

VOL. 08

APRIL 2024



# te ārohi AL GEOGRAPHIC

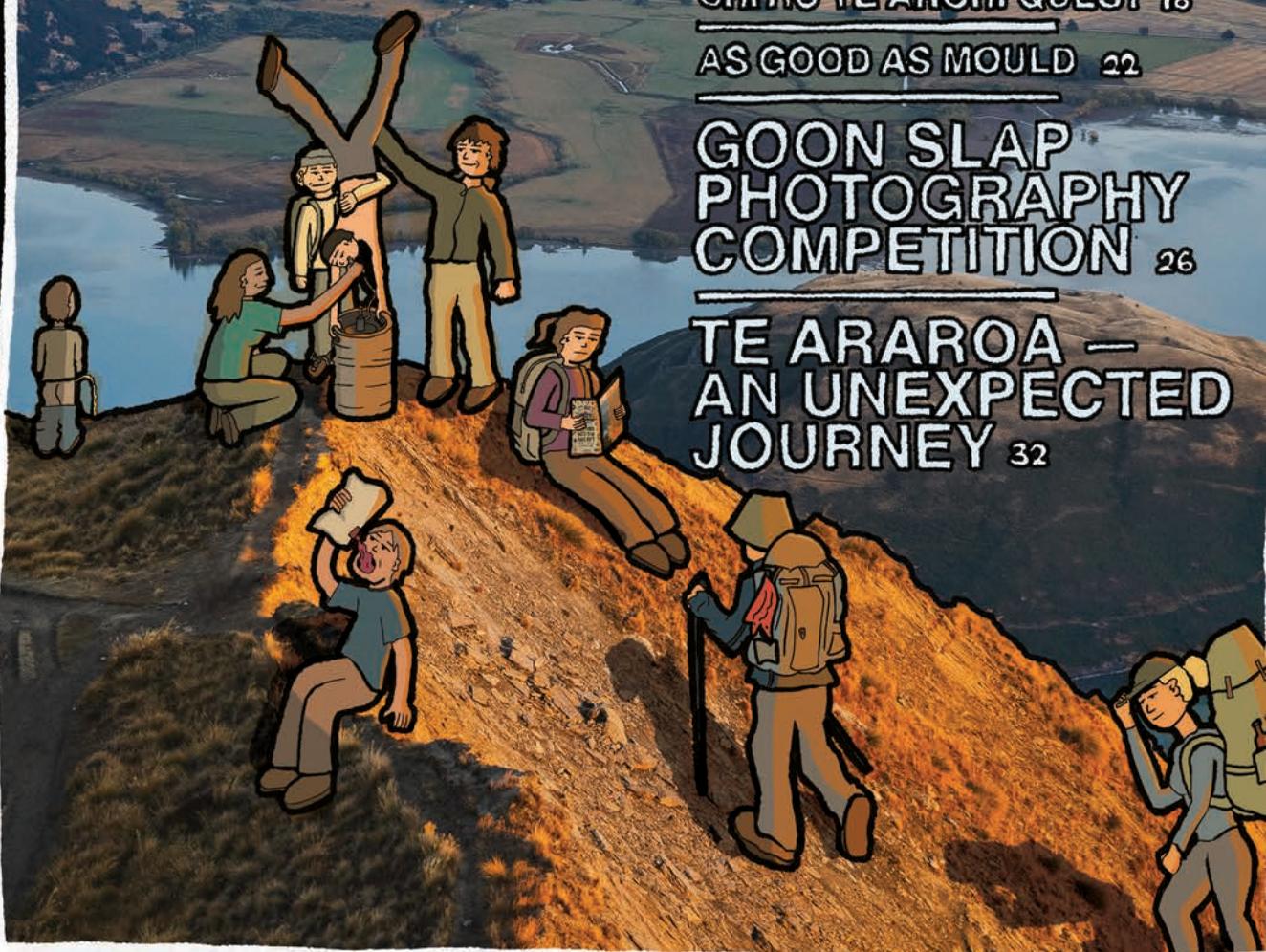
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TOMAHAWK-SMAILLS BEACHCARE TRUST  
FOSTER HOPE OTAGO  
SAVE THE OTAGO PENINSULA  
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## EDITORIAL: TOUCH SOME GRASS

We're all saying it: winter is coming, and with it the winter blues. Soon enough it'll have all of us in its clutches once more as we wallow in the sunless pit of North Dunedin. There are all kinds of things that are recommended to help you cope. My advice? Just touch some grass.

I've spent a lot of time thinking about the winter blues since moving to Dunedin about five years ago. Before then, I would have told you that winter was one of my favourite seasons. But there's something about being a student in Dunedin that feeds the beast of seasonal depression: the constant stress of uni, poor housing standards, permeating cold, raging alcoholism, and probably the fact that many of us rarely venture outside of our bubble.

But an underlying theme that's emerged in this issue is the healing effects of nature. Bear with me. While editing, I reflected on the ways I've kept my mental health in check during my studies. Not to sound like a hippy (or your mum), but there is nothing that's helped me more than just going outside. Even better, getting the fuck out of the city. I hate to say it, but your mum's right: fresh air really does help.

If you're feeling a bit down in the dumps, staying in the same loop of home-library will not make you feel any better. Even just physically staying in one spot for too long can drain the motivation (and warmth) from your bones. If you have a car, or a friend with a car, or a Bee card, just go somewhere. Anywhere. Preferably somewhere you can take your shoes off, unlike the glass-riddled street you live on.

One of the feature articles in this issue talks to students who have walked Te

Araroa, the trail running the length of Aotearoa. As one Te Araroa walking student Critic interviewed in 2020 said: "I appreciate and understand that people sometimes don't have the desire, but for fucks sake, just get outside."

The students we spoke to this time also emphasise not only the jarring difference between the bush and the built environment, but also the stress of "civilised" life that comes with it. The stress we're all constantly under is way too normalised. Humans weren't meant to be endlessly productive in a never-ending cycle. It's taking away from our frolicking time.

So what I'm saying is: it's okay that you're feeling stressed and maybe a little depressed. I'd be shocked if you weren't. And while you probably can't change the cause of your stress or the shortening days, you can control how you look after yourself. It could be time to go for that walk in the Botans or check out a trail you hadn't gotten around to yet.

Gryffin has some recommendations in this issue of the different places in Ōtepoti where you can be sad, and perhaps feel a little better (or worse, if you opt for the Maccas bathroom option). I personally recommend putting your feet in the ocean at St Kilda, and then sit wrapped in blankets with the homies, having a big fat vent through mouthfuls of fish n' chips – you deserve it.

**NINA BROWN**



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# LETTERS



## LETTER OF THE WEEK

**Hey Ed,**

Last week's drug review gave the advice "make sure you drink lots of water" while taking MDMA. Though it seems sensible, this is potentially dangerous advice. MDMA can make it hard to know how thirsty you really are and causes water retention and dilution of electrolytes. If electrolyte concentrations get too low, it's bad news. My friend was sent to hospital after having a seizure because of overhydration while on MD. For ages after the seizure she struggled to recognise faces and kept thinking she recognised people she didn't know. There are also cases of people dying from this. Official harm reduction advice says to keep water consumption around 250mL (a cup) per hour and to look out for signs of dehydration or overhydration. For those interested in harm reduction and other drug info check out KnowYourStuff, The Level, Psychonaut Wiki, and Erowid.

Stay safe, get your drugs checked, and enjoy the trip!

Yours truly,

Drug appreciator.

**Send letters to the editor to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) to be in to win a \$25 UBS voucher.**

**Hi all,**

It would be absolutely sick if you wouldn't mind procrastinating your study by taking 3-5 minutes out of your day to help us with ours!

Artificial Intelligence (AI) can definitely give off a non-fantastic vibe, especially in popular media

(looking at you Skynet), and it is influencing the way we live in unimaginable ways.

Have you got thoughts on AI? We are conducting a research project on what constitutes the appropriate use of, and regulation of AI at the uni. If you've used AI with your coursework we aren't trying to catch or shame you (Grammarly goes hard tbh), we just want to know if it was useful to you and what you think of it. The project is open to students of all disciplines.

Yours sincerely,

Sleep deprived postgrad guy



**Dear Critic Magazine Editorial Team**

I hope this message finds you well. I'm writing

to bring to your attention an issue I recently encountered while solving the crossword puzzle in the latest edition of Critic Magazine.

While thoroughly enjoying the puzzle, I came across a typo in one of the clues that hindered my ability to complete it accurately. The clue for 5 and 6 down, which should have read "5 Beatles Song of '68" "6 Perry, to Dr Doof" was mistakenly printed as "5 Beatles Song of '68 6 Perry, to Dr Doof!". As a dedicated fan of your magazine and an avid crossword enthusiast, I couldn't help but notice this error, which unfortunately disrupted the solving experience.

I understand that mistakes happen, but I wanted to bring this to your attention to ensure the quality and accuracy of future editions of the crossword. Given the inconvenience caused by this error, I kindly request compensation in the amount of \$10 as a gesture of goodwill. A box/tin would also be appreciated.

I deeply value Critic Magazine and the entertainment it provides, and I look forward to continuing to engage with your publication. Thank you for your attention to this matter, and I appreciate your prompt response.

Warm regards

Harvey Marryatt

[redacted]

**Editor's response:** *Sorry!*

**Kia ora**

I am writing this email on behalf of my flat to bring light to an issue within this weeks release of the critic. Me and my flatmates are avid readers and supporters of the critic and have been committed to religiously completing each weeks crossword. In this weeks drug edition the crossword is missing a clue for 6 down, and it has severely impacted our flat morale as we are unable to complete it. Our flat has gone through some extreme events the past few weeks, including but not limited to; our washing machine broke and flooded our entire bathroom

and the next door rooms, our flatmates car broke down on the way home for midsem in the middle of nowhere between Ashburton and Timaru (aka the asscrack of New Zealand- sorry if you're from there), another flatmate unfortunately contracted both Herpes and the clap (psa, don't sleep with the ex). On top of all of these unfortunate series of events, we don't have hyde tickets?? This has just been the straw that broke the camels back, and we are all suffering from it. The critic has been our emotional support through these events and more, but has turned into a cause of our stress this week. To alleviate the added burden this has created, we feel as though a simple solution would be providing us with 4 ticket codes. Our flat would be forever in debt to the university of otago, emotionally and very much financially. I hope you resonate with our story (we have evidence of the tragedies you need it).

Lots of love,

Four girls who need something positive to get us through these trials.

**Editor's response:** *I Respect the hustle.*

**Hi Champs at the Critic,**

Monday and the end of the weekend may not be the favourite for many, but it is certainly the pinnacle of my week for one simple reason. The new edition Critic Te Ārohi that hits the shelves. Some of the writing may be questionable at best but regardless there is no other way I and many others would rather procrastinate in central library. Perhaps the most exciting part of any issue is the crossword. Never have I devoted so much of my limited brainpower, including toward my degree, to any other activity yet it seems that every crossword is riddled with errors, some small but some that leave it downright unsolvable. In the drugs issue, the clue for six down was absent and in previous issues the word aromatic was the source of much controversy. Don't get me started on the multiword answers which are often ridiculous- 'gvmnt dept' is hardly an appropriate solution. Word on the street is the folks News Publishers Association will take note of any efforts to remedy these contiuing travesties and award the Critic with publication of the year!!

Regards,

Wallace

**Editor's response:** *You're going to hate this week's.*

**Hey besties**

I agree with the letter of the week telling freshers to shut the fuck up in the library (you're so real for that btw, fax no printer fr). It is actually unreal how many freshers come into the library just to not study.

How many times do people have to hear your big ass frank green bottles clanging on the desk, or having to hear your convos about the most random shit when some of us come to the library for a quiet study sesh? At least talk about something interesting so it's worth our while to listen to. Or best of all, hearing you laugh your asses off without any attempt to suppress it and you start to hee-haw like a damn donkey.

For fuck sakes, book a study room. Go into the link. Go outside and find somewhere to sit on campus. PLEASE just go anywhere else because not everyone can tolerate your level of noise. I can hear you through my headphones, which are also noise-cancelling. Library is a place for students who actually want to study and pass, not for y'all to sit and gossip so loud that we can hear you 20 desks down from where you're fucking sitting.

Put your headphones on when watching a lecture too. Don't have headphones? Tough it out and wait til you're back at the hall. I guarantee you nobody wants to hear your 55 minute lecture from BSNS113 on economic principles at full volume.

On that note, why do freshers have a staring problem? Stop eyeballing the shit out of people that sit next to you or just walk past, you're making it obvious.

Thanks for coming to my TED Talk,

from somebody who actually gives a shit about their degree (so sorry for being a scrooge xx)

**OUSA Exec have voted for this year's Capping Charity to be New Zealand Riding for the Disabled, a not-for-profit whose kaupapa is to foster confidence, independence, and well-being for people with disabilities through therapeutic horse riding**

**Otago Uni is launching their new brand identity on May 1 with a dawn ceremony at the St David Street Main Entrance.** Students are invited to witness the unveiling of the new tohu and Māori name, Ōtākou Whakaihu Waka, from 7-9am

**YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP**

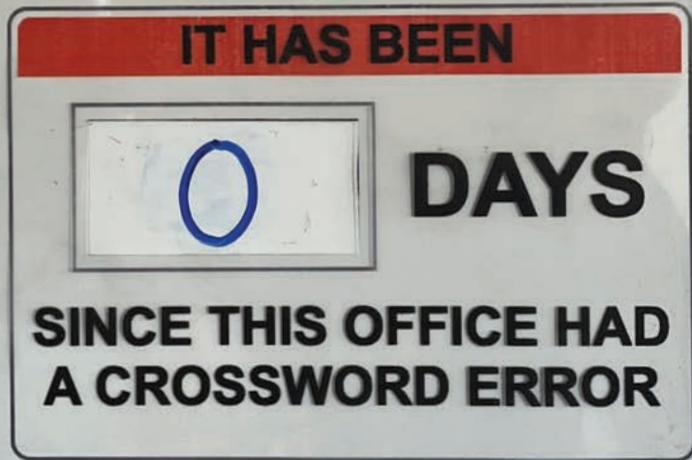
**Radio One is hosting a poster design competition for their 40th anniversary.** Entries close July 14th

**The OUSA and Otago Uni ANZAC day service is this Thursday, April 25th, in the middle of campus (outside the Staff Club and Mellor Labs) at 1pm.** All students welcome

**It's Earth Day on Monday!** To celebrate, Students for Environmental Action are hosting a DIY beeswax wraps workshop at the Clubs and Socs building at either 5pm or 6pm. You can book for \$5 through the OUSA website

**UNICEF Aotearoa is calling rangatahi across the motu to become Young Ambassadors for 2024.** If you're aged 17-24 and are passionate about social justice issues, you can apply for the programme through the UNICEF website until May 5th

# CONTENTS



THIS WORLD IS 1000 TIMES BETTER  
SINCE YOUR MOM & YOUR DAD

## Crossword Trauma Leads to Plea for Hyde Tickets

We respect the hustle

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

The Hyde hustle has been strong this year, with some twisting the "trauma" of repeated Critic crossword errors (soz) into a bid for tickets. A flat of four who spotted the latest typo sent an email last Monday to Critic Editor Nina and OUSA President Keegan, claiming it had "severely impacted our flat morale."

Critic Te Ārohi's Drugs Issue crossword marked the third mistake for the magazine this year (the same number of incensed crossword letters we received this week). In their email, the flat of four outlined dealing with a series of "extreme events" and suggested that Critic "has been our emotional support [...] but has turned into a cause of stress." They went on to suggest that "a simple solution would be providing us with 4 ticket codes."

They claimed that their flat's dedication to the crossword was "religious," particularly following a series of extremely unfortunate incidents, including a bathroom flooding, a car breakdown, and a case of herpes. Continuing the tale of woe, they said, "On top of all these unfortunate events we don't have Hyde tickets??" Concluding, they urged recipients of the letter to "resonate with [their] story," signing off with the pseudonym 'four girls who need something positive to get through these trials'.

Keegan responded: "I sadly do not have it in my power to obtain Hyde Street tickets, I feel for you and your flatties." Nina also rejected the plea, saying in her response, "The most I can give you as consolation is the answer to No. 6 Down which is 'nemesis.'"

A cold response from the compassionless leaders of OUSA, it would seem. But although Keegan and Nina rejected the plea, each offered their condolences. Keegan said, "It's really through tough times that legends emerge." Nina sent her deepest

"apologies and sympathies."

Others have also jumped on the magazine's weakness, with one disgruntled patron demanding that they be compensated with "\$10 as a gesture of good will. A box/tin would also be appreciated" with an email containing a bank account number. Several other students Critic spoke to have demanded justice from the magazine.

One student, Anna, told Critic, "The crosswords should be correct." Another student, Lucy, said, "It would make me feel a lot smarter if they were actually correct all the time," though she did admit that she doesn't normally get far enough to spot the errors. Both Lucy and Anna suggested that both Critic Te Ārohi and OUSA had wronged the students, arguing that they could surely sus some tickets for the students' hustle.

Scandalously, Nina admits that Critic Te Ārohi's crossword error was spotted before the magazine was published! It was spotted by Sub-Editor Ellie while editing the print-out (the physical copy we go through with red pens) but "we just forgot to change it in the doc before we sent it to the printers," said Nina. Oh snap.

In a last ditch attempt to make up for Critic's shortcomings, Keegan told the disgruntled group of "girlies" that she would give them a headstart in last week's Exec Hyde giveaway where Keegan hid somewhere on campus. The four were given a five minute first clue advantage – one which they unfortunately did not take as Keegan was found almost instantaneously by another student. Better luck next time.



Anonymous participant

10 Apr · 🌐

# Is there anyone who isn't a fucking bot selling Hyde tickets



## Help a gal out 🙏

## Bot Takeover Prompts Private Castle24 Page

How does it knowing that hundreds of bots have tickets to Hyde and you don't?

By Gryffin Powell

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

The Castle24 Facebook group has been invaded – not by freshers, but by hundreds of bot accounts claiming to sell tickets to the Hyde St Party. What started as a trickle of scammers has turned into a shit storm of bots in the lead-up to Hyde, leaving students confused about who to trust. The significant increase led Castle24 admins to post on April 16th, "Hey guys just working on removing all the bots. This acc will now be private."

Bot accounts first appeared in the page before Baseline, but the lead up to Hyde drastically increased the amount of fake accounts. One post asking for tickets attracted a whopping 131 comments at the time of writing. There are just under 9,000 members in the public Facebook group, a number that's been steadily growing since the start of the year.

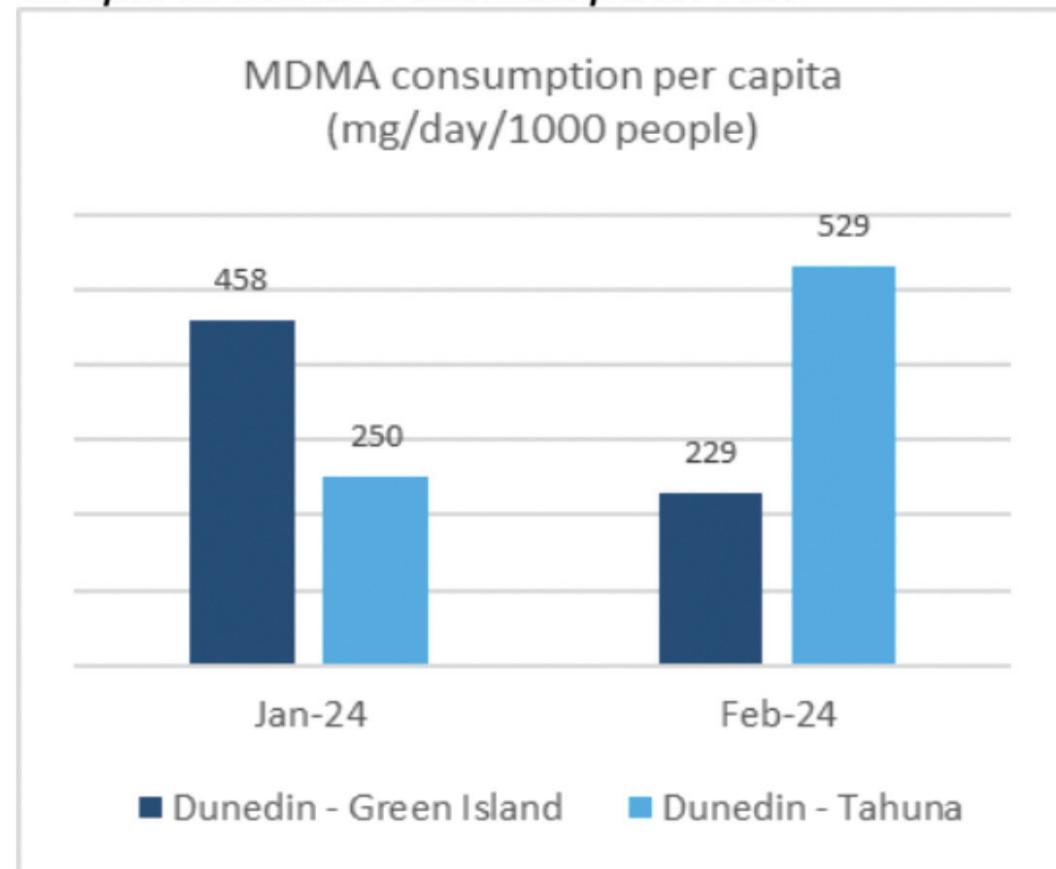
The Castle24 admin's initial strategy to combat the bots was to "check who's reported people and then I remove them, when I have spare time." However, they told Critic Te Ārohi that the influx has made it "super frustrating." In general, they said, "There tends to be fluctuations when there's ticketed events going on, since there's so many bots it takes so long to remove them. I've noticed a trend that when you click their profile they're usually family photos, older looking people, or they have no posts. They also tend to use no slang."

The admin also gave a shout out to their favourite bot, saying, "If you're out there 'Beauty Dennis' I'm coming for you, and your 12 Hyde and Coachella tickets." Better lock your doors, Dennis. Another example of a bot's flamboyant behaviour was 'Ashleigh Anderson' trying to sell her four tickets to Olivia Rodrigo's New York Concert the day it was happening – 15,000 km away. Other highlights included a bot who "surprised" their husband with Hyde tickets, but he had beaten her to it – ending up with two extra to sell. Double date with the bots anyone? Critic Te Ārohi would also like to make a special shout out to the bots who stated the tickets were for their "family" who could not make it anymore. RIP.

OUSA President Keegan Wells hadn't heard of the bots, as "a proud non-member of the Castle page being a sixth-year student." But she did comment that, "It doesn't surprise me." Quizzically she argued that "it could speak to the infiltration of bots in our everyday lives and in the Critic office." You heard it here first, folks: Critic's written by bots.

Proposals that the Facebook group will go private have not eventuated at the time of print.

Graph 2: MDMA consumption rate



## 71.6% Increase in Region's MDMA Consumption During Flo-Week

Pee don't lie

By **Hanna Varrs**  
Contributor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Wastewater testing has revealed a 71.6% increase in MDMA consumption during Flo-Week, meaning the cops know you got geary. Cocaine consumption also had a marginal rise (in this economy?) but it was 35 times less prevalent than MDMA.

The information has come to light after Critic Te Ārohi requested data from the New Zealand Police under the Official Information Act. The data collected measured a control week during January and the week ending 19th of February – more affectionately known as Flo-Week. Yep, all those geared and drunken pisses you took mattered in the end. Thanks for your contribution to science!

Julia Smith, Information Fusion Manager at the New Zealand Police, explained to Critic Te Ārohi that while information can be fed to the National Drug Intelligence Bureau (NDIB) to monitor changes in consumption trends, it does not explain “who is consuming drugs, the number of people consuming drugs or why people are consuming drugs.”

The data produced from wastewater testing differs considerably from student estimates which ranged from a 40% to a 120% increase. Students shared mixed reactions about the real increase of 71.6%. “That’s pretty standard,” students Trin and Takeu reckoned. The pair said that they thought “everyone was doing it” during Flo. “It was just more accessible, if one person is doing it, everyone is.”

Fellow students Seb and Monica felt the same. “I swear I saw 700 people taking gum and snorting,” they commented, while noting that they did not themselves contribute to the “piss drug wastewater statistics.” The pair also suggested that a focus on harm reduction in tandem with a relaxed police presence may have contributed to the rise. Chur SSDP.

Police revealed to Critic Te Ārohi that the biomarkers used in detecting MDMA in our wastewater can not detect what the MDMA may have been cut with, meaning other harmful substances could be present. So while another student Ella agreed that the data made sense (“nobody is popping caps in January”) she was worried for her friends: “Down here, you get the tendency to get bad drugs as everyone is looking for a cheaper alternative.” As Ella pointed out, an increase in MDMA consumption indicates a potential increase in said “bad drugs.”

Ella's concerns are echoed on New Zealand Police's website. MDMA use across sampled sites nationally in 2023 equated to a weekly social harm cost of \$1.2 million. Dunedin's usage rates are particularly relevant, with the most recent quarterly report finding that the Southern region had the highest amount of MDMA recorded in wastewater nationally. Julia Smith admitted that “from the wastewater data alone, NDIB cannot comment on student habits [...] it is not possible to comment on whether North Dunedin's results differ from wider Dunedin.”



## Dusty Laps for Life

Students sacrifice Sunday sleep-ins in solidarity with Life Matters

By **Nina Brown**  
Editor // [editor@critic.co.nz](mailto:editor@critic.co.nz)

Suicide prevention trust 'Life Matters' hosted Laps for Life at North Grounds on Sunday, April 14. Fuelled by the sausage sizzle, the crowd of 200 yellow-dressed attendees cumulatively ran 1,954 km (over the length of Aotearoa) eclipsing the original goal of 365 km before lunchtime. “To say we're impressed would be an understatement,” said Sophie, a spokesperson for Life Matters.

The kaupapa of Laps for Life echoed everything Life Matters stands for, Sophie told Critic. “Destigmatisation and awareness around suicide prevention is at the core of our mission, that mission being 0 suicides across Aotearoa New Zealand. A huge element of suicide prevention is community response and education. Laps for Life was about bringing the local community together for this cause.”

A dusty Critic joined a similarly dusty OUSA Exec who attended on the day. One of the OUSA exec who attended, Clubs and Socs Representative Emma Jackson, said she “was so hungover” during the event, admitting that she “nearly threw up I think four times.” When she tried running at the beginning of the day, Emma said that she got three laps in before ducking to the bathroom for a cheeky dry heave.

And it turns out she wasn't the only one. “There was one guy who actually threw up by a tree like three times.” The event was allegedly performed to an audience of a family out on their Sunday morning stroll. But despite the hangover, Emma said she “really enjoyed it” – especially the arts and crafts station. “I dressed up like a cat and forgot I was running with whiskers on my face.”

Numbers dropped off during the day but Emma marched on, lapping the field for the entire eight hours. “Time felt weird at one point because I was like, ‘I've spent maybe eight hours just walking around a circle, and I just watched the sun go from the West to the East.’” Sitting in the bullpen the next day, Emma told Critic that she completed around 25km total (a casual half marathon), eliciting a cry of “Woah, holy fuck” from Academic Rep Stella across the room.

Reflecting on the event, Sophie said, “It was a really incredible day, especially for our first go at an event like this. Our team worked tirelessly to see Laps for Life through, and seeing how well the day went we're all proud of our effort. Kia kaha to everyone who attended, really so proud of our Ōtepoti Dunedin community!”



## Daddy Grant's Home!

He is the opposite of an absent father

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

Grant Robertson was on campus recently, spending a week acquainting himself with the University and the people within. A select few were lucky enough to meet the soon-to-be-VC for a lunch date, telling Critic Te Ārohi they felt privileged to be fit into a schedule that was allegedly booked down to the minute.

Students excitedly spotted Robertson getting into his cocktails at Woof!. Staff writer Angus felt the brunt of his power after breaking the fourth wall in an attempt to engage in conversation. Angus was promptly "ghosted", with Roberston turning his back to the wide-eyed breathers. The crestfallen boy said, "I just wanted to get a pic with him because we were both drinking hazy [...] It was just kinda awkward." RIP Angus.

Other than this interaction, other students thought that Robertson was incredibly approachable. OUSA Exec members Emily and Stella (the academic one) said that their lunch meeting with Robertson, held at the illustrious Uni Staff Club, was "really exciting" because they were meeting someone who "knows how to make things happen," according to Stella. The Exec even managed to snag a couple of pics. Robertson reflected on his time as a uni student where

supposedly "his fridge was warmer than his flat". A timeless tradition. Critic was told that conversations centred around Robertson's goals of "making people proud to say that they graduated from the University of Otago" and to make the University Te Tiriti-led.

Robertson also commented on the Bowling Club in Caversham and hinted at the idea of North D getting its very own dinner style \$4 lunches. He reportedly mentioned that, with the cost of living on every student's mind, it would be a good way of shovelling in cheap food.

Stella commented that she hopes Robertson will be "more student-facing" because the "senior leadership team needs humanising." Stella also suggested the only thing we know about them is they can send a fuck load of emails – a classic Academic Rep comment.

More Otago students will have a chance to spot Robertson around campus when he officially starts his role on July 1st.



## Castle Street Clean-up Turnout Disappoints

Good thing breathas haven't been too messy

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

The fifth annual Sophie Crestani Castle Street Clean-up took place last Friday, attracting a disappointingly small turnout. Few members of the Castle St fraternity showed up, with the majority of initial attendees being either Caroline Freeman College residents or Hold On To Your Friends (HOTYF) event organisers – one of whom Critic overheard saying, "We're not second years anymore, not the same connections."

The disappointing turnout led attendees to question the advertising of the events. Bella, one of the organisers, told Critic Te Ārohi that they did most of their advertising on Instagram, with various sponsors and supportive accounts spreading the word through their channels as well.

The initially poor turnout was partially supplemented by the group of second-year students who crawled out of their flats upon seeing that the clean-up was occurring. This group significantly improved the turnout at the event.

While it was the fifth year of the clean-up, Bella said it was the sixth event in total as HOTYF had managed to initiate two clean-ups in 2023. They're planning on hosting another street clean-up

later this year, as event organisers hope to entrench the event into campus tradition.

Social Impact Studio manager Sze-En Watts told Critic that she loved "seeing the team from Hold On To Your Friends taking the lead on the clean-up." Sze-En reported that the Social Impact Studio had helped run the Castle St clean-up in conjunction with others since 2020, before the student-led initiative HOTYF took over.

Tara, OUSA's Welfare and Equity Rep, was the sole OUSA exec member at the event, describing it as "vibey." Others enjoyed the event as well, commenting on the surprising lack of rubbish on Castle St.

Initial signs of poor turnout didn't worry the organisers who reported that "it's really awesome and everyone's super willing to help." Bella says the event was "such a good opportunity to do something meaningful [...] you don't often have opportunities to show that you love where you live. It makes you see all the good stuff which makes you proud to be a student."

## Breaking Sound's Policies Still Under Fire

Are they breaking sound or breaking contracts?

By Jordan Irvine

Staff Writer // localproduce@critic.co.nz

Breaking Sound's policies continue to be questioned by local musos. Discussions centred around their odd contracts, which reports now suggest the company has been consistently breaking. It's been revealed to Critic Te Ārohi that multiple Dunedin bands, including IVY and The Beatniks, have had issues of underpayment with the company.

If you missed the last article in issue 4, Breaking Sound is an LA-based company that gets promoters to find 4-5 bands to perform on a night. Looking to promote the "hottest emerging artists," Breaking Sound traditionally caters to smaller bands and those with little prior experience in the cultural sphere.

IVY told Critic that the butt of their frustration with Breaking Sound was when the company didn't pay them after playing a gig in May of last year, to an audience of "at least 100 people." This is despite their policy that in order to profit from ticket sales, bands are required to sell a minimum of thirty tickets – which band members from The Friendly's said is "just a bit shit" anyway.

It's been alleged that other bands have not been paid by the company either, including the widely renowned student band The Beatniks. They allegedly also played to a crowd far surpassing 30 people at Dive, and have not seen the profits from this.

Speaking to the issue at hand, IVY guitarist James told Critic Te Ārohi that Breaking Sound had "forced us to compete with our friends for money, which is dodgy. Then they didn't pay us." Caribou, another local band, have also had issues getting their money – which they did, eventually, only after frontman Mario "sent a lot of texts to them to get paid. We were lucky!"

Following on from the incident, Breaking Sound reached out to IVY early this year to ask if the band wanted to play at another gig. "Can you believe that?" said James. In terms of their general interactions with the company, James said that for each show they would send in a "gig droid" who "posts a quick video of each band then fucks off."

Not only has the ticket policy been widely questioned, but also a clause in contracts requiring bands not to perform three weeks either side of the gig with the company. The contract explains, "The reason we request this is that it becomes very difficult for both us and you as an artist to create any kind of buzz about the show if you are playing in another venue just down the road within a close timeframe to our event."

Mario was sceptical about the six week radius clause, telling Critic Te Ārohi, "Everything seems so official and intimidating that you don't want to run the risk of losing your money!" When he questioned the clause to Breaking Sound, they elaborated that they "do not want to interfere with other producers in the area booking the same acts."

Following on from our recent article reporting on Breaking Sounds policies, Critic Te Ārohi sought a reply from the company to opinions expressed by Radio One muso Dave Borrie that "their mission statement is not applicable [to] Dunedin" and that they're "catering to a market they don't understand." Breaking Sound did not reply in time for print.

## Students "So Fucking Excited" for Dunedin Mecca

Not to be confused with Maccas

By Gryffin Powell

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Hold your Frank Green drink bottle tight because cosmetics giant Mecca is opening a store in Dunedin later this year. The chain confirmed the rumours to the Otago Daily Times after job positions were posted online. The store is set to open at an unspecified location on George Street – likely somewhere currently buried in road cones and scaffolding.

If you're not in the know, Mecca is a cosmetics store that's pretty big in Australia and New Zealand, boasting over a hundred stores. 'Bout time Dunedin gets something flashy. Pretty much anything to do with hair, makeup, and skincare are all under one (overstimulating) roof. It is often described as the 'NZ Sephora' – hopefully minus the feral twelve year olds that you probably heard about on TikTok a couple months ago.

For those keen to drop out (or find a job with your BA), working at the Dunedin Mecca will boast a pretty mean slate of benefits. Perks of the job will apparently include an "unlimited" 40% discount off of all makeup for yourself and immediate family, parental support, and "world-class" education opportunities. Surely they'll take a couple part-timers for those wanting a degree in Mecca-lore, right? Asking for a friend.

Critic Te Ārohi took to the streets of North D to see if anybody cared about Mecca's impending touchdown – or can afford to spend there. Second-year Leah said, "I'm so fucking excited because Dunedin deserves it." Slay, Dunedin. She added that you may even be able to go from Glassons to Mecca to Maccas: "It's the white girl holy trinity." Don't sell yourself short, queen.

Not everyone was convinced about the store though. Another student, Chase, said savagely, "Why's this a topic?" Ouch. After Googling what Mecca was, he said, "It's a makeup company, so it'll make students spend more money unnecessarily, correct? Preposterous propaganda."

Eva (yet another student we bothered) told Critic Te Ārohi, "What? When? I'm still waiting for Kmart." She raises a good point; Mecca has seemingly derailed Kmart as Dunedin's most hyped future store. Can't blame them when Dunedinites have been hearing about Kmart's return for years.

Despite no specific location, a vague opening date and no real information, the hype seems to be real for Mecca in Dunedin. Fingers crossed all our bank accounts survive.

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# PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

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## CROSSWORD

### Note from the maker of the crossword:

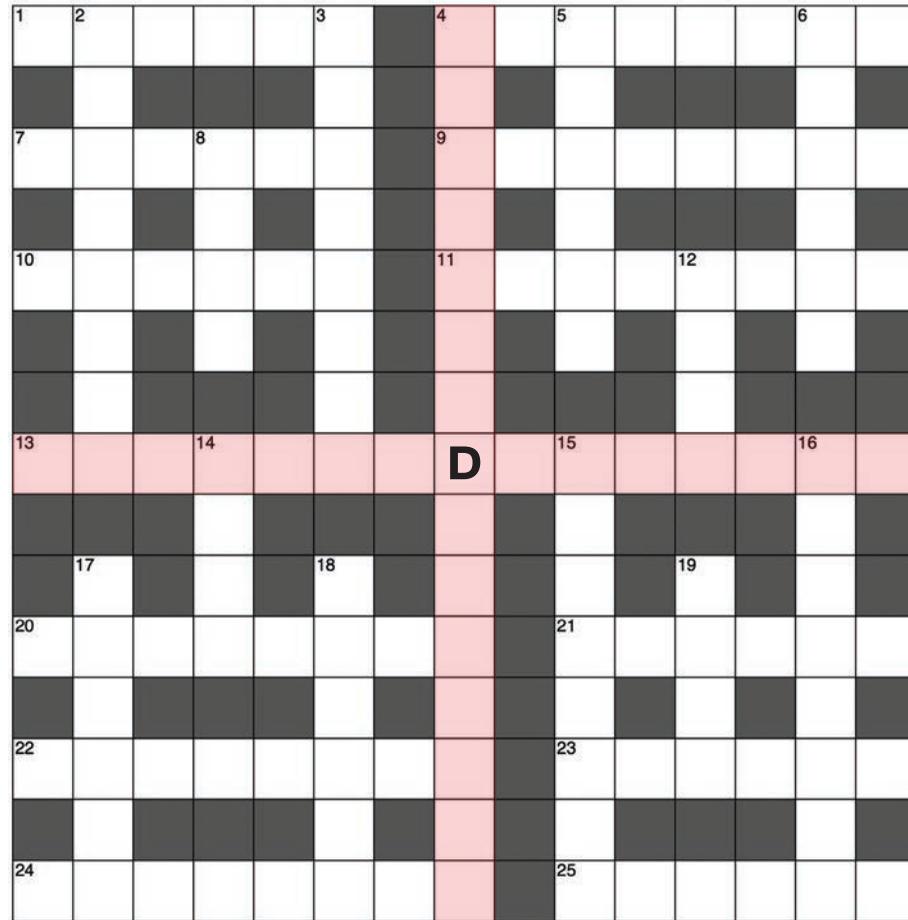
This week's puzzle is absolutely diabolical. I don't think I'd be able to solve it. If anyone gets it you win the all-time crossword championships. Good luck.

### ACROSS

- 1 Eclair-shaped
- 4 Positive attitude
- 7 Cuban cocktail
- 9 Consequence of a big night out
- 10 "The X-Files" agent
- 11 Actor Leo
- 13 The D is the key to this week's puzzle. You may need to change your point of view, perhaps even reflect on your choices, to see this one through
- 20 Italian sparkling wine
- 21 7, 11, 13...
- 22 Repent (2)
- 23 Shout
- 24 Family keepsake, or a tomato
- 25 Like some salmon

### DOWN

- 2 Vegetable
- 3 Tyre company
- 4 Same as 13A
- 5 Again, sort of like this week's puzzle
- 6 Peaceful
- 8 At rest
- 12 Open, as a door
- 14 Mix in
- 15 Rubbish place
- 16 Pasta type
- 17 To obtain via force
- 18 Workplace
- 19 Red puppet



### ISSUE 7 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

**ACROSS:** 1. EDGING 5. HANDS OFF 9. TRASH DAY 10. MODIFY 11. NYC AVENUES 12. KUHLE 13. REKINDLE 16. SECOND 18. EMBERS 20. MARKSMAN 22. PARK 24. AUDITORIUM 27. RHYTHM 28. SYNOPSIS 29. FOURTEEN 30. A PENNY  
**DOWN:** 2. DERBY 3. INSTA 4. GODSEND 5. HEY JUDE 6. NEMESIS 7. SIDEKICKS 8. FIFTH 14. ELM 15. ICE SKATER 17. NBA 19. STARMIE 20. MADISON 21. ROTUNDA 23. ACHOO 25. RUPEE 26. UNION

## SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

### EASY

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

### MEDIUM

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

### HARD

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

## WORDFIND

- GOON
- BOT
- CROSSWORD
- MECCA
- PENICILLIUM
- TE ARAROA
- DRAG
- SEAGULL
- CARGILL
- SLAP
- STUDYLINK
- ICE MEN
- WEDDING DRESS
- ROAD CONE
- MILKMAID



## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Lucia Brown

There are 10 differences between the two images



# BOTANICAL BONGERS

## TOUCH GRASS AND TOUCH GRASS

BY HUGH ASKERUD AND ANGUS REES  
ILLUSTRATED BY ARIA TOMLINSON



To many, the Botanical Gardens are a short-cut to New World Gardens or a nice place to picnic. To members of the species *Stoneri botanis* (The Botan Stoner), however, the Gardens are their natural habitat. The Botan Stoner is an abundant species native to the ecosystem of Ōtepoti. This species of fauna (and the flora found in their pockets) are unfortunately in gradual decline, due to competition from the related *Stoneri reclusivicus* – because indoors is where the cartoons are.

*Stoneri botanis* can be difficult to spot if you don't know where to look, due to the creature's propensity for earth-toned clothing. But to the trained eye (and nose), they're everywhere – squinting through clouds of smoke at ducks, giggling at plant signs, and napping in the sun. A key question emerges: what is it about the Botans that's attracted this exotic species? And how can we help them return to their natural habitat in their former numbers?

To investigate, the naturalists at Critic Te Ārohi would have to blend in. It takes one to know one; as an Antarctic naturalist might disguise themselves as a penguin, Critic would need to assume the identity of the species we were studying. If we were, hypothetically, to undertake such an investigation, we'd arm ourselves with the Clong (Clocktower bong), and trek to the Botans for a six-hour mish through the gardens. And if we were to do that – you know, hypothetically – this is how we imagine it would go.

On a beauty of a Saturday, fuelled by five cones, the naturalists at Critic Te Ārohi embark on a mission – one not to be disturbed by any awry thoughts, like whether we'd have more land for housing if we just flattened all of the hills. But that would be like living in Christchurch, so even if no one likes hills, they're arguably the key to a good city – scratch that thought, then.

Arriving at the Botans, it becomes immediately obvious (through glassy eyes) that the gardeners are responsible for what makes the location so attractive, so alluring. The entire place is meticulously designed to give off one impression: raw sex appeal. Which makes sense, because pollen is plant cum. Wait, bro – in nurturing the Botans, are the gardeners just enabling plants' breeding kinks?

Most of the carefully cared for plants have Latin names. A dying language, often touted as boring and antiquated, and before this (hypothetical) quest Critic would have agreed. That is, before stumbling across the 'Fuchsia procumbens' of the world. Doesn't that just roll off the (dry) tongue? What they don't tell you is that Latin is the language that taught your frigid English ancestors how to love. Critic is willing to wager there's at least three grandparents in the group of six gardeners who roam the Botans, and that the Latin plant labels are their very own steamy fan-fic.

The top of the Botans is filled with dense – and secluded ;) – shrubbery, with one aptly named 'Tenson' reflecting the sexual tension this creates. Other highlights of this section include *Pulsatilla albana*, *Thymus serpyllum*, and 'Chloris', all of which make one think of NSFW body parts. Yet, despite the names, the plants themselves did not have the same erotic quintessence, with one 'White beauty' looking not white but vomit green and spiky. Much like the "imaginary" bud spurring on our quest. Good thing there's a water fountain.

Trekking down to the bottom of Mordor (Botans), we crossed over to the fields beside the greenhouse where "Superba" was alive and blooming, taking in the hot rays among other green friends (the plants, not us). "Superba"

was honestly stealing the spotlight, with bright purple leaves and a green tinge. She knows what she's doing.

The "warm and wet" greenhouse could make any *Stoneri botanis* drool. Time stands still in this steamy habitat. All the plants are bulbous, there's a perfume-esque smell, and the flowers vaguely resemble genitalia. Georgia O'Keeffe would have had a field day – a native *Stoneri botanis* Critic stumbled upon enjoying the haven of heat certainly was.

We asked the *Stoneri botanis* specimen whether the sexiness we had observed so far had anything to do with making the Botans hit different through green eyes. The specimen just shrugged and said, "I'll leave that for you to decide," though eloquently pointed out that "Sex is life." Are we high or could it be that the Botans was designed with deliberate sex appeal to remind us of the living, breathing, procreating joys of being alive? Woah dude, I think we got it. By being continually reminded of sex in action, residents of the gardens come to see the connection between people and plants – we can smoke 'em and they can look like our most intimate parts. It's a revelation that's enough to transform a stoned breatha into a man.

And yet, the sheer sex appeal of nature is but one part of what keeps *Stoneri botanis* returning to this habitat year after year. This species maintains its replacement rate due to how fucking funny some of the plant names are. Surely they knew what they were doing when they named the roses "Tea Clipper", "High Hopes", "Amber Flush", "Brighteyes" or "Dr. Grill". Binomial nomenclature is a pothead's delight and a naturalist's shitpost – try finding *Weberbauerocereus weberbaueri* (var. *horrispinus*) and then saying it with a straight face. It's a magical place, where plants are named "Rhodo John Bull" or "Nicky Crisp," which definitely aren't dealers. For The Botans Stoner to continue to thrive, so too must plants with vibey names. The ecosystem is perfectly in balance as long *Stoneri botanis* can point at greenery such as *Podocarpus lawrencel*, AKA "Purple King", and say, "Me rn."

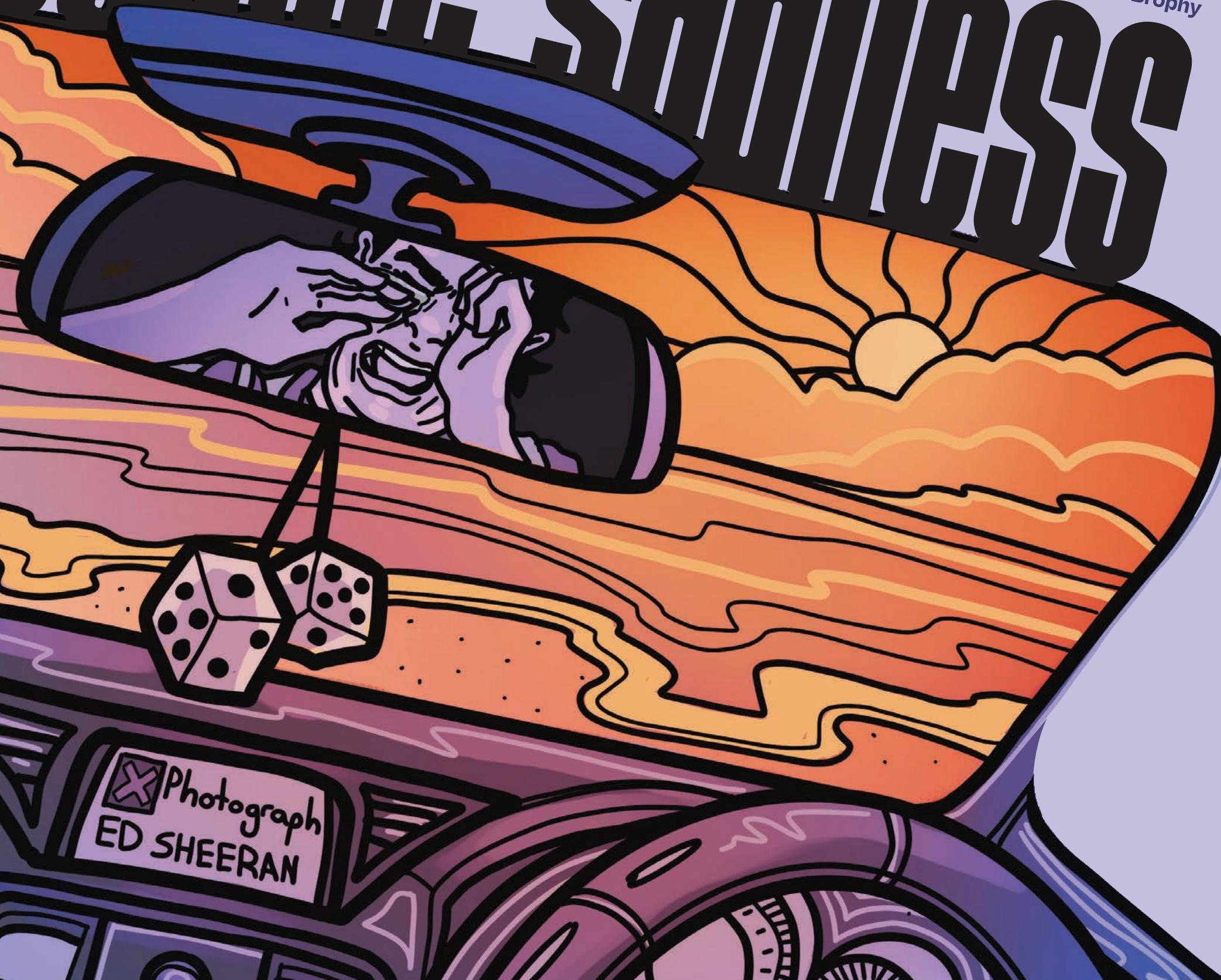
For most, the gardens are an escape from the ruckus of uni lifestyle. For the *Stoneri botanis*, however, it's so much more. As our investigation led us beyond the flowers, the pigeon shit-stained benches and the intimate café full of NZ First voters, we discovered the true wonder of nature and the mystical aura the Botans hold. Being blazed in the Botans opened our minds to how life imitates sex and, man, if that's not a beautiful thing. And it's only by putting on the giggle-goggles that we see this true reality shine through. That must be why drugs are illegal, otherwise people would just live in the Botans forever, shrouded in the "Hybrid Musk" sector or nestled by topiary that really, really looks like giant nugs.



# SPANIA SADDNESS

A CRITIC TE ĀROHI QUEST

By Gryffin Powell  
Illustrated by Jakira Brophy



As temperatures plummet, the primal North D urge to “get the fuck away from it all” stirs. Nothing awakens the adventurous spirit quite like a mouldy flat or a situationship ending. Two dudes armed with a Mazda (that they weren’t insured to drive) embarked on an expedition to find where best to wallow. The tale that unfolded could rival the greatest explorers of history – none of whom ever sought the most scenic places to be depressed.

## Secret Campus Garden (between Quad and Marama Hall)

For those less inclined to seek out the far-flung destinations (or ceebs the petrol money), campus has some hidden gems to escape the day-to-day slog. It could’ve been easy to say the ever-scenic Clocktower lawn, but having tourists photograph your menty-b didn’t quite tick the box of seclusion our depressed selves sought.

This secret garden is perfect. Just a few minutes away from the Business School or Richardson, you can take your pick of benches or a soggy lawn to bask in the cloudy sky. The lack of remoteness is made up for in views, surrounded by the old brick buildings that may invoke impressions of Euro Summer if you squint hard enough. While this may not be enough to cure depression, it certainly is the spot to keep your sadness in check before your next class.

**SCENERY:** 6/10

**OCCASION:** Mid-assignment menty-b

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 2/10 (let’s be real, nowhere on campus can)

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** ‘Say Yes’ by Elliott Smith

## Maccas Bathroom

Like death and taxes, an inevitable fact of life is getting sad on the piss. Shlappens. For the troopers who tough it out and march on into the night, we’ve got just the place to wallow in gin-soaked self-pity: Maccas. All intoxicated roads lead here – the intersection of Dunedin society – from gutter-grubbed freshers kicked out at town-time, to breathas with a bad case of the munchies.

Critic had a yarn to Tara on our travels, a second-year who has a “spiritual” connection to the toilets. She claims it’s wallowability is because “it’s a pretty low place whether you want to admit it or not, so you feel a lot better about almost passing out from vomiting in the bathroom, because who’s gonna judge you? You can also hold hands with another person throwing up in the neighbouring stall, building friendships through tough times.” None of this may be scenic (she did add the floors were “pretty nice” though), but you’re drunk and the world’s spinning anyways.

**SCENERY:** -1/10

**OCCASION:** Drunk calling your ex and trauma-dumping on a stranger

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** -100/10, it’ll probably make you sadder

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** ‘When the party’s over’ by Billie Eilish

## John Wilson Ocean Drive

Arguably the most basic entry on this list, but it's popular for a reason. Essentially a glorified car park overlooking St Kilda Beach, no matter what time of day you pull up you'll be greeted by a row of cars full of people staring and contemplating the ocean. The drive out to St Kilda conveniently takes you past nearly every fast food location in South D; there's no better place to eat your feelings.

If you dragged a fellow sad friend along, this serves as the perfect backdrop to indulge in a cheeky trauma-dump or some DMCs. Being sealed in your car may not exactly give Indiana Jones explorer, but it does mean that flatmate or a nosy fella in the Link can't eavesdrop.

**SCENERY:** 7/10

**OCCASION:** Eating your feelings with a deep-fried Mars bar

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 8/10, a burden shared is a burden halved

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** 'Silver Springs' by Fleetwood Mac

## Otago Trooper's Memorial

Some choose to touch grass to get out of a funk rather than rotting in bed rewatching *Friends* for the tenth time. You're the real adventurers in this world – this spot is for you. Located at the gooch of the Otago Peninsula, a quick ten minute uphill battle takes you to a swooping viewpoint over the harbour and city. If the wind doesn't take you out, it's the perfect spot to feel grateful your flat has walls and isn't a giant wind tunnel.

On our visit, there was a couple who were either about to hook up or sesh (we couldn't tell) but were clearly in pretty good spirits either way. Jury's still out on whether it's a spot that attracts depressed Dunedinites, but props to them for having a greater sense of adventure than us.

**SCENERY:** 9.5/10

**OCCASION:** Touching some fucking grass for a change

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 4/10 (Bonus points for fresh air and actually leaving your car)

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** 'Nobody Gets Me' by SZA

## Unity Park

The skyline of Dunedin at night may invoke visions of the New York or London skylines if you're delusional enough. Plenty of adventure is to be found at this spot, from either the steep drive up the hill or the car park full of drug dealers if you visit on the wrong (or right) night.

With the brightest landmark in sight being Mitre 10 Mega, there's not much scenery to give you hope that someday you'll escape this cold, dead shithole in search of some place better. But if there's one thing sad students are good at, it's making the best of the shit situations we've put ourselves in. Unity Park is just the place to appreciate that.

**SCENERY:** 3/10

**OCCASION:** Deluding yourself that you're not there for a drug deal

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 5/10

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** 'Waiting Room' by Phoebe Bridgers

## 'The End of the World'

This spot probably has a name, but there's no signs or anything – it was only described to us as 'The End of the World' on my first visit as a fresher. Located on probably Dunedin's fanciest street, Highgrove (it's so fancy it doesn't have street at the end of it) is a cliffside viewpoint with sweeping sights of the ocean and cliffs. For those a little braver, there is a sketchy gorse-ridden path along the clifftop to admire the view. While the surroundings of the Dunedin elite will probably make you feel awful about your over-reliance on Studylink, they sure are gatekeeping this epic view to themselves.

With just miles and miles of ocean to stare at, this is the perfect place to go to pretend you're no longer in Dunners. Thoughts of the Titanic or Pirates of the Caribbean-esque adventures can be a solid distraction from how fucked up your life is right now. Bonus points if it's golden hour, great for sending that post-cry selfie to the girls.

**SCENERY:** 10/10

**OCCASION:** Aesthetically crying to a sunset

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 8/10

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** 'Self Control' by Frank Ocean

## Mt. Cargill

A pretty solid mantra for if you're down in the dumps is: "I need to get the fuck out of North D." For when you really need to get the fuck away while also needing to make lectures the following day, Mt. Cargill is just the place. Being 680m above Dunedin really helps you see how tiny our silly little uni is in the grand scheme of things. The view is great for contemplating your life choices; it may even cause you to have some weird kinda indie movie coming of age moment if you're lucky.

If you weren't already in a shit mood, then you will be after tackling the road to the summit. The crusty Mazda was fighting for its life up that steep gravel drive, feeling a lot like its driver at the time. Just pretend it's a metaphor for driving away from your problems – it's really fucking hard to get out of. But the journey is worth it, with a view so good it might actually force a smile on your face. Our time spent here was the finale of our expedition, and for a brief moment, all of our student first-world problems were cured. The vibes were on for the first time since the temperature dipped below 20 degrees.

**SCENERY:** 11/10

**OCCASION:** Making your problems seem smaller through distance

**ABILITY TO CURE DEPRESSION:** 10/10

**SAD BANGER TO BLAST:** 'Silver Soul' by Beach House



From flocks of seagulls to herds of freshers, beautiful North Dunedin boasts a variety of unique flora and fauna – the most abundant and furtive of which can be found in your very own flat. You guessed it: mould. Your white-toothed suit-wearing landlord only wants you to live amidst the most vibrant of ecosystems. There's arguably no better time to become one with nature (and respiratory infection). Take this quiz to find out which variety of mould you are, and have a closer look at those fungi friends you involuntarily share your flat with.

By Jodie Evans  
Illustrated by Mikey Clayton

# As Good as Mould

## 1. You're craving a mid-week adventure, where do you and the flatties head?

- a) The beach – campfire and fish 'n chips compulsory
- b) Student Health (flat flu shots)
- c) Up a mountain
- d) Castle for some DBs
- e) Pint Night

## 2. In the crisp cold of this Ōtepoti autumn, how do you keep warm?

- a) Spending the day under your duvet with a cup of tea
- b) Putting every layer you own on until you start sweating
- c) You call this cold?
- d) A long, hot, and steamy shower
- e) Starting a situationship

## 3. It's flat movie night. What kind of doco do you pick?

- a) Something with baby animals
- b) Doesn't matter, you'll fall asleep halfway through
- c) Adventure sports vlogs on YouTube
- d) A celebrity biopic
- e) Some fucked up true crime

## 4. Which is your preferred mode of transport to uni?

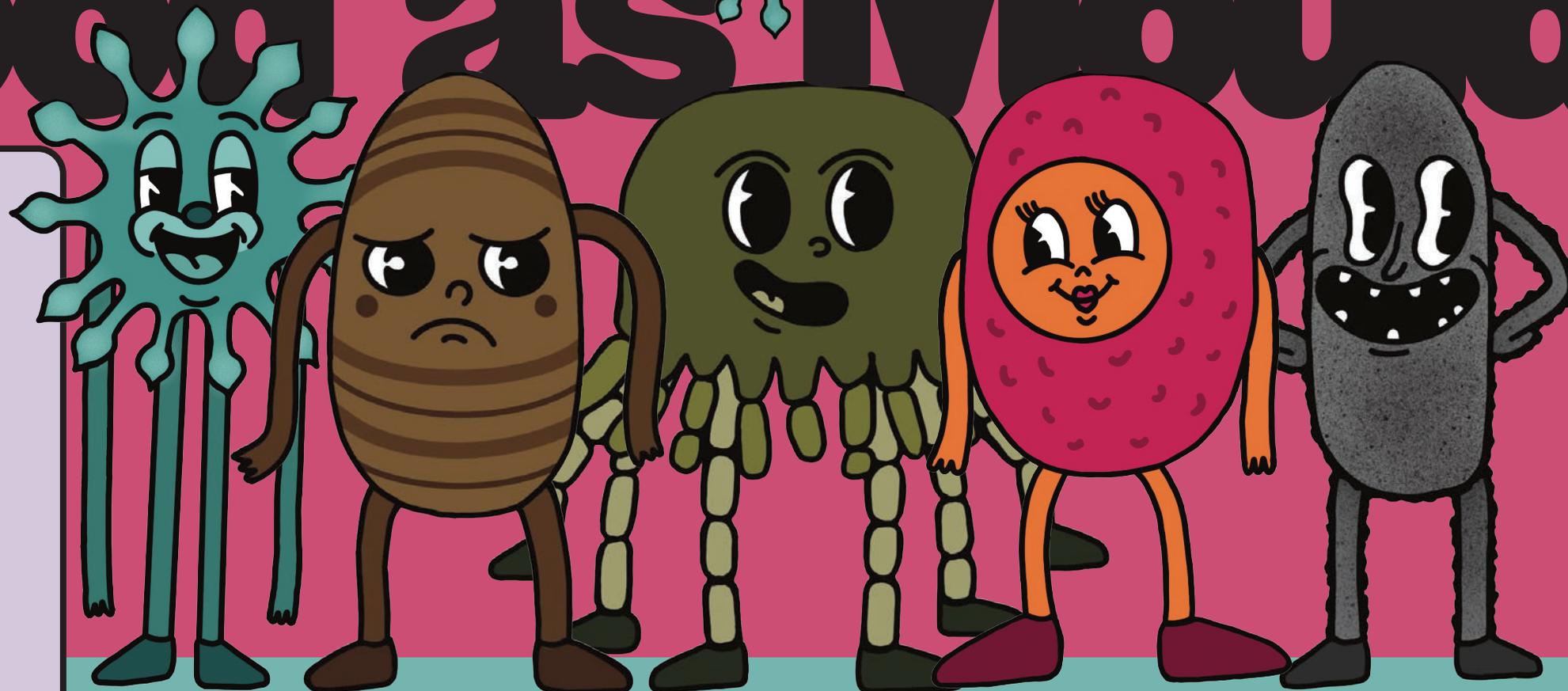
- a) Walking school bus with your friends
- b) Crawling
- c) Via slackline or some shit
- d) Roller skates
- e) An unnecessarily loud ute

## 5. Which North D wildlife do you find the most endearing?

- a) The friendly spider that lives in your bathroom
- b) Campus Watch
- c) The humble trash seagull
- d) Bill and Bill (RIP)
- e) Freshers

## 6. What new hobby are you trying?

- a) Baking bread
- b) Embroidery
- c) Naked base jumping
- d) Crochet
- e) Podcasting



### Mostly As: Blue Bread Mould – *Penicillium*

What an absolute treasure you are! You're harmless and give off purely good vibes. Making great food for the flat is your forte. You are, without a doubt, the mum of your friend group and responsible for organising every trip that makes it out of the group chat.

**Pro tip:** Nothing, keep living your best life. And perhaps freeze your bread.

### Mostly Bs: Black Rot – *Alternaria*

You take everyone's breath away. Literally – you get everyone sick. Rumour has it that you never recovered from the fresher flu two years ago, causing your immune system to drop out and go to UC. It's not all bad though. Being sick all the time means you have the best binge-worthy Netflix recommendations. Just do everyone a favour and stop coming to the library and coughing everywhere.

**Pro tip:** Up that vitamin C and invest in an industrial dehumidifier.

### Mostly Cs: Green Plant Mould – *Cladosporium*

The textbook adventurer, you thrive in the great outdoors. Rarely seen by your flatmates in between getting grubby on earthy escapades, you're near impossible to get a Messenger reply from. You can either be found in a thrifted woollen sweater or completely nude – no in-between.

**Pro tip:** A good shower and a soak with white vinegar.

### Mostly Ds: Pink Shower Mould – *Serratia marcescens*

You're not like other moulds, you're actually a bacteria – more cultured. While your 'everything showers' may rack up the power bill and piss off your flatmates, it pays off. Your look is iconic. But you're not just a pretty face; your persistence and determination to grow and become your best bold self is unmatched.

**Pro tip:** Suck up to your flatmates and wipe the shower walls with bleach.

### Mostly Es: Toxic Black Mould – *Stachybotrys chartarum*

Well, it's not good news. You have a habit of showing up where you're not invited and are notoriously hard to get rid of. You most commonly reside in your dank Duffers bedroom with the curtains closed. An expert manipulator, even bleach won't scrub off your narcissism.

**Pro tip:** Therapy and the tenancy tribunal.

# re-archi



## GOON SLAP PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD WINNER

In his acceptance speech, Will tells Critic that he and his mates had been planning on going up a glacier and having a "formal dinner" (or at least do something dumb in suits so we could get some funny photos) for about three years. The Otago University Tramping Club (OUTC) trip they'd planned for was cancelled several times. When it finally went ahead, he said they decided to properly send it up Brewster Glacier. The guy lying on the glacier beside Will is his co-leader Axle, without whom Will says the trip could not have gone ahead at all. One of their punters, Colin, took the photo in question. "Thanks guys, couldn't have done it without you."

# GOON SLAP

## PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

### DEDICATION TO THE BIT AWARD

The award for dedication to the bit goes to this beauty. It's no secret Critic is partial to cone antics – especially when it involves a cone being somewhere it definitely shouldn't be. These absolute heroes lugged a road cone 15 km in Fiordland for this stunner with views of Green Lake and Island Lake, saying, "Cloud? Lifting. Goon? Drinking. Cone? Heavy." Critic bows down to you.

Photo by Hannah Konings

Critic invited students over the mid-semester break to submit photos to compete for the title of the most scenic goon slap. You pulled through, slurping on the teet of goons across the motu (some of you even wore teets). All of the entries slapped. We're so proud. Congratu-fucking-lations to Ice Men, who just over half of voters on Instagram hailed as the winner of the scenic goon slap competition (see: centrefold).

### BEST PHOTO SERIES AWARD: MILKMAID

After a long day of dressing up, riding a horse, and hiking in a cow costume, Emma and Abby say that the goon slapped insanely hard – especially being in the midst of a breakup. Rather than crying into a tub of Ben & Jerry's in front of *Crazy, Stupid, Love*, the girls spent the break gunning for the best goon slap. "Not only did we love the taste of a Vodka Cran on a Dunner Stunner, we also loved the friends we made along the way," they told Critic. "Yeehaw from the Cowgirl and moo from the Cow!"

Photos by Emma Jackson (Clubs & Socs Rep) & Abby Clayton (Finance & Strategy Officer)



### BEST NARRATIVE AWARD: FOR THE LOVE OF GOON

Tayla took students' love for the goon to the next level: by marrying one. In a photographic series that brought a tear of joy to Critic's eye, she posed with her dearly beloved around a harbour (we're not sure which). The wedding invite read:

Dearest wedding guests,

My husband wasn't goon enough for me, so I had to run away with the real one. Sorry for the inconvenience. Not.

Yours sincerely,

Tayla (ex-bride of not-goon-enough-dude)

Photos by Tayla Eaton



# HONOURABLE MENTIONS





Photo by Tessa Honeyfield



Photo by Oscar Sheppard-Morrison

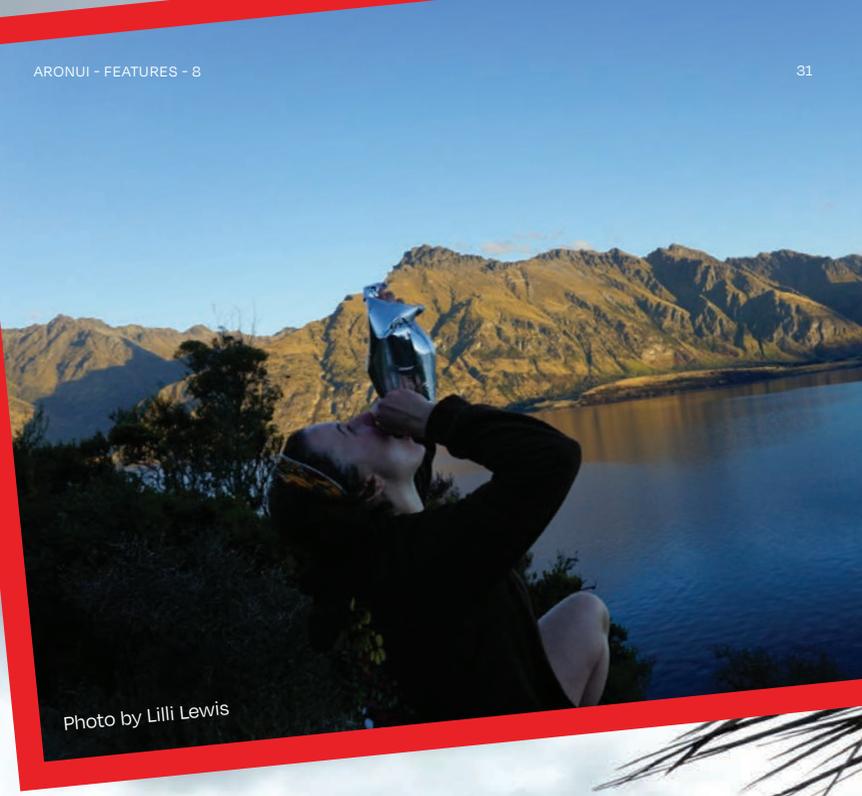


Photo by Lilli Lewis



Photo by Maggie Hames



Photo by Maggie Hames



Photo by Lilli Lewis

**Te Araroa, though not officially one of Aotearoa's 10 Great Walks, is arguably the greatest of them all. Translating to 'The Long Pathway', the trail spans 3000 km and traverses the entire length of the country, taking walkers through beaches, forests, country, and mountains.**

**It's said that those who tackle Te Araroa are often in a transitional period of their life; either in a midlife crisis, running away from something, or perhaps towards something – Bilbo Baggins' self-discovery style. For Will Missen, Te Araroa was a northern-bound uni summer break adventure, while for Tessa Honeyfield it was a southern-bound quest after graduation. Critic Te Ārohi speaks to the two Te Araroa walkers about their adventures.**

Tessa graduated from Otago Uni at the end of 2022, with a BSci in Human Nutrition, explaining, "I didn't have any plans for when I finished uni. I didn't want to get a job in nutrition. So I was like, 'Fuck it, I'll just go for a walk.'" She began soon after finishing her exams with the goal "to finish it, I guess [...] I just wanted to enjoy it, see some parts of the country I hadn't seen, meet some new people, but, overall, just have a good time."

The trail takes four months on average, depending on your pace, and walkers will typically prepare for months beforehand. Otago Uni student Will, however, squeezed it into just three months last summer break on a whim. The summer job he had lined up with the Electoral Commission fell through during exams, and he wasn't sure he was up for another summer spent bartending. So, a mere week later (two days after completing his final exam), Will went bush. "Everyone always says you gotta explore your own backyard before you explore somewhere else," says Will.

And that he did. He set off from Bluff, the lowest point of the South Island, with no training or even a tent – just a Bivouac bag.

**"I'm going on an adventure!"**

Day to day, Tessa says the distance she'd walk would greatly depend on the terrain and how she was feeling. On average, she guesses she'd walk about 25 km a day. Long days could reach 50 km. For Will, who was under greater time pressure to complete the trail before summer break ended, the "long days" Tessa describes were his average. He tells Critic he would walk 40 kilometres a day from dawn till dusk – a grand feat when sustained over such a long period of time. "I did 42 km the first day, and then I got injured and I was like, 'Oh shit, I actually have to go a bit slower,'" says Will. "I did twenty the first week and then built it back up."



**By Harriette Boucher & Nina Brown**

Photos by Tessa Honeyfield & Will Missen

# "I'm sorry about my smell"



Tessa also had a rocky start to her journey, trudging through rain for a week straight before she'd even reached Auckland. "I got sick of being wet just all the time pretty quickly," says Tessa. The constant soggianness landed her an infected toe three weeks into the hike, forcing her to hitchhike her sodden (and smelly) self to the doctor. She'd often say to generous drivers, "I'm sorry about my smell."

Smell was something Tessa said played a surprisingly big role in her Te Araroa experience. Her nose grew so accustomed to the natural aromas of the bush and beach that she could tell the difference between a Te Araroa walker and a day walker almost purely based on their odour. "You could smell the washing powder from their clothes [...] It's like, 'Oop, day walker!' And I'm just wondering what they're thinking when [I walk] past," she laughs.

Contrary to popular belief, walkers rarely complete the journey in one go. They'll often break up the trail to fit around work commitments, events or holidays. Both Will and Tessa headed home to celebrate Christmas with their families. Tessa's Christmas could hardly be deemed a "break" however, given she summited Mount Taranaki (a 2.5 km climb) while she was home – eliciting a "my God" from Critic.

During Will's Christmas break, he says found it difficult to adjust. Having grown accustomed to the bush-life, Will says that being in the company of his family whilst at home was unusually overwhelming. "In the middle of the day, I had to go into my room for hours because [being around my] family was too much," he says.

The contrast between the trail and "civilisation" was even more stark when Will attended a 21st party in Wellington. "I went to a friend's birthday the night I arrived in Wellington on a rooftop bar [...] and I had to go sit in the bathroom for like 20 minutes because it was so intense." And when he got off the boat in Wellington, he recalls being "mortified and so overwhelmed by seeing shops."

"I definitely noticed it walking into cities," says Tessa. "Like walking into Auckland. It was actually quite an abrupt entrance into the city. It's quite overwhelming with all the cars and noise and people. When you're in the bush, it's actually pretty simple on the eyes and the senses [...] You get used to that and it's nice on the mind. And then when you enter the chaos of a city, it's stressful and people are stressed," she says. "The priorities are just different."

## The people you meet along the way

Outside of the spectacular scenery, Will and Tessa say that the people they met on the trail was one of the best parts of the journey. "I just kept meeting new people every day," says Tessa, and from a huge range of backgrounds: Germany, USA, Australia, Canada, Switzerland, Austria, England ("lots of Europeans"). And although Will says there were "definitely some whack-jobs," he met some "really cool people, too." On such a long and isolating trail, Will admits the "whack-jobs" weren't so bad anyway, providing much-needed entertainment.

Friendship on the trail is peculiar, according to Tessa. She would spend weeks at a time with people she'd only just met. "I did get to know some people quite well, and talked about things you wouldn't [even] talk about with someone that you'd known for years just because you spend so much time so closely together." A bit like a platonic version

of the speed-run relationships on Love Island, perhaps.

In any sub-culture, you'll often find broad categories that members will belong to. In Dunedin, there's your Castle breathas, sheathas, surfer bros, Glassons girlies, and Health Sci nerds, to name a few. Among those she met, Tessa says she began to notice certain stereotypes. First were the 'Purists'.

One Purist she met was in Taumarunui: a German guy with a big beard (whose name she's forgotten) who would buy a box of beer in every town he came across. "He was determined to walk every kilometre," says Tessa. His dedication was to the point of forcing his friends who'd come to visit from Germany to walk with him in "the shittiest section" of Te Araroa, according to Tessa. She skipped that stretch, which was essentially just walking next to the road. "His friends were only over [from Germany] for a week or two, [I thought] surely he'd take them to a nice place," she says.

Another type of walker was the 'Ultra-lighters'. While Tessa says she ditched a lot of unnecessary baggage in the first few weeks since "the lighter you pack, the better," these guys take it to the next level. They will do anything to make their load as light as possible – down to the gram. "Everything counts," says Tessa. "Ultra-light people are worried about every gram of weight in their pack, so they try and make everything as light as possible, having the bare minimum equipment." A classic manoeuvre for an Ultra-lighter is to cut their toothbrush in half. Tessa met one guy who had gone to the effort of drilling holes in the handle of his spork to make it lighter.

Another common (and less extreme) method is ditching the stove and eating only cold food (one guy only ate almonds, apparently). They opted to prep anything typically eaten hot through a process called "cold-soaking": soaking food in cold water, like two minute noodles, couscous, or porridge. Food like this isn't uncommon on the trail. While it's far from glamorous, it tastes okay in the midst of "hiker hunger," something Tessa explains as an intense hunger that trail walkers often develop a few weeks into the walk: "You're never full, you're always hungry!"

Tessa says the goal with food on the trail was to have lightweight, high energy food that would last – so not many fruits and vegetables, unfortunately. "I had a lot of oats, wraps, peanut butter, two minute noodles, instant mash potato, dehydrated peas and mushrooms," Tessa says. People would put some strange stuff in wraps, she says, "Like Nutella, chips, and lollies. Just everything we could pack in."

Will's meals consisted of Israeli couscous and salami, or peanut butter and tuna wraps. Yes, peanut butter and tuna together – a caloric necessity. Food was his biggest expense of the journey, costing him just less than two grand. He admits that he longed for the days of "fried food and oranges" or anything that wasn't "wet" after surviving on dehydrated meals for so long. "Yeah, I don't miss the food, I'll say that," Tessa laughs.

## A solitary journey

While they were constantly meeting new people, Will and Tessa's respective journeys were largely solitary ventures. Will says he would go days without seeing people, and in that time he had the company of Charles Dickens, Jane

Austen, and The Lord of the Rings via his audiobooks.

"It's quite interesting, it's almost like brain resetting," says Will. "When I was in Southland, I'd just walk through heaps of really quite quiet terrain and I hadn't seen anyone in five days [...] I was just so low, and I hadn't had any social or human contact. I remember going through a small little village called Tuatapere and I was just craving a conversation."

Tessa says she luckily didn't find it too lonely since she's "good at being by [her]self." She admits she did talk to herself a lot, though. "I thought I was gonna think about things more," Tessa reflects. "Like, you'd think you have so much time in the day where you're doing something as simple as walking, that your brain would have space to think about things, but no. I just thought about walking and, you know, 'that tree's nice'. 'Where's the hut?' those kinds of things."

Tessa has a photo of a hut visitor's book entry she found somewhere in the South Island, that could serve as a demonstration of the sort of thinking the trail could spur, which reads: "Reality is fucking wild. How crazy is it that anything even exists? Why is there something rather than nothing? Where did the universe come from? We just so happen to be conscious beings who live on a rock amongst billions of galaxies with conditions such that life can exist. How probable is that? Wake up to the invigorating awe-inspiring that is yourself and others in nature."

Although Will could struggle with self-motivation at times, he attributes his stubbornness that kept him going more than anything else. "You just kind of get moving, you stop thinking about the blisters, you just kind of look around and think, 'Crikey, New Zealand is so beautiful! So diverse, so stunning. It's just hard not to appreciate it."

Will says, "There's this one point that always stands out, at the top of Mount Crawford, in the middle of the Tauraruas, and you can see Mount Ruapehu, you can see Mount Taranaki, you can see Masteron, you can see Farewell Spit, Golden Bay, Sounds, Kaikoura, Wellington Harbour [...] it felt like you were on the top of New Zealand."

But Will says his best moment was seeing the Sky Tower. Not because Auckland's prized jewel surpasses the scenery of mountains and oceans, but because it was a sign that he was close to the finish line – and also home. "I'm originally from Auckland, so when I saw the Sky Tower for the first time, that was pretty cool [...] [I thought] I'm actually kind of getting there."

### The finish line

After months of walking, Will describes arriving at the finish line in Cape Reinga to meet his parents as "magical" – all the more so by the fact he had made a massive push to complete the last 100km in under 24 hours.

The experience has left Will profoundly changed, both in terms of how he views himself and his capabilities, but also in how he perceives the world. He misses the outdoor life and the freedom he had to go where the trail took him with just his basic needs to be taken care of. Now back at university, Will longs for the simple days of living. "Problems do not exist, all you gotta do is think about

eating and drinking [...] Problems about social anxiety or that thing you did when you were twelve, none of that actually matters."

The trail has "absolutely" given Will a different outlook on life, leaving him with ambition and an eagerness to be outside. Seeing Aotearoa in all its glory also ignited the environmentalist in him. "We need to protect our nature [...] It's very hard to know the scale of the problem, and I have a whole new appreciation [for it]." He's even decided to raise money for the endangered Kākāpō: "Lots of people felt like they wanted to help somehow and I was like, 'Oh you can!'"

For Tessa, it was an odd mixture of emotions reaching the finish line after four months. Aside from expressing disappointment in her champagne popping abilities ("it didn't fizz up"), she says it was a "relief, I guess a feeling of accomplishment, just like, 'Oh, yep, that's done. What do I do now?' Not as emotional as you'd expect."

Tessa says she "got a bit depressed" after completing the trail. Similar to a comedown, Tessa dubs it the 'post trail blues,' an apparently common phenomenon. She reckons her post trail blues was largely due to not having any future plans afterwards. "I didn't have a job or a purpose. And also because I just went from being on the trail with these great people and being in the bush to just losing it all in one day, you know?"

The experience cemented a philosophy Tessa already held. "I'm not too caught up in what other people think you should be doing. You know, like what job you should do and what you should be earning," she says. "It can be a very satisfying life just doing what makes you happy. It doesn't have to satisfy other people's expectations." Something she picked up along the way from the people she met was: "Don't sweat the small stuff. Just have fun."

Will encourages anyone to take on the walk. "There's a benefit of trying to get lost," he says, and hopes to inspire others as well. "Don't do Roys Peak, don't do whatever is on Instagram, go make your own memory."

But Tessa says she'd definitely caution anyone interested in Te Araroa, emphasising that it's not for everyone. "Some people just could not do it," she says. "You lose so much comfort of normal life, and being away from people you know is something that a lot of people can't do [...]. But if you like to walk in the bush, if you're capable of being alone and are resilient enough to face some challenging things, and are looking for adventure and want to see more parts of the country – yes."

Over the course of their expeditions, Will and Tessa experienced many highs and lows, not only in the terrain, but also physically and emotionally. "Te Araroa – relentless, brutal, and majestic," wrote NZ actor Bruce Hopkins (Gamling from The Lord of the Rings) after tackling the trail in 2021. "I would agree with that quote, I reckon," says Tessa.

# TE ARAROĀ – relentless, brutal, and majestic







# Moaningful Confessions

## BATHROOM OLYMPICS

This is how I won a \$3 plastic trophy for winning a sex competition. Last year a mate and I wanted to attend an event: party buses, bar crawl and silly dress up – ideal. It was a five hour drive away, but we figured that if we found men at the event to shack up with the accommodation was free and therefore the petrol costs barely mattered (girl math).

So, we found our men, got our silly outfits and were on our way. If three buses, four bars, and over a hundred strangers wasn't exciting enough, we came up with a competition to add another layer of fun. The goal was simple: have sex in as many different bathrooms as possible during the bar crawl, and the person with the most at the end of the night won. Luckily, our chosen men were also keen to complete this challenge (horny). Double luckily, at pres I had managed to swap my sensible jorts for a skirt, which ended up being an advantage (easy access).

I can't speak too much for the other couple, but me and my guy smashed it out of the park and managed to go 4/4 on bar bathrooms. Here are the highlights: never been in so many men's bathrooms in one night (they're kinda gross), managed to get face paint in some unholy places, accidentally had sex with an audience of ten people who were trying to break into the stall and

moaning very loudly at us, honestly bend me over a sink in front of a mirror anytime (that shit was hot).

Post-bus and bars, the two teams reconvened to tally our stats but then realised the night was not over yet and the competition would continue. To the flat who hosted, I am so sorry but there was 100% cum on the wall next to the toilet.

Then it was time to go home (weirdly after my man came on the wall, the hosting flat kicked everyone out... coincidence? probably not) and have a good and restful sleep. SIKE, it was time to go home and fuck in one last bathroom. And just to end this competition on the note it deserved, we finished ;) in a first year hall shower.

We ended up beating my mate/other team by 2 bathrooms, and came out of the bathroom olympics/bus fuck competition as victors. Not sure I would recommend completing this challenge unless you have an insanely high libido, are okay with people hearing you fuck, and I potentially think it may be on the fuzzy end of legal to have sex in public restrooms... but uh all in the name of victory.

(PS would also not recommend going for 6 rounds with very little foreplay, was definitely sore the next day)

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



# DEBATABLE

By Julia Randerson and Izzi Anderson

## AGAINST

In a stuffy boardroom in 2004, BP's marketing team struck (metaphorical) liquid gold: the concept of the 'carbon footprint'. This genius ploy shifted the blame for climate change onto consumers, whilst scrutiny of the companies pumping out thousands of tonnes of gas on the daily remained conveniently absent.

To put things into perspective, in 2022 BP produced twenty-one million two hundred and fifty thousand times more CO2 than the average Kiwi. That number is far too big to even comprehend. The same goes for billionaires – the amount that some of the richest people emit in a single year would take a regular person about 1,500 years to match. These guys are the real drivers of climate change, and no amount of meat-free or mindful Mondays will turn that around. That's not to say that you should start going on international holidays every mid-sem break or burn straight coal to heat your flat in winter, but unfortunately, we can't solve climate change alone.

Shifting the blame onto individuals only makes us feel guilty for buying the occasional single-use Pump bottle, while allowing corporations to get away with pumping millions of tonnes of greenhouse gases into the atmosphere. Why should we bear the burden of fixing climate change by sorting our recycling while

these huge organisations get a 'get out of jail free' card? Companies prioritise profits over people's health at every turn, and they're not showing signs of changing anytime soon. At the end of the day, what we need is a whole economic system makeover, and we need it ASAP.

So yeah, we're obviously in a pretty bad situation. That's not a reason to give up, though; there's plenty we can do to push companies and governments in the right direction. Law students – take an environmental law paper, or go sue a petrol company. Studying Pol Sci? Run for office and become the BP CEO's worst nightmare. BCom students – now's your time to flex those entrepreneurial skills on the green market. Genetics majors – could you engineer some low carbon footprint cows or something? And on a more accessible level, we can all help out by advocating, turning up to protests, signing petitions, and keeping the future of our planet in mind when voting in local and national elections.

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

## FOR

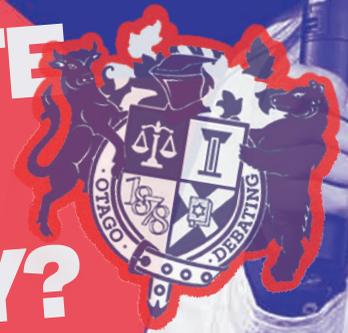
Let's face it: the UN's climate conferences are infamously ineffective, corporations tend to dislike any change that might mean less moola, and our new government seems awfully keen on deep-sea oil drilling. It's unlikely that major emitters are going to see the moral error of their ways and decide to flip their business models upside down to save the planet – at least not without a lot of legal and economic wrangling, which takes a lot of time that we don't have.

It's time to take matters into our own hands, because we as individuals can do a lot to reduce the amount of greenhouse gases being let loose in the atmosphere on our behalf. Cast a critical eye over your everyday life – do you really need to fly to Melbourne for that concert? Is the electric massager you were influenced into buying off Temu going to revolutionise your life? Can you only get there by car, or is this a chance to sit back, relax, and enjoy Dunedin's (mostly) decent public transport? And although many of us enjoy making fun of vegetarians, it's only fair to give those iron-deficient baddies credit where it's due. Going veggo can decrease your carbon footprint by over 50%. Our lives in the Western world are comparatively lavish (yes, even in North D), and we are far from innocent when it comes to unnecessary carbon emissions.

Individual actions add up, too. As consumers, we control the market, and while one person switching from petrol to an electric car won't do much, 100, or 1,000, or 100,000 will – signalling to companies that the market for green transport is heating up. And, if nothing else, reducing our personal impact can make us feel a little better about the world. With such an ever-present and terrifying crisis, it genuinely helps to feel like you're doing something to help. It may not be a lot, but it's something.

If you believe that politicians and corporations should be working to lower their carbon footprints, then you may as well do the same, no matter the size of your effect. When we take personal responsibility for our climate-negative actions, we feel a deeper connection to our values (saving the earth). And who knows? Maybe you can inspire the people around you to take similar steps. A ripple of movement starts with just one drop. Just a thought.

# SHOULD CLIMATE CHANGE BE AN INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY?



MI GORENG GRADUATE  
By Ruby Hudson



The time is coming to say goodbye to our favourite seasonal summer vegetables. This week's Asian-inspired sticky pork mince is the perfect way to send them off in style! The recipe is super versatile and can be served as heaps of different dishes, most of which you can transition into winter with a simple change of toppings. Switch out any ingredients according to taste to make this your own.

### INGREDIENTS:

- 1 medium onion (diced)
- 4 cloves garlic (finely chopped)
- 700 g pork mince
- 1 tsp chilli flakes (optional)
- Oil
- Pepper

beef or chicken mince would also work!

- ½ cup soy sauce
- 2 Tbsp honey
- 1 ½ tsp sesame oil
- 1 Tbsp sweet chilli sauce
- 2 tsp fish sauce
- 2 tsp oyster sauce (optional)
- 2 tsp crushed ginger
- 2 Tbsp corn flour
- 1 tsp chilli garlic sauce (optional)
- 3 Tbsp water

honey is a bit on the pricey side so feel free to use brown sugar instead

### INSTRUCTIONS:

- Step 1.** On a medium heat pour a small amount of oil into your pan and fry the diced onion until soft. Add garlic and cook for a further 3 mins until fragrant.
- Step 2.** Add the mince. Break it up and cook for 10 minutes until mostly cooked through and beginning to brown.
- Step 3.** While the mince is cooking, mix together your sauce ingredients.
- Step 4.** Once the sauce is combined, add to your pan with the pepper and chilli flakes. Simmer for 15 mins until the mince coated in the sauce and it becomes thicker.
- Step 5.** Once everything is cooked and saucy, serve! See some serving suggestions below :)

### SERVING SUGGESTIONS

- On rice with fresh vegetables and kewpie mayo
- Rice paper rolls with a selection of fresh vegetables and a yummy dipping sauce
- With noodles and cooked veggies as a stirfry
- Lettuce cups for a fresh and healthy meal

Serves: 4  
Time: 30 mins  
Price: \$\$\$  
Difficulty: 1/5  
Super power: Shape-shifting



# WHITE RUSSIAN

There's something to be said about milk-based cocktails. They're sweet, creamy, and have you teetering on the edge of shitting your pants. Having recently watched *The Big Lebowski*, naturally White Russians were the only way to approach this inconsistent but virtuous thrill of consuming alcoholic cow-juice.

White Russians are the equivalent of throwing vodka into an iced coffee and calling it a day. It's like a mocha version of an espresso martini, or a weird caffeinated milkshake that makes you question your ability to consume lactose. There's nothing like drinking upwards of two litres of milk on a night out. Typically consisting of vodka, Kahlua, and cream (milk's just easier though), these provide all your necessary sustenance to maintain your bulk without the need to eat at all. These would perfectly encapsulate the ideal tradie breakfast with the addition of a dart. The dude abides.

Like the effect on your stomach, you never really know what the White Russian is going to give you. It's a carefully constructed formula of cream to alcohol that rides the line of one not overpowering the other, like a Russian Yin and Yang. When this drink is done

well, it's magical. When it's not, it tastes like drinking the weird milky soup of melted day-old ice cream. When ordering these at a bar, it's a 50/50 chance. And that's the excitement of it. The rules of the White Russian are arbitrary and facetious; it's a coin flip every time. Ordering a few of these at Carousel, Critic was charged three different amounts ranging from \$11 to \$18, with its mysterious milky makeup seemingly changing every time.

I've not yet been brave enough to venture into the land of the Black Russian. Based on the idea of it alone, I imagine these tastes like soaking feels: there's something there, but it's missing the cream to really pull it together.

**PAIRS WELL WITH:** A rug that really ties the room together

**X FACTOR:** Shitting in town

**HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL:** 7/10. Gagging at your morning coffee

**TASTE RATING:** 7/10

Barista made organic & fair trade

Coffee

SUBWAY

\$4<sup>00</sup>

All sizes

SML

REG

LGE



# INTRODUCING YOUR CLUBS & SOCS REP



Hello lovely people! My name is Emma Jackson and I am your Clubs and Socs Rep for 2024 <3

A few things about me is that I was born in Saudi Arabia, living there for 10 years before moving back to Aotearoa and setting up camp in Christchurch. I play competitive tennis, love tramping and kayaking, and have a fear of birds and public speaking. When I don't wear my OUSA rep hat, you can either find me at Pint Night, trying to complete my BA in PPE and Global Studies, or waitressing at Vogel Street Kitchen – one of the best cafes in Duffers.

As your Clubs and Socs Rep, I'm here to be your support and act as a bridge between you and the wider clubs and socs team. Need

advice on how to start a club? Want to know how to get funding? Want something to be brought to the attention of the OUSA exec? Just fancy a chat? I'm your person. And hey, if public speaking and birds aren't your thing, no worries! I'm here to make sure you feel comfortable and supported.

So don't be shy! Shoot me an email (clubsrep@ousa.org.nz) or catch me in person at the bull-pen (or in the Pint Night line). And if there's a club event going down, count me in – I want to be involved as much as I can and support all of your amazing ideas.

**Emma Jackson**  
OUSA Clubs & Socs Rep

**AQUARIUS**  
Aquarius, you have been busy, and it's showing. The dark circles and chapped lips aren't cute. Sometimes taking a night off the booze is a good idea so you won't look 20 going on 35.  
**Your turn on:** Netflix adaptation of Wattpad porn

**PISCES**  
A bad week is in the cards for you sorry bae. If you're super nice, karma might turn that frown upside down. But you have to be donating-blood-and-giving-up-your-library-seat nice.  
**Your turn on:** Watching your flatmates cook dinner

**ARIES**  
Everyone and their mum knows about your sneaky link. You'll have been disappearing into the only unlocked bedroom at every flat party and now is the time to pop the question: "Can I meet your flatmates sober?" You're so brave.  
**Your turn on:** The sound of a can opening

**TAURUS**  
It's a good time to make some changes, Taurus. Replying to the group chat and acknowledging your friends should go to the top of the list. But really, the cuntyness comes from deep down so it might take a while to get rid of.  
**Your turn on:** Woof! mood lighting

**GEMINI**  
Fresher flu is looming, and your vitamin C stockpile is dwindling. Time for a trip to Chemist Warehouse, where you will spend all of your student loan...again. But fuck it, we only live once and can't take it with us when we go.  
**Your turn on:** Grey sweatpants

**CANCER**  
Cancer, Cancer, Cancer... you've been naughty lately. Clean up your act, cos you aren't the best at doing the dishes or scrubbing the toilet. Our recommendation is a couple of hours of studying the wikiHow on how to be clean.  
**Your turn on:** A wet and soapy Scrub Daddy

**LEO**  
You have been too attached to your phone lately. At the risk of sounding like a boomer, it will rot your brains faster than a 20pk of nangs. Disconnect for a couple hours this week, take a book up to Cem, and be at one with the souls of breathas past.  
**Your turn on:** A two for one special from your dealer

**VIRGO**  
You need to start your assignments earlier than you have been. The stress isn't worth it. Make a plan and stick to it, otherwise the anxiety that's been looming will continue and probably ruin your year.  
**Your turn on:** Phallic-shaped vegetables

**LIBRA**  
You haven't been feeling your degree lately, and that's okay. Cold feet are to be expected when you spend \$50k to get a piece of paper. Just remember that you will be better than those loser fuck who stayed in their hometown. But not by much.  
**Your turn on:** Eshays ghosting their vape

**SCORPIO**  
Your latest stint of celibacy (3 weeks, but that's ages for you), has left you feeling a little frisky. It could be time to get on the prowl again and find some fresh meat to leave you feeling unsatisfied and having to finish the job yourself.  
**Your turn on:** Getting left on read

**SAGITTARIUS**  
The stars are looking like you gotta be a productive bitch this week. Even productive procrastination is good. Clean out your emails and unwanted files. Wash your bedding. Clean the junk pile that is the floor of your car.  
**Your turn on:** Your own imagination

**CAPRICORN**  
No but why are you so funny this week? You're cracking absolute rippers left, right and centre. Everyone loves the funny guy and you're making dick jokes come back in style (tbh they always have been).  
**Your turn on:** Your tutor remembering your name

**HUIKAAU**  
WHERE CURRENTS MEET

MAWIRA WATIANA, HANGULUR  
Dye 2018, 100 x 100 cm, single channel, 9:30 mins  
Collection of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery.  
HUIKAAU – where currents meet, celebrates the past, present, and future of the gallery's collection.

**SHOWING NOW**  
FREE: OPEN 10AM-5PM DAILY  
30 THE OCTAGON DUNEDIN WWW.DUNEDINARTMUSEUM  
DUNEDIN ART MUSEUM  
DEPARTMENT OF DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL

**CRAIG'S**  
LEVEL 1001 MARKET

**ART**

# ARE YOU

Aged between 18-55 years?  
A non-smoker?  
Not on any regular medication?  
In general good health?

**IF THIS IS YOU, CONTACT US!**

We are seeking volunteers for clinical drug trials to compare market brand-leading drugs with generic formulations of these drugs.

All participants will be paid for their time and inconvenience.

**CONTACT US NOW TO REGISTER YOUR INTEREST AND JOIN OUR DATABASE:**

- 0800 89 82 82
- trials@zenithtechnology.co.nz
- zenithtechnology.co.nz



All studies are approved by a Health and Disability Ethics Committee administered by the Ministry of Health.



Zenith Technology Corporation LTD  
156 Frederick Street, PO Box 1777,  
Dunedin, New Zealand

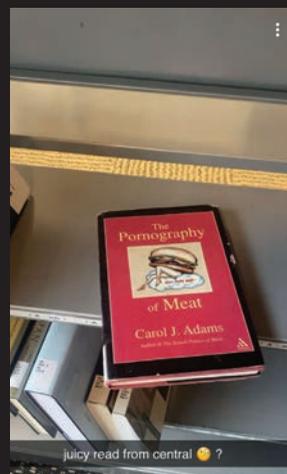
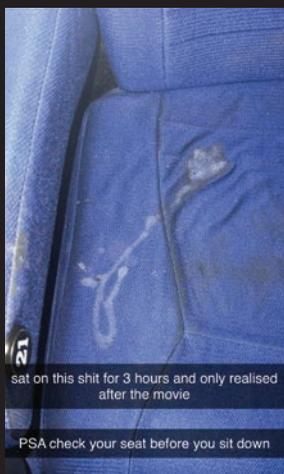
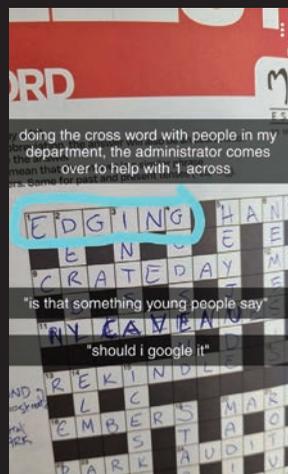
# SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

## SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



2024 EDITION

# Beezie

## The Capping Show

May 16-18th & 20th-24th

Show starts at 7:30 pm

University of Otago College of Education Auditorium

Scan to secure your tickets now!



Sexytet

Selwyn Ballet

Sextet



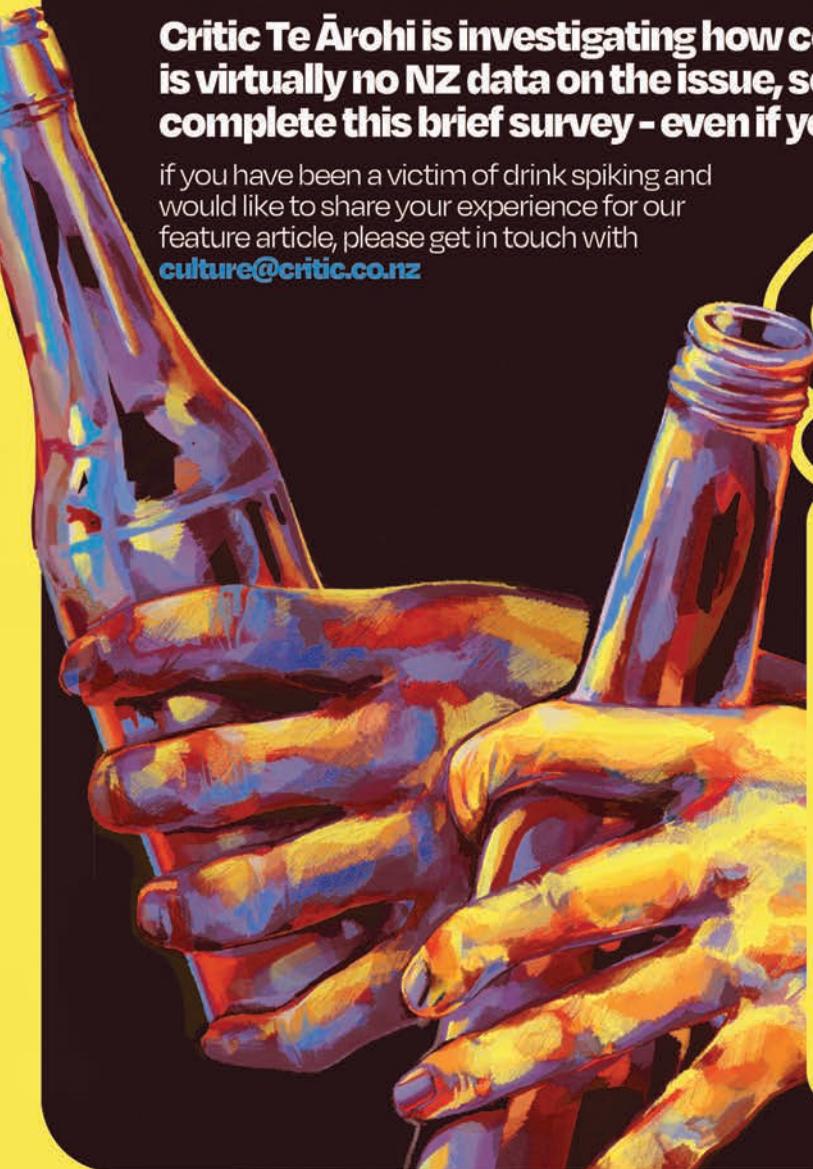
THE CAPPING SHOW

ousa

# DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S HAD THEIR DRINK SPIKED?

**Critic Te Ārohi is investigating how common drink spiking is - there is virtually no NZ data on the issue, so please scan the QR code to complete this brief survey - even if you feel it is not relevant to you.**

if you have been a victim of drink spiking and would like to share your experience for our feature article, please get in touch with [culture@critic.co.nz](mailto:culture@critic.co.nz)



thank you, and fuck drink spiking