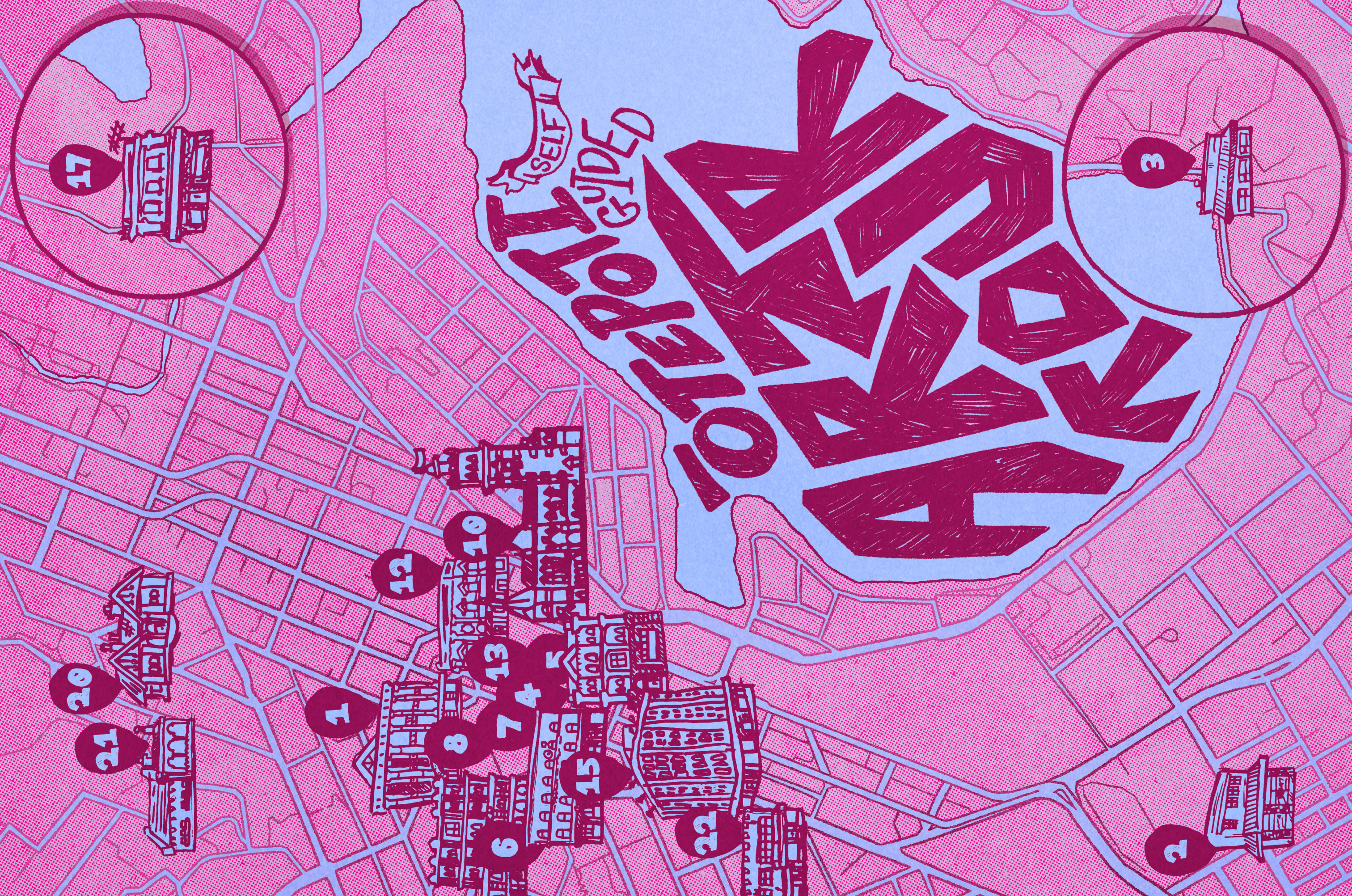


11

MORAY GALLERY

LOCATION: 55 Princess Street
HOURS: Mon – Fri, 10am – 4pm; Sat, 11am – 1pm
Moray Gallery has a selection of artworks by Dunedin and NZ artists, paintings, prints, ceramic works, bronze sculptures, jewellers, and other 3D artworks. Currently on display is James Kerr's 'State Highway 80' – also known as Pig Root.

SELF GUIDED



12

**GALLERY DE NOVO****LOCATION:** 101 Stuart Street**HOURS:** Mon – Fri, 9:30am – 5:30pm;
Sat/Sun, 10am – 3pm

Gallery De Novo is a unique and vibrant gallery that has grown into one of Dunedin's leading galleries with an exciting and eclectic mix of talented New Zealand contemporary artists.

17

**PEA SEA ART****LOCATION:** 6 George Street, Port Chalmers**HOURS:** Sat – Wed, 10am – 4pm

Pea Sea Art, located in Port Chalmers, stocks local NZ art including paintings, jewellery, glass, photography, crafts, notebooks.

13

**STUART STREET POTTERS CO-OPERATIVE****LOCATION:** 14 Stuart Street**HOURS:** Mon – Fri, 10am – 5pm; Sat:
9am – 3pm

Stuart Street Potters Co-operative is a group of local potters and ceramicists who have joined together to run a show and gallery, with moderately priced, locally made gifts ranging from pottery to hand-knitted woolen products.current exhibitions on display.

18

**DUNEDIN STREET ART**

Not tied to one location, the Dunedin Street Art website (<https://streetartcities.com/cities/dunedin>) has 116 street art masterpieces mapped around Dunedin!

14

**QUADRANT GALLERY****LOCATION:** 480 Moray Place**HOURS:** Tues – Fri, 11am – 4pm; Sat,
11am – 2pm

Quadrant Gallery has a large collection of glass, ceramics, and jewellers – several of whom are born and bred Dunedin locals. If you visit the gallery during Art Week on either Tuesday or Wednesday, jeweller Debbie Adamson will be working at the gallery (also an ex-student).

19

**HOCKEN COLLECTIONS****LOCATION:** 90 ANZAC Ave**HOURS:** Tues – Sat, 10am – 5pm

Hocken will have two exhibitions on during Art Week, including 'Artists and Letters, Pictures and Words' and a display focused on the Samoana Rugby League team. They would be more than happy to offer a tour of exhibitions for students.

15

**ROBERT PIGGOTT ART GALLERY****LOCATION:** 8 Jetty Street**HOURS:** Mon- Tues, 12pm – 2pm;
Sat/Sun, 10am – 4pm

Rob Piggott is a contemporary abstract painter and printmaker based in Dunedin, New Zealand.

20

**THE DUNEDIN MUSEUM OF NATURAL MYSTERY****LOCATION:** 61 Royal Terrace**HOURS:** Fri, 12pm – 5pm; Sat – Sun,
10am – 5pm

The Dunedin Museum of Natural Mystery is a private museum of bones, bone art, ethnographic artifacts, and assorted curios in Dunedin. Bruce Mahalski, Otago alumni and former Critic staff member, is its founder and director.

21

**THE OLVESTON HISTORIC HOME****LOCATION:** 42 Royal Terrace**HOURS:** Mon – Sun, 9am – 5pm

Offering two special hour-long Art Week tours a day during Art Week (12pm – 4pm) for a koha donation. Learn the history of Olveston Home, the Theomin family, and their vast collection of global artefacts. Bring your student ID and call or email ahead to book a spot for a group larger than four!

16

**FE29 GALLERY****LOCATION:** 30 Sandringham Street,
St Clair**HOURS:** Mon – Sun, 10am – 5pm

The gallery's current exhibition 'After the Storm' including four new Marté Szirmay bronze sculptures, inspired by the poem After The Storm by Alistair Te Ariki Campbell.

22

**OUT OF AFRICA****LOCATION:** 414 Princess St**HOURS:** Tue – Fri, 10am – 2pm; Sat, 10:30am
– 1pm

Out of Africa sources products from Africa, with a focus on South Africa. Their taxidermy is sourced from organisations sharing their values of animal conservation and wild game management. They also stock paintings, sculptures, and texture artwork.

ARTWEEK!

embracing creativity

MON 12TH – FRI 16TH AUGUST 2024**EXHIBITION****POETRY
COMP****The Annual
PHOTO
COMP****ELECTRONIC ART COMP****CRITIC SELF GUIDED TOUR**TUESDAY 13TH**Dive into Design****Sustainable Ocean
Jewellery Workshop****Meditative Drawing - Mandala**WEDNESDAY 14TH**FOURxTWO PRESENTS:
FUTURE DJ COMP**

RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS:

**MARKET
Day**
BROUGHT
TO YOU BY
West's**Mindful Creation Workshop**THURSDAY 15TH**LOCAL PRODUCE**
PRESENTED BY RADIO ONE & CRITIC TE ĀROHI**Thursdays at EVISON: ART MOVIE**

MORE INFO ON FB: ART WEEK 2024



By Tom Bolus
& Iris Hehir

Author's Note: Tempted to skip this article because excessive phone use has destroyed your attention span? Head straight to the end and scan the QR code to find out how addicted to your phone you are for an upcoming study.

OPINION: IT'S THE

PHONE

We're in the midst of a generational crisis. Trust me, I'm a neuroscience student.

DECLINED

What do you think of when you hear 'addiction'? Someone at a bus stop, worn and weary, clutching a cheap bottle of wine, eyes glazed as they take another swig, trying to drown out the world around them. A polished professional, hiding a stash of pills to maintain appearances. Gamblers lost in the glow of slot machines, convinced the next spin will be the big win as the sun rises outside, unnoticed. These are the faces of addiction, right? Because we would never think of ourselves.

Well, it's time we did. The dependence we all have on phones is rewiring our brains in ways eerily similar to drug or gambling addictions. Research supports this, and industry leaders from Google, Facebook, and Instagram who've left due to ethical concerns have confirmed it: these apps are intentionally engineered to exploit vulnerabilities in our psychology. Just like slot machines, they transform our eyeballs, hours, and existence into profit for advertisers. Yale professor Edward Tufte summed it up best when he said, "There are only two industries that call their customers 'users': illegal drugs and software."

Loss of self-control, poor health, lost time, damaged relationships, and bleak future prospects are all hallmarks of addiction. Social media can also lead to a loss of life; or at the very least, the loss of everything that makes it meaningful and worth living. You only have one. Do you really want to spend it staring at a screen?

NORTH D'S ADDICTION

Third-year sociology student Keira* has confronted this morbid question, telling Critic she'll "probably" regret spending so much time on her phone at the end of her life. "I genuinely think if I get dementia, all I'll be able to recite is TikTok brain rot. I'll be in the home saying, 'Skibidi toilet rizz!' on my deathbed. The nurses will not know what's going on, because that's all I'll be talking about."

Keira spends an average of 48 hours a week on her phone – more than a full-time job ("TikTok should be paying me!"). While Keira acknowledges she's addicted, she admits she doesn't care enough to try and stop. "Truthfully, I feel like it adds value to my life. All the memes, the fashion, the music, all of the trends I'm obsessed with. Even politics. It's where I get most of my info, which is pretty bad. It's not a very reliable source."

Keira is far from alone. World Metrics reports that social media is the main source of news for 58% of Generation Z. According to a study from St. Cloud State University, more than half of Gen Z spends over 63 hours a week on their phones (the maximum recommended is 14). "It definitely affects my mental health," Keira admits. "But it's the only

thing I've ever known, so I don't think I'll stop. I have a fear that I'll miss out on so much stuff. It's just who I am."

But students haven't always been like this. Professor Phil Sheard, who has been teaching at Otago University long before social media and cell phones existed, remembers what campus life was like before technology took hold. "I wouldn't attribute all the changes in student behaviour [...] to the emergence of those technologies alone," Phil tells Critic, acknowledging benefits of technology like easier collaboration among students, accessing timetables, and lecture recordings.

However, Phil also points out the ways students have been negatively affected. He mentions instances of cyberbullying, the spread of misinformation among freshers vying for competitive degrees, a reduced ability to discern what's true, and, of course, the decline in our work ethic and attention span.

Phil explains that senior lecturers, like himself, are sometimes tasked with reviewing their junior colleagues by observing them in action. From the back of the lecture theatre, Phil can view what's on the screens of our laptops ("something the lecturer cannot see, thankfully"). While Phil says his colleagues like to think their students are following along and making notes, he notices "widespread" use of Instagram, TikTok or Facebook instead.

"I can't imagine why students sitting in lectures might think that keeping up with the relatively trivial reports of what others are doing in their lives is more important at that moment than hearing about the material that they have come to university for [...] and are currently devoting time and money [to]." Nowadays, Phil says, phones and social media have become an "irresistible distraction."

DEBUNKING THE "NORM" OF PHONE USE

The evils of phone addiction can seem like a trite issue nowadays – not to sound like your grandparents. After all, the harm of phone usage is well-established, especially since the release of Netflix's *The Social Dilemma*, the viral documentary that made everyone vow to switch to a flip phone in 2020.

If you haven't seen the documentary or need a refresher, it features a group of tech designers confronting how the platforms they helped build now manipulate the masses – and it's deeply unsettling. In one scene, former Google designer Tristan Harris reflects on his realisation that everyone is addicted to screens. He sends a presentation to his colleagues as a "call to arms". This presentation quickly gained widespread support, even reaching Google CEO Larry Page, creating what Tristan called "a cultural moment" that ultimately led to "...nothing."

Four years later, viewers of *The Social Dilemma* are not much different from these Google employees. Keira recalls being "so scared" when she first saw the documentary: "When I saw it, I was like 'Oh no.' But that was a really long time ago. I thought about it for maybe a month, then it was like, 'Okay, next thing! I haven't thought about it since, to be honest. It's out of sight, out of mind now.'"

Associate Professor Damian Scarf, who teaches

psychology, says research shows that educational approaches “don’t work” to stop addictions. “It’s like McDonald’s,” Damian explains. “People know that it’s not good [...] and even if you educate them on the negatives, they’re like ‘I don’t really care.’” Damian attributes this attitude largely to the ubiquitous nature of excessive phone use. “It’s human behaviour to follow the norms of the group. Just like when a student comes to Otago, if [excessive] drinking’s the norm, then that student’s probably gonna pick up drinking if they didn’t do it before. If it’s normative [...] people don’t see an issue with it.”

This begs the question, is it really an addiction if everyone has it? The answer is yes. For those of us genuinely addicted, social media use becomes a compulsion that disrupts daily functioning, our mental health, and real-life relationships. We might experience withdrawal symptoms such as anxiety, irritability, and restlessness when not online. We’ll also prioritise scrolling and para-social relationships over face-to-face interactions, and feel a persistent urge to check our devices, even in inappropriate situations, like while driving. Addiction is defined by its detrimental consequences and loss of agency; regardless of whether your flat or lecture theatre experiences it too.

But this isn’t the only myth that keeps you scrolling in tutorials (and lining Mark Zuckerberg’s pockets). Other myths include the belief that it’s simply a matter of self-control, it’s not a “serious” addiction, it’s merely a hobby; and online interaction is about socialising (and that’s acceptable), rather than the constant entertainment, information, and validation these platforms intentionally provide to keep you hooked.

THE SCIENCE BEHIND THE SCROLL: WHY OUR BRAINS ARE GETTING FUCKED

Through my undergrad in neuroscience, I’ve come to know a thing or two about the brain and its networks. They enable us to take notice of things, take action to deal with these things, and reflect on what our actions were. In combination, they help us make sense of the world and how we should interact with it.

The salience network houses our reward pathway, where we’ve all heard that dopamine acts. Now, here’s the thing: dopamine isn’t about pleasure; it’s about wanting. When you do something rewarding, like getting the Wordle in two or scoring on your mate in FIFA, dopamine reinforces that action, making you crave more of it. But when you feel down or overwhelmed, your brain goes to those dopamine-strengthened pathways and sets one of them in motion – i.e., it makes you do the behaviour that felt good last time. That’s essentially how learning works, and is why you’ll keep running that same line against said mate until he learns how to defend it.

Now think of our phones. We use them daily to push through bad feelings or boredom. A quick scroll and you find a funny reel; and dopamine releases. Your brain learns: phone equals feel-good. After years of performing this same behaviour, it has become concrete. The die has been cast.

The way these platforms are designed takes advantage of a psychological concept called ‘random reinforcement’.

Think of the pokies: give ‘em a slap and... nothing. Another slap. Nothing. Another and – BOOM. Flashing lights, money, big sounds of YOU WIN MOTHERFUCKER! Your sensory system is overwhelmed with pleasure and success – and thus a flood of dopamine, instilling the behaviour. Your brain seeks these good feelings, so there you’ll stay, sitting in front of the screen until the \$20 you put, and the \$80 you won, turns into \$0.12.

The same applies for Instagram Reels or TikTok. Some may say, “It’s good that the algorithm rewards us with hard work,” and this may be true. You know what you like, and have learned how to manipulate the algorithm accordingly. Consciously or unconsciously, we’ve spent years building our For You Pages, brick by brick. It’s the same concept as gambling. You have to sort the “good” videos from the “bad” (or the mid) and you’ll keep scrolling until you find them. That 20 minutes (realistically more) of instilling the behaviour day after day, week after week. Can you see where I’m going with this?

Switching gears, let’s talk about why you get bored from Reels after a while. Within the salience network in the brain is a mechanism a bit like an automatic car: a gas pedal and a brake. The two are inversely correlated, meaning while one is going, you can’t (or shouldn’t) use the other. The gas pedal signals “I want more” and the brake, “I’ve had enough.” After 20 minutes of scrolling, your foot may go on the brake and, feeling satisfied, put your phone down. The mechanism has worked exactly how it’s supposed to. But that isn’t always the case. Quite often, we continue scrolling late into the night – burning out your brake system***. In doing so, you shrink the part of your brain which tells you you’ve had enough.

Now for even worse news: many of us, fed up with our phones, turn to dopamine detoxes, thinking it’ll solve all of life’s problems. While well-intentioned, it sadly isn’t a cure-all. Research shows that as little as two weeks of being offline can improve how you feel, but it won’t undo a lifetime of habit-building. Those dopamine pathways have been reinforced ever since you first got social media. Your brain is trained to constantly seek out new stimuli using the same scrolling action on the device that, realistically, will never leave our sides – unless we make a conscious effort to restrict or get rid of them.

The take home message from all this – the TL;DR, if you will – is that dopamine’s role is to seek out behaviours which are inherently pleasurable. It drives pleasure-seeking behaviour – and does a pretty damn good job at it. But the way we’ve used these networks over the last ten or so years isn’t what humans evolved to use them for. We’ll inevitably adapt; we always do. But surely we can do something about it right now. That’s where I come in.

CALL TO ACTION

I’m sure that, looking back, one of our biggest regrets will be that we spent so much time on our phones. After all, if you can’t recall the last reel you watched today, you definitely won’t remember it sixty years from now. The real impact will be felt in the incremental losses: grades that slipped due to endless scrolling, time lost with our parents who won’t always be around and an inability to process the painful emotions of life

because we’ve numbed them with digital distractions.

Social media is the most profitable addiction in the world’s history. But it comes at a cost that has yet to be accounted for: our time. The one resource we’ll never get back. Today is the youngest you’ll ever be, but the good news is, that’s still pretty young. So now’s the time to do something about it. If you spend an excessive amount of time on your phone and feel guilty about it — don’t. In fact, you’re actually a part of the solution. I’m here to do something, and I want to invite you to join me.

Starting mid-August, under the guidance of Professor Dirk De Ridder, I’ll be diving into how our brains are rewiring themselves in response to social media, and what this could mean for our mental health down the line. The goal isn’t just to understand these shifts but to challenge the companies fueling them. Your involvement will provide evidence to potentially support a lawsuit against these tech giants and hold them accountable for their role in our collective addiction.

To help drive this research forward, I invite you to scan the QR code below. You’ll gain access to a quick quiz that assesses your relationship to your phone. The 50 most and least affected respondents will be invited to participate in my study, where we’ll briefly scan your brain at Dunedin Hospital. Your contribution will help shine a light on the reality of this issue for the greater good.

Because however deep in brain rot you are, it isn’t necessarily your fault. It really is that damn phone.

**Name changed.*

****It should be noted that this analogy isn’t completely scientifically sound, but works for understanding the basic concept.*

SCAN
HERE





MENS TRAIL

in the wild

In an ideal world, the great outdoors would be a gender-neutral space. Just you, an open trail, towering treetops, and the echoes of birdsong carried on a soft breeze. But the reality is often less idyllic. Women and AFAB (assigned female at birth) people are significantly underrepresented in outdoor sports and recreation activities. Some social norms vanish in the great outdoors. You'll likely not see your peers naked on campus, but it's tits out on a Tramping Club skinny-dip; and you'll never be more aware of your mate's daily bowel movements than on a three-day hike. Uglier social norms like period stigma and sexism, however, can follow trampers on the trail.

While yells for toilet paper from behind a bush are common, requests for tampons are less so – and a leaf won't do the job. Even in the wild, gender stereotypes continue to leave so many women feeling out of place; so let's talk about it. Critic Te Ārohi interviews three wild wāhine — Jenna, Zia, and Hannah — about bleeding and breaking stereotypes in the backcountry.

Taboo on the Track

Getting closer to Papatūānuku (the land) often means becoming extremely close with your fellow adventurers. From passing around a pot of burnt porridge to loudly announcing you need to wee behind a bush, any intrepid trip is filled with all manner of shared experiences. There's nothing quite like being exhausted and dirty together after a day of bush-bashing to strengthen a friendship. When all your biological functions are — quite literally — out in the open, you're bound to bond a little.

So why do we draw the line at periods? Periods are often treated as the one natural process that's off limits, even to nature. Period stigma, the Western societal perception that a menstruating body is abnormal or "gross", is to blame. Women are taught from a young age that periods are embarrassing and something to be handled in secret – discreetly sneaking pads in pockets to high school bathrooms, opening them as quietly as possible, and nervously checking for bleed-throughs in the mirror. Needless to say, this perception doesn't lend itself to a healthy relationship between women and their bodies. Many of those with uteruses can go their entire lives without accessing life-changing knowledge and support for managing menstrual cycles.

Otago Medicine student and alpine traverser Jenna Tidswell adores everything outdoors. She began orienteering in school, representing New Zealand and winning gold in the Individual Long event at the World Schools Orienteering Championships at fourteen. This ignited a life-long passion for adventure. For Jenna, orienteering was the gateway to canyoning, caving, mountaineering, and trail running. Now, she's exploring European mountain ranges, often spending nights sleeping above 4,000 metres. She tells Critic that she's

soaking up all the alpine knowledge she can to bring to the terrains back home.

Jenna tells Critic that periods can be a big barrier to climbing mountains, both mentally and physically: "There's just so much shame around it, especially when you are young. You usually have to figure it out yourself, which can be discouraging and lower your confidence." To make the outdoors a more inclusive space, Jenna openly shares how her cycle influences her climbing experiences, hoping to educate other wāhine in the process. When it comes to conquering sexism, normalising female bodies in the outdoors is taking that first step up the hill.

Brave Bodies

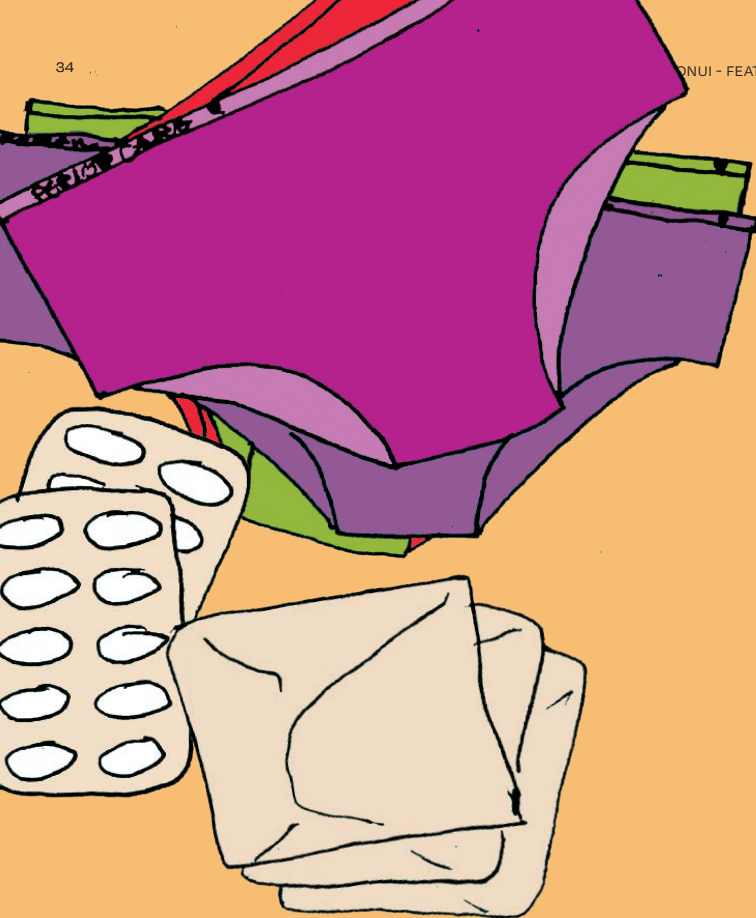
Zia Macdermid, Physics PhD student and lover of endurance sports, grew up with a complicated relationship to diet and exercise. A former teenage running prodigy, she spent much of her younger years directly equating her value to her racing success. As she's explored icy slopes, however, Zia says her self-image has improved as she's seen what her body can accomplish: "How can I hate my body when it got me up that mountain?"

In a world where women's bodies are often defined by their appearance – with body types falling in and out of fashion with the seasons – learning to recognise exhaustion and then nourish herself through recovery has also been liberating for Zia. Relying on her own strength at immense heights, Zia tells Critic she is able to "listen to her body" like never before. As a woman, Jenna adds that her period is part of this, recognising each stage of her cycle and understanding how it influences her movement and mood. During the first part of her cycle, when oestrogen levels are high and she's feeling extra energetic, she knows she can push her body harder, climb for longer. Towards the end, when that energy drops, she makes sure to take rests when she needs them and give herself the fuel – hydration and nutrition – she needs.



HOW CAN I HATE MY BODY WHEN IT GOT ME UP THAT MOUNTAIN?

By Jodie Evans
Illustrated by Lucia Brown



Zia was recently commended by someone she had just met for “actually being all right.” It might sound insignificant to the untrained ear, but Zia says microaggressions like this have chipped away at her confidence, causing her to doubt her capabilities at times.

Even finding a climbing partner has been difficult for Jenna, with cis-men frequently assuming she won't match their skill. There've also been ulterior motives, with male peers expecting a romantic relationship out of it. This has left Jenna feeling unsafe on more than one occasion. All three girls agree they were less likely to be chosen for leadership roles, with Hannah saying, “Even if you have more knowledge, people will unconsciously back [men] more.”

However, Jenna wants to reassure women they belong in the outdoors just as much as anyone else: “People will try to tell you men are tougher, more capable, but even when that's the case there's so much beyond the physical stuff. Mentally [we] are so strong.” As women are taught to be cautious and quiet, it can be hard for them to be confident and back themselves. Zia said surrounding herself with other supportive women in the outdoors had resulted in “life-changing” dynamics that enabled her to appreciate the wilderness even more.

Mother Nature's Therapy

An inherent strength of women is tied to their periods. Menstruating is a full-body and mind experience that can take a toll, and managing it in the backcountry isn't limited to bleeding. Zia told Critic that dealing with cramps and mood swings is a less-than-fun reality for her during long trips: “I'm more worried about having a low mood. What if I've only packed myself an apple for a snack and I decide I don't want an apple? [What if] it feels like the end of the world and I cry on the trail?” Although Zia admits she is still learning how to manage this, self-empathy and transparency with fellow trappers makes all the difference – and Mother Nature's nurture can help ease the discomfort.

Outdoors, the opportunity to disconnect from screens and lap up the sun can offer a mindfulness that's difficult to attain in urban settings like Dunedin. Getting closer to nature has always “reset” Zia's mental health, soothing her anxieties and forcing her to focus on the present. On a chemical level, outdoor exercise increases the production of endorphins which are natural mood-lifters. This makes crossing ridgelines and scaling icy rock scrambles Jenna's form of meditation. With each foot forward, Jenna says the stresses of her demanding degree float further away.

Nature's therapy also lies in the connections built along the way. Laughter, especially when shared from a sleeping bag, is the best medicine. With a chuckle, Hannah recounted a story about a rat dashing out of a long drop and a long night spent holding the door open for each other while they peed — just in case the cheeky rodent returned. “The memories you make out there are incomparable,” she tells Critic.

Advice: Go with the flow

Periods are as diverse as Aotearoa's terrains. So what should you do if, like Hannah, Zia, and Jenna, you're menstruating in the wild? It's important to remember that what works for one person might not work for another.

Determined to trump the taboo, Hannah has spoken openly about menstruating in the wild on Tramping Club trips. She once offered a practical guide for new trappers to the club on how to prep for a period on the trail, during which she advocated for her menstrual cup as an environmentally friendly, cost-efficient and compact choice. You can keep menstrual cups in for up to twelve hours. To empty it, just dig a little hole away from any waterways, tip it out, and re-fill the hole. Rinse your cup with water and pop it back up.

If the insertion directions of a menstrual cup look like your 300-level calculus exam (or if it just isn't your vibe), you might want to give period undies a go. These undies are cost-efficient, eco-friendly, and – according to Hannah – comfortable as fuck. Depending on your flow, you can wear them all day, rinse and dry them for re-wear on longer trips, or pack them out with you in a wash bag.

There are plenty of other options, as well. Zia personally prefers to use pads and tampons. To keep Papatūānuku thriving, you just need to pack them out with you. When Critic caught up with her, Zia was about to embark on a six-day hike with her period in full force and was taking an opaque bag to dispose of her used period products in. You can DIY this yourself with a snaplock bag and some tin foil. It may look like smuggled amphetamines, but it does the trick. Hand sanitiser and unscented wipes might also make you feel more comfortable, but they aren't essentials.

One recurring bit of advice from the girls is to pack more than you need. Sometimes Mother Nature

likes to hurl a scarlet curveball at us, hitting us with a heavy bleed when we least expect it, “like [at] the top of a ski tour slope,” Zia remarks to Critic with a laugh, speaking from experience. Periods happen, so it's always better to be safe than sorry. If you don't end up needing them, maybe someone else will. Like a knight in cotton absorbent armour, you can swoop in and save them from an involuntary free bleed. That, whānau, is how best friends are made in the wild.

Exercising period positivity can go a long way to normalising menstruating bodies in the outdoors. Being open about menstruation, and treating it like any other natural biological function can open the door to a wealth of knowledge and support. The kind that can reduce barriers to participation and open up a mountain, cave or canyon of opportunity. Those who don't menstruate can be allies by listening to those who do, or by calling out micro-aggressions in traditionally male-dominated spaces. Wāhine wanting to give the wilderness a go shouldn't hesitate to do so. A little enthusiasm and some encouraging friends can set you on the path to adventure. Like Zia, Jenna and Hannah taught Critic: “You're capable of far more than you think.”

Disclaimer: The writer and subjects of this article are cis-gender women. Critic acknowledges that the experiences shared here may not fully capture the diverse experiences of everyone affected by period stigma and discrimination in these settings.

Little girls are brought up to prioritise neatness and cleanliness, lest they fall outside of “feminine” norms. God forbid they get dirty climbing trees or come home with grazes and grass stains. In the bush, however, where there are no mirrors and getting grubby is the name of the game, both Zia and Jenna attest to the sense of feminine euphoria that comes from being in a space where it's normalised to be dirty: “When you're sat around the cooker and you all smell bad but no one cares, it's kind of bliss.”

Hannah, Energy Management student, skilled trapper, and scenic goon slapper (see the Nat Geo issue), tells Critic that “nudie swims” have also increased her confidence, with the Tramping Club tradition of skinny-dips normalising naked bodies in a non-sexual setting: “Freeing the nip is always a huge win.” The wild can be a space where women can see their bodies not through the male gaze, but for their remarkable endurance and as a means to achieve incredible feats. No one cares what your body looks like when you've scaled a mountain peak, only that it got you there.

Belonging in the Bush

Men's sense of belonging in the bush over women's begins from a young age. It all starts in kindergarten when boys are given trucks to play with in the sandpit, and girls are given dolls and miniature hairbrushes. The societal idea that men are physically stronger and “better suited” to extreme environments undermines women's confidence from an early age.

Hannah, Zia, and Jenna all recall moments they had to prove their ability to feel they belong in the outdoors as equals with their male counterparts. Despite her life-long athleticism and five years of experience split-skiing,



YOU'RE CAPABLE OF FAR MORE THAN YOU THINK.

Critic

BACHELOR

GROUP DATE PEACE GARDEN

By Hanna Varrs

 Brought to you by our mates at Delivereasy

It's 9am on a Friday when four of the remaining eight singles – Gabi, Lily, Olivia, and Jessica – are cruelly dragged out into the cold, ready to get their hands dirty in the Kia Ora/Peace Garden with some gardening and rock-painting.

It's a more casual affair this morning than the last date, with contestants showing up in their best athleisure outfits to win Joel's affection. Everyone knows yoga pants are a girl's secret weapon. Today, two of the four will be eliminated – much to Joel's dismay.

OUSA Student Support, our chaperone for the date, has kindly supplies painting and gardening tools to give the space a wee spruce-up. They've also brought along a cute dog, serving as an icebreaker for the singles. "I don't wanna date Joel," Gabi jokes from a crouch beside the dog, giving him a good pat. "I just want this dog!" We'll see about that.

Central Library looms overhead, giving some of you early-bird nerds a front-row seat to all the drama that's about to ensue. Jessica swoops in for a hug and begins chatting to Joel about a finance paper they've both taken – she's not here to make friends. "Should we get some gloves on?" Joel says, turning to the rest of the group. They migrate to the planting boxes.

Lily is quick to pick up a tool and turn her attention to the moss growing between the paving. Joel follows suit, settling in next to her. She begins talking to Joel about how her dad is a landscaper, hence her prowess in the garden. "I wasn't actually allowed to plant anything," she says sadly. The one time she was allowed, it was some sunflowers out of sight behind the house. It's a cute moment, and Joel seems to appreciate getting to know Lily a little bit better.

"[The date] is going really well," Lily tells us. "I have a lot of experience gardening, which has come in real handy. At the end of the day, Joel will see that I am the best gardener which means I am the best single." Much like her trowel technique, Lily's chain of logic is flawless.

Topical due to the cold gardening conditions, Joel asks (breath steaming) if anyone has been to the mountains recently to take advantage of the snow. Depressingly, everyone has been too busy. However, it provides a segway for Joel to begin flexing about his snow competency. I see what you did there, king.

Joel tells the story of one occasion when a car he was in ended up pretty much sliding off the mountain. "It could have been a lot worse though," he says, gorgeously nonchalant. "Was that the worst car accident you've been in?" Gabi asked, eyes full of wonder. She shares her own sketchy car stories, and they bond over having terrible luck in vehicles.

The next topic of conversation is whether anyone has become a BNOC yet (Big Name On Campus). "Have you guys been recognised for this yet?" asks Gabi, explaining that she's been stopped and asked if she is the "girl from Bachelor". Nobody else has yet; aside from Joel. This one's for you, dear reader: Jess thanks you for the kind comments left on the Critic Instagram referring to her as a "sweetie". "I'm just glad it wasn't a hate comment," she admits.

Tiring from the arduous landscaping, the group turns to rock painting – but not before Gabi shapes the uprooted weeds into a heart shape. The group settles on the red picnic blanket behind the planter boxes, equipped with rocks and art supplies.

Reaching forward to grab a paintbrush, Joel and Lily very

nearly touch hands. You could cut the tension in the air with a knife. Semi-awkward small talk continues. Between compliments on each other's herb paintings (Gabi and Joel have both chosen lavender), the group discusses how this is the earliest date they've ever been on – and certainly the most observed. Adding to the eyes of Central Lib onlookers is Student Support, hanging back with Dispensary coffees to speculate in whispers who'll receive a rose.

Joel is pulled away, and I get a chance to ask the singles how they feel the date is going. "It's nice to do something with my hands instead of feeling awkward in front of a ring light," Jessica tells me. "Not that it was bad," she says hurriedly, perhaps worried I might smite her in this article. You're okay, babe.

When asked if she can feel any sparks flying between her and Joel, Olivia responds cautiously: "I dunno. Yeah, maybe. We'll sorta see." A slow burn, perhaps? Meanwhile, Joel expresses his sadness that two of the singles will need to go home today. "That's just the name of the game," he says wryly.

ROSE CEREMONY

Finally, it's the moment you've all been reading for – or skipped to the end for. While Joel was pulled away, an impromptu ceremony was arranged. Instead of the traditional fake peonies, two yellow daisies have been plucked from the garden. "Well, um, it's been a really nice morning," begins Joel. "But unfortunately, I only have two roses." One thing our bachelor doesn't have going for him is knowing his flowers.

The singles smile nervously, shuffling in the cold. Lily is the first to be chosen. He cites Lily's story about her dad and

the sunflowers as his reason for choosing her, finding it fitting that the flower he gives her today is yellow too. She seems stoked, and places the daisy behind her ear as she moves to stand by his side.

Next to be chosen is Jessica. "Yay! Thank you," she responds graciously, accepting the flower. Later on, Joel shyly confesses to us that he gave Jessica a rose due to her "confidence and smile". Gabi and Olivia have not received a rose. "Oh no," Gabi cries, before whipping out her phone to take a picture of her painted rock. "I'll take this picture to be reminded I had my heart broken once," she sighs.

We catch up with Olivia and Gabi before they can be set free into the big wide world again. "It was a fun experience I reckon," Olivia smiles. She brings up her appreciation for the Delivereasy voucher she's scored – her main reason for signing up, if her intro video is to be believed: "I'm here for the free sushi and the Delivereasy voucher – if it comes to that."

Gabi says, "I'll never look at lavender the same [...] I think we'll both be picking up gardening as a hobby to get over our heartbreak." She's also enthusiastic about the voucher, and both her and Olivia are grateful for the new friends they've gained – all the singles now have a Snapchat group without us. Whatever.

See you next issue, where we'll have a brand-spanking new group date to gossip about. Peace out.



RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

**WEDNESDAY
14 AUGUST**

COZY COMEDY OPEN MIC
INCH BAR
Tickets from eventfinda.co.nz.
7.30pm.

**TUESDAY
15 AUGUST**

**RADIO ONE 91FM & CRITIC TE ĀROHI PRESENT:
LOCAL PRODUCE 2024**
FEATURE EVENT @ TE KOROKORO O TE TŪI
Featuring Emily Alice, Becca Caffyn, and Sam
Charlesworth. Tickets from flicket.co.nz. 6.45pm.

**FRIDAY
16 AUGUST**

REGGAE VIBES
THE CROWN HOTEL
7pm. \$5.

RIKI GOOCH - SOLO DRUMS AND CYMBALS
RDC ESPRESSO
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.
5pm. All ages.

VIDEO NASTY AND THE DUD UGLYS
PORT CHALMERS PIONEER HALL
w/ Butchers Model Glue. Tickets from
undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm. All ages.

THE MENTALIST COLLECTIVE
THE DUCK
Tickets from undertheradar.
co.nz. 6pm. All ages.

**SATURDAY
17 AUGUST**

**SEAFOG - 'SLOW DEATH'
RECORD RELEASE**
PEARL DIVER
8pm. Free entry.

COIN LAUNDRY
THE CROWN HOTEL
w/ Hystera and The Maine
Coons. 8pm. \$20.

DJ Bax is one of the most exciting and revolutionary DJs in Dunedin's electronic scene. Known for the signature DONK sound and having a great ear for remixes (as well as being the guitarist for Leo Lilley), over the past year his influence has been unprecedented. He's been involved with The Big Fresh Collective, scoring a number 1 spot on Radio One's Top 11 chart and peaking at number 3 on the Student Radio Network with his song 'FREAK'. Critic Te Ārohi parked up at Carousel with Bax to chat about his rise to fame.

DJ Bax started DJing in his first year of uni. "Everybody is being a DJ doing drum and bass when they come to Dunedin, so that's how I started out," says Bax. He had learnt guitar from the age of five, but then moved into electronic music during high school – specifically the DONK genre. "My mum is a group fitness instructor for Les Mills, so the songs I grew up listening to were 'Everytime We Touch' by Cascada [...] I then found a genre called SoundClown which just had the stupidest mixes and when you speed them up it becomes DONK and that's my thing."

Some of Bax's best mashups include 'Super Freak', mixing in the Rick James song with 'SkeeYee' by Sexy Red; and 'Gucci Flip Flops' which mixes the Bhad Bhabie song with 'Careless Whisper' by George Michael. "I don't really go looking for the songs, I just hear a random song from like 2004 and go, 'Oh I remember that song!' and those are the best ones to use," he says.

Bax met The Big Fresh Collective in 2020 when a friend brought them down for a gig. "I heard that the guy who runs

it is the funniest guy and I look up to those guys like CARU and DONK DOBBO [...] if you're in New Zealand electronic music you can't not look up to those guys," says Bax. He sent them some songs including 'FREAK' (the DONK remix of 'Freaks' by Timmy Trumpet and Savage). On the song reaching the Top 11, he says, "It was insane seeing that because I used to make indie beats for my mates and the goal was the Top 11. I wish my 17-year-old self could see that right now." Diversifying the type of music Bax makes is important to him: "DnB used to be super underground, then George FM got their hands on it and it's all the play but, for me, if a tune's a tune, it's a tune."

DJ Bax has ADHD, which he says is "the entire reason" he does what he does. His sped up mixes of songs helps scratch an itch for most neurodivergent people who listen to EDM. He also credits TikTok and the use of sped up songs for helping his career. "DONK is a genre for people with ADHD. I get messages from people saying your music scratches my brain and I'm like, 'Yes!' Most songs I listen to I'm like, 'Oh speed it up.' I think it's really cool that I am attracting that crowd of my own people and playing shows for them."

You can follow DJ Bax @djb4x on Instagram to see what shows he has coming up, as well as SoundCloud and Bandcamp to listen to his mixes.

31 JULY

1

91 FM

TOP 11

1 IVY (Dn) - Real Love
No. 3 last week | 2 weeks in chart

2 DONK DOBBO (NZ) - OPSHOP DONK (FT. DJ BAX)
1 week in chart

3 Night Lunch (Dn) - 1 MILLION PINES
No. 4 last week | 4 weeks in chart

4 Wet Denim (NZ) - Again And Again
1 week in chart

5 Keira Wallace (Dn) - Leap/Landing
No. 5 last week | 5 weeks in chart

6 Louisa Nicklin (NZ) - Sleep it Off
No. 9 last week | 5 weeks in chart

7 Haszari (Dn) - Gumdrop
No. 7 last week | 2 weeks in chart

8 T. G. Shand (NZ) - Scenes
No. 8 last week | 4 weeks in chart

9 The Mentalist Collective (Dn) - Baby Girl ft. Lara Rose
No. 10 last week | 2 weeks in chart

10 Molly Payton (NZ) - Get Back To You
1 week in chart

11 Patients (NZ) - Hate is Harm
1 week in chart

Mazagran Hit Picks

Powder Chutes (NZ) - Merchants
Monk Seals (NZ) - Black Widow Woman



By Jordan Irvine

**IF YOUR UP-AND-COMING BAND
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IN A FUTURE ISSUE!**

Students receive **2-for-1** entry
into the Tūhura Tropical Forest



TŪHURA
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HUIKAAU
WHERE CURRENTS MEET
KAWITA VATANA JYANKUR
Dye 2018, HD video, single
channel, 1:30 mins
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meet, celebrates the past,
present, and future of the
Gallery's collection.

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DEPARTMENT OF DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY



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OUR APP
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TOMORROW.**

**ACTUALLY ANYTIME
THIS WEEK IS FINE.**



DEBATABLE

FOR: ABBY BOWMAR

You enjoyed being single in first-year, when you were freshly eighteen and heating was free. But now it's winter, you're living in a shithole, and your biological clock is ticking. Every night, the end of your hour of free power plunges you into an icy abyss of isolation. One day you lament your loneliness to your flatmate. They tell you they relate. An awkward silence ensues.

They're cute, and you could do a lot worse. You don't have the nerve to approach someone in Central, or the facecard to make it on the apps. The Critic Bachelor this year is way out of your league. Your parents are wondering why their kid can't pull, and you can only join so many run clubs before you have to accept that a half-marathon won't replace the warm hands of someone who tolerates your anxious attachment style.

The solution is right across the hallway, if you could only unshackle yourself from the taboo of flat-cest. You don't have to ask them what they're studying or where they're from because you already know. You watch them unload the dishwasher – it gives you butterflies. They own an electric blanket and you start to believe that you might be able to love again. The forbidden fruit is the sweetest, and hooking up with your flatmate is pretty good chat.

Alternatively, you could never make a move. Laugh it off and make a vow against flat-cest. Spend the rest of the year running into each other in dark hallways and awkwardly sidestepping each other in the kitchen. Fall in love in silence, and graduate with regrets and wondering what might have been.

AGAINST: DEBORAH HUANG

Before you ask yourself whether you should date your flatmate, maybe ask yourself whether you even like them or not. They're hot, but you've also probably spent more time with them in the past few months than at all your lectures combined. It's easy to mistake proximity for passion. Are you sure you're not gaslighting yourself into believing that you could look past their habit of sticking their hair on the shower wall?

It's really hard to tell when someone reciprocates your feelings, let alone someone who is basically contractually obliged to spend time with you. If you work up the courage to confess only to find out that they don't feel the same way, you're going to have to live with it – quite literally – for the rest of the year. At best, it's awkward every time you pass each other in the hallway. At worst, you've made someone feel uncomfortable in their own home.

But let's say everything goes well and you start dating; you've now turned all your flatmates into inadvertent third-wheels who are probably too embarrassed to tell the two of you to be quiet. Either that, or they're WAY too enthusiastic about it. Regardless, it's a great way of ensuring you won't be invited to re-sign with them.

Plus, you're skipping the honeymoon period. At least when dating someone you don't live with, they can pretend for the first few weeks that they floss every night. Beginning a relationship by spending all your time together and having no personal space is a recipe for disaster. Inevitably you're going to crash and burn, and take down the whole flat with you. My advice? Don't shit where you eat.

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.



**SHOULD
YOU DATE
YOUR
FLATMATE?**



Banana loaf is an absolute classic! This recipe serves you with the perfect way to use up those neglected bananas you never got round to eating, and only takes a few minutes to whip up a tasty treat. Best served warm with a slice of butter, share with your flat or keep it to yourself... I won't tell ;)

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. Preheat the oven to 180 degrees celsius.

Step 2. Add your dry ingredients into a large bowl: flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt and sugar. Mix until combined.

Step 3. In a separate bowl, combine your mashed banana, milk, eggs, vanilla essence and butter. Mix well.

Step 4. Create a well in the centre of your dry ingredients to add the wet ingredients. Mix until combined, being careful not to over mix!

Step 5. Stir through the chocolate chips.

Step 6. Line the loaf tin with baking paper. Pour the mixture into the lined tin, making sure to wipe away anything that gets caught on the sides.

Step 7. Bake for 45-50 mins. You will know it is cooked when you put a knife in and it comes out clean (without any raw mix sticking to it).

Step 8. Cool for 15 mins in the tin and then turn out to cool for another 5 mins.

Step 9. Slice and enjoy!



MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

Time: 1 hr
Price: \$\$\$\$
Difficulty: 1/5

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 ¾ cups plain Flour
- 3 tsp baking powder
- ¼ tsp baking soda
- 1 pinch of salt
- ½ cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tsp vanilla essence
- 75 g butter (melted)
- 2 large ripe bananas (mashed)
- 1 cup choc chips or chopped chocolate
- Loaf tin
- Baking paper

softened is unrealistic in these temperatures

BOOZE REVIEWS

CLEANSKIN

SAUVIGNON BLANC

BY CHERRY BILL SWILLIAMS

To the best of our knowledge, good wine does exist out there. Maybe you can find it at the Central Otago, Martinborough, or Canterbury wineries where middle-aged mums flock in the summer months. But Cleanskin Sauvignon Blanc makes this hard to believe. With each reluctant sip it extinguishes all hope of a drop that doesn't burn on the way down.

Tackling wine is a gamble, as we risk possibly offending 90% of the Law students and Dunedin News Facebook group members out there. It's said that wine is an "acquired taste" so we put this to the test, trekking out to New World Gardens to grab the cheapest bottle of wine they had (Spotify took the last of my money so this Sav is the best we're getting).

Boy, was it an experience. There was blood, sweat, and vomit all involved in a night I can't really remember. After the first gulp of the Sauvignon Blanc, I felt a shiver run down my spine at the thought of tomorrow's hangover. I was reminded by a sensible friend that you're supposed to eat before you drink (lame) and that this wine is primarily drunk at a Mexican or Indian BYO joint (mostly because it's so cheap). But I ignored them, opting to raw dog it instead. I would not recommend.

I'd honestly rather go to the servo and sip on some 95 or Diesel straight from the tank than drink this again. The sea-salty aftertaste and Seine river E.

coli colour would probably kill anyone that hasn't trained on Cheekys or green Cruisers. Its awful taste lingers harder and longer than the Cranberries' song, and doesn't seem to go away despite how drunk you get throughout the night. No surprises, honestly, coming from a wine that is at the very bottom of the shelf, and has objectively one of the worst labels. Negative points for creativity.

Halfway through the bottle and the Sauvignon Blanc remains consistently dreadful. I don't know how these mums do it – though, in fairness, if I had three kids, I'd probably drink this every night too. The only positive that came from the night was that the wine clocks in at \$8.19 for 750ml and is guaranteed to get you fucking ruined. If you're looking to be legless and don't care about how it tastes – or most importantly don't care about feeling awful the next day – this is the wine for you! Drink at your own risk xoxo

PAIRS WELL WITH: BYO chicken tikka masala

X FACTOR: Can save wine bottle for top shelf flat decorating

HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL: 9.5/10. Have Powerade on speed dial

TASTE RATING: 1/10 would rather drink WD-40



WEEKDAYS 1-2
ON RADIO ONE 91FM — r1.co.nz

44

OUSA
EXEC

DUNEDIN
NEEDS ITS
STUDENTS



The thought of Dunedin without its students is like imagining Wednesday nights without Pint Night or Southern Sounds without finger dips in the mosh – of fairy dust, of course. It's just wrong on so many levels.

While Dunedin may have started as a bustling, gold-rich city, what came later was the student population and the culture they brought with them that has kept this city from sliding into obscurity. Have you ever been in Dunedin during semester breaks? It's a ghost town. The city's streets are as empty as a lecture hall on a Friday afternoon.

The University, in its mismanagement of finances, seems hell-bent on eradicating the very culture that gives it character – most likely driving away future student enrollments in the process. In light of this, it's worth remembering that, without the breathas and beezies of Castle Street (even with their gear-fueled benders), Dunedin would just be a shittier version of Invercargill. And no one wants that.

Our university is more than a place of academic learning. It's one of shared experiences, new and lifelong connections, and an unrivalled culture. Without the vibrant student scene, Otago Uni and Dunedin would not be what it is today. As your new Finance and Strategy Officer for the OUSA Student Exec, I will ensure the voices of students are heard and that their interests are advocated for. I will push for your rights to keep the party going and hold onto the student history of Dunedin (don't do too many drugs though, it'll fry your brains).

So, here's to the students: the keepers of Dunedin's soul, the guardians of its energy, and the ones who ensure it doesn't fade into mediocrity. After all, students are the lifeblood and the pulse of this city; without us, Dunners would be a very ordinary, very boring place to be.

Daniel Leamy
Finance and Strategy Rep

THIS IS THE FUCKING NEWS

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CAPS

\$25 each. Preorders close 18th August

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GRANT
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APPROVED

Is Brach?

45

AQUARIUS
Mending your turbulent friendships will bring you a lot of peace this week. You may have just stocked up on your anti-anxiety meds but your dependency will go down. Market your SSRIs to your friends as Percocets.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 3, 11, 12, 17, 19, 20

PISCES
Before going grocery shopping this week, have a look through your fridge at all the leftovers and ingredients that are about to expire and find inspiration for a week's worth of fun meals. Bonus points for a cheaper grocery shop, too!
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 4, 8, 12, 22, 27, 36

ARIES
Have you heard of this new thing called recycling? It's probably the hottest thing you could do. Seeing a 6 put their can in the yellow bin automatically makes them a 7.5 – and you need all the help you can get.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 3, 9, 11, 25, 38, 40

TAURUS
Taurus, the stars are aligning for you to spend big on a present for yourself. Whether it's buying drinks on a night out or filling your petrol tank to the top, you deserve a treat that makes life a little more enjoyable.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 4, 14, 23, 25, 32, 36

GEMINI
You have so many tabs open on Google Chrome that your computer fans will go into overdrive and the whole laptop will fly away. Don't lose all of the (minimal) work you have put into your assignments! Take this as a sign to sort your shit out.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 2, 7, 8, 15, 25, 40

CANCER
Efficiency is the name of the game this week. Fill the bath with warm water so that you can bathe, have a drink, and keep warm all at the same time. But while keeping on top of things is very important, it is also important to not let yourself burn out this early in the semester.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 1, 9, 17, 18, 21, 39

LEO
Spend the week feeding your wholesome side. Frolic in the Botans and curl up at night with a good book and cuppa. Get your flatmates to cough up a couple of dollars each so you can have an op shop puzzle night – just pray it's not missing any pieces.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 3, 6, 13, 14, 29, 37

VIRGO
Psssst, Virgo, that weird thing happening with your body should probably be checked out, even if you just type your symptoms into Google. Or cure yourself by spending your student loan on six different types of gummy vitamins (a tastier option).
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 3, 8, 11, 19, 26, 27

LIBRA
Take a chill pill. Did you know that exams aren't for a couple of months and no normal person starts studying for them this far out? Take a break, go to town, and get so rinsed you can't even remember your cat's name.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 11, 12, 16, 23, 26, 39

SCORPIO
This week, your mum will ominously announce a deep dark family secret in the family group chat. You can't tell anyone, otherwise your grandfather will disown you and you will never be bought a Christmas present again.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 1, 9, 16, 34, 37, 38

SAGITTARIUS
This week, be wary of electric scooters. Those little fuckers go a lot faster than you may think and having to tell people that you are in A&E because you got hit by a drunk 18-year-old hurtling their way back to Unicol on a pink electric scooter would lose you some aura points.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 35, 30, 7, 12, 19, 2

CAPRICORN
You often find yourself in situations where people are telling you way too much about themselves – this is called a therapist's face. To fix this dilemma, just wear a balaclava 24/7 or try really hard to look unapproachable.
Lucky (Lotto) Numbers: 3, 9, 12, 14, 21, 39

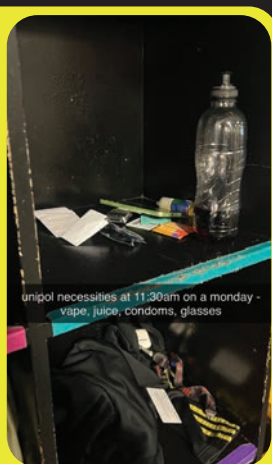
SNAP OF THE WEEK



SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEKS WINS AN OUSA CLUBS & SOCS SAUNA VOUCHER

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



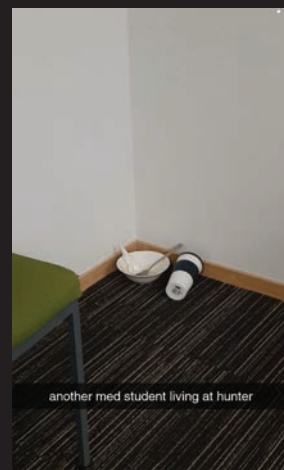
unipol necessities at 11:30am on a monday - vape, juice, condoms, glasses



Speaks for itself



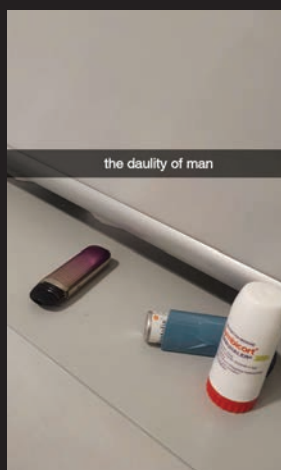
Jesus is always watching



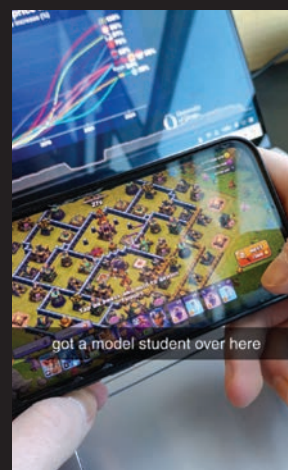
another med student living at hunter



Scabies latte art



the daulity of man



got a model student over here



The most dangerous beast in the law school... A coffee plunger



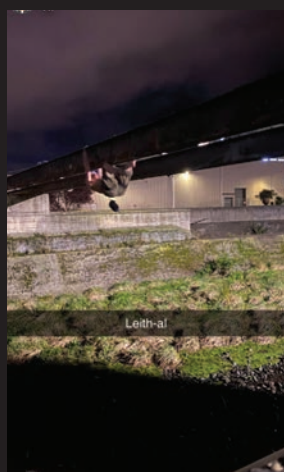
reburger rizz



omg the writer in the flesh



POV: the BTS behind the infamous bollards, there is infact an actual person who does this (yay)



Loith-al

I know we just met but...

will you be my flatmate?

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