

te ārohi



Diversity Week

9 - 13 SEPTEMBER

MON 9 SEPT

French Cooking Workshop

TUE 10 SEPT

Learn a Language: NZSL

WED 11 SEPT

Queerest Tea Party

Drag Quiz Night

THU 12 SEPT

Trauma Yoga

Human Library

Thursdays at Evison

FRI 13 SEPT

International Cultural Expo

ousasupporthub.org.nz

queer
support

ousa student
support



EDITORIAL: PUKUNUI FOR BIRD OF THE YEAR

Critic Te Ārohi is officially backing the Pukunui (Southern NZ dotterel) for Bird of the Year, an annual Forest & Bird election that pits 75 birds against each other in a battle for awareness and conservation resources. Before you ask: no, while Salient Mag's Editor has gotten a tattoo of the Kororā for her campaign, I will not be following suit.

Kiwis' love for our feathered friends is notorious. Just look at what we call ourselves. We wipe out populations of other species (sorry possums) in their honour. It wouldn't be too far off to say that New Zealanders care about the annual Bird of the Year about as much as the general elections. And by casting your vote in this year's election, you could help fund resources to wipe out the feral cats preying on the poor old Pukunui, of which there are only 101 left.

Last year's Bird of the Year campaign made international headlines when Comedian John Oliver delighted in throwing his full weight behind the Pūtekeke (Australasian crested grebe). He went all out with an aggressive campaign that had all the flavour of American zeal for "bigger is better." This involved a special appearance on his show in a Pūtekeke costume in all its mulleted glory.

John Oliver apparently had the blessing of Forest & Bird, but the campaign managers of the other birds likely looked on in dismay as their own campaigns were steamrolled. The Pūkunui (not the most charming of birds, might I add) took home 80% of the overall voting count with 290,374 votes – a bit more than second-place, which went to the North Island brown kiwi with 12,904 votes.

It was all in good fun. John's campaign raised awareness for our native birds, and there's nothing that gets New Zealanders going quite like a mention of our humble abode on the global stage (especially when we're often left off world maps). At the end of the day, though, the competition is to get real outcomes

for the winner. Our passion for birds isn't unfounded; they genuinely need our help.

When considering what bird Critic might back this year – kindly prompted by Facebook commenters calling us out for not having begun a campaign yet, and Radio One starting a beef over our apparent hate of the Hoiho – I thought about what bird might need the help the most. Red-billed gulls and the Hoiho were in our DMs, but then I remembered a short film my Science Communication peers put together last year for the 2023 Bird of the Year campaign in support of Pukunui.

Aptly titled *Underbirds*, Abi, Brady, and Isabella travelled to Stewart Island to interview the two rangers there who live in isolation as Department of Conservation rangers protecting the Pukunui. One ranger, Daniel Cocker, has worked with them since he was 14. He's the campaign manager for the Pukunui, and has borne witness to their dropping numbers as the bird has lost BOTY each year.

Wild Dunedin's account admin is "not mad, just disappointed" in Critic for apparently turning our backs on the local Hoiho in this year's campaign. Dunedin, they tell me, are banding together for the Hoiho. Emerson's made a special brew. Radio One made memes and a jingle. But my heart is with the Pukunui.

In the film, Daniel expresses the heartbreak and exhaustion of their continued fight for the wee things – a fight without the proper tools to do so. Though our campaign might not be as flashy as the Hoiho and the Kororā, I encourage you to cast your attention to the quiet bird tucked in a remote part of our southernmost island. Your vote could help to save them from extinction.

NINA BROWN



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LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

I, and probably many other queer people, appreciated the queer issue of the magazine this week. It has discussed many insightful points, and can hopefully make people aware of a couple of the issues that many of us face. Something I did want to comment on, though, is the article about heteronormativity and sexual violence. Yes, it is viewed as normal to be sexually attracted to people, and that can therefore create issues with people being dicks and not respecting others, but I also wanted to mention how allonormativity creates issues as well.

Allonormativity is defined by Wikipedia as the concept that all humans experience sexual attraction and romantic attraction. Your article is implying this as the norm, although sexual violence occurs commonly to those who identify as asexual. I am not saying that it doesn't happen to others (it unfortunately very much does), but it allegedly occurs at higher rates in the asexual community. A survey from the NZ Ministry of Justice reports that approximately 33% of gay or lesbian adults will experience sexual violence at some point in their lives. Although it is a very different region, a Maryland, USA study reported that 43.5% of asexual survey participants had reported sexual violence of some kind, which is significantly higher. It also appears to be more difficult to find positive media representation of relationships where at least one person is asexual, which can further make it difficult to recognise a healthy vs unhealthy relationship where asexuality is involved.

In future, I would request that asexuality received a bit more consideration rather than assuming allonormativity, as it is still a queer identity where everyone faces their own unique challenges and threats, including sexual violence.

Thank you for your consideration,

A proud asexual person who has little media representation and doesn't really know where to look for examples of healthy relationships.

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

Dear Critic,

Firstly, I would like to say that the sudoku section has been a weekly routine for me since I arrived here. That said, I am absolutely STRUGGLING with the latest one. Idk what it is that is making it so hard but somehow I just cannot finish it (I mean it's called HARD for a reason BUT STILL). I usually do it as a stress reliever but somehow this is making me even more stressed ;-; I know you can't do anything about it since it's probably AI-generated or something but I just wanted to put it out there. Thank you for your time, have a great day ahead.

Kind regards,

An exchange student

This is concerning your queer edition, which I took the liberty of being very excited about when I saw it as a queer person myself.

In the 'What queer stereotype are you?' It was rather enjoyable and funny, as they called me out all the way but I got to question 4: 'it's home time. What's the go-to for a cheeky feed?' As my

eyes looked down the list, I spotted the word vegetarian but was frustrated to see it was accompanied by 'Meat on chips (even though you're 'vegetarian').' This really struck an emotional chord in me and as such has brought me here, writing to you about my own experience of being a vegetarian.

Every day, I have to deal with shitty residential college food that can barely cater to vegetarians without mushrooms and tofu (I am sick of constantly having mushrooms and tofu, there are better alternatives), I'm not even able to eat much during lunches and dinners and in some cases, I have turned to eating some meat simply because if I didn't, the only thing on my plate would be a lettuce salad with a little mayonnaise. I don't wish to eat meat because it is quite literally repulsive to me. Whenever my friends see meat on my plate, they're always saying, 'I thought you were vegetarian.' 'What's that doing on your plate?' There are always questions, and the answers I can give are "I don't have much choice, they don't feed me," as I then proceed to not eat the meat and then not bother to grab meat ever again because I feel

as though everyone's watching and judging me for not really being vegetarian, even though I feel like I don't have a choice. I then go to my room and cry, as my stomach cries out to be fed.

From personal experience, vegetarians already get excluded from having the pleasure of nice food at restaurants, options on the menu and moderately edible food at residential colleges, instead, as a replacement we are given a curry with the consistency of mashed potatoes and bean chunks (true story). Personally, I get frustrated when people question my vegetarianism especially when I feel like I have no other choice than to eat meat so a kind note to everyone (especially the residential colleges) I'd really appreciate it if you'd let me eat. Feed me. Please?

Thanks, a starved queer vegetarian.

PS: In no way do I mean to be aggressive to the person who wrote that and I'm really sorry if it came across that way, I simply wanted to show my own struggle while representing the vegetarians who are also struggling with being catered for.

A friend of mine noted the fact that some of the options you give for things like the 'what queer stereotype are you?' always include alcohol which brought them some frustration as not all people drink though I do understand that's a big part of scarfie identity, would you be so kind as to sometimes add options of 'I don't drink' ?

Mrs Critic,

I won the snap of the week a few editions ago and contacted you guys but you never responded. What kind of scheme are you running here? Ghosting a fellow student... we got beef. Jk, but I do want my free sauna voucher.

Sincerely,

someone who wants to be warm.

Editor's response: *My bad! Hope you enjoy your sauna voucher xo*

Posters going up in (at least) central library, reading "benefits of climbing stairs" next to the elevators (fuck you) and saying "brats don't save seats", all branded with a greek letter psi and "PSYC328", which is a paper about controlling peoples behaviours through conditioning or some shit. This isn't helping my perception of the psychology department being evil mind tricksters and now they seem to be trying to control us "uninitiated common people" by means of psyop. Real nefarious stuff really. please report back in your magazine about the truth behind this psychological operation chur x

Dear Critic,

Just read the Queer article, loved it btw. I stumbled upon the ‘what queer stereotype are you’ part... the first question being “time for a night out, what’s your drink of choice tonight?

Options being speights summit ultra, G&T, Sav, Hyoketsu, Voddy cran — I'm a girl, a bi girl.... I was drinking a fucking

speights summit ultra at the time, trust me, drinking a fkn speights gets me hate from my besties. Remember to cater for the gay girlies too, not just the gay guylies, we love them dw.

ALSO I’M NOT A FKN U-HAUL LESBIAN.

Kia ora,

I'm writing in response to the letter about boring tutorials, to both agree and challenge the writer. OP is right that tutorials can be super boring and tutors can come in unprepared and untrained. Different departments and even lecturers do things differently, and so this is partly to blame for the variation in tutorial quality. I know of tutors who are thrown in the deep end and have basically had to make up a tutorial plan every week, while others like myself are provided one by our lecturer. Additionally, some departments have pre-set amounts of time that tutors can be paid for prep, for example, 1 hr of prep per 1 hr of contact time. This means that a tutor may not even have enough time to come up with something, especially if they need to do readings and marking. A final note, I assume that OP is coming to tutorials having done the readings (or most of them most of the time) and ready to talk in class, but for many tutors, it is a struggle to get students to even do the readings (which tutorials are often meant to cover), let alone engage in class discussion. Tutorials are a two-way street, so both hold your departments to a higher standard of tutor support and please come to tutorials as prepped as you can be!

Best,

A Tutor With A Plan Tired of Unengaged Students

To my beloved Ms Critic,

After reading your last issue (excellent read as usual) I did a queer movie marathon and wanted to recommend my two favourites

Top pick's obviously But I'm a Cheerleader (1999) which is about your perfect Christian cheerleader who is (oopsies) a lesbian. She's sent to True Directions (conversion therapy) to 'set her straight' so to speak. Hilarious, vibes are unparalleled.

Second is Nimona (2023) which wasn't obviously queer but I've not seen anything else ever reflect genderqueer-ness so well. Nimona's such a bad bitch who just wants to be an evil sidekick. (Also she can shape-shift)

Special mentions to D.E.B.S (Spies, lesbians, short skirts and long socks), The Rocky Horror Picture Show (hell of a movie what on earth was that) and Paranorman (first gay character in an animated movie)

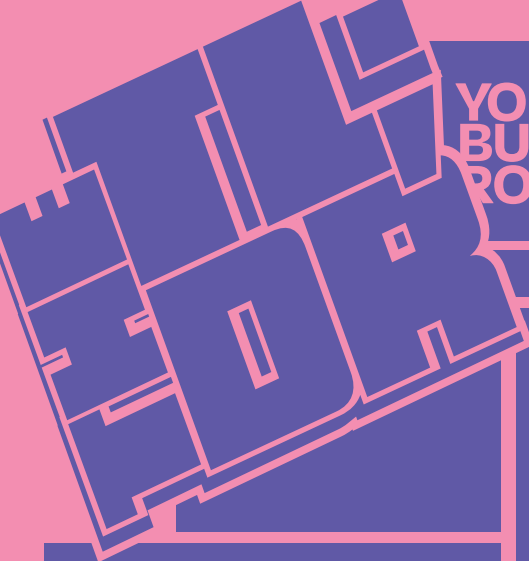
Forever yours,

your fav first year?

P.s you guys write the best articles and are my only source of news <3

Editors Response: *Thank you for the hype, but please read other news too. Love you <3*





YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT IN ROUNDUP

A new Māori Queen was announced last Thursday. Kuini Nga wai hono i te po is the new Māori monarch following the passing of her father, Kiingi Tuheitia

Salient (Vic Uni student mag) has launched an ambitious Bird of the Year campaign supporting the kororā. Editor Phoebe got a tattoo of the kororā in support of the little penguin

Aroha, Woof! and the Palestinian-led Coalition are hosting an 'All Out For Palestine' rally this Saturday, September 14, marching from the Otago Museum lawn to the Octagon from 1-2pm. "We're all showing up to let the international community know that Ōtepoti will not tolerate the Israeli genocide of the Palestinian people"

Auckland Uni caught their serial burglar. A 32-year-old man has been charged with 10 counts of burglary after allegedly stealing several electric keyboards from the Uni overnight

The activist who threw tomato juice on the anti-transgender activist Posie Parker during her visit to NZ has been convicted of two counts of assault

The death of a Te Araroa tramper has raised concerns about the trail's increasing popularity, with DoC warning against an increasing trend of fast and competitive tramping on the walk

AUT has announced the introduction of a new class 'Taylor Swift: Communications Profession' this summer – Australasia's first university-level course studying the star

Otago Polyfest 2024 is happening this week at the Edgar Centre (September 9th – 13th), marking its 31st year. The event promises a celebration of Māori and Pasifika culture with performances and activities from 128 Otago education institutions. For more info, head to their Facebook page



Critic and Radio One are teaming up with the Career Development Centre for a Creative Careers evening on Wednesday, September 18th. There'll be two back-to-back panels of industry professionals from 5-7pm at the Burns 1 lecture theatre, followed by networking and nibbles at the Careers Centre

The Otago Debating Society sent five teams to the Hamilton Officers Cup on August 23rd. Congrats to Abby Bowmar who won 7th best speaker overall, and 3rd best reply speaker!

'A Crazy Rich Asian Ball' is being hosted on Saturday, September 28th at Tūhura Otago Museum at 7pm by OFSA, OUTHSA, OUTSA and OSC. Tickets are \$65 for club members, \$75 for non-members. Head to the clubs' Instagram pages for more info

CLUBS!

Sauna sessions will be 50% at OUSA Clubs and Socs from 9am to 1pm from September 9th - 22nd!

South Africa has apologised over the disruption to the All Black's haka ahead of their recent test match at Ellis Park. Music played, pyrotechnics went off, and a plane made a low pass over the stadium before they'd finished

The POLSA 'Casino Royale' ball is this Saturday, September 14 at 8pm at Ironic. Tickets are available for \$40 for members and \$50 for non-members. Sales close September 10th. Check out their Instagram (@polsa.otago) for more info

New Zealand sent 24 Parathletes to compete across eight different sports in the 2024 Paris Paralympics, which wraps up on Monday September 9th



KARERE - NEWS - 21

Objectors Stall Opening of 'DropKicks' Venue

Musos dreams dropped and kicked to the gutter

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

Plans for a new venue, 'DropKicks,' above Sal's (where Dive Bar was) have been hit with a curveball. Two community groups objected to the building's liquor licence application, meaning their grand opening will have to wait until after a hearing. The hearing has caused a rift in the Dunedin music community, with both sides claiming to be on the side of safety for students.

One of the groups who objected to the licence is old mate Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP). The group are most memorable for contributing to the downfall of Eleven Bar (now Residency), though they have both opposed and supported the licence applications of several other places around town. The other group objecting DropKicks' application remains a mystery. The DCC is unable to confirm their identity until the agenda for the hearing is confirmed and is made public.

Standard practice following a liquor licence application objection is for a hearing to take place. Pending the hearing, Loboski Venues Ltd – Errick's owners and the would-be owners of DropKicks – had to push their planned opening gig, which was scheduled for August 31st.

The group's (rather long) objection letter, submitted on August 21st, took issue with the media coverage that had built up around DropKicks before the venue opened. Their argument is that the applicants were "alarmingly presumptuous."

The supposed presumptive nature of the venue's announcement created a "tremendous discord among Dunedin's vulnerable student and youth community." According to SSDP, this calls into question the "suitability" of the applicant. "There's absolutely no way they're suitable – and once again it'll be students who experience the harm [...] issues of overcrowding and poor alcohol control resulting in excessive intoxication at another venue they operate [...] decreases their suitability."

Loboski Venues Ltd co-owner Milli Lobo told Critic, "While I don't want to comment on the objections/groups that have made the objections themselves, I do want to say that we respect the process we need to go through." A DCC spokesperson has said that a "hearing date for this matter is yet to be set. It's likely to

be in about six weeks' time and will be considered by Dunedin's District Licensing Committee."

Talking to student safety, Milli said, "I believe that we all want the same outcome: safe spaces for our community [...] With DropKicks, we want to offer a safer option for people to enjoy live music and entertainment. This is the same vision that we already implement at our other business, Errick's." This vision will come under scrutiny by a licensing panel of two independent commissioners, a community representative and two city councillors, according to a DCC spokesperson.

Police have historically been involved in these hearings. Sergeant Steve Jones, who is focused on alcohol harm prevention in the city, told Critic, "The Police perspective is that the purpose of the Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act 2012 exists to benefit the community as a whole. The legislation quite rightly enables the public to have their say when it comes to alcohol licence applications." Jones was unable to comment any further on the issue.

Despite the objection, SSDP has held firm that they still want there to be a student bar, yet stated, "SSDP doesn't just want student bars back. We want well managed student bars back to stay. We don't think there's a chance of this applicant achieving that."

OUSA President Keegan Wells took issue with this perspective, stating, "While DropKicks won't solve all the issues [...] it is incomprehensible to me that anyone would be against it [...] It's quite disheartening and upsetting to see the 'sensible students' be against a liquor licence when it is the one thing that everyone has talked about for the last two to three years."

Milli said, "DropKicks is about the music, about the community, and about making a change in Dunedin. Our events are not about the venue, the location or the alcohol – our mission will carry on regardless." Both parties await a hearing date to determine if DropKicks gets its licence, and if you get to put on those kicks you had eyed up for the grand opening.

The Link's New Look

"Less of an American-style cafeteria"

If you've walked through the Link recently and seen the fresh lick of paint and carpeted floors, you may have wondered what's going on. The artist silently working away and the stacked chairs in the corner are all tell-tale signs of a tremendous glow-up which is slowly hitting the floors of the Link. The once-uninspiring, blank walls running alongside the staircases now present colourful depictions of Māori culture, painted in an abstract style.

The art is by Xoe Hall, a Wellington based artist who is known for her "subversive" murals. A key theme of her work is hybridity – a theme that's particularly salient to Otago Uni following its rebrand.

The layout of tables and blue chairs, once littered throughout the Link, are being replaced by what the Strategic Architect describes as "café-style seating" to allow for a more social setting. These changes – paired with the addition of stylish, modern carpet – promise a more vibrant atmosphere. The perfect environment for stress-cramming sour lollies from Campus Shop into your mouth.

Speaking to the beauties of the Link, one student, Patrick said,

Bruce Aitken's Knox Portrait Removed

Former College Master and Uni Pro-Chancellor faces serious sex offending charges

A decade after quietly stepping down from his role as Knox College Master, former University of Otago Pro-Chancellor Bruce Aitken is facing sexual offence charges.

The Otago Daily Times broke the news on August 29th after Aitken's name suppression lapsed nine months after first appearing before the Dunedin District Court. Following the news, the oil portrait honouring him in the Knox College dining hall has been removed.

By removing the portrait, Knox College has cleaned out the last relics of the Aitken era still hanging around. His time at the College overlapped with a strong hazing culture, and he was known to attend the events. Reform at the College has seen a concentrated effort to change the culture, though this work has occurred under the gaze of the omnipresent Aitken portrait in the dining hall. But no longer.

Much of the case is covered by a suppression order, but the ODT revealed Aitken "is accused of sexual violation by unlawful sexual connection, as well as indecency with a boy under 12." The ODT clarified that "the latter charge is representative, which means it covers multiple allegations involving the same complainant," and said the alleged offences took place in Dunedin in the '90s, but could not specify where. Atiken has pleaded not guilty to the charges and remains on bail.

Critic Te Ārohi visited Knox College five days after the news broke, joining a table of Subwardens (Knox speak for RAs) for dinner. We were told there had apparently been "no reaction" from the residents of the College at the news. Critic noticed that there was now a gap in the grand paintings of Masters lining the dining hall walls. "Oh, tea, I didn't even notice that," commented one of the Subbies. Others chimed in that while the news would have been "huge" a few years ago, nowadays Bruce's connection to the college is less known. "None of the residents have come up to us or anything [...] No one knows who he is."

By Hugh Askerud & Hunter Jolly
News Editor & Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

"I guess you could almost call it the University Common Room [...] it's an area where you can go to chill, eat lunch, catch up with friends and just relax and vibe."

So, how has the space needed to change to better embody this aesthetic? Connor, a Politics and Māori Studies student, described the prior layout of the Link furniture as something akin to a generic American high school lunchroom – bad feng shui. With the added café-like furniture, it will "give a more homely look to the campus," he reckons.

As one might expect, the process of replacing concrete and tile for vinyl flooring isn't exactly a quiet job. The renos are being done outside of work hours (from 6pm onwards) – a good outcome for those actively working in the library building throughout the day, but an unfortunate one for those grinding out last-minute assignments. "It's pretty distracting. I could hear it through my noise-cancelling headphones," one student mentioned.

The upgrades should be finalised sometime in October as per the University's notice.

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

The current residents are unaware, it seems, as to just how woven into the fabric of Knox the former Master once was. Bruce attended the college in the early '70s and was President of the Knox College Student Club (KCSC) in his day. He returned to the college as a Subbie in 1976, was elected a Fellow in 1977, and two years later appointed to the College Council. In 1994, Bruce was appointed the Master of the College – a position he held for 18 years.

Bruce was placed on leave in 2012 following a review by the University of Otago and the New Zealand Presbyterian Church (which privately runs Knox in affiliation with the Uni) into the college's culture. Binge-drinking and health and safety issues were identified as the review's main concerns, which came hot on the heels of the removal of the notorious 'Bath' – the site of many initiations – the year prior. Bruce himself had hosted bath initiations as a student.

No sources that Critic can find explain the exact circumstances of Bruce's departure from the College, only that it was met with outrage from the Knox community of Exies (ex-residents). A now-inactive Facebook group amassing more than 1,270 members expressed their discontent at the time. Just four years after leaving the college, Bruce was welcomed back in 2016 for the unveiling of a painting honouring his likeness – the very same that is now missing from the wall of Master's portraits.

In response to Critic's requests for comment, the College Board said, "We cannot comment on a matter that is currently before the court, but we want to be very clear that the college continues to be committed to doing all it can to uphold a culture of safety for residents and all other users of the college campus. If anyone has any concerns they should contact the police. The college will provide assistance in doing so if requested."



DCC Revises Proposed Harbour Terrace Parking Changes

Breaking: student political engagement works

In a welcome turn of events, the Dunedin City Council has revised their proposal for parking changes along Harbour Terrace. The original proposal was to convert 60 unrestricted parking spaces on Harbour Terrace into P240, imposing a time limit on parking. Naturally, local residents (mainly students) were a bit alarmed at the news suggesting the already competitive parking could become even more of a shitshow.

Following an onslaught of submissions in what might be the most local political engagement from students in a while, the DCC has compromised on the proposal. "After analysing the submissions we received, we have modified our proposal to retain more unrestricted parking in the area. We are now proposing to convert 18 unrestricted car parks to P240 unpaid car parks and 2 P5 unpaid car parks outside the McMillan Hockey Centre," said the DCC.

So what were these submissions that the DCC have so diligently analysed? To save you the reading, Critic Te Ārohi found a whopping 122 submissions in opposition to the original proposal. Given the location in a largely student-populated area, a significant number of the submissions were from students – channelling their inner NIMBY.

One Harbour Terrace resident, Andrew* said, "We don't have much of a say against these matters so to even have these changes proposed is a win." He argued that the changes had come about because "there were enough voices that they were forced into listening [...] there were enough opinions that it mattered."

Those who work in the area also chimed in. One submission from the Otago University Childcare Association (located nearby) commented that "we have a massive problem with people overstaying in the parks outside our centre." They were concerned that restricting the parks would cause people to use their unrestricted parks instead, placing greater pressure on parents trying to collect their children. Ultimately, it's clear the impact of the changes stretches beyond students.

By Hanna Varrs
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

A mere 13 submissions were in favour of the proposal. 'Sport Otago' was the loudest of these voices, writing, "Sport Otago fully supports the efforts that the Council makes to provide easy and safe access to the city's sports fields and facilities and the proposed changes to restricted parking on Harbour Terrace supports this approach."

Sport Otago went even further to express a preference for a more restrictive change. Consistent with Logan Park Drive, they would see the 60 parks be changed to P120 instead – two hours shorter than the initially proposed P240. "At peak times [...] [Logan Park is] flooded with kids being dropped off and parents trying to find car parks. This is both stressful for the parents with the limited parking opportunities and potentially dangerous for the children being dropped off"

Critic Te Ārohi has been informed that part of the issue lies in the fact that Harbour Terrace is technically recreationally zoned, not residentially. Therefore, it makes sense that the DCC hasn't scrapped the proposal entirely and remains attentive to recreational needs as well as residential interests. Because zoning laws are just a hoot.

A DCC spokesperson told Critic Te Ārohi, "This compromise aims to accommodate the needs of Harbour Terrace residents and both commuting students and people using sports facilities in the area. It's important to note this change remains a proposal only, and a final decision will be made by the Hearings Committee."

A hearing is scheduled for Friday September 13th, where OUSA President Keegan Wells will be present to speak on behalf of the student body. Let's hope Friday 13th doesn't screw with the verdict.

*Name changed.



Study: Drinking While Pinging Can Spoil Your High

Gear and beer = no idea

By **Monica Holopainen & Hanna Varrs**
Contributors // news@critic.co.nz



A new study published by researchers at the University of Otago on New Zealand's MDMA usage has sparked a wider conversation about the problematic outcomes of the drug when used with alcohol. Turns out, slurping a can after snorting a line (MDMA, 'molly') may actually decrease the euphoric high you're seeking. Think of how many more "I love you bro's" you could rip with a few less standards in that gut of yours.

It is no secret that we – “we” being the Dunedin student body – love to pair a box with our gear (our cheeky version of a wine and cheese pairing). Dunedin may be one of the only places where you can sink a box, then do a line of gear without anyone batting an eye. In fact, they'll split the bag with you. "I've never seen someone do straight gear [without alcohol]," student John commented.

The study reveals that the same is true for the rest of the country. Lifetime co-use of MDMA and alcohol was reported by 90.1% of the study's sample. The average number of standards consumed while pinging was 7 to 9 standards. Chump numbers compared to the 25 standard drinks in a coffin of Billy Mavs, North D breathas' favourite treat, who Critic can only assume weren't included in the study.

Critic Te Ārohi spoke with Jai Whelan (Ngāi Te Rangi, Pākehā), the PhD researcher who published the article, to discuss the risks of alcohol consumption on gear. On the potential negative side effects of MDMA use, Jai said it's "tricky" to prescribe one expected and universal experience with the effects of MDMA. If you nodded along to the wine-cheese/gear-booze comparison, you may want to pay attention.

A notorious downside of MDMA use are the comedowns. One student, Alicia, characterised it as feeling "anxious, closing all curtains and ordering UberEats at 3pm on a Sunday." The study shows that 83% of the study's sample reported experiencing comedowns, and around 93% of participants reported after-effects occurring up to four days after their use. Despite this, Jai

revealed that he personally "[doesn't] really have comedowns." Alright, king.

The study also touches on the potential downsides of taking gear on antidepressants. If you're on SSRIs, there is a chance that you won't experience the effects of MDMA. Jai noted two potential consequences of this: either you might be tempted to take increasingly more until something happens (which may just be some amped up 'negative' secondary effects), or you're tempted to stop your SSRIs cold turkey to get the drug to work. Needless to say, Jai wouldn't recommend either (i.e., don't fucking do that). "Mental health is really important, and it's not worth one night in Catacombs," said Jai.

Whether or not you're on SSRIs, there is a glass ceiling in terms of the high you feel. "If you're already fucking high, it's probably not going to do more if you take more." In fact, taking more past this glass ceiling may just result in negative secondary effects – but without any of the fun stuff: dehydration, super locked-up jaws, not being able to stand, blacking out, and feeling way too hot. So just your average town experience, then.

Critic Te Ārohi reached out to KnowYourStuffNZ (Aotearoa's drug checking gurus) for some safety tips on the topic. They advised that people stop drinking prior to their first dose, and wait until the full effects of gear kicks in until drinking again – simple, easy, breezy. They warn that MDMA can "produce feelings of emotional closeness" and alcohol can "increase impulsiveness," so a combination of these two may lead to some regrettable decision-making.

Both Jai and KnowYourStuff pointed to the same solution: to avoid the Sunday scares and get the most bang for your buck, you can just take gear by itself. According to Jai, steps to reduce harm on MDMA "may not only reduce harm, but increase pleasure." And at the end of the day, isn't increasing pleasure what drugs are all about?



Immersive Moriori Exhibition Opening at Tūhura

"You'd be a bit silly not to check it out"

By **Jodie Evans & Madeline O'Leary**
Staff Writer & Contributor // news@critic.co.nz



A 'first-of-its-kind' exhibition showcasing Moriori culture is coming to Tūhura Otago Museum. *Hou Rongo – Moriori, Music, Manawa*, the result of a partnership between the Hokotehi Moriori Trust and a team of Otago researchers and students, aims to take a multimedia approach to immerse visitors in the feeling of visiting Rēkohu (Chatham Island).

Open from September 14th to October 27th, the exhibition is free and features a range of attractions including augmented reality, an immersive soundscape, and 3D printed replicas of the two only known historic Moriori flutes. Eat your heart out, Hocken. Several students from the Science Communication Department were lucky enough to be involved in the project as part of their Masters. This involved learning from the community of traditional artists and putting their teachings into some epic practice.

Critic Te Ārohi spoke to Rhys Latton, one of the students involved, who told us he "felt incredibly privileged to be involved." Rhys's contribution to the exhibition is a video projection that was inspired by the natural rhythms found on Rēkohu. With the video, Rhys encourages visitors to stop, take a minute, and ground themselves – a bit like those deep breathing TikToks on your FYP.

Abi Liddell, another student creative, expressed to Critic Te Ārohi just how significant she felt the exhibition is. "It's a first-of-its-kind exhibition being shown in Ōtepoti for free, and part of the revitalisation of a culture historically marginalised and overlooked," she said.

Abi had a simple message to her fellow students: "You'd be a bit silly not to check it out." Abi was a production assistant on *Hou Rongo: Reviving Moriori Culture*, which is a 20-minute documentary screening included in the exhibition. She also edited a triptych panel (a projection of images across three panels) that will screen within the space.

Set in the museum's Science Gallery, the exhibition will see you transported 1,046km northeast across the Pacific to Rēkohu. Hou Rongo was developed through a partnership of the Hokotehi Moriori Trust and a multidisciplinary team of researchers from both Sciences and Humanities at the University of Otago, with support from an MBIE Smart Ideas Grant.



Lawrat: Law Revue Reviewed

"King of the Castle St!"

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

Two shows and 496 tickets later, Law Revue has wrapped for 2024. A high spirited audience kept the humour afloat over the two shows of the annual law student production on August 29-30th. This year's theme was 'Lawrat' – a parody of Sacha Baron Cohen's 'Borat' if that went over your head. The cast and crew of 30 law students told the story of Auckland 'Lawrat', a man on a mission trying to get that sweet, sweet second-year law school position.

Following hot on the heels of their nemesis (med students) revue, Critic sent the very same reporter to gauge the vibes.

While Med Revue avoided the drama with a show so accessible it was like they were trying to break the insular accusations (hell, they even had a jargon 101 Kahoot) Law Review did not hold back. Whether you're in Medicine, Physio, or Ski Club (particularly Ski Club) you were not safe. But they kept it light enough to make it feel tongue and cheek. I was almost sad that BA students weren't bothered with a mention.

Critic Te Ārohi's personal favourite sketch was the one poking fun at Ignite consultants. The scene depicted Otago University turning to the volunteer student consultant group for advice during their budget crisis. Alongside a myriad of silly suggestions, the team humorously called for the Uni to replace all male staff with females so they can "pay them half the price." Good one!

Fresh off the after party, Critic Te Ārohi managed to sit down with the directing duo Jack Evans (who you might recognise from his appearance as Ken in this year's Capping Show 'Beezie') and Charlie Butler. The pair dustily revealed the secrets behind their success – one being learning what not to do based on their experience at 'Medagascar' Med Revue earlier this month. Shots fired.

After attending the three hour Med Revue, Jack said his only thought was: "Fuck that was long." The directing team then proceeded to hack down the script for 'Lawrat' and limit the number of scenes. With the fried attention spans of an audience of doom scrollers, this may well have been a good call. The final run-time of the show was a digestible one and a half hours (I still checked my phone regularly throughout).

Pols Rep Liam was also in the crowd on the night. "It was fantastic. Honestly I didn't realise how good of a Borat impression Jasper could do," said an ever-chipper Liam. The directing team kept the Borat parody plot scenes short and sweet. Though the plot wasn't as fully fleshed out as it could have been, each scene managed to progress the story while remaining funny and unique. Yet it was in the skits where the heart of the show could be felt.

Jack told Critic that they aimed to "make it so you could kind of understand the punchline" for every skit (I still don't know what "bona fide purchaser for valuer without notice" means). This meant that even skits which were more obviously 'law-esque' could be laughed at by everyone. In all honesty, it felt like half the skits weren't actually law-related. Jack also happily claimed to be the mastermind behind the David Seymour centred skit called 'The Homeless Games'.

There was "significant crossover with the Politics department" according to Jack, with many law students taking Politics as a double major. "I think we might look into the future of capitalising on that," said Jack, cheekily hinting towards adding a sprinkle of politics to the Law Revue down the road. The jury's out on what that would entail, but Critic is willing to bet there'll be bald caps involved.

Free Brekkie Times Extended and Menu Improved

Oh boy oh boy oh boy

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

For the OUSA free brekkie diehards out there, today is a blessed day. It has been announced by OUSA Clubs and Societies that, starting from the 9th of September, free brekkie will run from 8am to 10am, collectively adding an extra hour to the service – as well as some cheeky wee additions to the menu.

The extended service couldn't be better timed given recent grumblings over breakfast becoming a rather competitive affair – made worse by porridge-pinching students last semester (one of whom admitted to adding it to his sandwiches). Fresh fruit is being added to the menu of porridge, toast, and cereal. Thieves will now helpfully be easily identified by their banana-stenched backpacks.

But wait, there's more! On Fridays, the menu is set to extend even further, with – oh, boy – a cooked breakfast of hash browns and baked beans. Talk dirty to me. Although fried breakfasts have been trialled by OUSA Clubs and Socs in the past, these have generally been events heavily attended due to notice being given well in advance.

Nominations Are Open For 2025 OUSA Exec

Smells like political power

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

OUSA is opening its gates on Monday, September 9th (today for diligent readers) calling for nominations for all Exec positions. What does this mean? Basically, anyone who wants to can nominate themselves or a mate to be on the OUSA Exec, the student government around these parts. There are 12 positions on the Executive, 10 of which anyone can apply for this coming Monday. Did we mention that you get paid?

You'll have to go through an election process (probably) but a student exec credit on your CV ain't a bad thing. To be nominated, you need two other people besides yourself, and all of you need to bring your student IDs (or have your student ID numbers memorised). To nominate yourself, you can head to the OUSA main office, located next door to Auahi Ora. Nominations close at 4pm on the 12th of September. Voting for all candidates will open at 9am on September 30th, closing at 4pm on October 3rd.

Current Prez Keegan Wells, speaking to the bennys of the job, told Critic: "Imagine the cherry blossoms blossoming on campus. That is what every day could feel like if you run for OUSA Exec. Being on OUSA Exec is like being a part of something much much bigger than yourself and not in a way that's a 'your mum' joke. It's as if every day your beer was cold."

Oh you thought she was done? No. Clearing her throat, Keegan continued, "It's as if every day there was snow in Dunedin and you didn't have any classes so you could go frolic. The only way you can truly experience what the OUSA Exec is like is by being on it. Everyone can run, everyone can campaign, everyone can be an executive, you just have to find it deep within."

Speaking to the free brekkie revolution, one student, Bronwyn, said, "So many students don't eat breakfast and it's mainly just because they don't have the time and so I think extending it is a way to help." Another student Jack just said, "Cool, good idea, be there." Pure poetry, mate.

In other OUSA Clubs and Socs news, the sauna is opening an hour earlier, meaning you can get your sweat on at 9am and then walk into your first lecture gross as fuck at 10am. In honour of this earlier opening time, a 50% discount will be offered on sauna sessions from 9am to 1pm from the 9th to the 22nd of September. And while these changes create the possibility of a sauna session/free brekkie cross-over, for the good of us all, just don't.

Heartbreakingly, Keegan confirmed that she will not be running for a second term as OUSA President – a position she snagged as the sole candidate last year. Based on the above statement, you may be able to guess why (take a break, Keegan). Rumour has it she'll be making an Irish exit and hitting the slopes as a ski instructor in some obscure country where Fireball is cheap. Stoke levels are high.

Another (perhaps more sane) OUSA Exec member, Political Rep Liam White, said, "As an Exec member, you'll work alongside passionate individuals from across Dunedin, putting in the effort to drive meaningful change for our community – and there's usually free noodles and gum going around if you can get to it."

Welfare and Equity Representative Tara Shepard said she would also encourage anyone to apply. "You pick up some key skills and meet a wide range of our university community. It's not as cringe as you think to run an election campaign."

The roles include President (40 hours); Administrative Vice President, Finance and Strategy Officer, Academic Representative (20 hours); Welfare and Equity Representative, Postgraduate Students Representative, Clubs and Societies Representative, International Students Representative, Political Representative, Residential Representative (10 hours).

Chuck your mates name in there for a laugh. Or chuck yourself in if you think student life can get better. Dream big, y'all.



PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Māori mother earth
7 Fiordland shoelace thieves
9 Engine
10 Native bird named beer
11 Fast-food side
12 Te reo exclamation
13 If you have one in winter, it's fake
14 Darth Vader's name
17 Former communist Chinese leader
19 Dry heave
20 Otago college/cult
21 Small, disadvantaged Caribbean country
24 Crunchy
26 Do this to get the treats
- 27 Hedgehog with controversial teeth
30 You should have given him a call Sunday before last
32 Famous man with salivating dogs
33 Big, great (Te reo)
35 Classic kiwi chip brand
36 Traditional cheese slice shape
37 Droop (like your mattress)
38 Italian herb that's probably died on your windowsill
39 Gordon's, for example
40 Actor known for his saggy basketball outfits (2)

DOWN

- 1 Cheerleader's accessory (2)
2 Connected clues are made from this
3 Region home to the Barrett brothers
4 New Zealand
5 You can stand to go there
6 Like life, supposedly
7 Kinda like crochet
8 What Australia and Austria have in common
15 Not far
16 Casino token
18 River (te reo)
21 Shit weed
22 Acid takes you on one
23 Set of 'The Hangover'
24 American chain of sweet treats known for cinnamon rolls
25 Wiggled anonymous singer
28 Lights, _____, action!

SUDOKU

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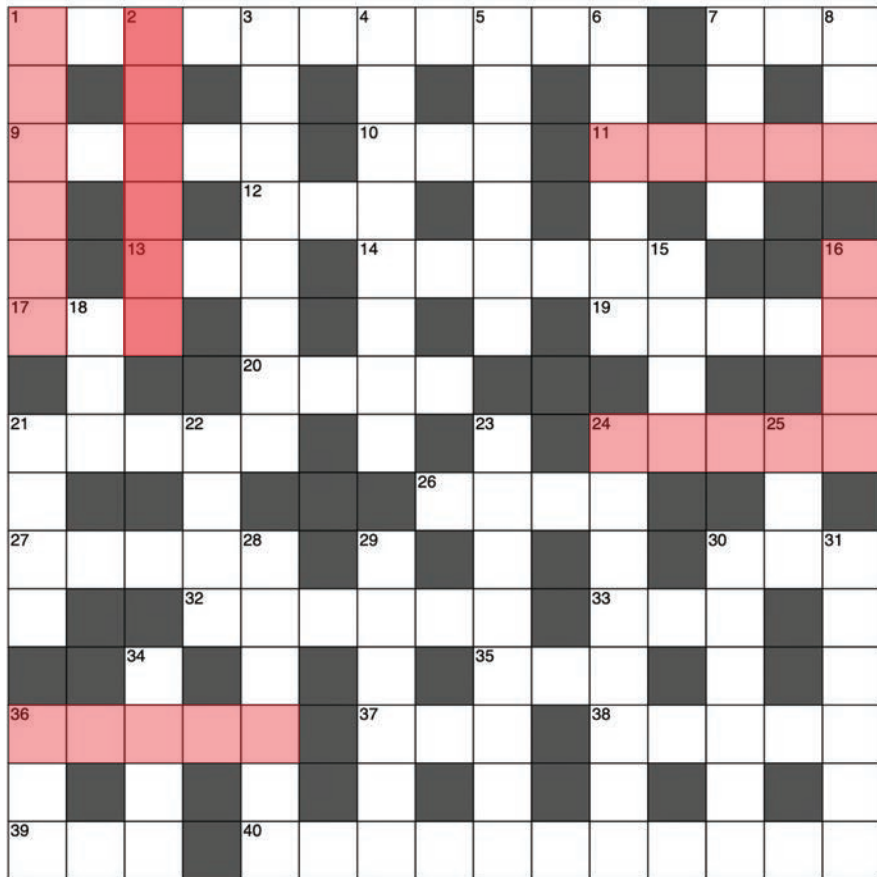
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BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mazagran

ESPRESSO BAR
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN



- 29 Blood component
30 Truck fuel
31 Call one up to go on 22D
34 Biblical garden
36 Rugby girlfriend (acr.)

ISSUE 20 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. DRAG QUEENS 5. TURN 7. AIR 8. SWAYS 10. BIAS 11. JK 14. AMEN 16. KRAKEN 17. LEDGE 19. ESME 21. EURO 22. PERM 25. ACID 26. LYMPH 28. THROAT 30. TAIL 33. CEO 34. FETISH 35. CALF 36. ALBUM 39. OGRE 40. ABEL TASMAN
DOWN: 2. RAW 3. EDIBLES 4. SASHA 5. TRIXIE 6. RAJA 8. SKA 9. YANKEE 12. KIA ORA15. MASSEY 18. GEMINI 20. VELOUR 23. MATTTEL 24. CHARLIE 27. PICKLE 29. COCOA 31. LCM 32. RING 37. USA

WORDFIND

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JOHN WILSON
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SAMOSA
ONION BHAI

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images





ETHICAL GOSSIPING

A guide to keeping it clean and not too mean

By Molly Smith-Soppet
Illustrated by Lucia Brown

Gossip gets a bad rap. It's often seen as hurtful, harmful and unnecessary. And sure, sometimes a simple "Did you hear..." turns a flatmate into your new campus opp or sends a relationship to its early grave. But not all gossip was created equal and there's a right and wrong way to go about tattle-taling. No one knows this more than us here at Critic Te Ārohi – potentially the biggest gossipers on campus. Heck, we publish 48 pages of it every week! This means we are entirely qualified to offer you a how-to guide to ethical gossiping, from fact-checking to, in the worst case scenario, not getting caught.

Vet your sources

The juiciest and most outrageous gossip usually comes from your friend who can never really remember what they got up to on a night out. Unfortunately, this means that their stories, while wildly entertaining, may suffer from embellishment. Our advice: take it all with a pinch of salt. As much as you may want to believe that the mate of a mate of a mate really did climb the Clocktower, unless there was someone there who actually witnessed it, it's probably a bit shy of the truth. If you have to rely on secondary sources, take the utmost caution and consider how prone your informant is to telling little white lies. If they're detail-oriented (or use multiple highlighters in their planner), however, then you're good to go.

Ask questions

So you've heard some tea. It's now time to delve a little deeper and verify the validity of the information. Try slipping in a "Wait, who told you?" or a "Nah, that can't be true" into the conversation. This will prompt your informer into backing up their claims and ensures that the info you've received has some actual grounding. Plus, any names they give you can be incorporated into your gossip circle. Now that's what I call networking!

Know your connections

Don't shoot the shit if you don't know your stuff. There's a perfect level of friendship where nearly anything can fly. If you're close enough to someone to trust them with your life – or your vape – then gossip away. You can have faith that what you say won't spread to the wrong people. But be warned: without knowing someone's connections, gossip can get out of control. Think twice before spilling it to that girl you meet in the bathroom on a night out.

Also keep in mind that some people just aren't into gossiping. That's okay, but it means staying tight-lipped in their company. There's nothing worse than being known as 'one of those gossiping types' and having a person's whole perspective of you change. Sure, you know that you are the gossiping type, but that doesn't mean you want to be labelled that way. A good bet if you aren't sure of someone's stance is to wait until they start gossiping with you. If they never do, it's a no-go.

"But who am I to judge"

The best way to stay ethical when chatting shit is to sandwich your statements. The formula is as follows:

1. "I shouldn't know this but..."/Don't tell anyone this but..."/ "Just to let you know..."
2. *Insert gossip*
3. "But, like, who am I to judge?"/ "I don't even know if that's true"/ "I just thought you should know"

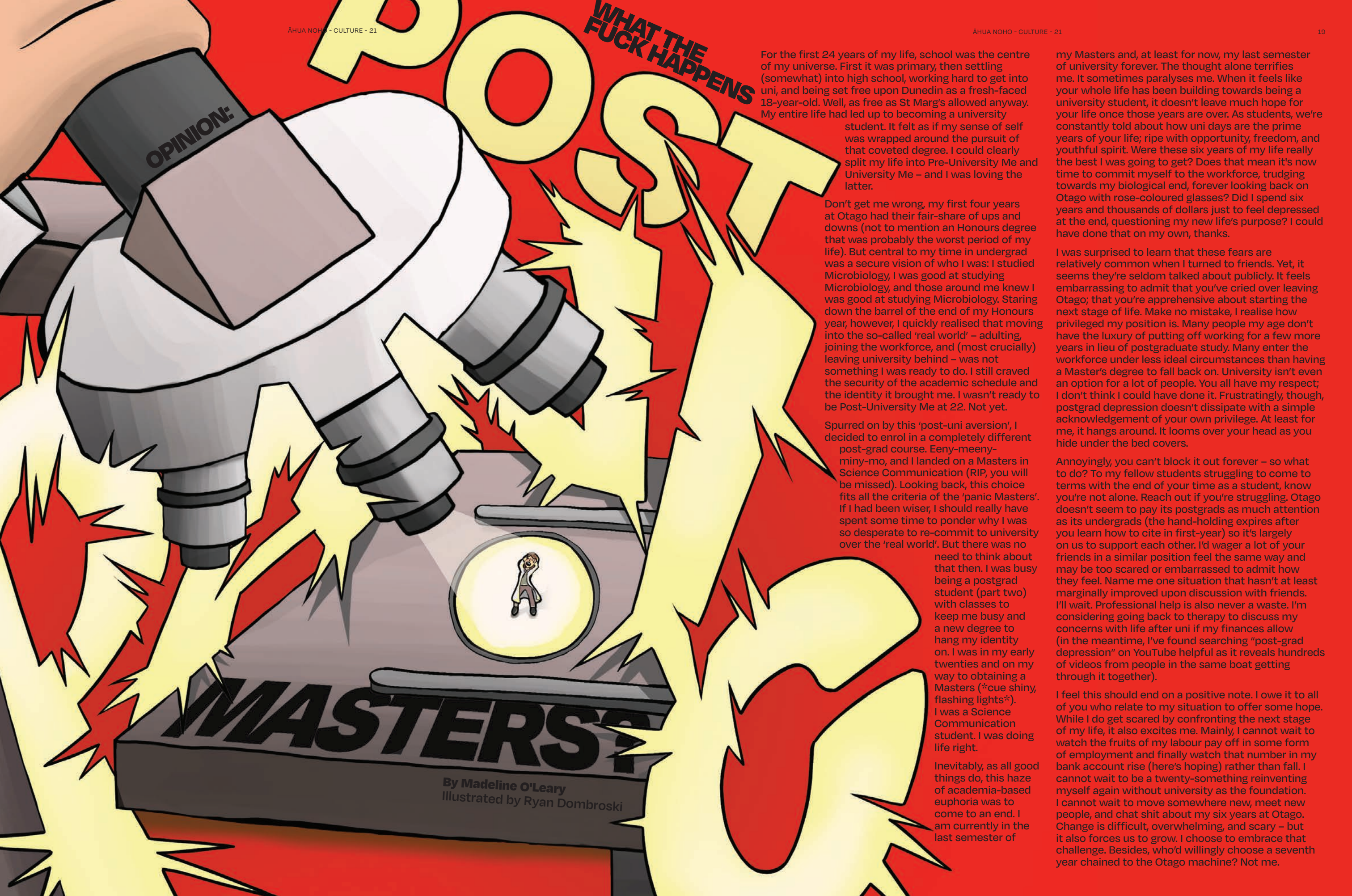
As everyone's aware, the sure-fire way to avoid any trouble is the "no offence but..." method. This absolves you of anything you say that may be taken the wrong way and ensures that your gossip is purely informative. Your tea is now just a matter of catching your co-gossiper up to date on the recent haps. Really, they should be grateful that you have taken it upon yourself to do so.

Dish the dirt, but don't slander

You've crossed the line into the shitty person realm if the things you say about someone can't be defended or changed. It's all well and good to talk about a person's actions, but dragging in unnecessary details about the way they look or are as a person is just plain uncool. Don't be a dick.

If all else fails deny, deny, deny

Unfortunately, there will come a time in your life when you get caught. The things you drunkenly tell someone you meet at a flat party will come back to bite you when someone knows someone who knows the subject of your gossip. In this situation, you're lowkey a bit fucked (sorry). But if what you said while intoxicated comes back to you while sober, your best course of action is to deny it all. You could also try passing the blame onto someone with a bigger reputation for gossiping but this only works so many times before everyone stops being your friend. Take heed.



WHAT THE
FUCK HAPPENS

For the first 24 years of my life, school was the centre of my universe. First it was primary, then settling (somewhat) into high school, working hard to get into uni, and being set free upon Dunedin as a fresh-faced 18-year-old. Well, as free as St Marg's allowed anyway. My entire life had led up to becoming a university

student. It felt as if my sense of self was wrapped around the pursuit of that coveted degree. I could clearly split my life into Pre-University Me and University Me – and I was loving the latter.

Don't get me wrong, my first four years at Otago had their fair-share of ups and downs (not to mention an Honours degree that was probably the worst period of my life). But central to my time in undergrad was a secure vision of who I was: I studied Microbiology, I was good at studying Microbiology, and those around me knew I was good at studying Microbiology. Staring down the barrel of the end of my Honours year, however, I quickly realised that moving into the so-called 'real world' – adulting, joining the workforce, and (most crucially) leaving university behind – was not something I was ready to do. I still craved the security of the academic schedule and the identity it brought me. I wasn't ready to be Post-University Me at 22. Not yet.

Spurred on by this 'post-uni aversion', I decided to enrol in a completely different post-grad course. Eeny-meeny-miny-mo, and I landed on a Masters in Science Communication (RIP, you will be missed). Looking back, this choice fits all the criteria of the 'panic Masters'. If I had been wiser, I should really have spent some time to ponder why I was so desperate to re-commit to university over the 'real world'. But there was no

need to think about that then. I was busy being a postgrad student (part two) with classes to keep me busy and a new degree to hang my identity on. I was in my early twenties and on my way to obtaining a Masters (*cue shiny, flashing lights*). I was a Science Communication student. I was doing life right.

Inevitably, as all good things do, this haze of academia-based euphoria was to come to an end. I am currently in the last semester of

my Masters and, at least for now, my last semester of university forever. The thought alone terrifies me. It sometimes paralyses me. When it feels like your whole life has been building towards being a university student, it doesn't leave much hope for your life once those years are over. As students, we're constantly told about how uni days are the prime years of your life; ripe with opportunity, freedom, and youthful spirit. Were these six years of my life really the best I was going to get? Does that mean it's now time to commit myself to the workforce, trudging towards my biological end, forever looking back on Otago with rose-coloured glasses? Did I spend six years and thousands of dollars just to feel depressed at the end, questioning my new life's purpose? I could have done that on my own, thanks.

I was surprised to learn that these fears are relatively common when I turned to friends. Yet, it seems they're seldom talked about publicly. It feels embarrassing to admit that you've cried over leaving Otago; that you're apprehensive about starting the next stage of life. Make no mistake, I realise how privileged my position is. Many people my age don't have the luxury of putting off working for a few more years in lieu of postgraduate study. Many enter the workforce under less ideal circumstances than having a Master's degree to fall back on. University isn't even an option for a lot of people. You all have my respect; I don't think I could have done it. Frustratingly, though, postgrad depression doesn't dissipate with a simple acknowledgement of your own privilege. At least for me, it hangs around. It looms over your head as you hide under the bed covers.

Annoyingly, you can't block it out forever – so what to do? To my fellow students struggling to come to terms with the end of your time as a student, know you're not alone. Reach out if you're struggling. Otago doesn't seem to pay its postgrads as much attention as its undergrads (the hand-holding expires after you learn how to cite in first-year) so it's largely on us to support each other. I'd wager a lot of your friends in a similar position feel the same way and may be too scared or embarrassed to admit how they feel. Name me one situation that hasn't at least marginally improved upon discussion with friends. I'll wait. Professional help is also never a waste. I'm considering going back to therapy to discuss my concerns with life after uni if my finances allow (in the meantime, I've found searching "post-grad depression" on YouTube helpful as it reveals hundreds of videos from people in the same boat getting through it together).

I feel this should end on a positive note. I owe it to all of you who relate to my situation to offer some hope. While I do get scared by confronting the next stage of my life, it also excites me. Mainly, I cannot wait to watch the fruits of my labour pay off in some form of employment and finally watch that number in my bank account rise (here's hoping) rather than fall. I cannot wait to be a twenty-something reinventing myself again without university as the foundation. I cannot wait to move somewhere new, meet new people, and chat shit about my six years at Otago. Change is difficult, overwhelming, and scary – but it also forces us to grow. I choose to embrace that challenge. Besides, who'd willingly choose a seventh year chained to the Otago machine? Not me.

By Madeline O'Leary
Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

By Jamiema Lorimer



New Zealand Young Writers Fest: **Nau Mai, Haere Mai**

Young writers from across Aotearoa, of all writing forms and backgrounds, are coming together in Ōtepoti this weekend for the New Zealand Young Writers Festival. With accessibility at the core of the festival's kaupapa, all events are free to attend. These events showcase talent and storytelling in all different forms – from conversational panels and writing workshops, to musical and theatre performances and slam poetry comps. Writer or not, all are welcome to join in the festivities.

Critic Te Ārohi spoke with NZYWF 2024's Guest Curator, Ruby Macomber, and Young Writer in Residence, Sherry Zhang, for a rundown on the festival.

"What are ways that we can honour the various reasons why we got into writing?" asked Ruby Macomber (she/they) when putting together this year's festival programme. Ruby, a poet, essayist and researcher based in Tāmaki Makaurau, explained there were two aims at the forefront of all curating decisions.

The first was to give writers and their practice a well-deserved reprieve from the capitalist cycle that artistic work must exist in, where productivity and output is prioritised. "I really wanted to take a step back from that and lean into the joys of the process of creating in the first place," says Ruby. This year's programme traverses themes and tensions of love, grief, and identity – big feelings that can be at odds with the demands of mainstream writing spaces. "Those are often the reasons why young writers get into writing, to put words to those [feelings]. How do we really intentionally hold space for that and do so safely?"

Equally, Ruby wanted to amplify Indigenous and POC voices and story-telling in this year's festival. Ruby herself is a descendent of Te Moana-Nui-a Kiwa (Rotuma, Taveuni, Ngāpuhi) and often writes on the topics of diaspora, Indigeneity and Rotuman hanuju (tale), in work that has appeared in a number of publications, including Pantograph Punch, Starling, Awa Wāhine and the anthology, Everything That Moves, Moves Through Another.

Ruby began writing as a way to remember her nan after she passed away; to "immortalise" her, as Ruby describes it, documenting her mannerisms and personality in words, rather than memory alone. Her nan spoke mainly Rotuman while Ruby spoke English, so this act in itself became the words shared between them. Naturally, this led Ruby to navigate her identity through writing. It was a social worker in high school who shifted Ruby's perspective to more internal and introspective forms of writing, telling them that the stories worth telling often came from our own experiences. "There's power in writing your own truth and sharing stories that might not otherwise make it to traditional media or popular media spaces," explains Ruby.

As Guest Curator, Ruby is also presenting three of their own events. 'Moana Speaks from the South' is a conversation with other diasporic writers of Te Moana-Nui-a Kiwa on what it means to be writing back to, and into proximity with, their whenua. It involves "reimagining what it means to be a Pacific person away from the land that we're indigenous to." She hopes to "bring Ōtepoti Pacific writers, but equally anyone identifying as a diasporic writer, into conversation with one another." In 'Writing Grief', Ruby is joined by Ōtepoti literary icons Rushi Vyas and Iona Winter. "How beautiful it would be for young people to learn from these two tuākana," Ruby says of Rushi and Iona. "Their words empower others."

Her workshop 'Everything Pressing, Everything Pertinent' brings together writing and activism: "[I want] to honour the fact that a lot of our creativity doesn't necessarily come out in poetry or in essays, but comes out in written submissions, poster, and in various other forms, that are more or less directed towards advocacy." Ruby also works at Te Kāhui, a rōpū that facilitates equitable arts opportunities in Corrections and communities. "Unintentionally, all three of [the events] mark different components of my own writing practice. It's really special to be able to be a part of all three of them, and to do so really intentionally."

Events that are "core to my own practice" is also how this year's Young Writer in Residence, Sherry, also describes the three events she's involved in. Sherry Zhang (章雪莉/Xue Li Zhang) (she/they) has worked in journalism, poetry, creative nonfiction and theatre. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that her events span dialogue-writing in 'Spinning Yarns', journalistic practice in 'Journalism as an Act

of Community Building' (with current and former Critic baddies Nina Brown and myself), and the power of breaking free of the suffering minority trope in 'Writing Beyond Tragedy'. "I feel like we put these arbitrary containers around these different forms," says Sherry.

It is the breaking of these forms and genres that is of interest to Sherry and informs her own writing. "It speaks to the bounds of the experience," she says. "I also think sometimes [being] of a particular cultural background, you feel like you can only talk about your experience from a really specific corner. Maybe I desire to see messy Asian characters in sci-fi or a spaghetti western." Sherry is a second-gen Chinese New Zealander. They were also the kaiwāwahi/Editor at The Pantograph Punch, an online arts and cultural journal that uplifted urgent and exciting voices in Aotearoa's creative communities, particularly BIPOC and queer work.

As the festival's Writer in Residence, Sherry spends a month living in the Robert Lord Writer's Cottage. The cosy cottage was once home to Lord, who was Aotearoa's first professional playwright, and now acts as a haven for writers. Sherry feels supported by the cottage's history as a queer safe space and, although instructed to "just chill and vibe out," she's using the time to put as much mahi into her first manuscript as possible. Explaining that the residency is about "giving time and space to dream around a project," Sherry is specifically working on a choose-your-own-adventure book about killing your landlord (she's so real for this) and revenge fantasies. It's their first deep dive into fiction, inspired by Carmen Maria Macho's radical memoir In The Dream House. "The structural setup speaks to broader themes of feeling trapped or the futility of things; decision-making, choices and the illusion of that, which really struck a chord in me when I was thinking about my own project," Sherry shares.

Ruby was last year's Young Writer in Residence. It's also her third year being part of the festival, when in 2022 they were a micro-resident with Starling, a journal that specifically works with writers no older than 25. During her residency, she also connected with different spaces in Ōtepoti: Te Hou Ora Whānau Services, Yours Ōtepoti, Te Rōpū Māori, and the Pacific Islands Students' Association. "My writing practice is very community-oriented. It would feel unnatural to just be sitting by myself," says Ruby. This time in residency gave them insight

into the different creative communities in Ōtepoti and "the need for those communities to have agency over their own narratives, and how best the festival can support that."

"If you think about what's literature or what's proper writing, it's very classist," says Sherry, "It's very racist. It alienates a lot of communities." As a self-described "blogger girl at heart" and not having studied a creative writing degree, Sherry says they can sometimes feel insecure in the writing space. It is in creating writing spaces, like the ones facilitated by NZYWF, that are key to overcoming this. This was core to Ruby's approach as Guest Curator: to address "the need for real, intentional community building space" for young writers outside of the literary mainstream and to build support systems. As Sherry says, "Some spaces and frameworks are still being dominated by the same kind of 'looking people'. We need to band together as young people and strategically put our minds together. How do we overtake them?"

NZYWF is really special, as reflected on by both Ruby and Sherry. "It's a really tender festival that's been created with a lot of care," says Ruby. "There's no other place in Aotearoa where you've got that distinct focus on young writers." And what comes with young writers are new perspectives on what "writing" is, challenging the traditional expectations of the 'literature' medium. In this year's festival, Ruby's work as curator continues the legacy of last year's Guest Curator, Jenn Cheuk, while also placing more emphasis on the emotion and intention underpinning content. This feeling is echoed by Sherry, who says, "I hope that people who come to the festival see storytelling, writing or creativity as a more fluid formless hub."

Although labelled 'Young Writers', the festival is open to attendees of all ages to listen, learn, and develop their skills in workshops. It can be an induction point for those who may not have considered themselves as writers before, or those who simply wish to enjoy others' work. As noted, accessibility is also very important to the kaupapa of the festival, manifesting in all the events being free, as well as the physical layout of the festival venue. "The Aotearoa writing scene is small," says Ruby. "[But] that shouldn't be a reason to lean into a scarcity mindset[;] rather [let's foster] a mindset of how do we create abundance within ourselves and empower each other?"

The New Zealand Young Writers Festival is on from September 13 - 15 at Te Whare o Rukutia and other venues across central Ōtepoti Dunedin. All events are free to attend. For more information and to book tickets, head to their website www.youngwritersfest.nz

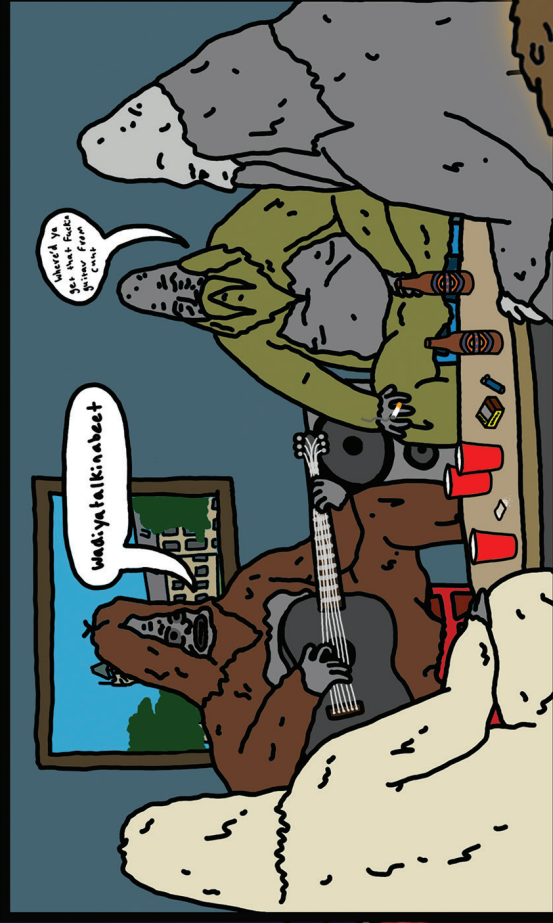
FRI 13

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10 AM	<div>”</div> <div>FESTIVAL INFORMATION</div> <div>All festival events are FREE, or you can ‘Pay What You Want’ when booking a ticket to support the festival. All ‘Pay What You Want’ tickets directly support Dunedin Fringe to continue offering the festival in future years, to pay our artists fairly, and to keep NZYWF accessible and affordable so everyone can take part.</div> <div>Whatever ticket you choose, we highly recommend booking. Festival venues and workshops have limited spaces.</div> <div><div></div><div>Book at youngwritersfest.nz</div></div> <div>Moana Speaks from the South</div> <div>The Remix</div>									
11 AM										
12 PM										
1 PM	<div>Te Ao Kai Tahu</div> <div>Spinning Yarns!</div> <div>Slam Poetry Workshop</div> <div>Writing Grief</div> <div>The Tropes Workshop</div>									
2 PM	<div>Whose story is it anyways?</div> <div>Journalism as an Act of Community Building</div> <div>Emerging to ‘emerged’</div> <div>A Young Person’s Guide to Artspeak</div> <div>Starling Micro-Residency</div>									
3 PM										
4 PM	<div>Everything Pressing, Everything Pertinent</div>									
5 PM										
6 PM										
7 PM	<div>Otago Poetry Slam Champs 2024</div> <div>Pony Camp Showcase</div> <div>Dirty Passports</div>									
8 PM										
9 PM										

KEY: ● Conversation ● Workshop ● Performance ● Walk & Talk ● Conversation | Workshop



2020 was a year of many firsts. The pandemic pushed the population to extremes – emotionally, yes, but also creatively, with many trying things they'd never thought to before. Sourdough starters were born, hair-cutting scissors were purchased, and Critic Te Arohi published the inaugural great kebab review: "The Holy Trinity of protein, veggie and overbearing flatmate tried to implement, it didn't stick (unlike the fish n chip review). But this year, it's back.

By Critic Te Arohi Staff
Illustrated by Sarah Kreft

CRITIC TE AROHI'S THIRD NOT-SO-ANNUAL KEBAB REVIEW

Kebabs are a cornerstone of the midnight menu. It was only appropriate, therefore, that the testing conditions simulated the true kebab-eating experience: a little bit pissed and collected on foot. Following office pres, Critic collected out across the city to collect our goods in pairs (ordering veggie and meat options), brought them back and chowed down around the pornographic coffee table. We tried to weigh them with the office scales (don't ask), but the boys were too hefty. Kebabs are a personal experience; we couldn't compare for a ranking, so read on to find out what might be the right fit for you.

CAFE NESLI - NINA & ELLIOT

MEAT: As a swing-vegetarian (my body craves protein in winter, sue me) I was simply unprepared for the amount of meat in this kebab. Cafe Nesli toed the fucking line of what is an acceptable ratio of meat to salad. It's like they tried to stuff an entire lamb (minus the hooves) in there – an aggressively bland one, at that. If I squinted, there were hints of red onion, and the amount of lettuce could only be described as a garnish. There was a suggestion of a spring onion at one juncture. If you're too stingy to fork out for a lamb shank at The Bog, this kebab joint, tucked just around the corner, has the next best thing. They'll even throw in a shoulder and a chop for good measure.

FALAFEL: I was pleased with the eating experience of this kebab. It had a respectable girth and wrappage with easy-to-manoeuvre tinfoil that didn't stick (an extremely important quality). The falafel was undeniably the star of the show: well-spiced and with a hearty amount to fill out the bulk of the wrap – though with little room left for lettuce. I craved its crunch. If I were to nit-pick, the kebab also could have used some more sauce. On the flip-side, this meant there was minimal soggy and I avoided the dreaded drip-hand. The ol' faithful Speight's did the trick to wash down any dryness. Overall, a fine meal.

PRICE: \$32.50 altogether

LOCATION: George Street (by The Bog) – the ideal locale for a home-bound pilgrimage from the Octy

PAIRED WITH: Speight's Summit Ultras

HIGHLIGHT: Critic on their coffee table!

LOWLIGHT: Vegetarian guilt with a mouth full of sheep

HUZUR KEBAB - ANGUS & MOLLY

MEAT: The experience started before I had even taken a glimpse of this newborn-sized bundle of joy. With a lovely sticker saying 'thank you' adorning the bag that kept my dinner warm on the trek from Huzur Kebab to the Critic office, I felt seen as a loyal customer (I do indeed have a loyalty card). From the first bite, with a mouthful of the warm soft pita, flavourful veggies and lush sauce, I knew this would be a winner. What a treat. The mixed meat combination of juicy tender lamb and decadent chicken had me forgo my Nitro and continue to chow down. This kebab was a banger with a good meat/veg/sauce ratio and, crucially, no soggy bottom. I wish they stayed open later than 10pm but the location is perfect for a lazy dinner.

FALAFEL: When it comes to the classic meat on chips or lamb kebab, Huzur is a pioneer (hence its cult following). But how well does it cater to the vegetarian crowd? The answer: very well indeed. Their falafel put me on my ass in a state of bliss. Wrapped oh-so-carefully in a pita bread, this bad boy had me thinking to myself, "I could demo two of these, aye." Munching my way down the kebab, the fresh flavours of veggies (pink pickles and zucchini) were standout – nothing like a bit of fresh produce to keep tomorrow's hangover at bay! This was delicately complimented by a mix of garlic aioli and sweet chilli. Into the final act of the kebab, the moisture of the bread seemed to outweigh the ingredients, almost resulting in nearly being a soggy veggie pancake. Besides this would-be mishap, Huzur provides a class act veggie kebab. Twist my arm, I'll be convinced to join the Huzur Kebab fan club Facebook group. Would recommend, 9/10.

PRICE: \$16.90

LOCATION: George Street, NEV end

PAIRED WITH: Mystery Nitro

HIGHLIGHT: Online ordering

LOWLIGHT: Mouth full of foil but that may just be a me problem (skill issue)

DOST - EVIE & JORDAN

MEAT: As a frequent enjoyer of Dost's meat and chips, I was very enthused to try their kebab. In all fairness, we walked back in cold windy weather, so by the time we got to the Critic office 'twas a bit cold. I escaped to the hallway (it was very loud and I hate being watched while eating) and I am glad I did so because this kebab leaked its sauce everywhere. My hands were very wet and I knew this meal was a race against the clock. Diligently, I got stuck in. In terms of flavour: there were no issues to report. The lamb was delicious and I can't complain. I narrowly avoided the tinfoil (unlike some people) that was tucked in the wrap. Taste was there, but the execution was not.

FALAFEL (WRITTEN BY PROXY AS EVIE'S HANDS WERE TOO SOGGY FROM THE KEBAB TO TAKE NOTES): First impressions? "So damp at the bottom," she said. The sauce was leaking through the three layers of wrapping (pita, tinfoil, and paper – kind of impressive) but she was "trying to ignore it." Instead, her brow furrowed in concentration while picking out bits of tinfoil that had been sealed into the folds of the kebab, and looked like it was taking a bit of effort to remove. Good thing her job requires an attention to detail! The proportion of salad to falafel was respectable, though the falafel was a little on the cold side after the long trek back to the office. "But that's kind of on me." Sadly, it seems the sogginess at the bottom had leached the falafel of any moisture, and required a decent swig of beer to swallow comfortably. However, she was sure to note bonus points for Dost's Palestinian flag and convenient location for Octagon-goers.

PRICE: \$15

LOCATION: George Street, towards Princes Street

PAIRED WITH: Always Sunny In Philadelphia Season 6, Episode 6 'Mac's Mom Burns Her House Down'

HIGHLIGHT: Palestine flag in store

LOWLIGHT: A lot of juice on our hands

ANATOLIA - IRIS, LOCHY & TEVYA

First impression: dayum, she is thick. Initial bite was satisfying, with a nice variety of vegetables and a good protein to veg ratio. The lamb in the meat kebab was well seasoned, while the falafel wasn't too dry. Good sauce combo (don't ask us to remember what). As we got down the kebab, the meat/falafel was on one side and the veg was on the other. I would have appreciated less divisiveness and a bit more inclusiveness, if you know what I mean. The sauce was mostly on the protein and the veg was crisp. Now it was nice, don't get us wrong, however it would've been better with a bit of moisture. Towards the bottom the meat/protein and the veges started to mix a bit more. Both ran out of wrap so had to eat the last bite out of the tinfoil. Tasty af, but the messy eating necessary wouldn't give a good impression on a first date. Overall 8.5/10.

PRICE: \$19 (or \$20 for mix-meat/falafel/zucchini)

LOCATION: 152 Princes Street

PAIRED WITH: Mint/yoghurt sauce and aioli



KONYA - JODIE & MADELINE

MEAT: If there's one thing I hate, it's a soggy kebab. I really don't want to go swimming during my meal. Luckily, Konya came in clutch. Their understanding of ratios was solid throughout; rolls of lamb and chunks of chicken were evenly matched by bright green tabbouleh, and they understood their liquids too (we opted for the 'Konya Special' of mayonnaise and honey mustard). The only points I can dock is that the chicken was on the dry side, but I'd take desiccated fowl over a wet wrap any day. I was gastrically entertained from beginning to end and the experience was largely mess-free. Noteworthy too was the lack of tinfoil as Konya opted for an entirely paper-based wrapping. Big ups to the environment.

FALAFEL: Konya, baby, thanks for catering to the neurodivergent (and children under 7) – the plastic dinosaur collection, Rubik cube and complimentary screening of *The Good Dinosaur* went down like a treat. But even if we hadn't had such curated amusement, it was worth the wait time. Small but mighty, the falafel kebab had everything you could want. The falafel was moist – not dry as the fecking outback like the stuff I make at home, more like a temperate rainforest. The kebab donned a great wee portion of salad, with zero sogginess and maintenance of structural soundness throughout my devouring experience (apart from a few stray tabouli balls that rolled around the office floor). This, I imagine, would make it a great companion to a drunk stumble home with minimal mess. As for the tabouli: maybe you'll be able to trace your steps back to Subs the next morning, like a North D Hansel and Gretel.

PRICE: \$16.40 for a small, \$18.40 for a large

LOCATION: Saint Andrews Street (amongst the kebab mecca)

PAIRED WITH: Malibu Strawberry Daiquiris

HIGHLIGHT: In-store entertainment (I solved the first layer of the 4x4 Rubik's Cube)

LOWLIGHT: Lack of insulation (tinfoil, that's what my landlord uses too I swear) meant for a slightly cold kebab back at the office

IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S A SOGGY KEBAB. I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO SWIMMING DURING MY MEAL.





I WAS SHOCKED
TO SEE
SOMETHING
NEON PINK AND
RADIOACTIVE-
LOOKING
PEEPING OUT

SILA/VERDURA - ELLIE

First things first: props to Verdura for decking out their front of house with couches. It made the minimal wait time that much comfier! After being handed my kebab, I could tell it had the structural integrity of a steel beam, and it held up through the whole eating experience. It didn't drip or go soggy which I much prefer to having kebab juice drip down my arms. The small amount of (very tasty) sauce didn't make it dry, though this was probably also due to the sheer amount of salad packed in. Seriously, this felt disgustingly healthy. On top of this, about a third of the way into chowing down, I was shocked to see something neon pink and radioactive-looking peeping out. After some research, this turned out to be Lebanese pickles (turnips) but it was enough of an initial shock to throw me off guard and make me quickly pull it out and place it on display on the Critic coffee table. However, there was a generous amount of perfectly seasoned chicken on offer and spicy potatoes the exact texture of hash browns. And I LOVE hash browns.

PRICE: \$17

LOCATION: Saint Andrews St

PAIRED WITH: Smirnoff, Nitro, Malibu Strawberry Daiquiri concoction (the grown-up version of making potions as a kid)

HIGHLIGHT: Yummy yummy spicy potatoes

LOWLIGHT: Alien carrot

TROJAN - GRAYFFIN & CONNOR

MEAT: The first bite into my kebab was heaven sent. It was drowning in sauce (personally I loved it) but to my surprise, based on the pure ocean of sauce on both ends of the kebab, the mid-section was a bit dry. The kebab held together well, with it being the perfect width and size to get a good grip and munch hard, right up until the last couple bites where the bottom fold began to come apart. The salad to meat ratio was near perfection, with just the right amount of meat-to-veg in each bite. It held warmth well throughout my eating experience.

FALAFEL: Oh Trojan, a pit stop on the pilgrimage on the trudge home from the Octy. The girthy kebab the staff had bestowed on me was well worth the hit to my StudyLink that had just come through. Like its meat counterpart, the first few bites had a blissful sauce-to-falafel ratio. The lack of meat did not mean a lack of flavour, with the subtle spice accompanying the greasy pita perfectly. It kept its warmth remarkably well, and had structural integrity that would make UC engineering students froth. Despite these positives, the occasional bit of tinfoil tangled in the wrap and the slightly-dry falafel were the only let downs this eve. But hey, the bits of tinfoil probably helped stop the iron deficiency caused by lack of meat eating, right?

PRICE: \$17.50 for a large

LOCATION: Outskirts of the Octagon, George Street

PAIRED WITH: Brookvale Lemon, Lime & Bitters

HIGHLIGHT: Kebab architecture

LOWLIGHT: Entering the overstimulating establishment sober

PAASHA - ADAM

Paasha had a sole reviewer, and it's a damn shame that this kebab didn't get to grace the taste buds of anyone else in the Critic office. Now, Paasha is an actual restaurant which separates it from most kebab shops in Dunedin that you can scramble into at 2am and have a kebab magically appear from some hole in the wall (looking at you, Nesli). It was a combination of this atmosphere and an overwhelmingly delicious smell of fresh pita (that was paired with a fortuitous self-imposed fast) that made this kebab more approachable than OUSA's stress cuddle puppies. The initial bites of this combination kebab may be described as an out of body experience. The kebab was wonderfully juicy, the mouth was watering, the hands were messy, the meat wasn't dryer than the Sahara and the salad didn't feel like it had been in a cabinet for three and a half weeks! How novel. However, all good things must come to an end. Once you reached the mid-section of the kebab – but when the lust to fill your appetite wasn't quite over – more tinfoil stuck to this bad boy than when Brian Tamaki discovered 5G. The rest of the kebab remained delicious, but goddamn you had to work harder than a St Marg's HSFY to finish this thing. But as they say, the best things in life never come easy.

PRICE: \$18

LOCATION: St Andrews St

PAIRED WITH: Tinfoil

HIGHLIGHT: Uncontrollable anticipation

LOWLIGHT: Half the wrap being torn off with the tinfoil

MORE TIN
FOIL STUCK TO
THIS BAD BOY
THAN WHEN
BRIAN TAMAKI
DISCOVERED 5G



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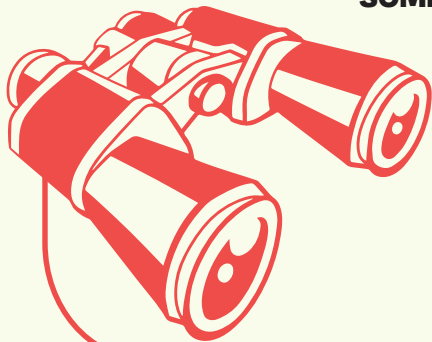


**HAURAKI
95.8FM**

Takeaway

weekly Specials

SOMETHING TO WATCH



Nicolas Cage's Filmography

One Critic staff member has taken it upon themselves to watch every single Nic Cage film ever – down to a ten second appearance as an extra. The challenge of being locked in 'The Cage' involves over 130 films with his name attached. The original plan was to watch at least two films a day to finish a feature by the last issue of the year, but after some well-being concerns from other Critic staff (valid) the task has been moved to next year. So far there have been some bangers: *Valley Girl*, *Racing with the Moon*, *Birdy* and *Vampire's Kiss*. We can't guarantee all the films will go hard, but how else are you going to know? There will be an update on the last 118 films left to watch (provided he doesn't star in any more).

SOMETHING TO READ



An autobiography

Looking for something to read? Have a deep dive into the world of autobiographies. Sometimes stalking a celeb's entire existence on Instagram just isn't enough. Have a look and see if any of your fav celebs have an autobiography – they can be both educational and inspiring, offering a rich tapestry of personal and historical insight. If you're into music, one Critic staff member recommends 'Acid for the Children,' which is the life and experiences of Flea, the bassist of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The book tells of Flea's life, influences, and journey in the world of music. Shit goes hard, ngl.

SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



Hunter and Sam's 'Epic Style Radio Moment' (Mondays 7-9pm on Radio One 91FM)

Do you enjoy incredible chat and the dopest tunes to ever have been made? Epic Style Radio Moment is the place to go for this! Bringing you the best after dark, no supervision content to be put out on the air, the craziest interviews from the biggest names in Dunedin (we would like to think) and phattest tunes in the world. Whether during your nightly stare-at-the-ceiling-in-bed time or driving home from a late workout sesh at Unipol (no need to flex), they've got you covered. This definitely wasn't written by the hosts who just so happen to also work at Critic.

SOMETHING TO GO TO



John Wilson Drive at sunset

Obviously you'd need to pick a nice day for this one, but what could be better as the days start to get longer than parking up at John Wilson Drive with your mates and having a picnic to watch the gentle descent of the sun? Nothing, that's what. Just you, your Burger King Rebel Whopper, and the silhouette of (likely freezing) surfers against the pastel backdrop of the sunset. Oh, yeah, that's where the magic happens. It's also that time of year when everyone starts looking to the future – summer plans, who's doing what and where, and having a crisis about the hill you all have to climb to get there (if you even know where "there" is). But don't worry: with a sunset that pretty, all your worries will fade away!

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



Bird of the Year & Predator Free NZ

With all the goss happening with Bird of the Year at the moment (shoutout Pukunui), now is a great time to learn more about the Predator Free New Zealand project and show some support to local groups working to restore Dunedin's ecosystems. Groups like Otago Peninsula Biodiversity Group, City Sanctuary, and Halo Project do a great job supporting local birds, but even adding a backyard trap to your flat, or reporting that cheeky possum hanging round Cosy Dell can go a long way in supporting not only your vote for the coolest bird, but all native flora and fauna. But not before you vote Pukunui for Bird of the Year.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



Your Disney+ subscription

Think about it: when was the last time Disney+ had anything you were actually keen to watch outside of the occasional crave for a *Pirates of the Caribbean* marathon or nostalgia trip down *Barbie* movie lane? Chances are you have a mate whose login is still in your laptop that you can scab off for the occasional family friendly comfort movie, anyway. It's fine, they probably owe you from that one time when you planned a surprise trip home and they spoiled the surprise for your grandma. Or when they got too drunk at the girls' cocktail night you had to pay for their drinks after they were escorted home. It all balances out in the end. Cancel your subscription and jump on theirs with only a slightly guilty conscience.



Oh yeah, it's coffee date season. It's time to put away the cameras and allow the singles to have some valuable one on one time (plus me third wheeling at the end of the table). It was a bit like herding cats for this round of dates (mid-sem break, Joel's report deleting right before the deadline), hence why only one of the dates actually involves coffee and the rest chugging back beers in the early afternoon.

If nothing else, treat this instalment of the Bachelor as some fun date inspo for around the Dunedin area. I've helpfully provided a TLDR and Joel's Date Rate so you can catch the romantic vibes – plus some fun questions you can ask your boo. It's like a DIY Bachelor!

MICAH

TLDR: Joe's Garage, 16 degrees, Friday arvo, 2-for-1 Asahi's (can't go wrong)

Joel's Date Rate: 8/10

We all arrive at Joe's slightly sticky from sweat. The weather is nothing short of insane, a certified Dunner stunner. It's 4:15 pm, the only time that could work for a date. The bar beckons invitingly. I grab a cider and make my way back to the table. Joel follows me shortly after with a couple of beers, one for him, one for Micah – how sweet. Micah sits opposite Joel, but doesn't touch the beer in front of him. Instead, a waitress brings over a cup of peppermint tea, which Micah diligently stirs. "It was a two-for-one deal – Micah's helping me," Joel tells me hurriedly, referring to the pair of Asahi's in front of him. Can Joel really be blamed? Who isn't nervous for what is essentially their first date.

The pair begin to chat (at my prompting) about whether they're spontaneous or planners. Joel refers to himself as spontaneous, and answers for Micah, calling him a planner (they know each other so well!). Micah agrees,

before explaining that he's planned to speed-run the South Island over the course of approximately three days. "I've planned it down to the driving time," he tells us. He lists off that he's going to Queenstown, doing the luge, going on a boat-trip in Milford Sound and still somehow making it to Fox Glacier, Franz-Joseph, Hanmer Springs and Christchurch. Joel looks visibly exhausted.

The topic turns to what Joel is up to for the weekend – apparently he's also off toward the Queenstown way. The two seem keen to hangout if their plans end up aligning, with Micah suggesting grabbing some drinks with friends at some point. Between this and frequent \$4 lunch meet cutes, I'm beginning to wonder if they even need me to be arranging dates anymore.

Feeling put out, I prompt the conversation forward, wondering what their most controversial opinion is. "I don't know, I don't want to be too controversial. What would you say?" Micah asks Joel, before blurting out that he thinks the moon-landing was fake. "Okay, so – you're wrong," replies Joel, looking perplexed. Americans.

The rate at which Joel begins to knock back the Asahi's picks up, as he's got work at 5. I ask the pair if they prefer zombies or vampires. "Vampires," says Joel. "Sometimes I have zombie nightmares. [In the nightmare] I'll eventually give up and join the zombie side." He looks haunted. "Vampires," Micah says cheerily.

Finally, I ask if they prefer Pepsi or Coke. "Pepsi," replies Micah. Joel pauses, considering the question. "Coke," he tells me. "Coke is similar to iPhone vibes, Pepsi gives Android," he says, prompting a giggle out of Micah as he sips the last of his tea and slugs back some of Joel's Asahi. The date ends shortly thereafter, Joel seemingly buzzing off the beer as he heads to his shift.

By Hanna Varrs

LILY

TLDR: Maggie's, well-priced lattes, retro, 18 degrees, Saturday morning, 1st day mid-sem

Joel's Date Rate: 9/10

Joel and Lily have planned to meet at 11am on a truly gorgeous Saturday morning at Maggie's. It's a great retro-inspired vibe, and Lily's vintage, earthy aesthetic makes her fit right in with the decor. We settle down at a table and wait for Joel to arrive. Some lattes are ordered for the table. Joel rocks up shortly thereafter, in a light-green checked shirt. When he sits down opposite Lily, they're truly postcard level cute.

I start them off with the same planner versus spontaneity question. "Spontaneous," Lily quips. "I have enough planner in me to get my admin done – but I also work an incredibly spontaneous job [Promotions Manager at RadioOne]. I like being able to go anywhere at the drop of a hat." "I'm the exact same," replies Joel. Heart eyes.

I ask the pair when the last prank call they made was. Lily's eyes grow wide. "When I was like 7 years old. My school had a semi-abandoned office with a phone line. [My friends and I] would do prank calls – the phone line only went to the office and other classrooms. We had a whole school assembly about it. I was sitting there shitting myself, I was such a goody-two shoes. I was like one question away from ratting out everyone." Joel laughs, mostly due to Lily's face as she relives something that was obviously very traumatic. Joel recounts that he was prank calling around two weeks ago, where he called his DeliverEasy co-worker in Christchurch with angry restaurant noises off YouTube to wind him up. Lily asks if Joel will get fired for exposing that. "Nah," says Joel. He pauses. "I hope not," he says worriedly.

The rest of their date goes like clockwork – they seem to be on the same page about pretty much everything. They talk about deeper stuff too – about how they believe government representatives have a duty of being morally upstanding, how there is a dolphin society, and how kiwis have 'devolved' by becoming flightless. They laugh lots and seem to share a similar sense of humour about things. Their conversation is genuinely riveting, and only ends when Lily needs to head home for beach plans with her friend. Too cute.

BRAD

TLDR: (Dusty?) Sunday arvo, Emerson's, Drama Llama craft beers, #dramallama, being pretentious, gale force winds

Joel's Date Rate: 8/10

4:15pm on a Sunday is the only time that works in both Joel and Brad's busy schedules – but it certainly works for an Emerson's brew. We opt to sit in the outdoor area so I can better keep track of the conversation. Usually, there would be absolutely nothing wrong with sitting outside with an overpriced craft bevvy, but for some reason there are absolute gale-force winds that at one point compels Joel to support my laptop from snapping. Perhaps a bad omen?

Both Joel and Brad go for the recommended Drama Llama – a crafty citrus hazy that I've already half-drunk myself after showing up slightly early (I love third-wheeling). Feeling in good company, I ask whether the pair are usually fans of craft beer. "God no," Joel replies, Drama Llama in hand. Okay. Staying true to his choices in XYZ, Brad reaffirms his position as a wine guy. He privately tells me later on that Joel has skirted around the topic when asked whether he enjoyed a cheeky Sav himself, clearly worried about their future if Joel turns out to be a closeted wine-hater. Despite this, during the date Brad refers to the Drama Llama as "drinkable" – pretty high praise when it comes to craft beer.

With another 5pm shift on the cards, Joel is very conscious of time the entire date. This is exacerbated by Brad turning up a teensy bit late after returning from Southland for his sister's baby shower (ever the devoted uncle) pushing Joel to have his answers prepped and ready to go – slamming back the Drama Llama as he did so. Despite telling me it tasted like "nothing", he demoed it in around three gulps. The air is a little tense – not in a sexual way, in a "glancing at your watch, bouncing your leg" way. Bad omen, indeed.

The pair find common ground venting about their packed schedules leaving no time for recreational reading. Joel's just watched *It Ends With Us*, sparking a passionate bonding moment over their shared dislike of cancel culture in the context of Blake Lively. "I think Blake Lively's fucking awesome," Brad says. "That might be my controversial opinion." Joel relates, explaining that he has a lot of respect for celebrities that go through it after a small taste of fame with Critic Bachelor (soz). Getting the same questions over and over about Bachelor has helped him understand how some big time celebrities may get a bit snappy in interviews.

Speaking of, I once again ask the pair about their last prank call. Brad sheepishly tells Joel that it was not even two days ago, much to Joel's glee. He explains that he tracked his mum's location to a Pak'n'Save, called the store and had them give her a 60th birthday shout-out over the speakers – all while driving. She's 58, and was apparently furious. "That is so awesome. I'm going to do that to someone," Joel responds, in utter awe at Brad's genius. But just as sparks begin to fly, the date has to wrap up when Joel must boost it to another shift. That man is always on the grind.

Until next time, Drama Llamas.

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ONION BHAJI: CONNOR MOFFAT

Though Nina claims to have to bite her lip from moaning over the samosa, when it comes to choosing a hot side piece for your \$4 lunch munch, the onion bhaji stands out as the superior choice. If sexual relationships with a samosa are your thing then go for it (take what you can get honestly). But at its core, the onion bhaji provides an irresistible and unique texture, with a crispy shell exterior and a flavourful interior. The sliced onions, lathered in spiced chickpea flour batter, provide a gratifying crunch with each bite, producing a next-level eating experience. In contrast, the samosa's hard pastry-like exterior can often overshadow the filling within (which on occasion is just a whole potato).

The bhaji is also insanely versatile. This frisbee-shaped weapon of a feed is not only the perfect shape for a one-handed 'hold and fuck that shit UP', but their spicy and savoury flavour pairs well with any of the \$4 lunch options. This makes them an excellent side piece or even standalone snack themselves. Eating a samosa can be a messy affair, with crumbs and filling escaping all over the place and I can't say I'm the biggest fan of being covered in samosa filling.

The preparation for an onion bhaji is also less tedious than the samosas, which usually involves a more elaborate folding process. While the samosa is well-sized, it's just impractical. An onion bhaji isn't going to judge you for eating a whole plate to yourself. They're the ultimate supportive snack, while samosas might give you that "Are you really going to eat another?" look. To top it off, The Bhajinator fronts the natural sweetness of an onion while being enhanced by a blend of magnificent spices, offering a perfectly balanced taste that appeals to both the casual muncher and culinary arts enthusiasts.

Overall, I will give props to Nina – the samosa does have its place. But the onion bhaji delivers an explosion of flavour and an orgasmic crunch that always makes it the preferred choice for those who seek a swift and satisfying bite of awesomeness.

SAMOSA: NINA BROWN

I don't even know how this could be considered a contest. In the battle between the OUSA lunch sides, samosas win – every fucking time.

Don't be fooled, these aren't your standard party pack triangle with less filling than a supermarket tortellini. For those whose taste buds haven't been lucky enough to be graced with the delectable samosa, let me paint a picture: fist-sized pastry parcels fried to perfection, with a smooth potato and pea curry filling. God, my mouth waters just thinking about them. The crunch of the pastry has the mouthfeel of a fresh donut so satisfying you'll have to bite your lip from moaning, and the curry is spiced just right. What could hit the spot better on a cold winter's day?

And better yet, the OUSA samosa is on offer for just \$2. Is the \$4 lunch just shy of a satisfying meal? Pop a samosa on the side, tallying \$6 altogether. Fancy a lunch on the go? Grab two (or three, treat yourself) and be on your merry way, munching on your tasty meal. As a long-time samosa stan, I've enlightened many a peer living in ignorance of the samosa's glory.

But I hate to be a hater, so I gave the onion bhaji a go (Connor's a passionate soul) – and it didn't even come close to being on the same level. I'm a girl who loves food, but I could barely make it through the bhaji. Explosion of flavour? I'm not sure what planet Connor is on. For the same price, you get a dry, stiff cardboard-like side that's only stomachable if you use it as a vessel for better food. Two would be a pathetic attempt at a meal.

This isn't a contest. I have the vote of the people already. Sitting at \$4 lunch and taking a look around, the popularity of the samosa was clear. Upon Connor's cheer at finally spotting a fellow bhaji-eater, I almost began to feel bad for the guy. Critic's Designer Evie, trying both for the first time, was the tie-breaker: "Now having tried the onion bhaji, I'm so impressed by how [Connor has] managed to talk it up because it was not good. It was so dry!" Better luck next time, champ #samosasupremacy.

BATTLE OF
THE \$4 LUNCH
SIDES: ONION
BHAJI VS
SAMOSA





Attention all of you penny-pinching, budget conscious students! Winter vegetables are cheap as chips at the moment so we may as well make the most of it. Potato leek soup is a real winter warmer, making a delicious recipe for dinners or lunches. Get yourself some tasty bread to dip and enjoy :)

INGREDIENTS:

1 large onion (diced)
2 large leeks (sliced)
4 garlic cloves (chopped)
6 medium potatoes (diced)
4-5 cups chicken/vegetable stock
3 tsp dried thyme
3 bay leaves
250 mL cream
Oil
Salt
Pepper

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. In your largest pot, add a glug of oil and bring to a medium heat.

Step 2. Add the diced onion and cook until soft (about 5 mins).

Step 3. While the onion is cooking, slice the leeks. Begin slicing the leeks by chopping the green leaves off the top and discarding them so just the light green section remains. Slice the light green section in half lengthways, so you have two long semi-circle sections for each leek. Rinse the outer layers of these, ensuring there is no dirt in between layers (the outer sections are generally the dirtiest). Once clean, slice each lengthwise section horizontally into many semi circle shaped rounds.

Step 4. Add the leek to the pan with the onions and cook for a further 5 mins until wilted and fragrant. From here add the garlic, cooking for a further 3 mins.

Step 5. Stir through the dried thyme, bay leaves, and diced potato and cook for about 10 mins. During this stage, stir in a generous amount of salt and pepper.

Step 6. Add the chicken/vegetable stock to your vegetables. As a general rule, you want the stock to cover 5 cm above the top of the vegetables. The amount of liquid you add corresponds to how thick you like your soup, feel free to add more if you prefer a runnier soup.

Step 7. Bring to a simmer and cook for 30 mins until the potatoes are softened.

Step 8. Remove from the heat and blend the soup with a stick blender or crush with a potato masher. If you have a blender/nutribullet, allow the soup to cool slightly before blending carefully.

Step 9. Stir through the cream.

Step 10. Enjoy served with warm bread and butter!

MI GORENG
GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

Serves: 5

Time: 1 hr

Price: \$ \$ \$

Difficulty: 2/5

depends on
the amount of
vegetables



ParrotDog is patriotic. It's New Zealand owned and made, and nothing screams New Zealand more than nationwide pride in birds and an economy so dire you'll have to sell a kidney to afford a box. There wasn't a price listed on these bad boys, and with there only being three boxes on the shelf, there must've been a sale on (because what type of students would be able to afford these otherwise). Naively, a gamble was taken – and that risk did not pay off. Dreading the embarrassment of walking a box back to the chiller, 42 fucking dollars were coughed up.

It's not even that special, either. It's the odd cousin of Emerson's Birddog that doesn't even slap you in the face with a ridiculous ABV. This is the type of financial decision that leads you to finally selling your lecture notes after having received emails about it every week for the last two years. Should've listened to the age old saying: if you have to ask what the price is, you can't afford it. Anyone who's gone to Fluid Espresso knows this. Now, don't get it twisted, I enjoy parrots and dogs as much as any other person, but it's odd enough to have one avian-canine themed beer, but two? That's pushing it.

ParrotDog embodies the quarter-life crisis demographic who take a sip while pondering whether to run a marathon, take up bouldering, or be drawn into an entrepreneurial multi-level marketing scheme. Drink enough of these, and you'll land yourself in a combination of all three in what I imagine they get up

to at the 445 run club (not that I could ever be fucked getting up early enough to check the theory).

With the grumbles over price and marketing out of the way, let's get down to the brew itself. It's pretty good – a clean beer and a decent hazy IPA that doesn't overwhelm with too much haze or out-the-gate hoppy flavours. Light, sweet and creamy with a bit of citrus that sits in that perfect bubble of taste to satisfaction ratio, which makes it the perfect beer to religiously post on Beer Buddy to prove that your taste is better than everybody else's. Yeah, I know the craft.

ParrotDog Birdseye's come in 12 boxes of 330mL cans, rocking in at a nice 5.8% or 1.5 standards per can (a dodgy \$2.3 dollars per standard). Bonus points for ParrotDog still being independently New Zealand owned and operated, and not being sold to the large alcohol overlords in Lion and Asahi that seem to own every other brand under the sun.

PAIRS WELL WITH: Being unnaturally proud of your chicken wing recipe

X FACTOR: Showing people your NFT portfolio

HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL: 8/10. Having to only eat noodles for the next week

TASTE RATING: 9/10. A damn good and patriotic brew



1 10:30AM
MONDAY

HOW RISING VISA FEES WILL EFFECT YOU



Konnichiwa besties,
International Rep Buki here. If you haven't heard, there was a shocking announcement from the government last month that visa fees will skyrocket from the 1st of October. Student visas are doubling from \$375 to \$750. Post-Study Work visas are more than doubling, rising from \$700 to \$1670. The news has completely blindsided every international student planning to stay here next year for study/work. This decision threatens to derail and disrupt our study plans, and it's been a gut punch to many of us.

Because a valid visa is an absolute must to be here, this fee increase is a price tag on continuity and community. It's a price tag on continuing to see our friends, a further price tag on taking that paper next year, and a price tag on seeing the cherry blossoms on Clocktower Lawn bloom again next year.

These increases are over four times more than necessary to cover deficits and make Immigration NZ self-funded, which is what National campaigned on. So that leaves the question: where's the rest of the money going? The government promises that this is for upgrading the visa processing system, and that "running costs will reduce over time and efficiencies will improve." I'm expecting that once that happens, the fees will come back down, and the processing times will get faster, right? We'll keep an eye on that.

So how does this affect you if you're a domestic student? Well, call me biased, but I've seen first-hand how much international students here at Otago contribute to the diverse cultural fabric and vibrancy of the student community. Our cultural clubs are always running truly amazing events, open to everyone, to great success. I worry that if admin fees like this keep going up, on top of ever-increasing uni fees and the general cost of living, cultural clubs are going to be under more and more financial pressure. The existence and frequency of these events, and the clubs' existence in general, will be at stake. If that happens, we'll all miss out.

International students, if you have any anecdotes of how these hikes personally affect you, you can always talk to me in person or email at international@otago.ac.nz. I'm collating feedback to send through the relevant channels.

And you! Yes, you! There's a bunch of upcoming events lined up by our cultural clubs still left in the year. Go follow their socials, look out for posters, and keep an eye out. Even if you've never been to any of them before, even if you know nothing about the culture, you are always welcome to come along! Come support us in person, and you'll see what I mean about these amazing clubs, and why they are so important to our student culture. I'll see you there :))

Ibuki Nishida
International Rep

23-29 September 2024

Mental Health awareness Week

community is what we create together

See full lineup at bit.ly/ousamhaw

Parakuihi TOGETHER

Free Breakfast at Clubs & Socs

Monday - Friday
During Semesters 1 & 2
8:30 - 9:30am

ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

AQUARIUS
All your shoes are feeling tight this week. Go sockless to allow for extra space in there, but don't let anyone know - it's kinda musty. Just say you're wearing no-show socks, still weird but a little more socially accepted.
Daydream Prompt: Losing your shoe while bungee jumping

ARIES
Aries, you are the problem in most situations - but not this one! Keep being salty because you don't deserve the slander that is being put on your name right now. Start praying for some new friends.
Daydream Prompt: Meeting Hailey Bieber's baby

GEMINI
This week you'll meet someone who will either change your life for the better or make you realise the best friend you could ever ask for has been with you all along. Also put less sour cream on your wedges, it's kinda gross.
Daydream Prompt: Finding that one thing you lost 3 years ago

LEO
he work from home setup isn't working for you, so it's time to hit the libraries. For motivation, you could treat yourself to a coffee for every hour of study, or a BYO Cruiser in the bathroom to spice things up.
Daydream Prompt: Being able to be a hobby-horser without getting bullied

LIBRA
This week you'll do something meaningful, like vacuum up the rice your flatmate spills. Sure, it'll probably be ignored by everyone around you but at least you will know you're a good person.
Daydream Prompt: Being in a zombie apocalypse that is caused by eating Zombie Chevs

SAGITTARIUS
Use this week to reflect on the year. Take time to slow down and appreciate the memories. Soon enough you'll be moving back home, so go out as much as you can before your shitty summer job comes calling.
Daydream Prompt: Having a clean water bottle without having to wash it

PISCES
It's time to start planning your summer. Internships are cool and all, but try to ask your parents if you can do chores for a summer wage. At least then you can stay at home and eat the non-budget brands your parents buy.
Daydream Prompt: Lying on the beach in St Tropez

TAURUS
You're in dire need of a deodorant change. Wait it out in the supermarket aisle until someone who is at least 80 comes and then copy what they buy. You'll excel socially if you have that same comforting waft.
Daydream Prompt: Living in a 'Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs' type reality

CANCER
Screentime limits can't stop you. Even if you've tried tricking yourself that they can, everyone always sets their screentime password to 1111 and soon you'll be breaking through without thinking.
Daydream Prompt: Being able to afford cucumber for that TikTok recipe.

VIRGO
That little buzzing noise in your ear won't go away until you go to the casino and put a month's worth of rent on red. There's a 50/50 chance you'll be living like a king or having to move home - pretty good odds if you ask me.
Daydream Prompt: You are the coach of the All Blacks

SCORPIO
Those who read are 10x more likely to have huge cocks. Get to the library and get reading (or find a reader to test this out with.) You could even role play some of the scenes in the smuttiest books you find.
Daydream Prompt: Being able to breathe underwater, but only in the Leith River

CAPRICORN
Life has been getting you down lately, but the remedy is a bottle of Hennessy, a pack of Chesterfield Blues, and some grass to sit on while you consume all of it in 45 minutes. If you vomit, you must go back the next day and try again.
Daydream Prompt: Being back in the womb

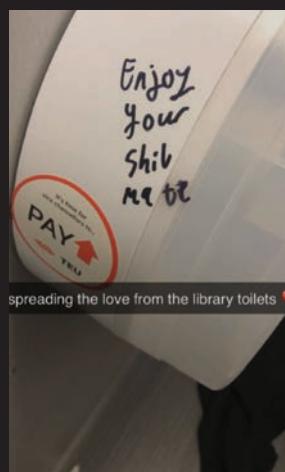
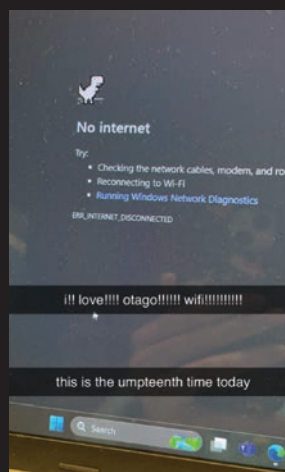
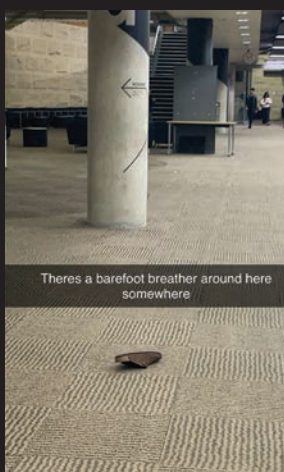
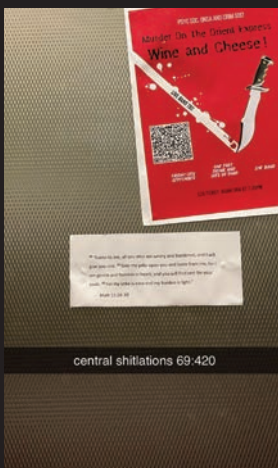
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

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Do you want to...

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Build a better student community?

Know what on earth is happening with a student bar?



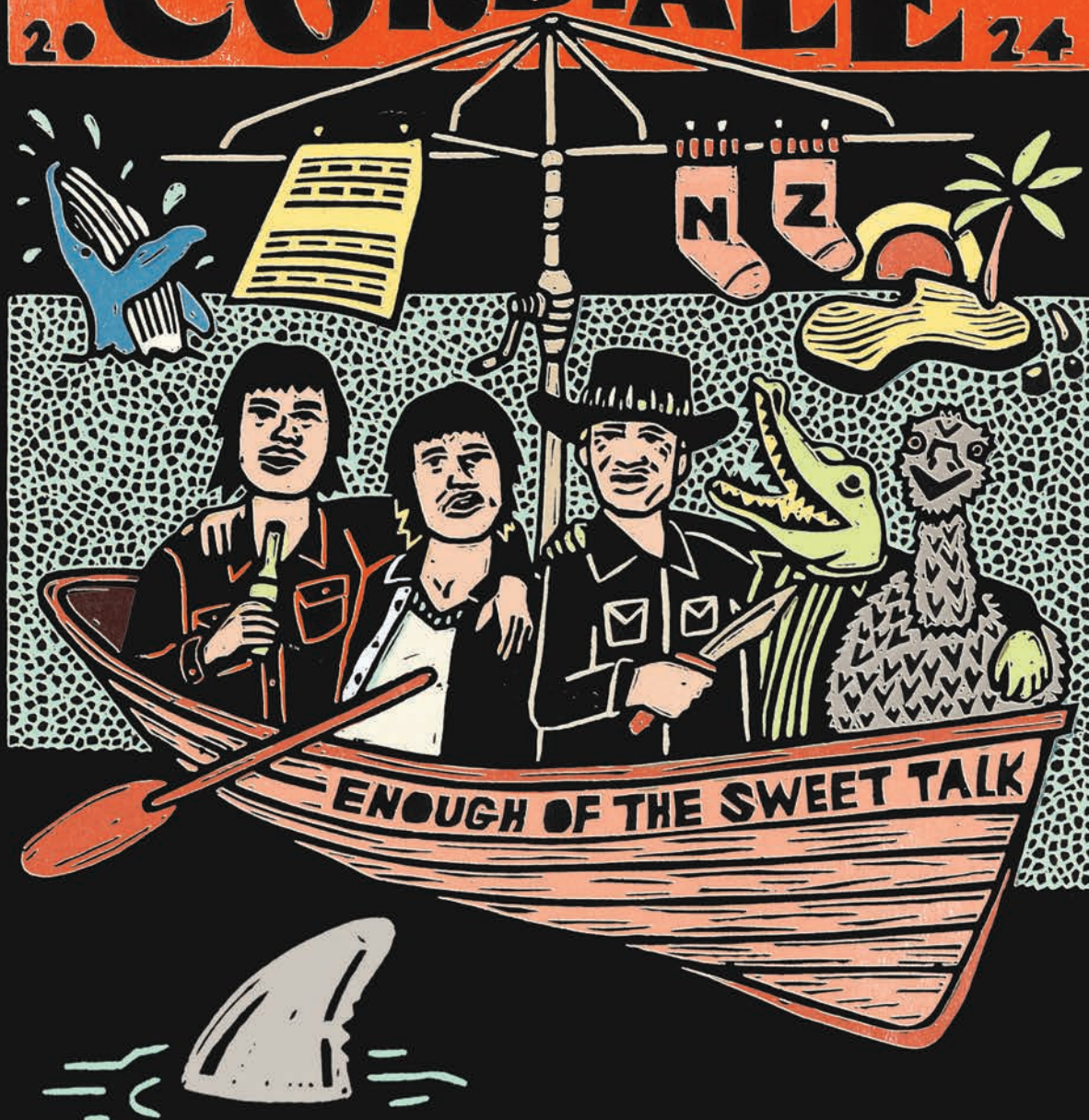
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