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THE FOOD ISSUE

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EDITORIAL: But why is the fun gone?!

Students can't seem to catch a fucking break. There's something in the water, and it's certainly not rum. Nothing alcohol-related, adjacent, or even slightly hinting at the A-word. That's a bad word now.

I'd like to start with the disclaimer that we're all aware of the harm that North D's binge-drinking and party culture has caused over the years. I am in no way trying to discredit the fantastic work that has gone into making Dunedin a safe place for students to live and make the most out of our time here.

No one is denying that harmful drinking behaviour runs rampant in the student populace of North Dunedin. Shit, my liver's seen its fair share. It isn't normal to sink four times the recommended weekly intake of alcohol four nights a week — but it's normal here. One of the only times students step outside of our booze-ridden bubbles to be reminded of this is when we're sent that follow-up text after a Student Health appointment with links to alcohol helplines — only to later laugh about it with mates over a bottle (each) of Jacob's Creek's finest.

But we are adults. For anyone who needs a refresher, once you turn 18 in Aotearoa, you are legally allowed to purchase and consume alcohol. Booze. Piss. Whatever you want to call it. And you are well within your rights to do so in the comfort of your own home that you pay rent for (or your parents, let's be real). If you want to fuck up your livers, that is your prerogative.

Online, there's been a wave of people making the choice to be sober, and all the power to you. I don't care. Your body; your choice. But for those of us who want to enjoy a well-earned box on a weekend after another relentless week balancing study and part-time work to keep our heads above the water amid a cost of living crisis, can we not be left alone to do so?

This is a rant that resurfaces every year in the Critic office as we approach St Paddy's Day. You can practically feel the hairs on your neck prickle with the encroachment of "adult" media creeping towards North Dunedin. They rub their hands together, ready to once again

incite boomer hatred towards students who are just trying to have some fucking fun. God forbid.

Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP) are stoking that fire this year. They plan to host an escorted walking tour of North Dunedin the day prior to hosting an alcohol and drug harm hui, so that their guests can see the "carnage" with their own eyes. SSDP may as well be selling fucking tickets. You call yourselves "students" for sensible drug policy, while treating your peers like circus freaks. Make it make sense.

SSDP were also leading the charge against Major Major giving away 30mL samples of the RTD at Tent City during O-Week — 30mL, with full permission, and with the police tent just ten metres away at most. Is your opinion of students so low that you think that they would have lined up however many times it took to feel the effects? If someone is that desperate for alcohol, they'd just go down the road to Eureka for a pint. Give us a little credit.

I appreciate that there are people involved in all this who genuinely have the interests of students in mind and want them to have a good and safe time. But after receiving the invite for the St Paddy's walking tour, I got mad — which is probably why I gave the go ahead for the since-cancelled Critic hosted boat race that I was later told would be in breach of regulations around drinking in public (soz).

The harm reduction hui itself I have nothing against. But students should be able to enjoy themselves without the paranoia of being spied on and judged by onlookers outside of the student community. The hangxiety will be punishment enough. So please, come find me on St Paddy's Day dressed as a big green Telly Tubby and join me as I flip-off our unwanted guests.

NINA BROWN



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LETTERS UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP For all booklovers, everywhere.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Hi Critic,

Students with Sensible Drug and Policy (SSDP) were on a bit of a tear in issue 3 and they've always been a bit of a mystery to me. I thought the quote from their president (Max) in Hugh's article where he called RTD's "sugar coated date rape in a can," was pretty unhinged, what overcame him to say that on the record escapes me. I wonder if SSDP's parent organisation knows he has such a potty mouth, which by the way is based in America and has just about nothing to do with New Zealand - kinda weird?

It didn't end there, they featured in the article aiding to fast track Residency's liquor license, when they opposed Auahi Ora and therefore the whole university's (incl. the staff club and Ubar) license to sell booze last year. Did we learn nothing from Eleven-Bar (SSDP opposed their license), should octagon business owners go through due process before being allowed to operate?

This brings me to their actual drug policy, their president featured in the ODT last week after they got a 'hang delivery service' shut down. In the article Max mentioned that he doesn't condemn or condone drug use, but then had the whole thing shut down with a few emails.

To summarise, they think RTD's are date-rape in a can, they love night clubs, hate uni beers, and got the nang guy shut down but also don't condemn drugs. Thank god it's not students for consistent drug policy (Hits Nang, Slaps Knee).

Peter

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

Hello Critic readers,

Please could you solve our flat conundrum. We are four menstruating girly pops (gender neutral) and would like to know how other flatters dispose of used sanitary products in their flat. Do you have a shared bin in the bathroom? Do you each dispose of your waste individually/separately? Do you scurry outside in the dead of night to put it directly in the wheelie bin?

Thank you for your help (please help) (we have been debating this for far too long),

Bloody Confused

Editor's response: I haven't had a period in four year since getting an iud so I'm probably not the best person to ask.

Read the article on neoliberalism and wrote this rant lol, enjoy.

Ignorance is bliss. Controversial take but after reading last week's article on neoliberalism and the protests of the 90s I think that that era is permanently dead. All of it.

The digital age has shifted the baselines so much since then that it isn't just apathy but ignorance to our local issues. People didn't run for OUSA out of a lack of interest in their university lives and the lives of their peers, they didn't even think about it to begin with. Being politically engaged takes work. It's draining. Global current events are being projected into our eyeballs at all times. The attention economy is so fucking oversaturated it's stunted our ability to care about what's right in front of us. Why even try? We're too collectively cucked by tiktoks and debt. What little brainpower we have left after lectures is dedicated to organising

the next sesh in the group chat. Modern coping mechanisms include doomscrolling, blowing your course related costs on a bag or googling how long you can survive on a noodle/goon diet.

Yeah, sure, there's probably a really important protest happening on the union lawn, but have you seen this account purely dedicated to rolling rocks down hills?

In the digital age ignorance is bliss.

Sincerely,

A doomer who needs to go touch grass.

Kia ora,

Last issue's letter of the week was in reply to whether or not landlords are culpable for flat initiations occurring on their properties. While I can't speak on that (though landlords in Dunners do suck extra hard), Doug did compare landlords banning initiations to the likes of "a flat rule that no parties or gatherings are allowed" — which would be ridiculous, right? Unfortunately, there are landlords in Dunedin that do try and ban parties. In my old flat on Howe Street, the landlords pinned rules on the notice board that "banned" indoor gatherings. This is actually fucking illegal, but a lot of the tenants didn't know it, and as those landlords owned lots of properties I'm sure others are in the same position. Your landlord cannot ban parties or gatherings. As a tenant, you are entitled to "quiet enjoyment" of your property, and your landlord can't pry unless you get complaints or damage property. If you catch this in your tenancy agreement or other docs, point it out!

Hey whanuk,

Love love love your guys mahi - its fabulous I love te ārohi. I just need you guys to choose a new person to write the horoscopes. whoever was channelling them early-mid 2022 got it. I know they were legit watching the stars & tapping into some higher/meta zodiac frequencies (I'm not sure if that's a thing but). whoever is telling me to go to the warehouse this wiki i think is finding our horoscopes from chatgpt? Is this a horoscope or someones last minute job before print day bc these vibrations r fucking with mine.

Contemplated not sending this in, because sort of being mean to someone who has put effort (?) into this column, but as about the mildest zodiac enthusiast you can get, te ārohi is the only time I seek out my week's destiny/vibration. It's gotta be good, or at least thoughtful.

If you don't agree, read Libra or Aquarius or Cancer or Pisces from this week. Gummonnnnn. Maybe we could find someone at the gypsy fair & throw them some nuts to send through theirs every week? Don't want to just criticise & leave... how can we FIX THIS.

love you guys,

Karen Virgo

Editor's response: You're right, there has been a changeover since our wizened old horoscope writer has left. A learning curve to be had, we'll take your aura reading onboard!

CORRECTIONS

'Know Your Stuff Finds a Bad Batch of MDMA': The line "His anger (at the shitheads lacing drugs)" was a misrepresentation of Max Phillip's words and tone. He clarified that he is not "angry" at drug dealers, even those who may choose to sell misrepresented drugs. While KnowYourStuffNZ (including Max) does not condone the sale of illicit substances, they also do not judge people for doing so. KnowYourStuffNZ recognises that drug policy is primarily to blame for the misrepresentation of drugs rather than individuals.

Dear Critic,

I feel like an insane person, mostly because of the crossword.

You see, I decide to be normal for a single day and do a crossword like old people and New Yorkers (???) do for fun. I sat down at 11 pm with a pencil in hand to relax and the next thing you know, it's 1am and I have an 8 am chem lecture the next morning and I am feeling intensely insane. I have finished most of the crossword save for four clues and I am this close to committing crimes (drinking milk out of the carton, drinking milk in general). I have NO CLUE what connects the clues together (galley doesn't work), I have NO CLUE what the OUSA president will accept (BRIBES?? PRAISE?? CHEESE?? LITTLE TREATS??), I have NO CLUE what another word for ZONES is, and I don't know what is 'like' most Dunners flats. I tried even scouring the Mariam Webster Dictionary didn't help (she tried her best and so did I.)

This is just a plea for me to say: RELEASE THE ANSWERS!!! PLEASE!!!! I already failed Connections today I don't need to fail Crosswords too. (I should probably spend more time studying lol but sh) Anyway, I'm sorry to sound deranged. I'm sure the person who made the crossword is a lovely person and I hope the poor editor who receives this email has a lovely day. But please. For my sanity, my poor sanity: release the answers.

Thanks,

A Cross Person

Editor's response: Lol sorry. You reminded us to publish issue 2's answers.

Graphic titled 'YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP' with various news snippets: SSDP event, Fringe Festival, Every morning meme, Me: puts on hand sanitizer, A cut I never knew existed, South Dunedin street festival, Got a tip? Seen a curry grenade, Critic Te Ārohi endorses lunch day, Clubs and Socs serve breakfast, Flating week by Student Support, TVNZ announced 68 staff could have their jobs cut.



Knife-wielding Vampire Robs Flat Count Raxula strikes!

By Sam Smith-Soppet & Hugh Askerud
Contributor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

On March 1st, someone posted photos to the Castle24 Facebook page of a guy sitting on the ground with a bleeding nose, surrounded by police. The post warned others that he'd been on a thieving spree in the neighbourhood before "the cops took him".

The burglar — who was allegedly midway through some form of blood-ritual in the flat and was described as a "fucked-up vampire" — absconded from the scene before attempting to steal a car from a neighbouring flat. The thief-turned-cultist was eventually caught by the flatties following a foot chase, physical altercation, and a moment of terror when a knife was pulled amidst the carnage.

The incident started with a startling message in the flat's group chat: "Some dude just robbed us." It was a shocking message, especially considering five of the flatties were home at the time.

Speaking to Critic Te Ārohi about the experience, Jackson remembers thinking, "Bro, there's five of us in here. What do you mean he robbed us." After hearing the news, Jackson took the initiative and scoured the area for the burglar.

He eventually found a young adult male sitting in a car, pouring water out of a bottle. Jackson recalled that one of the stolen items had been a Yoda drink bottle, making the mysterious figure in the car immediately suspect. Asking the man about any sightings, the only reply he got was, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry." The thief then proceeded to remain sitting in the car, ripping his vape.

After having a brief look through his backpack and finding all of his stuff, Jackson recalls trying to grab the bag. "He sees this, rips it out of my hands, jumps from the car and starts running and I'm like, 'Fuck, I've got to chase this boy down.'"

Jackson ran after him, eventually catching him in the carpark of Anzac Avenue Mobil — the one across the road from Emerson's. Managing to grab the bag back, he returned to his flat to go through it to redistribute the stolen belongings. After calling over the neighbouring flat, the thief returned — this time brandishing a knife that was also stolen from one of the neighbouring flats. "He's telling us that he'll fucking stab us, how he'll kill us, and that he's not from Earth. At that point, we all thought that something wasn't right."

After properly going through the bag of stolen items, the group managed to work out that the wannabe Nosferatu had stolen several bottles of wine and some candles (both of which were allegedly sourced from a church). The thief also informed the group that he had eaten "a whole bag of nutmeg" beforehand — usually a spice, but in larger quantities acting as a hallucinogenic.

"So we were like, 'oh he's fucked,'" said Jackson. "He had also drunk two bottles of wine that he had stolen from the church, he had chugged some of my Hennessy, like he was fucked up."

After the boys had managed to settle the thief and check the bag's contents, a policeman arrived on the scene. At this point, the thief allegedly "went ballistic," with Jackson telling Critic Te Ārohi, "He starts screaming about how he was trying to kill some Christians and trying to murder everyone." Bold in the presence of a police officer.

Eventually, Jackson said that a much larger group of police turned up to deal with the situation. Police confirmed to Critic Te Ārohi that they were called to the address just before 3pm, determining that it was a "mental-health related incident."

After returning to their flat, the boys realised that they hadn't checked the whole building for missing items and endeavoured to check the rest of the house. "We opened the upstairs bathroom and there were candles everywhere. Two more bottles of wine and a pool of blood were on the floor and we're like, 'What the fuck?' One of our flatmates had just had a shower before we came in so we knew that wasn't there."

Allegedly, the burglar was under the impression that he was some form of extra-terrestrial vampire. In service of this idea, the individual had taken to gouging into his own arm for the purpose of drinking the blood from it, forcing a police officer to restrain his movement. "We were all terrified because he was cutting himself properly, the cops had to put a glove on and hold his arm together. The entire time he was fighting the cop just so that he could drink his own blood." Jackson also reported that the thief's justification for the intrusion was that he was "trying to get blood on his own" because "the supermarket wouldn't sell him blood because he didn't have money."

Critic is both worried for this brother, and for the people he meets.

Initiations Meet Their Maker in the Proctor's Office

Ahh, if it isn't the consequences of my own actions

By Harriette Boucher
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

What do you get when you cross a duck, a goldfish, and an eel with copious amounts of alcohol and 'sufficient evidence'? Suspension and community service. 58 students from the University of Otago and three from Te Pūkenga have lived to tell — or rather not tell — the tales of what happens when you get in trouble.

Last year's flat initiations caused an uproar, with headlines circling the media that painted a picture of Dunedin far removed from the pristine scenes on Open Day pamphlets. Now, students are grappling with something more daunting than initiations: repercussions. If you've been involved in an initiation, whether as the initiator or initiate, then you may have heard the whispers and rumours of the consequences that can unfold.

Critic Te Ārohi was unsuccessful in our attempts to get comments from the students involved (fair enough), so we spoke to the Proctor, Dave Scott, to find out what happened. According to the Proctor, the majority of students were assigned between 40 and 60 hours of community service. Others were not so lucky, receiving stern "final warnings", and "a number of students received an exclusion and some students withdrew voluntarily before that outcome was reached." A last act of pride before the curtain fell.

Both initiators and initiates were targeted by the punishments, with the Proctor telling Critic Te Ārohi that, "The Code of Conduct is clear that all involved are in breach. Hosts, however, are often held to a higher level of account as they control the event."

"It is worth noting that such events occur on private property occupied by adults. The Student Conduct Statute works the same as New Zealand law, in that there needs to be sufficient evidence present to make a finding against any student." The Proctor said he had noted remorse from some of the students, but not all. Critic suggests a new (do we even have one now?) university motto: "Initiate change, not freshers!"

The Proctor went on to say, "If we are to see a change, it needs to be student-led [...] We also work with our residential colleges with a particular focus on first-year students to make them aware that this is not something they should participate in. It is frustrating that despite all of this work, these events continue."

For many students, initiations are perceived as a long-standing tradition. But according to the Proctor, this is not the case: "Students say it's been around for 50, maybe 100 years. It's not, it's maybe 15 years old." However, he says it's only getting worse. "There is an element year on year of host flats trying to outdo what occurred the year before, which is concerning. The University does everything it can to prevent such events and educate students about why they should not be held."

In previous statements on the issue, the Proctor has expressed his concerns that "one of these events will result in serious harm or a death."



Critic Te Ārohi is polling Otago tertiary students on their views on Palestine/Israel. In order for our reporting to be as accurate as possible, we need every student to fill it out than can.

It's 100% anonymous, Sign-in only prevents people from responding more than once. If you haven't filled it out — please do! For those who feel they are uninformed, there is an 'unsure' option on every question. That information is just as important to collect.

The more responses, the more accurate our reporting is. Please share with friends, flatmates, teammates, co-workers — any student group or community you're a part of — so their views can be counted for.



U-Bar Takes the Sword to Pint Night Line Inequality

Born to drink, forced to queue

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



Management at U-Bar is taking a stand against inequality in the Pint Night line. The call for action comes after reports that wait times could be over an hour long late last year. In their battle against lines that haunt students' nightmares, U-Bar will extend its opening hours on Wednesday nights — along with a host of other measures.

Gauging the extent of the problem, Critic Te Ārohi spoke to U-Bar manager Adrian Lowry, who admitted that, "At the start of the night it can look pretty bad." While he said that it's "a nice problem to have from a bar perspective [...] we can only take 390 people at once." Hence, when they reach capacity, the line "can just halt."

That halting is the problem. Security is forced to abide by a one-in-one-out policy after capacity is reached, and are surprisingly immune to your bribe of a hoon on the vape. Competition is immense, with packed lines and frequent line-cutting leading security down the path of "tough choices," as OUSA President Keegan Wells lamented.

Critic Te Ārohi received reports (slurred complaints) that security reshuffled barriers on February 28th, thinning the line by kicking half of those near the front to the curb. Additional reports from last year have cited instances of the line tipping in a domino-like fashion after security attempted to push back the jostling mass.

As a Pint Night devotee, Keegan shared her thoughts on the conundrum. She chooses to view the line as a "terrarium of the student experience." To this degree, Keegan argued that the increased rate of injustice within the line was a reflection of greater divides within the student body. Spoken like a true politician.

But she didn't see this line inequality as a bad thing. In fact, she has a history of lobbying for post-graduate students to have greater Pint Night line privileges in previous OUSA election campaigns. Keegan argued that "part of the experience of Pint Night is also the line." Caught in reverie, Keegan regaled tales of her youth spent playing ultimate frisbee in the line, only snapping from her trance to apologise to a friend she "hit that one time."

Despite Keegan's comments insinuating that the Pint Night line inequality may be somewhat justified, U-Bar is taking steps to rectify the issue. Primarily, U-Bar is set to open earlier, with the possibility of a 7:00pm start on the horizon. The policy was trialled on February 28th when the bar opened at 8:30pm (rather than 9pm) to great success. The idea of a "soft close" is also set to be employed. Instead of being booted out the door at the end of the night's final act, the bar will close and anonymous DJ tunes will slowly usher you out in your own time.

U-Bar is also changing how they approach the year more broadly, with Adrian telling Critic, "We would like to replicate the success of Pint Night over other nights of the week." To do this, U-Bar is trialling an 'Open Mic Night' every second Tuesday to account for the venue's demand. As well as giving the student community another night of bangers, the Tuesday event will also act as a space for budding musos to hone their acts and potentially book a Pint Night gig.

The promised land of Pint Night awaits both queue frothers and guitar twangers after U-Bar's recent changes.



Hayward Accuses Critic Food Reviewers of Subterfuge

The food was "meh"

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



Critic Te Ārohi spent the past couple of weeks reviewing every hall of residence's food — some with permission, but largely as undercover freshers. It went well for the most part, until News Editor Hugh and Features Editor Iris had their covers blown at Hayward, and Critic was put firmly in its place by Hayward Warden Amber Robertson. Read on as we spill the tea.

"On Friday evening, Iris and I were attempting the impossible: to knock off two halls in one go," said Hugh. "Cumberland was good [...] a lot of security but we managed to sneak our way past it with a subtle flash of the media pass. Generally good cheer all around over there."

They made their way over to Hayward afterwards, "feeling rather proud of ourselves, quite smug admittedly. We sauntered in, and this place is tiny — it's like a hallway pretty much — so we're getting looks pretty much straight away. But, you know, we're not rookies at this point. We knew what we were dealing with." The pair snagged a dinner of pizza and chips. "It was okay [...] good chips, but overall kinda meh."

Hugh then spotted a friend of his, an RA who was an old workmate. "I told her what we were doing, let her in on the secret," to which she apparently gave 'team Critic vibes'. "So yeah, we were pretty happy with ourselves sitting down. But our biggest mistake was we sat alone in the middle of the room, attracting the glances of everyone."

And it all went downhill from there. Critic was approached "like halfway through our meals" by the Assistant Warden asking who they were, to which we answered honestly. "He told us to sign out on the way out and he was kind of a pretty chill dude. Good vibes from him. But then it ramped up a bit when the Warden came over maybe thirty seconds later, and she just kind of tore us a new one," said Hugh.

Hayward Warden Amber's response to our media inquiry accused us of subterfuge. "Immediately after the attempts, the reaction was surprise and disappointment at the elements of subterfuge. We would expect reporters to be upfront and transparent with us before entering the premises and helping themselves to meals without prior arrangement or paying," read her response. She

then cited principle 9 of the New Zealand Media Council laws, something Critic Te Ārohi probably should have known about. It's a pretty solid policy which suggests that information obtained by dishonest means is not permitted, unless there is an overriding public interest.

As they were confronted in the dining hall, Iris said that she tried to explain that "to be able to review properly we needed to see what the freshers are getting, to be able to make it authentic and get a legitimate review of hall food. Not like, how well a hall hosts Critic, but how well do freshers eat on a random day?"

In response to Hayward's claims of subterfuge, Iris said, "That's bad in journalism unless there's a legitimate reason, a justifiable reason. I think that, for the purpose of the review, that's a justifiable reason."

Looking back on the situation, Hugh acknowledged, "It was a bit of a shitty thing for us to do, but also, in the circumstances, we were being treated harsher than someone who would routinely sneak into another hall would." He continued to argue that, "If you're a warden, I feel like you can acknowledge that it happens quite often [...] It wasn't really making a dent, what we were doing."

Hugh admitted, "I understand her frustrations, and it was good that she kind of stood up to defend the hall." It did create "a bit of a scene [...] There were obviously already a few looks floated in our direction, but after she piped up we could feel all the eyes."

"We sort of just got scared and ran off," said Hugh. "Like, fair enough. But it is one of those things where, you know, we're 20 years old and just doing fun things [in] the pursuit of journalism. It's pretty harmless. I do understand, but pretty harmless I'd say"

Iris and Hugh lamented that in their haste to get the fuck out of there, they "forgot to do the exact instructions that the assistant warden told us" of signing out and paying for their meals. Hayward responded "yes" to our questions over whether they would accept our apologies and offer of a bank transfer for the meals eaten, which Critic plans to do once we're sent an account number. The hall will accept the delivery of Critic's food issue containing the food review.

Student Journalists Restricted (And Then Not) From Parliament

Critic reports on a press pass we weren't even aware existed

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

Student journalists cried for blood across the motu last week after Speaker of the House Gerry Brownlee revoked the Aotearoa Student Press Association's (ASPAs) access to Parliament's Press Gallery. Critic Te Ārohi joined in with the masses (despite not having been aware of what a press pass was, let alone that we had one to be taken away).

Salient, Victoria Uni's student magazine, penned an open letter to Brownlee on March 4th in protest of the decision that was signed by all members of ASPA — including yours truly. Two days after the letter was sent, Salient received a reply from Brownlee agreeing to grant Salient swipe card access into Parliament and the Press Gallery which would expire in three months.

Ethan Rogacion, Salient's News Co-Editor, who was sadly rebuffed by the big boys at the Speaker's office, explained to Critic what went down.

It started when Ethan attempted to undergo a "pretty routine process" of renewing the ASPA press pass. It had been held by Salient on behalf of the association for ten years. Salient was met with radio silence for over a month before finding out on February 27th that their request had been rejected. Ethan told Critic, "The Speaker of the House had called for the removal, citing security concerns."

In the open letter penned to Brownlee, Salient's editor Phoebe Robertson gave voice to some of the consequences of the decision, stating, "You are effectively silencing our voices and limiting our ability to fulfil our role as watchdogs of democracy." Building on this point, Robertson highlighted that "the timing of the ASPA denying press passes coincides with the news that Newshub is shutting down, greatly reducing the number of journalists permitted in Parliament. This endangers democracy as there will be fewer reporters available to hold politicians accountable."

Link Gets a Glow-Up

It's giving farmers market vibes

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

The Link is about to look like the Dunedin Farmers Market after getting a glow up which will leave microwave-lovers and OUSA clubs rejoicing. The University is partway through constructing a quasi-kitchen for the area, as well as opening up space for a series of groups to open stalls during allocated lunchtime slots. There's so much to do, why even bother going into the library?

Critic Te Ārohi spoke to Martin Jones, the Union's operations manager, who outlined the proposed changes. We forgot to bring our voice recorder so the details are hazy, but Martin told us that the kitchen would include significant bench space, a sink, a boiling water tap, and 6-9 microwaves (he took great care to emphasise the microwave aspect). Progress on the kitchen has only recently started and is projected to be finished in the upcoming months.

In addition to increased kitchen space, a series of lockers are being cleared out to create an alcove which will serve as an area for club stalls to set up camp. Martin proposed that the space would be let out to students for free at times when the Link got busy. To this degree, they would have the opportunity to

Salient were on the warpath — what else would the capital-based student mag report on? Students? Ethan told Critic, "We're looking to keep applying pressure to make him reverse it [...] right now we are classified as press but don't have the same rights as anyone else. It's not really a thing that's happened before." Salient's battle cries have been heralded by Chris Bishop, who was allegedly "confused" by the decision upon hearing about the incident at Vic's clubs day. Chloe Swarbrick has also looked to raise the issue with parliamentary services.

Brownlee's response cleared things up. He elaborated that the "security concerns" were raised in August last year when the Parliamentary Security Committee reported on areas of concern regarding the "very large number of persons who hold access passes [...]. My only concern is access to Parliament. As you'll be aware, we have screening facilities at Parliament similar to airports. It takes about 40 seconds to go through the screening process. Access cards bypass this and also allow limited access to other parts of the complex."

He pointed out that for those reasons, the "issuing of cards is currently on hold" which "doesn't stop Salient coming into the Parliament or attending Post Cab press conferences as that occurs on the same floor as the security screening process."

In a press release after Brownlee's response, Salient stated that Brownlee initially told Salient that "staff would be able to access the precinct, but would need to go through security and would not have swipe access restored. However, in another call [...] the Speaker indicated that, because swipe access would be needed to get to certain areas of Parliament where press events may be held, he is granting Salient a swipe card which will expire in three months, pending the outcome of his review."

"Salient welcomes this decision, which allows us to more easily access politicians, and do the important journalistic work that only student publications are able to."

advertise their club or even sell products within the Link.

The recent addition of food stations outside Cafe Albany has further contributed to the marketplace vibe that Martin and the team are going for. Most recently established has been 'The Rolling Taco', a cosy Mexican food stall selling \$5 tacos (cheaper than Amigos' \$6 Taco Tuesday deal). Justice, a worker at the stall, told Critic that things had been "pretty steady" since opening. "Staff and students are loving it [...] chilled vibes." Proving that Justice wasn't lying through her teeth, student Charlotte said, "I love it!"

At the news of the further proposed changes, Charlotte said that "they all sound like really good additions and will help a lot to manage the [microwave] lines," which can get pretty long according to Cafe Albany staff member Joanna. "At lunchtime, it can get pretty bad queuing up for the 2-3 microwaves around the place so hopefully this will make it easier," she said.

Proposed changes will take place gradually in the area.

Opinion: Shit's Really Going Downhill for Student Journalism

By **Monty O'Rielly**
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

The sentiment that journalism is dying is thrown around so often that it seems a tired subject at this point. It's treated as an inevitable. Last week's report that Newshub, one of our major media sources in Aotearoa, is being forced to close was surprising but banal. It was merely another death in a string of casualties. Just one week following, news broke that TVNZ is set to lay off staff as well, with employees being told to check their emails on Thursday, March 7th to see if they had been cut. Around the same time, the ASPA press gallery pass to Parliament was denied, discrediting student journalism as a plausible medium for political news.

As both large-scale news sources and student magazines face continued impediments to their reporting, what is the future of media for students, as both the creator and consumer?

After Newshub's closure, Aotearoa will be left with only one major TV news source in the form of government-owned TVNZ. To quote journalist David Farrier, "This is both sort of embarrassing and worrying: who is going to hold the government-owned broadcaster to account? Who will keep it on its toes?" What's even more interesting is how this Newshub-sized vacuum will be filled.

In recent years, we have seen the increased notoriety of conspiracy-aligned, right-wing news sources such as 'Reality Check Radio' (RCR). This station emerged from the anti-vaxxer movement and describes itself as an "oasis of rational thought in an age of cancel-culture, censorship, and false narratives." RCR has interviewed both white nationalists linked to the Christchurch terror attacks and sitting government ministers, including ACT's David Seymour and NZ First's Winston Peters. Worryingly, fringe media sources such as RCR are being depended upon and trusted at face value, even by the people who lead our country. As funding is cut for accurate and fair investigative journalism, people are forced to rely upon alternative media sources who have the freedom to spread misinformation should they please.

This is not to say that we should ignore all smaller media outlets. On the other side of the coin, you have student magazines like Critic Te Ārohi, who benefit just as much as those on the far-right. Providing solid reporting is hard, however, when our ability to report on issues is being actively restricted by the

Rob Roy Dairy For Sale

Now's the time to try the four scoop cone

By **Gryffin Powell**
News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Rob Roy is for sale. Harcourts listed the historic building on their website on Feb 21, calling it "an icon of the local dairy and ice cream scene."

Critic Te Ārohi swung by Rob Roy and had a yarn to owner Liz Watson, who was forced awake before 6:30am (after a big night at the Pink concert) to do a TV interview. Critic came round at the much more respectable hour of 11am. Liz told us, "It's been 16 years, 7 day business, a lot of hours but there will be aspects that I will miss."

"The dairy wouldn't be the same without [the students], I wouldn't have introduced the ice cream parlor if it wasn't for the students and this area," she said. The business reportedly had a

government. If both the government and private companies cannot be trusted to support journalism, then they must entrust others with reporting on political issues. By taking away our power as student magazines to report on such issues, the government is shielding itself from any part of democracy that could negatively affect them. This is made glaringly apparent by the fact that we have government leaders who would rather be interviewed by a radio station that gives a white supremacist the time of day than allow student journalism access to the information and resources they need to investigate political issues.

Critic Te Ārohi is the Otago student voice. Look around campus on a Monday morning: how many people stand waiting for their lectures reading Critic? How many friends do you know with Critic walls, sticking up the centrefolds as a show of Otago pride? If student magazines are being overlooked — being seen as fluff not deserving of 'hard' political issues — what does that mean for the future of democracy? If we are unable to properly report on parliamentary issues, how can we, as arguably the main source of news for the student population, be expected to inform students of issues that impact them now and in the future?

We make up an important percentage of the population that does not deserve to be ignored. We have a right within our democracy to be informed of issues that concern us. Now, more than ever, is a time when students should have access to the news. The cost of living crisis heavily impacts students; our universities are having their funding stripped away; we are the next generation of home buyers who are being screwed over by biased policies that turn a blind eye to our needs. We should have the political spotlight on us but are instead being pushed off stage as our access to media is limited.

This week's spiralling series of events, from the closure of Newshub, to the announced job losses at TVNZ, and the removal of ASPA's press gallery pass, perfectly illustrate the lack of concern for journalism in contemporary New Zealand. Not only is it concerning for our democratic society as a whole, but it's really badly fucking over students and their ability to be informed about decisions which may impact their future. All journalism is under threat in Aotearoa New Zealand. No one is safe.

one million dollar yearly turnover prior to the COVID-19 pandemic. You don't need a BComm to know that's a lot of \$3 ice cream scoops — seems like a pretty solid investment if you've got a spare million.

In case the deal wasn't sweet enough already (heh), the complex includes a tenanted two-bedroom flat, carpark, and small storage shed. Yes, buying Rob Roy dairy would technically make you a landlord but then again: unlimited ice cream.

Rob Roy will continue standard business while it's up for sale. Keep an eye out for changes in the coming months. The building has the capacity to be converted from its original function — maybe even into a student bar?



Unfair how you gave it to your good mate

44m Replv

14

OUSAs TikToker Accused of Rigging Giveaway

GRWM as I rig O-Week events (jk)

By Angus Rees

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

The OUSA marketing team's TikTok content creator Amber Harrison has been slammed by commenters after giving away a Hybrid Minds double pass to her ex-flatmate. A series of extremely avid Hybrid Minds fans have protested the giveaway, alleging a conspiracy designed by the TikTok-famous Amber.

After the TikTok showcasing the giveaway was posted, Critic Te Arohi received a lengthy email from one student (who wanted to remain anonymous so she wouldn't get visited by the OUSA hitman) describing it as "reprehensible behaviour." She noted that she wasn't alone in her outrage, saying, "I was absolutely shocked to see around four comments (the top one with nearly 30 likes!!!!) calling out the OUSA member for rigging the giveaway [...] but the next time I checked back I was appalled to see that the comments had been turned off on the video!!! Cheeky!!!"

You may recognise Amber from her TikTok account which deals with the highs and lows of student life, boasting over 4k followers (more than Critic's, we still need to ask the old editor for its

login details). The flatmate who won the double pass is also an influencer. Repeated criticisms of OUSA's "TikTokification" have reached Critic's desk. A TikTok-spiracy is afoot, according to a series of students.

Critic reached out to OUSA (well, we walked across the hall) to search for an answer. In explaining the team's process, marketing manager Ingrid Roding said, "Initially, we conducted surveys among people waiting in line at Tent City BBQ to inquire about their familiarity with Hybrid and determine a winner. Surprisingly, at least five people declined knowledge of Hybrid. Interestingly, the lady we ultimately featured turned out to be the first person who knew about Hybrid and also happened to be a friend of our TikTok creator."

Ingrid said that "considering the connection," the tickets were passed on by the winner to two exchange students. After hearing this news, the anonymous emailer said, "I'm still sus about it."

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TUMUAKI OF TE ROPU MAORI

Gemella Reynolds-Hatem



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ousa



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CROSSWORD

Crossword rules:

Multi-word answers are indicated by a (*)

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

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

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

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

ACROSS

1 *One role played by all four highlighted men

5 The relationship shared by 1A and 17A, perhaps?

9 Web code

10 Branch of Islam

11 Ng uruhoe's Hollywood name

12 If 16D saw a miracle, they'd call it an ___ (3)

14 *First name of a former NZ Prime Minister

15 Latte option

17 1A's partner

18 Explosive Italian mountain

19 Katniss volunteers to save her but then starts a revolution that ends up killing her anyway, thereby defeating the point of the entire Hunger Games series

21 Hogwarts summon

23 Thai currency

24 Hitchcock thriller

25 Aubergine

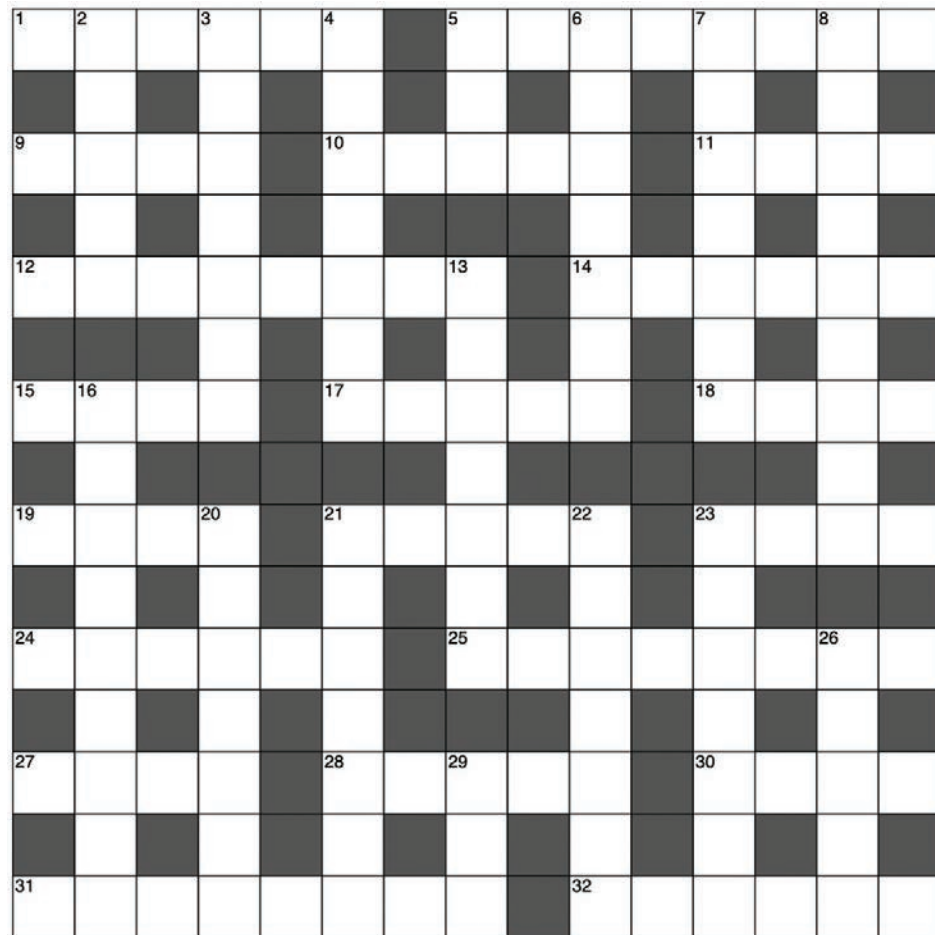
27 Flaky mineral

28 Rwandan, but not Hutu

30 Actress Kendrick

31 One type of 16D

32 Home of 1A



DOWN

2 Storage area

3 Piopiotahi, by its other name

4 Diet soda variety (2)

5 *Scottish prefix for "mount"

6 A Covid variant

7 Common podcast advertisement sponsor

8 Uncommon Dorito variety

13 Cumberland St flat

16 *A certain type of follower

20 *Office boss

21 Smelly, but in a good way

22 Continuous

23 Ship's counterweight

26 Star-thrower

29 Sn, on the periodic table

ISSUE 2 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 9. RATIO 10. INCORRECT 11. WARLOCK 12. COMPASS 13. SMURFETTE 15. AREAS 16. IN BLOOM 19. MATINEE 21. GHOST 22. UNLIVABLE 25. LASAGNA 27. CATFISH 30. ELM STREET 31. CLEAN

DOWN: 1. CROW 2. STARYU 3. POGO 4. TICKET 5. ICE CREAM 6. DRUM 7. CESAREAN 8. STASIS 13. SKI 14. FLOAT 15. ACTIV 17. BLOSSOMS 18. MAUNAKEA 20. EYE 21. GOLDEN 23. LOCATE 24. BRIBES 26. GATE 28. TACO 29. HIND

SUDOKU

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EASY

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

MEDIUM

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

HARD

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

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images





HOW TO SEASON THE RICH

By Monty O'Rielly
Illustrated by Lucia Brown

When the revolution comes, the proletariat has been freed, and the wealthy Kiwis that sucked us dry have been rounded up, we will be left with one divisive question – how exactly do we eat the rich? Critic Te Ārohi has a modest proposal on unique ways to prepare our homegrown bourgeois.

HARD-BOILED EGG

CHRISTOPHER LUXON

As the top dog, it seems only fitting to eat Luxon for breakfast. Not only because it is the most important meal of the day, but because preparing the PM in the AM will aid in confusing him. Start by placing him in hot water (as if he weren't already). Wait six minutes – or roughly the time it takes him to speak a single sentence – then drain, like our natural resources. Luxon truly is Aotearoa's very own Daddy Warbucks, here to get our country bacon track, or whatever. That is, unless we have something to say about it. Crack the top off his egg-shaped head, splitting him neatly like the left vote. Watch out, though; this egg owns seven houses worth a total of 21 million dollars. But hey, if a taxpayer-funded supplement is involved, he may claim to be barn-raised instead of free range.

Pair with: Sliced and toasted Winston Peters and David Seymour (cutting off their upper crusts). Wash down with an Air New Zealand lolly.



TAFFIED

KIM DOTCOM

Whether or not Kim Dotcom belongs on this list is up for debate, though we seem unable to rid this man from our collective consciousness after he paid his way into a New Zealand citizenship. Kim and his \$35 million rural Auckland mansion seem to have stuck to our country's memory like a semi-forgotten lolly melted into a jacket pocket – occasionally resurfacing when something slimy goes down, but mostly fading into the sugary recesses. To match his sticky tendencies, he can be stretched, sugared and melted into an unbranded, non-infringing candied foodstuff. Next, extradite to someone's pocket on a hot summer's day.

Pair with: A sticky keyboard.





STEWED PETER JACKSON

As the fourth highest grossing filmmaker of all time, Peter Jackson is perhaps the most famous wealthy person in New Zealand — therefore deserving of special treatment. The Lord of the Rings films offers a buffet of Peter-themed options; a whole three-course trilogy of a meal, though it will mostly be tasteless filler (extended version). He's so versatile: boil him, mash him, stick him in a stew. Shit, if we really stretch it we might have enough for a second breakfast. Peter Jackson will truly provide for the masses.

Pair with: Lembas bread.



MINCED MAD BUTCHER

Sir (yes, sir) Peter Charles Leitch – AKA The Mad Butcher – is one of Aotearoa's most iconic businessmen. His face is plastered all over the country, providing us with locally grown, semi-reasonably priced meat. We at Critic Te Ārohi want Sir Butcher to be able to continue his passion of providing meat to Kiwis, and suggest enlisting one of his well-trained (and hopefully well-paid) butchers to make some lovely 100% NZ-grown sausages for us. A true kiwi delicacy to be enjoyed as we bask in a post-revolutionary world. You can't beat the cost of living crisis.

Pair with: The cheapest white bread you can find, coated in tomato sauce and fried onions.

While the name Bob Jones might not mean much to our generation, just ask your parents and they'll enlighten you on the political activities of our country's 10th wealthiest man. With such fun opinions as suggesting Waitangi Day be renamed 'Māori Gratitude Day', it's only fitting we show Bob Jones just how grateful we really are. By grating him to a pulp. In 1985, Bob Jones was fishing in Taupo when he was interrupted by a reporter, who he then punched in the face. After being fined \$1000 for assault, he asked the judge if he could pay \$2000 to do it again. As journalism is currently under attack, Critic takes this personally, and suggests that this special, special man be grated, filleted, and then grated again, creating a nutritious chum to feed back to the fishes. Thanks Bob, you're a real catch.

Pair with: A nice squeeze of lemon.

FILLETED BOB JONES



VINTAGE BLEND BRIAN TAMAKI

Every natural disaster, Destiny's Church leader Brian Tamaki graces our screens to remind you – yes, you – that you're personally responsible for the tragedy. Especially if you are queer, take contraceptives, or masturbate. As Tamaki's many tax-exempt charities beg his followers for tithings, Tamaki is known to live an extravagant lifestyle. When confronted on his luxurious residence, he responded that "jealousy is part of the promotion of God," so in preparing Tamaki he should be kept in alignment with this promotion. Similar to how Jesus' blood is turned into wine, Tamaki will be fermented in an oak cask of our finest and gayest rosé. The rich and bitter tasting notes of our 2024 Tamaki blend will only be enjoyed by a select few sinners.

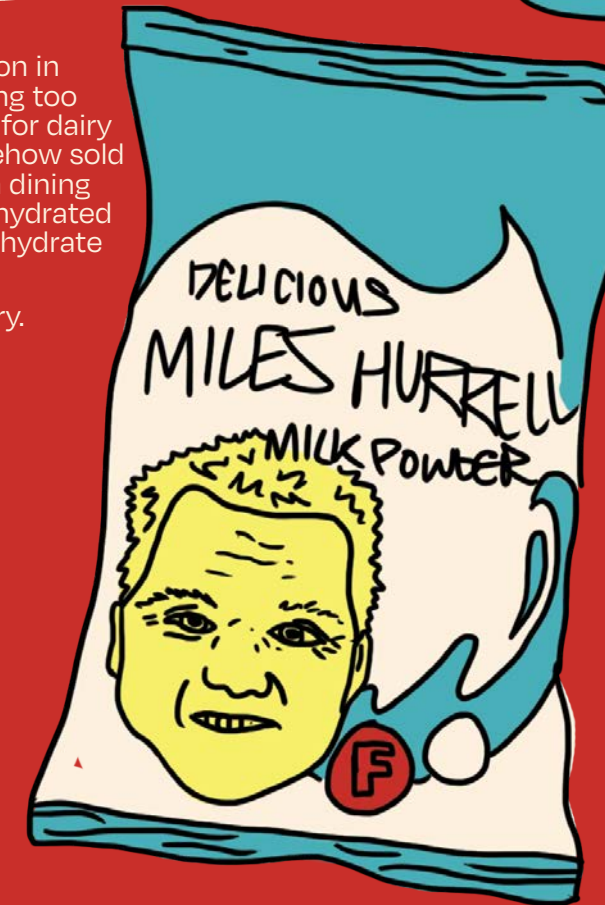
For best results: Imbibe while masturbating.



POWDERED MILES HURRELL

With the New Zealand dairy industry generating \$25.7 billion in exports, big wigs like Fonterra CEO Miles Hurrell aren't doing too poorly. Most of this milk goes to China, our largest market for dairy products, while locally a block of Mainland cheese is somehow sold at \$17.50, forcing cheddar-hungry flatters to sneak it from dining halls by the fistful. As such, Miles Hurrell is best served dehydrated and shipped halfway across the world as baby formula. Rehydrate with a glass of our polluted water.

Pair with: The rotting carcass of our sheep farming industry.



FROM HANGI TO HIPPA

Navigating
Soul Food in
Studentville



In the cutthroat world of student survival, where the budget is as tight as our jeans after gaining the infamous fresher five, planning for the week ahead can be a real challenge. Particularly so when it's your turn to put on a hākari and you're not sure which dish will impress the flatties. Much like pineapple on pizza, kaimoana can be a hit or miss for some, especially on our student budgets. But fret not, Critic Te Ārohi has you covered with some of the hearty classics.

By Heeni Koero Te Rerenoa (Sky)
Ngāti Hine, Ngāti Wai

Illustrated by
Aria Tomlinson

He Te Kōhūa | Boil-Up

Boil-up has long served as the ultimate comfort food — a heartwarming soup that unites generations, and it deserves its own spotlight. So, what ingredients make for a stellar boil-up and which are better left to frolic elsewhere? The most common formula consists of pork, pūhā, watercress, and doughboys, but there's always room for more! If you're keen on a cheaper feed, most are no stranger to a pack of cheap saussies, so chuck 'em on in. Boil-up is far from a luxury meal, though you may get a look or two if you whip out the T sauce. Important: the longer it simmers, the better. Build-ups = better boil-up.

He Parāoa Parai | Fried Bread

Ah, fried bread — the crispy, golden companion that elevates every meal. But what toppings are worthy of this sacred sidepiece? The most popular combos to impress a crowd consist of (real) butter and golden syrup, Nutella and banana, or even a classic bacon and egg combo — these are the champions of fried bread pairings. Keep it classy, and your fried bread will be a star attraction.

He Ika Mata | Raw Fish

In the great conundrum of student survival, an unsung hero emerges in the form of ika mata, raw fish, the truest champion of the broke and hungry. Originating from the Cook Island region, this ika mata graciously offers an escape from the colourlessness of instant noodles and budget-friendly mystery meats. Once dubbed the 'fishy saviour', ika mata showcases raw fish marinated in a zesty combination of coconut cream, lime, and fresh vegetables, transforming the mundane into a tropical delight. Move over ramen, there's a new budget-friendly delicacy in town, swimming circles around your bland noodle empire.

Hupa Kaimoana | Seafood Chowder

In a world where instant gratification often trumps quality, seafood chowder serves as a testament to the enduring appeal of slow-cooked comfort food. Imagine a hearty bowl filled with a symphony of ocean delights, dancing in a creamy broth that whispers tales of affordability and leftovers. Forget the bland budget-busting meals, seafood chowder is here to redefine student sustenance, not just as a feast for the senses but a savvy financial move; proof that deliciousness need not be sacrificed on the altar of frugality.

Rēwana | Leavened Bread

Forget avocado on sourdough; it's time for a rēwana revolution. This humble bread, born from ancient traditions, is not just a side dish, but a necessity. If you can crack the recipe, that is. A bug or sourdough starter is first made from fermented potato or kūmara, and though this takes some time it's well worth it — as with all good soul food, a little goes a long way.

Hāngī | Earth Oven/Air Fryer

You know you're in the South Island when you can't buy a \$10 hāngī on the side of the road, so the next best thing is to make it at home. The traditional and highly popularised method of cooking in large quantities (once described by Gordon Ramsey as the "primitive pressure cooker") may not be the most realistic method on your concrete lawn, so the air fryer will just have to do. For ingredients, root vegetables like kūmara, potatoes and pumpkin are a dirty trio, absorbing those earthy, smoky flavours like culinary sponges. Don't forget to roll up some stuffing with enough butter to give you a heart attack, and raid the freezer for whatever protein you have lying around. Feel free to be creative but anything too delicate or prone to turning to mush should probably stay out of the earth oven.

Whether you're embracing the raw allure of ika mata or indulging in the creamy comforts of seafood chowder, just remember: it's not just about feeding the puku, but about feeding the soul — preferably without emptying the wallet entirely. After all, in the realm of flatmate approval, a well-executed meal is the ultimate currency, and financial woes are just crumbs in the great (rēwana) loaf of life.



the Maharajas



Wii Why do hot girls have stomach issues?

Written by Jodie Evans, Illustrated by Mikey Clayton

INTOLERANT



For many starting their university careers, it's with passionate optimism — the kind where you leave your dull hometown and escape into the big exciting world of adulthood (unrestricted alcohol consumption). But barely one week into what was supposed to be my very own coming-of-age story, my body decided to wreak gastrointestinal havoc on my new life. Suddenly there I was at 18 — a time when I was meant to be young, fun, and hot — bloated, gassy, and terrified of bread.

My stomach issues seeped into every part of my university experience. I spent lectures solely trying to hide the excruciating pain I was in. Nights out were much the same. The dining hall became hell, never knowing whether those bulk-made nachos would be the death of me or not. I couldn't go to the library for fear of my guts announcing themselves to the entire second floor. Naturally, the relationship between my body and food deteriorated drastically. By the end of the first semester, I had renounced myself to live out the year from the safety of my 3m2 bedroom in the halls.

It was only after years of flare-ups, food elimination, and soul-searching that I realised the root cause of the problem — I had an anxiety disorder (shocker). I started going to therapy and taking antidepressants and, suddenly, I could eat whatever I wanted. Soon, I could venture far beyond the comfort of the Burns Building toilets. Like the coming-of-age films I'd yearned for as a fresher, my world opened up. It was, without a doubt, the best year of my life.

Sometime around late 2022, the 'hot girls have stomach issues' trend blew up on TikTok. Millions of young women and girls publicly joked about their crippling gastrointestinal problems. While it's always comforting to know someone else is in the same (quite literally) shitty boat as you, the trend is also troubling. Why do so many of us have irritable bowel syndrome? And why is university such a common catalyst? Critic Te Ārohi investigates.

The Gut and the Brain are Besties

Irritable bowel syndrome (IBS) has, in recent years, been redefined under the category disorders of the gut-brain interaction. Scientists know now that the brain and the gut are like two joined-at-the-hip best friends, sitting together in lectures and gossiping loudly about their previous night out. That's because the brain and the gut have a two-way form of communication — when one is giving off bad vibes, soon enough, so will the other. When your mind is stressed, so is your gastrointestinal system and vice versa. This makes it pretty easy to get trapped in that "I'm stressed about my stomach getting sore and now my stomach is sore" cycle that sees so many of us experiencing 'hot girl stomach issues' on a regular basis.

University is that person they both lowkey hate

University is stressful enough as it is. Not only are you trying to work out how to be a functioning adult (one that doesn't live on Mi Goreng and the external validation of your peers), you're also trying to get a degree. The first year of university is a period of radical lifestyle change in particular. Cast your mind back to that first month in your halls of residence. You're sleeping less than ever before, drinking far more than your fresh little liver can keep up with, and your social life is now 24/7 in the halls. Not to mention you are probably eating completely different food than you have for the past 18 years of your life. On top of all this, you want to make your parents proud. No wonder your tummy wants to tap out. Even if you don't necessarily feel stressed, your body probably is. The result is a much longer list of dietary requirements in the dining hall by semester two. The cook in my hall used to call us 'her specials' — which, you know, probably didn't help the whole situation.

Why hot girls?

The 'hot girls have stomach issues' trend clearly focuses on the experiences of young women, which Dr Catherine Wall, of the Gastrointestinal Unit for Translational Study (GUTS) and New Zealand Registered Dietitian, says there is some truth to. Roughly three-quarters of the patients presenting with gastrointestinal symptoms are women. Given what we know about the mind and the gut bestie relationship, and the fact that women are overrepresented in diagnoses of anxiety, the trend checks out. The response Critic received while researching the issue was overwhelming and entirely from female students who had either recovered from, or were still struggling with, chronic gut issues. Dr Wall, however, notes that the men she sees in her clinics are dealing with the same kind of problems. Perhaps cultural norms of masculinity make young men feel less comfortable talking about sore tummies or dietary problems. With that, let's acknowledge that 'hot boys have stomach issues' too <3

Don't give up the glute'

When every meal ends with an awkward shuffle to the communal toilets, it's easy to think that something you're eating is the culprit. It still might be, but Dr Wall says eliminating foods shouldn't be your first response. More often than not, restricting and hyper-fixating on your meals can make the whole crappy thing worse. If eating becomes yet another stressor in your already chaotic life, this may add fuel to your IBS fire. Dr Wall urges you to instead keep to regular meals and a good dietary fibre intake. Also, stop having five of those mochass from your hall's hot drink machine every day. Caffeine will not make it better, and unfortunately, neither will those sixteen standards you attempt to consume on a Friday before they kick you out of the common room at 10 pm.

Stay 'hot girl calm'

Katie, a fellow hot girl with IBS, said the best thing she ever did was to "take a step back and look at what else was going on in [her] life." She suggested it would be a good idea to find your "safe place." Whether that's curling up with a peppermint tea when the cramps get bad, or sitting with a hot water bottle on your lap at dinner. Either way, cut yourself some slack and let yourself relax. Get more sleep, put on a podcast, or go for a solitary mental health walk in the mornings. Ya know, all those tips your mum tells you on the phone and you roll your eyes at. As annoying as it is, they actually help. Prioritise your own comfort and health. God knows you deserve that right now.

Everybody shits

It might seem obvious, but when you're crying in the U-B ar toilets while your friends wait outside slurring, "Why are you takingggg so longggg" it's harder to accept that everybody shits — even Beyoncé. Don't isolate yourself in the name of keeping it a secret. It's difficult to tell your new friends you need to leave Castle to find a secluded toilet with at least 3-ply but trust me, they don't care. In fact, 9/10 times they will say, "Omg same" and you guys can throw it back to year two of primary school where toilet jokes were the height of comedy (like I'm blatantly doing now). The stress of hiding something that's so impactful on your life will do anything but help. The same goes for on campus. You pay a ridiculous amount of money for access to university facilities — the least you can do is use the library toilets when you really need to. None of that "wait 'til I get home" bullshit around here. Go shit, girl.

Get help

Above all, Dr Wall wants us to know that you shouldn't ignore symptoms that are making your life so shitty. Don't try to figure it out all on your own, seek help! No matter how complicated you think your stomach issues are, a health professional's job is to investigate them. It might take a while but it's really important to get qualified advice and not just rely on your own #ibs searches on Instagram at 11pm. There are also a few warning signs to look out for. We all know too well that feeling when you Google your symptoms and find out you have three months left to live. But if you've got blood in your stool, you're losing weight rapidly or you wake up in the night for bowel movements, you should see a healthcare professional immediately. If it turns out to be nothing serious, then at least you can stop thinking about it and have one less thing to stress about. Get that shit checked.



You're not alone

Most importantly, you're not the only one dealing with this right now. If the 'hot girls have stomach issues' trend tells us anything, it's that many of us are living through some sort of gastrointestinal turmoil in our teens and twenties. You probably feel pretty betrayed by your body right now, but I promise it gets better. Even at the age of twenty-four, if I close my eyes for long enough, I find myself back in that hall bedroom, a hot water bottle at hand and my mascara-tears staining my pillowcase. Looking back, I was doing my best in some tough circumstances. From one hot girl to another (hot boys included), I hope this story brings you and your tummy some comfort, and that one day you, too, can poop in peace.

Hey Girlie, would you like to feel sh*t for no reason ??

OMG YES BESTIE!





ILLUSTRATED BY
SARAH KREFT

If you're a first-year and noticed a baggy-eyed older student in your dining hall recently, chances are it was an undercover Critic Te Ārohi staff member nicking your food to review. Some would call it subterfuge, but we prefer the term "auditing". Read on to see how your hall ranked.

Ah, Marg's, you elusive, cultish cuties. As the saying goes: "I've never met anyone from St. Margaret's." But Critic met you for the hall food review. As it turns out, your dining hall is lovely and your food is pretty fucking good (even if it took two tries to taste it).

Our first attempt saw us Kel Knight speed-walk 30 minutes in the rain, only to find dinner was over. To make matters worse, your hot drink machine was behind an active prayer circle. Luckily, the next day we cruised through the front door and ended up first in line. The kitchen staff politely obliged our requests and plated up some food.

We thought we'd gotten away being undercover freshers — alas, they ratted us out. An RA approached our table to say the kitchen staff didn't recognise us. After flashing a Critic sticker saying "this is the fucking news" (our unofficial business card), she asked us if we'd come to speak at dinner, to which we declined. But if we were to speak during your dinner, we'd say your food is pretty damn tasty.

Dinner was a kumara, mozzarella, and black bean burrito served with plain rice and a variety of salads, topped with sour cream, cheese, salsa, and guacamole. Joy, pure and sweet. The sheer size of the feta chunks in that salad made for an elite eating experience.

The only downside was the kombucha tap. Namely — where did it go? The kombucha tap is what they show off to high schoolers to lure them into the cult. When I was picking a hall, it was between the work-life balance of Arana and the kombucha tap in Marg's. No kidding, that kombucha nearly changed the course of my university experience. Tasting it was a must. When I asked a fresher where it was, she exclaimed she'd never seen the tap before and agreed its absence was "super weird." Alas, St. Marg's kombucha is as elusive and strange as the students themselves.

QUALITY: 8/10.

MOUTH FEEL: 5/10, a bit mushy. Some cucumber slices could have benefited the burrito's texture.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 8/10 from the sheer amount of carbs (go wild, Margs).

Studholme, we were terrified. While you were out pretending to be second-years on Castle Street, Critic pretended to be freshers in your dining hall. As it turns out, sneaking into a room of macro-obsessed teenagers induces heart palpitations and the impulse to ramble about CELS191 to a group of unconvinced health-sci jocks. Luckily, none of you baby-breathas gave a flying fuck.

Kitchen staff greeted us with a warm, "Would you like a half or whole potato?" This, in combination with our own personal hardships (cozzie-livs, bb) made the whole experience feel very *Oliver Twist*. Bowing our orphan heads in gratitude, we replied, "That'd be ever so kind of you ma'am," and took our potatoes. Stoke levels were high. After all, potatoes sustained the Irish through many a hard winter. It's the perfect nourishment to help you all dodge the hall-cest induced fresher flu (we give it two weeks before you all know each other VERY well).

It appears Studholme has extended their athletic reputation to their menus, because that lunch was healthy as fuck. Potato and chilli was paired with the kind of chickpea and pumpkin salad that an F45 coach would be proud of. You even had microgreens on offer at your salad bar, and satisfied our post-lunch cravings for a sweet little treat with a shortbread cookie.

As for the dining experience, we'd like to make a special shout-out to the table of jocks who we caught staring without fail every time we looked up from our plates. The testosterone and absolute audacity that radiated from your table was as strong as the warmth of those little panel heaters in your dorm rooms (appreciate it while you can).

QUALITY: 8/10

MOUTH FEEL: 6/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 7/10. A notable lack of grease, but saved by the humble potato.



ST. MARG'S



STUDHOLME

CARRINGTON

When I imagine the ninth circle of hell, it might be Carrington. The only thing worse than living at the top of a calf-destroying hill is being trapped there with 250 health-sci freshers. But in the name of journalism, Critic braved these conditions for a feed. In line, I clutched my plate determinedly as a fresher asked if I'm aiming for medicine or dentistry, scoping me out as competition a whopping half a week into sem 1 lectures. Carrington's dining hall is small and dark, the perfect aura of intimacy to be cornered and asked for your progress test grades.

On the menu was a delightfully well-seasoned BBQ beef brisket accompanied with (overcooked) roast potatoes, steamed green peas, cauliflower gratin, and a variety of salads. To sweeten the deal, Carrington served chocolate mousse resembling the laxative aftermath of when fizzless RTDs first came to Dunedin. Rumour has it that the university budget cuts mean halls only get dessert once a week now.

Mid-mastication, I felt something strange occur. My brain cells were multiplying with each chew. Like a werewolf, I began to transform into a Carrington fresher, resisting the urge to howl, "How did you find HUBS191 today?" to anyone within earshot. Walking back down the hill, tummy full and brain bigger, I was certain that Carrington was the place to eat next time I needed to be an academic weapon — or just take ritalin like everyone else.

QUALITY: 7/10. Megamind vibes.

MOUTH FEEL: 8/10, but only because the crunchy fresh salad was the first real vegetable I'd eaten all week.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 0/10 (the walk up the hill would kill you before you even made it to the dining hall).

AQUINAS

Ceebs the walk.

TE RANGIHIROA

Te Rangi, what a frickin' vibe. Besides the suspicious fresher who we coned into scanning us into the building, everyone was absolutely buzzing to see us. Critic was treated so well it's almost as if you kinda knew what was up (despite not having a Critic stand yet), but admired the spunk and tenacity of our endeavour. Confidence was key here. We strategically disarmed any suspicion about who we were by bantering playfully with one of the kitchen ladies, who had the same cheerful innocence as the freshers around her.

The grub was banging. Despite its technical difficulties, the cooks nailed a hearty beef schnitzel (which tends to be too dry in like 99% of cases), lathering it in a gravy that tasted more like the elixir of life than anything else.

We struck up a conversation with a nice enough girl at our table. I took a photo of the shit stain on your ceiling. All in all, it was a great time. There's little to say except how blessed we felt to be there. Sadness struck as we left, realising this would probably be our first and last visit to the new behemoth (except to give you a Critic stand).

QUALITY: 7/10. Gimme that gravy in a bowl.

MOUTH FEEL: 9/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 10/10



SELWYN

To successfully infiltrate the cult of Selwyn and the strong bonds of friendship formed after four days of breatherism, Critic Te Ārohi had to come prepared: equipped with our fanciest pair of birks and a sense of Dunedin enthusiasm which has long since passed. Arriving early, Critic patiently waited in a cess-pit of a line, surrounded on both sides by the rumble of dick-measuring stories bragging about how much piss had been sunk the night before.

We were inconspicuous at best — only for our cover to be blown upon being recognised by one of the kitchen staff. But alas! Blessed by their generosity, the review continued on.

The prospective breathas who Critic had attached ourselves to in the line clocked the reveal; there was an outsider to this cult of debauchery. Thus, the stories of O-Week adventures were forced upon us, seeking approval and advice from a battle-worn Dunedinite (probably not the best person to ask, considering I, too, was hungover eating lunch at Selwyn).

The lunch was made up of mac n cheese, macaroni meat pie — neither of which used actual macaroni, but penne — and rigatoni with tomato & basil sauce (has Selwyn converted to pastafarianism?). Critic had one of the first two options. Honestly, they looked identical; a beige sea of soggy pasta and tasteless white clumps of what one can only pray (to the pastafarian gods) was cheese. Critic's meal had chicken in it though, so I was leaning towards the macaroni meat pie.

The meal had the appearance of a pasta bake, which any decent human would expect to have a small amount of crunch. But if you had a straw and a lot of determination I reckon you could make it work. Sloppy and fairly bland, but the food was about as standard as hall food gets — at least from my fresher experience in Unicol.

QUALITY: 5/10. Then again, it was free.

MOUTH FEEL: 2/10. A great meal to eat if you didn't have teeth.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 4/10. The talk about gnomes and fresher angst about the toga party did nothing to help return me to my inner zen.

CAROLINE FREEMAN

This journalistic return to my own hall was supposed to feel comforting. A homecoming paired with a delightful lunch. Instead, I found myself thrown back into my own fresher year; anxious, stressed, and subservient to authority figures. The walk between the entrance to the dining hall is as if the panopticon prison design was changed so all the prisoners would always be watching the guard tower in the middle. From the very moment I stepped into the hall, it was like being high in a supermarket; I felt watched.

Having foolishly assumed I could simply ask for a meal to review, my way was sternly barred by the bright flaming sword of bureaucracy. So I had instant coffee from the machine instead. Lacking a lunch of my own, I sat with the subbies in the back corner, watching them eat their chicken wraps. I felt keenly aware of the irony now being forced to just observe. Lettuce crunched under my gaze. I bore witness to sauce leaking through tortilla dough. The coffee was mid.

To Caroline Freeman's credit, the food looked delicious. Plain tortillas stacked next to a gravy-soaked mass of chicken had me itching to scoop that shit bare handed into my maw. Side salad options of plain lettuce, carrot, and grated cheese along with a fair selection of sauces turns this meal into a build-it-yourself Subway vibe. That is, if Subway had less of everything and the only vegan option were small dry looking falafel hockey pucks. Top that off with a little fudge square, and boom! A meal that might be nice?

QUALITY: 7/10 (allegedly)

MOUTHFEEL: 2/10. Mostly the salivation of desperate wanting.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 12/10. Primal fear always sobers me up.

COFFEE: Instant (bad)



KNOX

Knox may be a bitch of a place to haul ass from campus to for lunch, but fuck is it worth it — at least it was the day Critic was there. Knox is a castle, and Critic was its queen — probably because Knox was the only hall we visited with the explicit permission of the head of college. It's a fortress even the sneakiest of reporters were loath to tackle.

Critic could practically feel the weight of a tiara on our head as Caroline (head of college) cut the massive line of freshers queuing for lunch and passed me a tray. "You've come on a good day!" she said, gesturing to the veritable banquet spread before us. Bao buns (chicken katsu or tofu), leftover mac n cheese from the previous night's dinner, and more salads than could fit on one plate. To top it off, we grabbed a thick slice of banana cake and a mug of kombucha to wash it down (shame, St Marg's). Critic salivates at the memory.

If you showed us a photo of the dining hall and said it was the Hogwarts Great Hall, we'd believe you. Boasting bunches of balloons leftover from Caroline's birthday party (bless), the room was buzzing with chatter from feasting first-years praising the food: "This is the best mac n cheese I've ever tasted!" As we sank our teeth into a bao bun, a subbie (Knox-speak for RA) at the table gushed about how nice it was to have "real vegetables" after living off frozen stir-fry mixes while flattering, and she was so real for that.

Knox, you offer the royal treatment of halls — if you ignore the past Masters' portraits and mounted stag heads leering down from above eye level. We were too busy contemplating a second helping to mind.

QUALITY: 9/10

MOUTH FEEL: 8/10. Like suckling on the teet of monarchic privilege.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 7/10, just from the cake alone.



SALMOND

Poor Salmond, Knox's forgotten little brother. The almost half-hour trek from Central to the 'Mond was terrifying, a true quest into the unknown because nobody has ever heard a bloody thing about this hall. And if living between Knox and an intermediate wasn't bad enough, the food was pretty shit too.

Before we get to the food, props to how fancy this place was. As Critic entered the near-empty dining hall, it was a weird mix between a chapel and school camp hall where you were served some mysterious slop at age 12. There were maybe a dozen other people there, despite it being peak lunch time, which just added to the uncanny valley vibe of this place (made understandable upon eating the food).

Lunch was mac n cheese, greek salad, red cabbage salad, and leftover beef yoghurt curry from the previous night's dinner. The kitchen staff were lovely, even enthusiastically trying to give us more food, saying they had to give their guests only the best. For most of these reviews, we took a strong undercover fresher policy, but I'm glad I look like the furthest thing from a Salmond fresher.

On the way to sit down with my steaming plate, I passed not only a kombucha tap, but a slushy machine as well. Critic guesses the one positive of living in a mildly-culty privately owned hall are cool bells and whistles like that. There was still nobody around, which meant few people got to witness us battling the somehow simultaneously undercooked and overcooked mac n cheese. Even a breatha in his first flat could whip up a better version of this lunch than this — really, how do you mess up pasta that much?

Overall, disappointed that there wasn't salmon at lunch. Isn't that your mascot?

QUALITY: 2/10

MOUTH FEEL: 1/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 8/10 (shoutout to the slushy machine)



My ticket into Unicol was my most baby-faced friend and beigeest of outfits. I strutted in with arrogance, thinking my Col alumni status might raise questions, but no. I was in — safe and unrecognised. It was clear that it was only the second weekend in the halls: boys and girls sat separately, there was a faint feeling of homesickness in the air, and it felt more like school camp than the mighty Col.

On the menu for the night was Persian beef, Indian crumbed chicken, and kumara bhajis. Diverse and worldly. The Persian beef looked suspiciously similar to the dinner I dish up to my dog, and my friend snagged the bhajis, so I opted for the chicken. I was more than pleased. Good rice. Great chicken. Glorious sauces. Generally grand. But bad, bland vegetables.

My ex-Selwyn confidante wasn't as impressed (perhaps a hint of snobbery there). They also had ambrosia. In Greek and Roman mythology, this translates to the food of the gods; I wouldn't define it as godly, nor would I define it as ambrosia. While the meal made for a fine hangover cure, it was incredibly disappointing to see they no longer served orange juice, the perfect morning-after remedy.

Critic gives them points for a decent meal, and a shiny, new coffee machine. Points were lost for a lack of Col morale, weird boy-girl separation reminiscent of an intermediate school dance, and a juice-less tap.

QUALITY: 6/10. Up the Col.

MOUTH FEEL: 7.5/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 6.5/10. Bring back the juice!



UNICOL

Critic went into the Toroa dining experience full of questions. Why is your dining hall not at the actual college? Where do you eat breakfast? Do you all trudge down in oodies at the beginning of the day? At toast time? None were answered, but the food was aight. It's just round the corner from the Critic office, so we popped around while working late(ish) one evening.

The dining hall was pretty empty at 5:40pm when we were there, accommodated by a friendly RA who turns out wasn't even meant to be eating there on his day off. Weird. The vibe of the dining hall wasn't too dissimilar to the Link: oddly corporate, pale grey, and with a space that there weren't enough diners there to fill. The rest were probably eating takeaways in their rooms a kilometre away.

Dinner was a chicken potato-top pie (we got the veggie version), with your standard side of salad, potatoes (not Agria, sadly), and green beans. A respectable, well-rounded meal — if it were winter, that is. I delighted over the array of seasonings on offer at the end of the buffet line, opting for a healthy sprinkle of lemon pepper.

Looking at the chicken option, the veggie pie seemed like a good call judging by the runny chicken gravy reminiscent of a small town dairy pie you'd endure on a roadie and only finish if severely hungover. My mate's was left half-eaten, clearly not worth the effort of trying to prove that it was edible.

QUALITY: 5/10

MOUTH FEEL: 4/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 7/10, so so much potato.



TOROA





192 CASTLE

Not gonna lie, we almost forgot to include 192 Castle College in the review. But riding on the high of successfully passing as a fresher at toga (soz to the guy who likely still thinks I'm a Unicol beezy), Critic rocked up to the hall for a Saturday lunch in the home stretch before pay day.

Your dining hall is the clit of the college: a fucking maze to find, tucked right into the fold, but oh so worth it. There weren't many people there (figures). Critic began to sweat at the emptiness of the small dining room for fear it would make us stick out — well, like a baggy-eyed fifth-year pretending to be a fresher. A strategic side-eye of the girl ahead in line for a lesson in 192 Castle etiquette, combined with a bored yet painfully polite kitchen staff interaction, sealed the deal.

192 Castle, your menu is as unimaginative as your name: hot dogs for lunch, and it wasn't even the day of the Super Bowl. For fear of our cover being blown with a vegetarian request, Critic snagged a single mustard and ketchup topped saveloy (it's doubtful there was much meat in there, anyway), and side salad, giving the bun a miss — something about hot girl tummy issues.

I joined a group of girls at a table who asked what floor I was on. Confiding in my new HSFY friends about the "secret", they were quick to tell me it wasn't a good food day. We gossiped about Te Rangi drama as another reporter photographed their shit-stained ceiling. The lonely saveloy was your standard erect cheerio, if a bit sad without its bun, and I enjoyed the cheese sprinkled on my salad. I miss cheese.

QUALITY: 5/10

MOUTH FEEL: 2/10

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 3/10 (5/10 with a bun)



CUMBERLAND

Don't mess with Cumby — that place is like a bank vault. We were immediately ordered to sign in upon waltzing into reception. In typical Critic fashion, we took the piss and made up a fake room number and listed ourselves as residents, blowing raspberries trying not to laugh every time we looked at each other. Foolishly, we pencilled in our real names.

The dining room was dead quiet when we entered. Realising we were 30 minutes early, we thought 'fuck it' and joined in on a game of volleyball with a fresher who recognized us as Critic reporters. Turns out this fresher was the koala at the Inflaty-180 (legend alert). After asking us whether we had to sneak into dining halls because we're povvo (well yeah, but no), the Cumby koala warned us it'd be difficult to swindle dinner. Apparently Cumberland food has gained a legendary reputation amongst freshers, causing the RAs to set up a permanent ID scanning station to ensure all students actually belonged to the hall before they ate.

Thankfully, Critic's O-Week media pass (refashioned with a bit of hastily applied vivid) got us through the ID check, no questions asked. And goddamn, the food seemed to get better and better with every bite. Lowkey, it was bougie as fuck. They dished up a stirfry lathered with veggies, mince, and some special sauce which we weren't going to deny. The koala wasn't kidding; Cumby's food is a guarded commodity for good reason.

Before exiting through reception, we scribbled out our names from the visitor list (try catching us now).

QUALITY: 9/10

MOUTH FEEL: 8/10

ABILITY TO CURE HANGOVER: 5/10 (taste, not heft)

HAYWARD

Holy fuck. Okay, some background: Critic's review of Hayward came minutes after the Cumby koala assured us that if we managed to eat at her hall, there'd be zero issue over at Hayward (besides sore tummies from double dinner). We walked across the grass, cruised through an open door and queued up to grab some pizza and hot chips, riding the wave of a week's worth of undercover success. One of us gets tapped on the back: "I absolutely love your jumper!" a fresher fawns. Free food and flattery? This review was the best Critic idea in a while. We see a familiar face who turns out to be an RA at Hayward, and let her in on "the secret."

Well, it wasn't a secret for very fucking long. Mid-meal, the college warden comes up and absolutely rips us a new one. Critic is accused of unethical journalism, breaking the law, a threat to safety, ruining the relationship between the magazine and university bureaucracy, obstructing the Student Code of Conduct, and then having the audacity to review them (got us there). Our attempts to explain the reasons for our 'undercover fresher' policy were cut off by a furious account of the actual law. "But please, continue to tell me about your Critic policy!" In this moment, we fear Critic was not silent, but silenced.

After writing down our details, photographing our IDs, and sending an email to all the halls, Hayward strongly suggested we sign out and offer to pay for our meal (fair tbh). Only we were so shook by the encounter, we walked out as fast as we could to warn our editor a strongly worded email may be headed her way. [Editor's note: *They interrupted my weekly Friday menty-b*]. Back at the office, we realised we forgot to do the literal one thing Hayward asked of us. Let's be real though — we sure as fuck weren't going back there. So we plan to bank them the \$8.

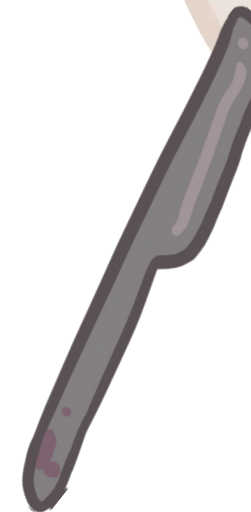
As for the food? It was pretty shit ngl. Don't have time to elaborate, currently preparing for *Hayward v Critic Te Ārohi* (Alex Latu, dear God please help us).

QUALITY: 4/10. Bitter, sour, mean.

MOUTH FEEL: 4/10. Bit dry from fear.

ABILITY TO CURE A HANGOVER: 10/10. Will be drinking away the stress, you might see us back (jk please don't take us to court)

"FREE FOOD AND FLATTERY? THIS REVIEW WAS THE BEST CRITIC IDEA IN A WHILE"



NEED HELP? TALK TO YOUR FRIENDLY EXEC!



Ever had a problem at uni, but not known who to contact or how to get help? Enter: the OUSA exec! My name is Emily and I'm the Administrative Vice President for this year. I'm in my third year of studying Marine Science (hence the photo!). I help keep the exec afloat and can help with lots of random things like helping cope with university changes, directing you to the right people to talk to about issues, telling you to go to four-dollar lunch, and handing out gig advice (I'm not corrupt, I pinky swear). The rest of the exec can help with everything from flattening disputes to student bar advocacy to complaints about paper cuts. If you want to talk face-to-face, you can go to the OUSA main office (the building where you

get your Zooper pass or Hyde Street ticket from) and go upstairs to the exec bullpen. Otherwise, head to the OUSA website to send us an email. We WANT to help you, so please don't ever hesitate to reach out to us for help and we can put you in touch with the right people! Even if you don't have a problem, we are all chatty and keen to have a yarn if you need it. Hope to see you around!

Please talk to me please please I'm so lonely please Keegan locks me in a cupboard and every time someone talks to me I get 2 hours of outside time please I need to see the sun

Emily :) (adminvp@ousa.org.nz)

AQUARIUS You have a good head on your shoulders, so why are you leading them on? It's not like you to be so flaky with romance and friendships. Figure out what you want and commit – it won't be easy, but it's better than the guilt, Aquarius. Habit to pause: Hitting snooze.	PISCES You've taken up a bit of maladaptive daydreaming lately even though you're not even stressed yet. Instead of ignoring it, take a second to think about what your inner fantasy world is revealing to you as Mercury leaves Pisces. Habit to pause: Drunk darts.
ARIES You have been fucking on one lately, and it's just on the up from here. All the good hair and skin days are going to your head a bit though. This kind of godlike confidence is not sustainable, so enjoy it, but don't beat yourself up when it has to fade again. Habit to pause: Thinking you're not That Bitch.	TAURUS A sticker chart would do you some good. You're running out of motivation, which is making you nervous. Maybe the anxiety is actually what's nerfing your drive? Rediscover things that give you encouragement, and keep pushing like you always do. Habit to pause: Uni vending machines.
GEMINI Gemini, why aren't you posting? Cutting down on screen time may make you feel a bit superior, but it's okay that a lot of your social life is online. We're students, after all, and you need that network around you. Habit to pause: Bitching about your flatmates to your mum.	CANCER It's a bit of a clumsy week for you – you're going to be a bit more of a klutz than usual, but it's okay. You'll pick yourself back up for the better. Humiliation is humility, after all, and that's something that's not your strong suit. A good cuddle with your teddy or bestie should sort it all out. Habit to pause: Not buying yourself treats at the suppo.
LEO How's building your sex playlist going? The excitement (and free condoms) of O-Week seem to get you fucking going. Or going fucking. It's never a good idea to break hearts this early in the year, though. Yes, I know it's tempting. Habit to pause: Listening to workout mixes while not working out	VIRGO You've been feeling like an outsider lately, so embrace it and go people watching. Mercury entering Aries will give you a bit of boost in your communication skills, but they are best used on yourself. You come across as a bit of an NPC right now, but is that because you're treating others as NPCs too? Habit to pause: Apologising too much
LIBRA Uni is a fashion show, and the aisles of Central Library are your runway. But can you do it a bit quieter? Wearing headphones doesn't mean you're not making a ruckus to everyone else. Habit to pause: Forgetting your passwords	SCORPIO Get moving instead of carrying all your tension in your body. YouTube yoga is pretty fire and would probably help with how quietly seething you've been feeling. Better than taking it out on others. Habit to pause: Noon wakeups
SAGITTARIUS This is the time to get into your activities era, but try branching out beyond your usual go-tos. I want to see you at a book club, group fitness, a political club, and more. Try going along to something where you know no one, instead of dragging your mates along. Habit to pause: Canceling plans	CAPRICORN You're becoming a bit of a wanker. It's going beyond irony at this stage. It's not the end of the world – a lot of people go far while being stone cold bitches. Think carefully about whether you want to be one of them, though. Habit to pause: Oodie in public.

RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

**WEDNESDAY
13 MARCH**

**THE OCTAGON POETRY COLLECTIVE
OPEN MIC**
 NEW ATHENAEUM THEATRE
 Featuring Ann Jacobson and Kim Cope Tait with MC Nicola Thorstensen. 7pm. Free entry. All welcome.

**THURSDAY
14 MARCH**

**THURSDAY JAMS
ERRICK'S**
 6pm. Free entry.

**COOL SOUNDS (AUS)
PEARL DIVER**
 8pm. Free entry.

**FRIDAY
15 MARCH**

REID+WOLKEN PLAY ELLA FITZGERALD & JOE PASS
 TRIDENT HOUSE
 Tickets from humanitix.com. 6pm.

DANCE FOR PALESTINE
 ERRICK'S
 Featuring Akin, Bax, Cornman, Evo, Haszari, Higggy, Lukaz, M2MYU, Solid Groovez, and South Coast Systems. All proceeds going to UNICEF's 'Children of Gaza Crisis' appeal and Doctors Without Borders/Médecins Sans Frontières. 8pm.

HYRAM TWANG
 ERRICK'S
 4.30pm. Free entry.
SAURIAN - 'DEVIL AMONG MEN' SINGLE RELEASE + TOUR FUNDRAISER
 DUNEDIN MUSICIANS' CLUB
 w/ One Day Sane and The Beatniks. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm. All ages

KILAT (AUS) AND DISTANT FEAT THE CROWN HOTEL
 w/ Cuck and Mandate. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

**SATURDAY
16 MARCH**

LYNCH, BRAGGINS, AND WARDROP
 HANOVER HALL
 Tickets from humanitix.com. 7.30pm. All ages.



RANGITAKI - COLUMNS - 3

MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

Topping suggestions:

- Greek yoghurt
- Chopped toasted almonds
- Fresh chopped herbs
- Lebanese flatbreads from Yogijis (y'all are sleeping on these if you haven't tried)

Serves: 6

Time: 1 hr

Price: \$\$\$

Difficulty: 2/5

Takeaway equivalent: Maharajas mild butter chicken and garlic naan

As the beginning of year festivities come to an end, there is good news and bad news. The bad news is you can no longer live solely off alcohol-fuelled Macca's runs and that you should probably try to cook meals your flat mates will like. The good news is that I am here to save you. This week's chickpea and lentil curry is a banger and on high rotation in my household when wallets and stomachs are empty. It's ridiculously cheap, and deliciously satisfying. The best part? It's piss easy to make and won't give your flat mates salmonella!

INGREDIENTS:

- Vegetable oil
- Pepper
- Salt
- 1 medium onion (diced)
- 3 Finely chopped garlic cloves (or 3 tsp of minced garlic)
- 400 mL can coconut milk
- 400g can chopped tomatos
- 400g can chickpeas (rinsed)
- 1 ½ cups dried split red lentils (rinsed)
- 2 cups of vegetable stock
- 1 ½ Tbsp garam masala
- 3 tsp mild curry powder
- 2 tsp ground cumin
- ½ tsp ground chilli (optional)
- 2 bay leaves
- Half a lemon
- 1 ½ tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tsp fish sauce (exclude to make vegan)

idk if they do anything tbh, more just there for the vibes

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Step 1.** On a medium heat, put a decent glug of vegetable oil in your biggest pot and sautee onions for about 7 mins until soft. Add your garlic and cook for 2 mins.
- Step 2.** Add in your garam masala, curry powder, cumin, and chilli and cook for a further 3 mins until fragrant. Feel free to put in a little more oil if things are getting a bit dry at this stage.
- Step 3.** Add in a big pinch of salt, plenty of pepper, and then the chickpeas and lentils, stirring to coat in all the spices from the pan.
- Step 4.** Once everything is combined add the coconut milk, vege stock, and canned tomatos. Rinse the cans out with around ¼ cup of water in each and also chuck that in. Stir to incorporate all the ingredients.
- Step 5.** Turn up the heat to medium-high to bring your curry to a boil for 3 mins.
- Step 6.** Once boiling, turn your heat down to medium-low and simmer for 20 mins or until the lentils are soft and the sauce has thickened.
- Step 7.** Remove from the heat and stir in your lemon juice, soy sauce, and fish sauce.
- Step 8.** Serve with rice and toppings/side of your choice.

BOOZE REVIEWS
BY CHUNNY BILL SWILLIAMS

Hennessy

VERY SPECIAL COGNAC



Hennessy is like that one soundcloud rapper from high school who exclusively wears Vlone and thinks they're one song away from making it big. It looks like a top shelf liquor and has the price tag to match, but leaves everyone looking at you questioning who the fuck you think you are.

Drinking Hennessy is like reverse ego death: you're drinking Speights, I'm sipping on Henny, we are not the same. The real ego death hits the morning after, upon regaining self awareness. Half the Hennessy experience is the sense of faux-affluence and your own self-justification of your regrettable spending habits. Which at the price point of \$84 for 22 standards (equivalent to \$3.81 per standard) is a price reserved for the elite few like renowned Hennessy drinkers Kanye West, the late Kim Jung Il, and Critic Te Arohi.

Once you've got your Hennessy and figured out what the fuck a Cognac is (it's brandy with a less stripper-y name), you'll have to find out how this drink of sophistication is meant to be drunk. Naturally, Critic began drinking straight out the bottle whilst aggressively throwing up a four with our other hand, resembling a frat boy struggling to take photos for their biennial profile picture update. At first this drink fucking burns, leaving an unsettling amount of warmth, like interacting with an optimist. It makes you weary of what is yet to come, as well as altering your taste buds to the point in which Hennessy was the only thing I could taste for the foreseeable future. With others begging for a taste of Hennessy, one friend stated that it tasted like it had a "hand

sanny" amount of alcohol. I disagreed, although at this point I was still convincing myself that this \$80 bottle was superior to its bottom shelf equivalent. Spoiler alert: it's not.

Next, in what might've been the most pretentious move in flat party history, I began drinking Hennessy on the rocks. Which was actually a vast improvement, or maybe my inebriation lessened the taste. Either way, the burning sensation had gone and at that point had become somewhat enjoyable. That, or wistful delusion.

Hennessy and coke: like a rum and coke but sweeter. That's it.

The desire to drink Hennessy is like what motivates a rabbit to wait for the last possible moment to run across the road in front of a speeding car. A perverse moment of thrill seeking fuelled through the emotions of anger, fear, regret, and lust. Do with that what you will.

PAIRS WELL WITH: Rap caviar spotify playlist and thinking in fuckboy emojis

X FACTOR: Hennything is possible

HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL: 8/10. Operating out of primal instinct.

TASTE RATING: 7/10. I didn't waste my money. I didn't waste my money. I didn't waste my money.



Moaningful Confessions

LUIGI'S MANSION

It was a dark and stormy night; the wind was howling like the swirling storm inside (my uterus). Couldn't keep it in, heaven knows I tried. It was semester break, and my friends and I decided to mish to Queenstown for a few days. After a long and windy trip across the mushroom kingdom, we finally arrived at our destination, Kmart. God, I miss Kmart. Anyway, after settling into our dorm for the night, the urge to drink in a dry hostel became too great. We unleashed our inner whores and got ready to brave the wintery outdoors of Q-town in the middle of winter in nothing more than lingerie.

After adventuring around some clubs, doing one too many tequila shots, we arrived outside *insert club name here* (I actually have no clue what the place was called), where a large group all in various look-sharp costumes congregated. This is where I got talking to Luigi (he probably said his name, but I definitely missed it), and no one could've predicted the Goomba-like stomping I was about to receive. The night progressed, and the mediocre drunk chats were far from over, so my friends and I ended up adventuring back to these random men's backpackers (real smart, I know). It was at this point that Mario finally reached Peach's castle, so to speak. It's important to note that this man was in a dorm with at least 7 other dudes, therefore the living room was the only viable option for any piping.

My flesh erupted in goosebumps as he unhooked my Glassons corset, and the steamy makeout sesh began whilst he was still in the Luigi suit. After a Tanooki Tail whirlwind of tongues (and teeth), he got up in more ways than one to go retrieve a condom from his shared room. I hadn't really registered just how drunk I was, but sobered up the minute one of his mates walked into the lounge area where I was tits out pressed into the couch so as not to be seen. Old mate didn't seem to notice me, and I thought I'd gotten away with murder, but as he was leaving the room

with a whole loaf of bread, I heard the most nonchalant "Night" from him. Horrified, this is when I messaged my friends to see where they were, as I actually had no clue.

Luigi returned with the box of rubbers, and he was hornier than Bowser's shell. He informed me that he, in fact, could not get out of this adult onesie. So there I was at one of the lowest points of my career, tits out on a random couch, unzipping this man's Luigi costume from the back. This might be a niche experience idk, but it was definitely a massive turn-off. As dry as the Sahara Desert, he tries to pipe me, the suit of the Italian plumber around his ankles. It was now that he decided to re-mention his name (assuming for me to moan? Not a clue really) and I discovered in my surprising soberness from the aforementioned "random dude walking in on me half-nude" that his name was the exact same as one of my good friends. Fucking brilliant. I remember from earlier that he really got off on me saying the word 'cunt' in a real H2O: Just Add Water Aussie accent, so opted for that instead.

Then my phone rings, full volume. My saviour. With Luigi still Bullet-Bill deep in me, I answer and my friend informs me that they got kicked out of the dorm they were chilling (and coincidentally getting cock blocked in) so we had to leave. Finally a way out of this Italian sausage nightmare. He helps me put my top back on (what a gentleman) and I go to exit this goddamn lounge-kitchen common room. As if this experience couldn't get any ickier, he pulled the Luigi onesie BACK ON just for one last image to burn on my brain.

We leave and begin the trek in an unknown direction home (Maccas run of course) and I planned how the hell I was going to enjoy Luigi's mansion on the Nintendo Switch ever again.



HAVE SOMETHING JUICY TO TELL US? SEND YOUR SALACIOUS STORIES TO MOANINGFUL@CRITIC.CO.NZ. SUBMISSIONS REMAIN ANONYMOUS.



SHOULD LECTURE RECORDINGS BE MADE AVAILABLE FROM ST PADDY'S DAY?

FOR

Every lecturer knows that St Patrick's Day is a de-facto Dunedin day of rest. To go against this and refuse to kow-tow to this (almost) fundamental human right is an affront to the principles of natural justice. Let's put this into context: students have a lot on our plates right now, characterised by immense loneliness, solitude, stress, and turmoil. How do we cope? Getting together and drinking in the colour green, which is known to reduce stress, improve mood, and sustain creativity. This sacred annual ritual held every 17th of March helps students forget about the horrors of the world (and pretty much everything in general) and gives us the morale boost we need to make it through the Hadean eternity of the Dunedin winter and through to the end of the academic year. The question then turns to: why are some lecturers so cruel as to inhibit this freedom of mind, body, and soul, by pressuring students to miss out on this great day of release by withholding lecture recordings? It's giving spite.

It is utterly purposeless. Students, regardless of whether there is a lecture recording, will simply not show up to class, and this in turn, in the recordings' absence, generates resentment, causing negative performance and general dissidence by the student body. It's a downward spiral, and not one conducive to a good relationship between students and lecturers. But at the end of the day, it's as simple as this: students are adults who can make their own decisions, and it is the job of lecturers to provide us with the tools we are PAYING for to complete our degrees – including lecture recordings, in sickness and in health.

AGAINST

It's the day after Saint Patrick's Day; you're likely waking up hungover and a little disorientated. You scroll through Blackboard, avoiding eye contact with all the assignment deadlines that you've likely already missed, until you reach the lecture recording section — only to discover that the previous day's lectures have not been uploaded. Tough shit. Like genuinely, what did you expect? You've spent the previous day getting really drunk celebrating Ireland's favourite saint, a holiday that has no relevance in Aotearoa. There's no shame in it, but at the end of the day it's a choice which, in the context of the North D ecosystem, seemed reasonable and one that a lot of your fellow students likely made as well. The burning question, however, is should the Uni have to accommodate for the wave of bunking breathas? No. The point of the proliferation of online lectures was to make learning accessible when students couldn't attend them during Covid, not to enable elective drunken revelry. Previous generations of breathas have not had the luxury of it, and they were fine. At the end of the day, it is only going to be one day of lectures missed anyway. Will it matter in the long-term? Likely not. Most of us are already a couple lectures behind at this point anyways. If you're that worried, you can always take it upon yourself to go to the lectures you need to and start drinking after. Case closed.



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By Jordan Irvine

TAMA ALEXANDER



Tama Alexander is a prominent voice in the comedy scene who uses his student experiences to entertain both locally and nationally, combining cutting sardonic humour with musical theatricality. The 2023 Dunedin Fringe Festival saw Tama's debut solo show 'Fresher', which detailed his humorous escapades as a first-year at Otago and reached critical acclaim. This year he returns to Fringe with a highly anticipated follow-up show, 'Breatha'. Critic Te Ārohi caught up with the stand-up legend to talk about his previous Fringe experience, comedic influences, and the new show.

trope. "It's about when I became an absolute breatha and everything was falling apart," he told Critic, referring to it as "my descent into chaos." As for his inspiration, Tama was always just the kind of person who would fall into comedic situations. Now that he's a stand-up comedian, however, he tries to get into them intentionally. "I put myself in new situations because I'm like, 'There's a story in this, I've got to do it.'" The epitome of 'do it for the plot!'

Ōtepoti local Tama started doing stand-up comedy in 2021 when a friend in the scene offered a slot for him to perform. Tama told Critic that he was just 17 when he started doing shows, and that since then, "I started doing more and it snowballed into this big thing." He first got into Fringe in 2022 by doing a half-hour set with his friend, before later "throwing himself in the deep end" and writing solo acts.

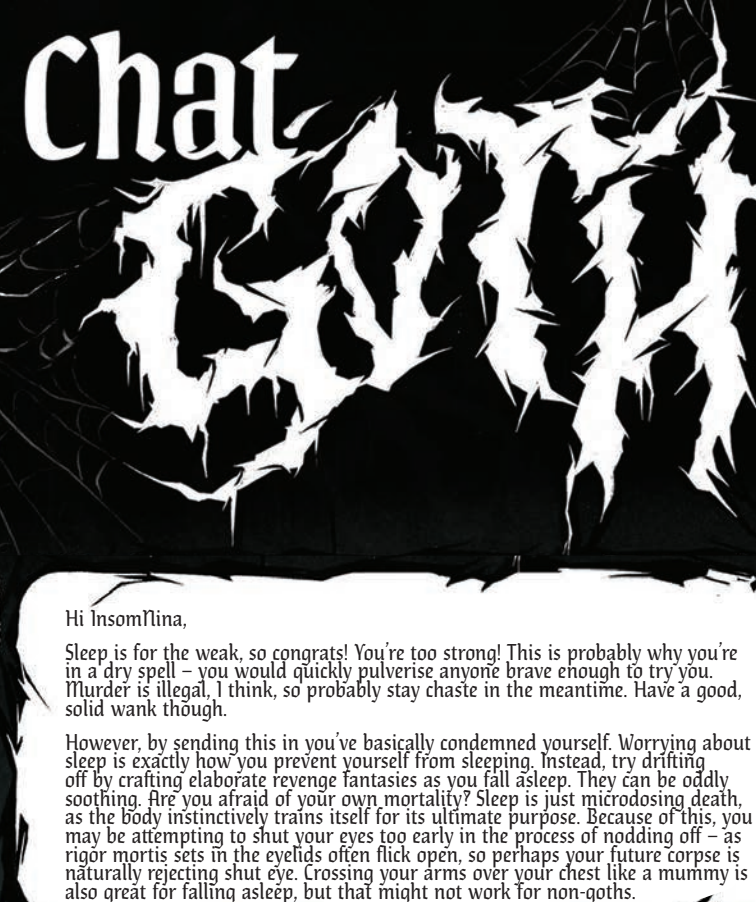
In the social media age, comedy is as accessible and competitive as ever but that doesn't phase Tama. "I just try to be as good as I can be," he said. "If I'm the best comic of the night on a bunch of different lineups I'll be remembered." He also added that he stands out due to incorporating music into his comedy. "I play the accordion and the guitar [...] I grew up watching Flight of the Conchords and that highly influenced me, it's now part of what I do," said Tama. "I still like classic mic and stage though."

Growing up watching British and New Zealand panel shows, Tama was heavily influenced by James Acaster, Kevin Bridges, and Ricky Gervais. "I've been told my comedy has been a cross between all of those people, not much in terms of content but just delivery," said Tama, claiming that his energetic showmanship is "quite different from what else is going on in the New Zealand scene."

The Dunedin comedy scene has expanded rapidly within the past couple of years, especially due to the exposure Fringe has given to up and coming comics. Tama commented, "It's super inclusive and everyone is really helpful. It isn't big enough to have many dramas, and it's easy to get involved in."

Tama's previous show, 'Fresher', featured the ridiculous situations he fell into as a first year at Otago, and this year's follow-up, 'Breatha', details his second year, when he became the titular

Tama's show 'Breatha' will be on the 14th, 15th and 16th of March at the Playhouse Theatre for the Dunedin Fringe Festival. Tickets are \$10-15. If you want to see more of Tama you can follow him @tama_a_w on Instagram.



CHATGPT COULD NEVER. SEND ALL YOUR WOES AND WORRIES ABOUT FOES TO CHATGOTH@CRITIC.CO.NZ FOR TOTALLY REAL AND LEGIT ADVICE.

Hi ChatGOTH,

I was going to send in something about my sex life but it's been so long since I've felt human touch that there's honestly no point. The more pressing issue right now is that I can't sleep. My mind just doesn't turn off. If I wake up in the middle of the night, it takes another hour or so to shut it down again. I think I've gotten max six hours of sleep each night for the past month. My body is purely fuelled by a toxic combination of caffeine and adrenaline.

Anyway.

InsomNina

A change of environment is the best tip. At this point, you're likely heading to bed and expecting to struggle falling asleep, and when your brain gets right loud it becomes easy to spiral. You've probably trained yourself into this habit more than you realise. Seriously, try just sleeping on the couch for a night or two, or in your own bed but upside down, with your pillow at the foot of the bed. It helps to pretend to be a bat while you're at it - some bats sleep for almost 20 hours a day. It is also soothing to squeak to yourself in the night, and to imagine being an active disease reservoir, feeling it brimming in your body (mindfulness). Counterintuitive, but if you're the 'no phone at bedtime' type, try just mindlessly scrolling before bed for a change of pace. As much brain rot as possible is the goal, to slowly wean your body into actual rot.

Sleep and death will come for us all.

Love, ChatGOTH

Hi InsomNina,

Sleep is for the weak, so congrats! You're too strong! This is probably why you're in a dry spell - you would quickly pulverise anyone brave enough to try you. Murder is illegal, I think, so probably stay chaste in the meantime. Have a good, solid wank though.

However, by sending this in you've basically condemned yourself. Worrying about sleep is exactly how you prevent yourself from sleeping. Instead, try drifting off by crafting elaborate revenge fantasies as you fall asleep. They can be oddly soothing. Are you afraid of your own mortality? Sleep is just microdosing death, as the body instinctively trains itself for its ultimate purpose. Because of this, you may be attempting to shut your eyes too early in the process of nodding off - as rigor mortis sets in the eyelids often flick open, so perhaps your future corpse is naturally rejecting shut eye. Crossing your arms over your chest like a mummy is also great for falling asleep, but that might not work for non-goths.

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



SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON FACEBOOK TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



A cone I shall have



1 like and I rip the clong



Will be purchasing a front row ticket to throw the player who ghosted me off his game



Me if FYHS doesn't work out



super casual yk



Brug wtf is spawning at St Dave's



look at all them chickens



Health & Safety clocking in



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