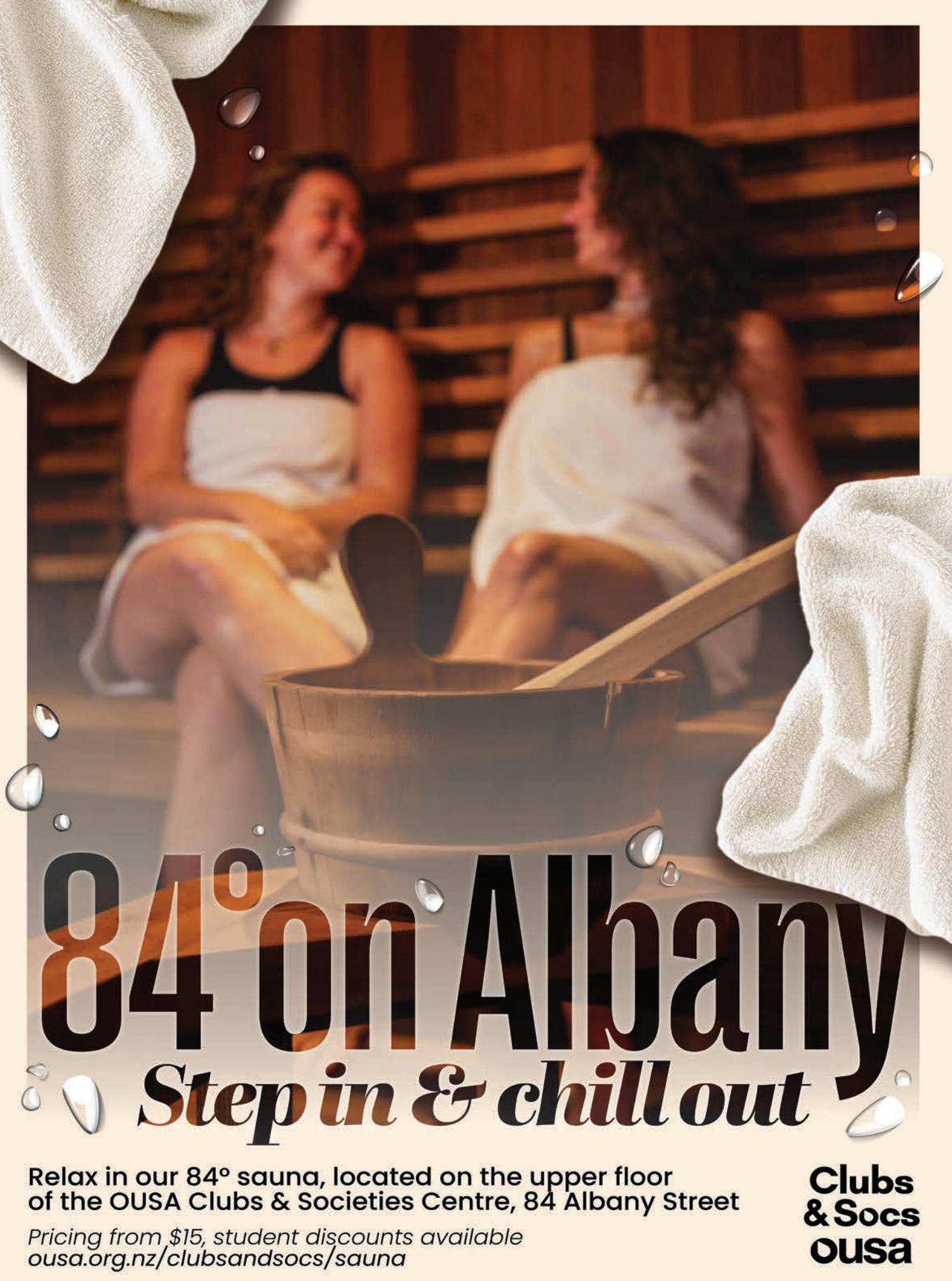


**THE
FASHION
ISSUE**





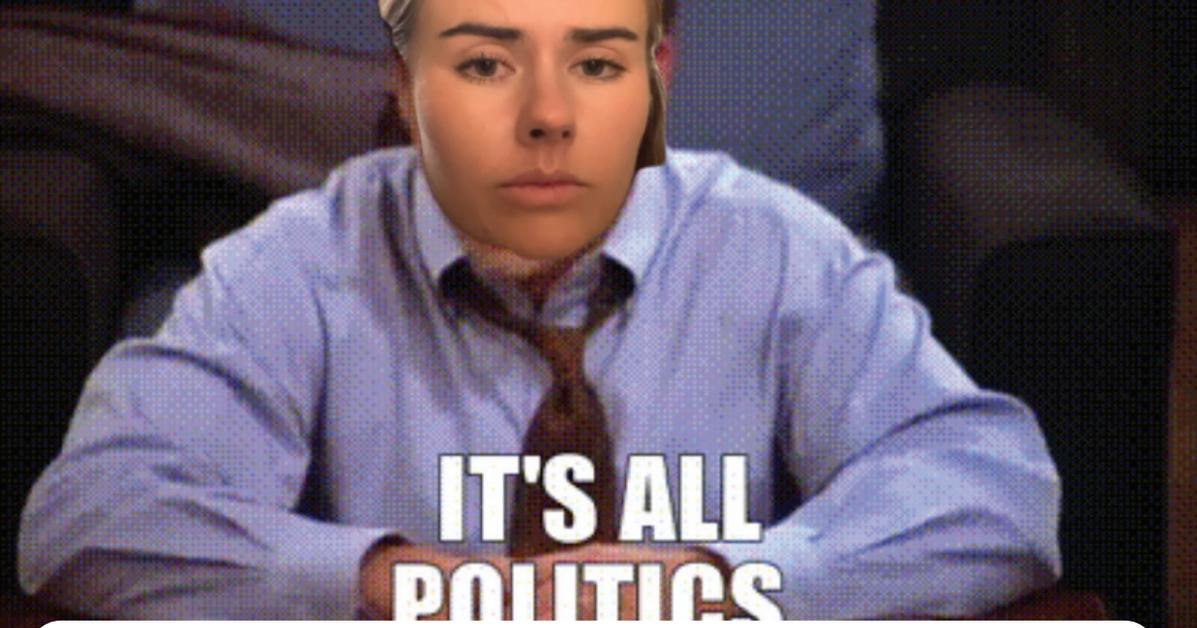
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EDITORIAL: IT'S ALL POLITICAL

"It's all political." That's what Chlöe Swarbrick told me when I said to her that we'd focus on the 'Politics' section of the Critic census in our interview. Two weeks later, the words were ringing in my ears as I edited the fashion issue.

Fashion is political in more ways than one. I first encountered it through fast fashion. A hobby of mine in high school was browsing the mall, Starbucks in hand, to spend the pocket money I'd earned in my tutoring job. Christmas shopping with my grandma looked like trying on everything in Glassons, stretching the \$100 budget across as many items as I could (the G-rated dollar to standard ratio).

Then my social studies teacher taught us about globalisation. We watched a documentary on how denim is made, learning about the methods brands like Levi's and Nike use to squeeze as much profit out of their products as possible, at the detriment of workers and the planet. A few years later, I dove deeper into the topic in a university project. By the time I'd finished, looking at my fast-fashion dominated wardrobe made me feel nauseous. I've since made an effort to shop local, investing in higher quality items.

Grace's personal essay in this issue on romanticising getting ready, part of everyone's morning routine, offers another perspective on the political nature of fashion. Beneath the facade of the resulting girl mess – a discarded jumper here, pile of not-quite-right pants there – are the internal struggles of how you will be perceived, and the historical remnants of when functionality was denied to women. Pockets and pants were once too frightening on a female body.

The thread continues in the feature Grace co-wrote with Features Editor Hanna about the art of dressing for resistance. It's not just about the practicalities of not wearing a belt to a protest, lest it be taken from you when you're arrested and you leave the police

station with your pants around your ankles. It's the loud and proud rainbow attire of trans rights protestors; black t-shirts on Thursdays; the keffiyeh and watermelon colours at Palestine rallies; and tauira Māori expressing their identity through wearing pounamu.

Chlöe's words grew especially poignant in the aftermath of the Exec's decision to abandon BDS, a movement that fundamentally relies on purchasing power as an act of protest. As with the disconnect between our day-to-day lives and the genocide raging on the other side of the world, globalisation has meant that we can't reconcile what we consume with the hands that made it – those systems infused with the sweat of slave labour and blood money profiting off violence.

What's also political is the Exec balancing considerations of adopting a policy that would put it further into debt, more than it already is (which is a lot). They have a duty to a student body who are really struggling as a result of successive political decisions that have landed them in rotten, icy flats, relying on pennies from the government, and working increasingly longer hours at part-time jobs to make ends meet. It's pretty hard to provide services to help students if you don't have the budget to back it up.

What's clear from this issue is that the clothes we put on our body make a statement (I was definitely making some kind of statement when I wore denim shorts over three-quarter leggings with lace trim in primary school). Like so many things, fashion is not as simple as it may seem. It's more than just what we wear; it's history, it's resistance; it's protest. So yeah. It's all political.

NINA BROWN

Hello party people,

The editorial from the sex issue reminded me a lot of an article I read recently. So, I thought I'd share in case anyone else is interested.

"Everyone is Beautiful and No One is Horny", by Raquel S. Benedict. The message follows from Ms. Critic's piece of writing (even if it doesn't and I'm completely silly, I think it's worth taking the 5 minutes to read anyway, punk).

Love,

A hater of nonchalance.

Editor's response: *Stay chalant, girl*

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

Tēnā koe Te Ārohi

The choice of OUSA to drop support for the Boycott Divestment & Sanctions movement (BDS) strikes me as an act of cowardice. I would very much like to see the actual numbers that they are throwing around, or at the very least more explanation than "we would have to cut services". If OUSA cannot adequately maintain BDS measures, how can we trust them to stand their ground on other matters important to the student body.

I call for OUSA to justify themselves publicly, especially regarding specifics of what income they stand to lose.

Ngā Mihi

Lochlan Hanham

Dearest Editor,

Recently I saw a reel (best source of all factual information) that said:

'...it is called a Bachelor's degree for a reason - bc you remain a bachelor'

and all I say to this is REAL. As my time in Ōtepoti is coming to a close (much like my legs have been as of late), I have realised that my type, as much as I hate to say it, is not found here. Because finding a masculine, strong yet soft and funny guy is a combo as rare as the KFC krushers deals nowadays - aka non existent.

So back I go, toward my shitty small hometown, tail between my legs in search of something else to be between my legs. Guess I'll have to keep dodging the relo questions from extended fam.

Wish me luck.

Yours,

Sister single

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 150 words or fewer. The deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Get them into Critic by emailing us at critic@critic.co.nz. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific group or individual will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances as negotiated with the Editor. Critic Te Ārohi reserves the right to edit, abridge, or decline letters without explanation. Frequently published correspondents in particular may find their letters abridged or excluded. Defamatory or otherwise illegal material will not be printed. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a letter writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

Kia ora Editor,

I understand that OUSA is not bound by the Referendum (that they begged us to take), but it is outrageous that the OUSA Exec voted to abandon their current position of BDS.

It is not in the spirit of the democratic principles of OUSA as a student union to imply an inability to make an "informed decision" upon the student body who voted them in. I sympathise with OUSA's tight budget, but there was no mandate to conform to a strict BDS position overnight and cancel contracts affected by such a strict approach. A slow phase out of BDS listed businesses would have been more reasonable.

Furthermore, given the nature of the issue, OUSA has a higher obligation to listen to students wishes. This is a genocide - people in Gaza are being forced into starvation and babies are being murdered. This is not a university issue - this is about whether OUSA continues to financially support ethnic cleansing.

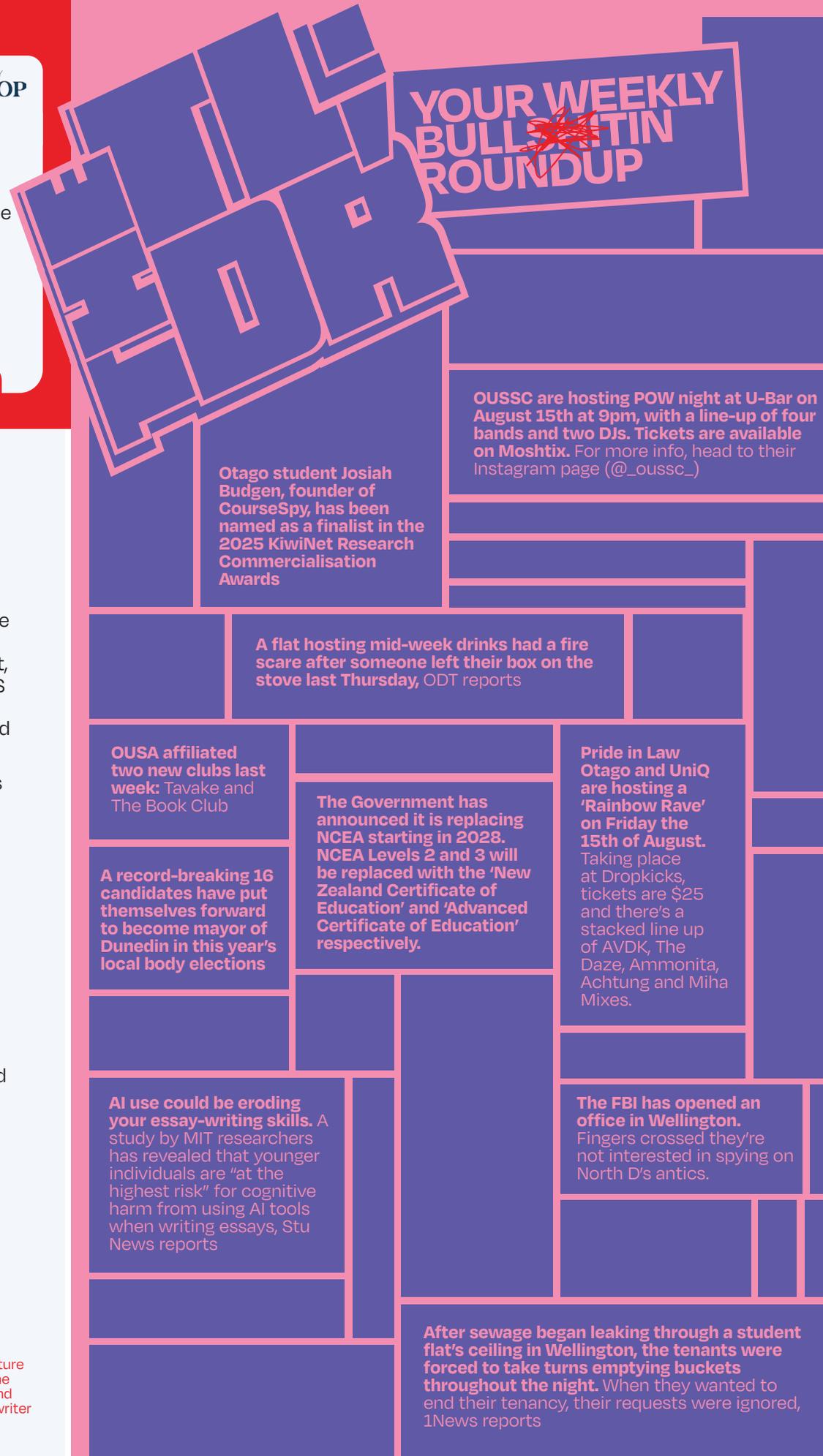
Dear Mrs Critic

I would snap you but you'd probably just ghost me. I have won snap of the week twice and as the Critic says "DM us on Insta for your prize of a sauna voucher" as someone who doesn't like sweaty ballz I wouldn't go to the sauna but still its nice to be replied to. It would be nice to feel what heat is again

Thanks

Someone who has a sweating problem.

Editor's response: *Reader, rest assured this person now has vouchers to make their balls sweaty*



YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

Otago student Josiah Budgen, founder of CourseSpy, has been named as a finalist in the 2025 KiwiNet Research Commercialisation Awards

OUSSC are hosting POW night at U-Bar on August 15th at 9pm, with a line-up of four bands and two DJs. Tickets are available on Moshtix. For more info, head to their Instagram page (@_oussc_)

A flat hosting mid-week drinks had a fire scare after someone left their box on the stove last Thursday, ODT reports

OUSA affiliated two new clubs last week: Tavake and The Book Club

The Government has announced it is replacing NCEA starting in 2023. NCEA Levels 2 and 3 will be replaced with the 'New Zealand Certificate of Education' and 'Advanced Certificate of Education' respectively.

Pride in Law Otago and UniQ are hosting a 'Rainbow Rave' on Friday the 15th of August. Taking place at Dropkicks, tickets are \$25 and there's a stacked line up of AVDK, The Daze, Ammonita, Achtung and Miha Mixes.

A record-breaking 16 candidates have put themselves forward to become mayor of Dunedin in this year's local body elections

AI use could be eroding your essay-writing skills. A study by MIT researchers has revealed that younger individuals are "at the highest risk" for cognitive harm from using AI tools when writing essays, Stu News reports

The FBI has opened an office in Wellington. Fingers crossed they're not interested in spying on North D's antics.

After sewage began leaking through a student flat's ceiling in Wellington, the tenants were forced to take turns emptying buckets throughout the night. When they wanted to end their tenancy, their requests were ignored, 1News reports

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ousa

BDS Binned: OUSA Executive Fronts Up to Widespread Criticism

Student engagement with the Exec, how 'bout that

By **Gryffin Blockley, Hanna Varrs & Nina Brown**
News Editor, Features Editor & Editor // news@critic.co.nz



News of the OUSA Exec abandoning their Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) posture has triggered an outpouring of criticism from the student community and beyond. The decision went against the 53% of 1,766 students (8.83% of 20,000 students) who voted "yes" to maintaining the policy in the OUSA referendum – a non-binding poll. Democracy manifest.

There's a backstory to the pickle that the Exec are currently in. Late last year, OUSA adopted a BDS "posture" after then-President Keegan Wells and Political Representative Liam White (now OUSA President) instructed the OUSA CEO to deny BDS-listed businesses space at Ori' events. "We [felt] like we [had] the support of the Executive," President Liam explained in an interview last Wednesday. Whether or not it was discussed in a meeting, however, wasn't something he could recall. And since it would have been in a confidential committee, there are no minutes that Critic could refer to.

BDS is a tool that aims to pressure institutions with ties to Israel's ongoing genocide in Palestine, particularly those supporting the Israeli Defence Force (IDF). "In the face of the occupation, ethnic cleansing, genocide and mass starvation of the Palestinian people, it can be difficult to know how we can help from the other side of the world," explained Otago Staff for Palestine (OSP), Otago Students for Justice in Palestine (OSJP) and the Muslim Students' Association (MSA) in a joint statement. "Palestinian civil society have joined together and asked 'international civil society organisations and people of conscience all over the world to impose broad boycotts and implement divestment initiatives against Israel similar to those applied to South Africa in the apartheid era,'" referencing a statement from Palestine Solidarity Network Aotearoa (PSNA).

The first tangible sign of this posture came when OUSA barred the alleged BDS-listed Domino's from Tent City earlier this year, forcing them to tout on the street. It was a direct hit to OUSA's already struggling bank account. Tent City is one of the key ways the organisation bumps up their income at the beginning of the year. Every dollar counts, though Critic has been unable to confirm exactly how much foregone revenue was lost. OUSA's financial records from last year, however, are publicly available

on their website; in 2024, they had a net loss of \$680,073. In layman's terms: they're broke.

The decision to ban Domino's proved to be controversial on more than one count. Two formal complaints were laid against the Exec by students. One felt that the Exec were "pushing [their] own political agenda without consultation with students" – prompting an Exec meeting in March where the group decided to endeavour to "canvas student opinion". There was also confusion over whether the North Dunedin Domino's was financially tied to Israel in any way. The franchise owner told Critic at the time, "I can confirm I, and NZ Domino's, have no connection to Israel Domino's."

Following the Domino's fallout, the Exec had agreed that they would seek student consultation through the annual referendum. Just over half of 1,766 students voted "yes" to the policy in May – albeit without all the facts and figures attached. The Exec had agreed not to provide estimated costs of fully adopting BDS to students, saying that it would be "reckless" to do so without a formal business case. No member of the Exec has ever officially asked OUSA for one.

The Exec eventually reviewed the referendum results at their meeting on July 31st, where they were torn between obligations to the student body and their responsibility as governors of OUSA. During the meeting they asked the CEO for a rough estimate of what it would cost – that's where the \$500k price tag (stretched over three years) came from. In a memo to the Exec, under the BDS question Liam had added the option of developing a policy to bring to the Finance, Expenditure and Strategy Committee (FESC), which may have provided some more concrete numbers. However, with such a big estimate on the table, the Exec decided to abandon BDS. Politics Rep Jett and Postgrad Rep Josh voted against.

In a statement clarifying their decision, the Exec wrote, "This decision does not represent an abandonment of the underpinning principles of BDS. The OUSA Executive remains committed to pursuing alternative actions that reflect solidarity and support in a more sustainable manner [...] While the Executive continues

to express deep concern over the ongoing and distressing situation in the region, its foremost responsibility is to ensure the continuity and stability of essential student services by OUSA to benefit all students at the University of Otago."

The joint statement from OSP, OSJP, and MSA penned in response to the Exec's decision is titled, "OUSA is going against a democratic mandate in order to maintain ties with companies that are actively supporting genocide." While the Exec worried students were "uninformed" in their referendum vote for BDS, and would instead pursue "alternative action" to support the people of Gaza, the authors of the statement say, "This claim is arrogant [...] We should not put a price tag on Palestinian lives."

Upon seeking clarification behind the price tag attached to the policy, it was explained to Critic that this would involve cost such as hiring a Procurement Officer with an estimated salary of \$70k-90k. If OUSA were to adopt BDS, considerations go beyond where to buy their pizza. Every element of the organisation would need to be evaluated, each with a chain of international companies behind them. For instance, their current IT providers are OneCall, who are licensed to sell BDS-listed Dell Technologies laptops, all with BDS-listed intel processors, using BDS-listed Microsoft software. Any new computer (because they would eventually need to be replaced) has a litany of parts that could be in the BDS-red. As Liam explained to Critic, "We are gonna be very transparent that for OUSA is a not-for-profit organization, we do have to sometimes take the cheapest option." And none of the above comes cheap.

OSJP thought it was more simple. They described the half million figure as being made up of "fabrications and misunderstandings of the demands of the BDS movement." For one, Domino's was not a priority target of BDS, though OSJP felt OUSA refusing their business was a "clear statement" in solidarity with Palestine. In their opinion, the ongoing narrative from OUSA of how "tricky" BDS is isn't justified. PSNA states, "To adopt BDS means to refuse to give another dollar, wherever practical, to BDS priority targets." It's a "disingenuous claim" that it needs to be "perfect and requires minute and onerous analysis of procurement decisions and avoidance of hundreds of brands," according to authors of the joint statement.

In the interest of transparency, they wrote that it was "incumbent" that OUSA published a complete breakdown of the financial burden BDS would cause. "The challenges the Exec have presented to BDS are not new, but we have mechanisms

to navigate them," the letter continues. Specific and targeted boycotts "need not bankrupt OUSA," and OSJP suggested that the Exec's "overzealous" approach to operationalising BDS alluded to them failing to consult with relevant bodies such as Dunedin Palestine or Palestine Solidarity Network Aotearoa.

Francisco Hernandez (ex-OUSA President and Green MP based in Ōtepoti) and Jomana Moharram (an Ōtepoti Youth MP) have also co-authored an open letter to OUSA offering their opinion, posted to their respective socials and sent to both the Exec and media outlets. "While there may be sponsorship and funding opportunities that OUSA will lose as a result of taking this stance – there is no immediate expectation that OUSA seamlessly shift from 0-100 on the Boycott, Divest, Sanction campaign," the letter reads. The pair argued that the immediate impacts and costs of BDS were not as "dramatic as you may have been advised." Liam expressed to Critic that he was grateful for the offer from a Member of Parliament.

At an emergency meeting last Tuesday, Liam admitted to the Exec that he "couldn't shake the anti-democratic nature" of their decision. "We failed to supply students with accurate knowledge and information," he said. A steady stream of backlash against the OUSA Exec – puke emojis and quotes like "spineless behaviour" included – were seen in the comments of an OSJP post made the previous day. Weighing over their heads were questions such as this one posed by OSP, OSJP and MSA: "Is 'pizza not politics' the slogan the students of the University of Otago want to be remembered by when it comes to their response to a livestreamed genocide?"

Following the onslaught of feedback (to put it nicely) from student groups, Members of Parliament, OUSA life members, and Otago Staff for Palestine, Critic asked Liam what the next steps for the Exec looked like. Leaning back in his seat with a sigh he replied, "Honestly, I would describe this as a make or break issue for the Executive. Either we figure out some sort of moderate solution to make it work that is acceptable to all parties, or the Executive decides that it wants to remain steadfast and it has to accept whatever abuse it gets." Torn between representing the student body and upholding their obligations as governors of OUSA, it's doubtful anyone would be envious of their position.



The Diagnosis of Med Revue

Did they say Zoo-WEE-Mama!?

By Harry Almey, Imogen Perry & Jonathan McCabe

Contributors & Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

Despite being cancelled for a certain student-theatre review earlier in the year, Critic Te Ārohi is back on its feet for Med Revue. Ever gluttons for punishment, here's what three hours of enduring med-student humour is like (in the name of charity, of course).

Med Revue's theme was Diagnosis of a Wimpy Kid (aha, get it). The show was structured around the plot of Diary of a Wimpy Kid, but instead of attending high school, the cast is thrown into their first year of Med School at Otago. Poor things. Stretching from July 31st to August 2nd, all proceeds of the show were donated to the Dunedin Night Shelter. But don't let Med be mistaken for a charity case.

In the overarching story, Med really played to its strengths. By sticking to the niche in which they were grounded, Med led us into their world with sincerity, even as they satirised it, neatly balancing between comedy and cartoonishness. Alongside this was a strong showing of side sketches. In pairing a trophy with the on-screen medical term "atrophy", Med has mastered the short, snappy, no-mercy joke. When we saw students push the University to merely acknowledge the existence of a "fire", it was the most tasteful Gaza sketch we'd ever seen.

These future doctors had clearly taken a break from the med grind, and studied the anomaly of Castle Street. There was no mention of burning couches or the term 'scarfie'—both stereotypes lost to the 2010s. It was surprising yet reassuring to know at least some med students have actually stepped foot on Castle before.

Despite what you may think, everyone can act. And boy did they. Each recovered med zombie stood out in their own wonderful way. Greg Heffley's actor embodied the high school loser turned med-loser with conviction without becoming a caricature (Zoo-Wee-Mama indeed). Half the script must have been written for medicine's musciest man who played Manny. His mere presence caused fits of laughter and maybe a respectful "awooga" or two. The delightfully shameless king of comedy playing Fregley surely gave Jim Carrey a run for his money. The theatre nerds dotted around the audience were taking notes.

And hopefully, aspiring directors were taking notes too! From using the band instruments live during a main sketch, to simply opening the back curtains for an entrance, there was some cool innovation on the general format that made the crowd go "OooOoOoO."

But, you can't have your cake and eat it (bummer). In faithfully adapting Diary of a Wimpy Kid, the main script had a lot to contend with. The first half juggled it all so well; so when the second half dropped the ball, even the amazing acting could not hide that it had largely forgotten Med for Wimpy. Scenes progressing the plot became devoid of any reference back to the med school setting. An oversaturated roster of characters left us debating who the leading lady was, and if we were supposed to remember those male bullies. The liturgy of unnecessary sideplots left viewers lost for direction, driving them down a series of windy roads leading to a cluster of dead ends.

Wedged within a three-hour show, what the snack bar really needed was coffee. Still, in defiance of likely many med students' strict bedtimes, the audience powered through. What truly woke anyone with heavy eyes was the clever skit playing on the two definitions of CBT: Cognitive Behaviour Therapy and Cock and Ball Torture. However, if the show dragged on for any longer, like Cinderella, we may have all turned into pumpkins.

On the Friday show, we watched with gnashing teeth and middle fingers raised at a group of nine noisy hecklers. Described in our notes as "exhibitionist freaks" and "cunt losers", it was observed that they sat where the final night Capping Show hecklers sat. So it was with a mixture of pride and surprise that we watched Campus Watch emerge, not to join a sketch, but to turf out those cretins.

Who would've thought a med student could possibly have the time for a 3-hour wimp-athon, let alone the months of preparation in advance? Mad respect.

Potato Milk Review: Sold Nowhere Else in NZ

Finally, Dunedin is the capital of something again

By Harry Almey

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

Society loves potatoes for their versatility: deep-fried, mashed or made into vodka. But one brave Polytechnic taira, Emily Gilbert, has invented 'Spud Milk' – a NZ first.

"Another icky health food!" you blurt out loud while reading this review. "Quality wasn't sacrificed for that accessibility!" they retort, from behind the bushes. When pressed, Gilbert explained this miracle. Before blending it until it was lovely and creamy, and adding a super-incredibly-top-secret trademarked "enzyme", she went halfway through the distilling process. You know, like how you distill potatoes into vodka. Suddenly, potato milk wasn't so hard to imagine. But it has 0% funny juice, so alcoholics accordingly gave it a 0/10. Sorry.

When asked to review this eighth wonder of the world, Critic naturally had a million and one questions. The mad genius explained that they had crafted the mother of all milks. Potato milk was locally-produced, nutritious and accessible: easy on FODMAP gut issues, gluten-free (Oat Milk isn't) and dairy-free (Soy Milk isn't). What's more, it's not sold anywhere in NZ, or outside Europe or the USA for that matter. Critic Te Ārohi recruited some potato-fiends for their thoughts.

CHOCOLATE SPUD MILK:

Critic popped its potato cherry with chocolate spud milk. Three esteemed reviewers quickly downed their glasses and engaged in excited speculation. What was it most like: a smoothie, brownie, melted ice cream, or licked-spoon cooking chocolate? Could it be served on ice, with cereal, or even be made into coffee? It tasted like good boogie milk! So would it be advertised as high-end health food, or an everyday supermarket grocery item? Surely then, it was leading every single one of our highly-qualified and rather handsome reviewers by the nose.

Not quite. It was a rough first ride, and the staff who didn't plough into it ended up setting it aside. "Weird consistency", "viscous", and "bold" were common quotes from the other seven staff members. While the milk was lovely and creamy, it was also thicker than average milk. Good for some, bad for most. While some tasted no potato, those who did were struck down with a "gag-inducing", potatoey aftertaste. However, the consensus was that psychology nerds would have a field day with this. Potato milk was so impressive; but also so uncanny, so impossible. We imagined biting into a chewy, raw potato. Meanwhile, Emily's blind test subjects just thought it was some fancy dairy-free chocolate mousse

Average grade: 5/10

Pairs Well With: Being thoughtfully served on ice.

CARAMEL SPUD MILK:

One lonely print night, with not a breath in sight, Critic tried a sweet treat. And this time it went down the ol' gullet much easier than its chocolate cousin. While sipping it like wine snobs, we detected a surprising "cinnamon-y" taste, which gave it a slight

spicy twang reminiscent of a gingerbread man, of all things. While the chocolate was more like a thickshake, this felt closer to flavoured milk. Like good little critters, we followed this with consistent praise for the better consistency. When given a taste of this different reception, the manufacturer wondered if the addition of salt had made the difference. Emily, please, we really need an ice cream version of this. We beg. With dignity of course.

This would be the gold standard if not for strong opinions. Damn, damn those strong opinions. If you don't have a sweet tooth, this probably isn't for you. And one reviewer, allegedly known as "Jonathan McCabe", will forever live in infamy for saying it "looked like diabetes piss." It just looks like caramel. Such libel and slander has surely strangled this business enterprise in its cradle. Shame.

Average grade: 6/10

Pairs Well With: Sipping it while watching the Spice Girls

CHOCOLATE SPUD ICECREAM:

"Holy shit"

Gas. Earlier predictions that this stuff would rock as ice cream were understatement. The commentary speaks for itself. Nina – as if watching her flatties do their dishes for the first time – exclaimed she was "pleasantly surprised." Zoe, who contributed "Mhhh," "Woahhh", and the fastest 10/10 in human history, reflected the mood of the room. Was Emily playing for the nicest thing since sliced bread?

Because damn, this is more than just "hot potatoey." The dessert had a nice softness, reminding us of marshmallows, without being too sweet or strong. In fact, its starch component was something you looked forward to: each bite brought a bit of coconut texture, but without that flavour. One reviewer compared it with that fancy Kāpiti stuff, and another went as far as to say it was "the nicest chocolate ever." Between that and the lovely, gooey and creamy (heh) choc sauce on top, we couldn't get enough. Critic kneels to worship this new spud-tastic king of kings.

Average grade: 9.3/10

Pairs Well With: A tasteful lad's night out at Patti's and Cream.

"Where can I get some?!" you ask. Stop! Stop that sinful sloppering and lusting over this potato-type product! Currently, you can't. Wait, before you lynch me, there's hope. The ever-enterprising Emily has been knocking on doors to pitch her product. Potato ice cream, milk, or even chocolate are on our shelves. You name it, it's a twinkle in her eye. Recently, management at the Patti's and Cream Diner were said to enjoy, and continue to be in talks on the subject. So, watch this space.

We reached out to Patti's for a detailed comment, but frankly, we did not give them enough time to respond. Woe.

Law Students Swap Firms for Fundraisers

Score yourself a deal just as good as \$4 lunch

By **Gryffin Blockley**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

A group of Law taura have put together a roster of fundraising events for Ōtepoti Whānau Refuge. The first of a stacked five-piece line up is a designer clothes sale on the 16th of August, featuring brand new clothes from many iconic labels at up to half price.

Critic Te Ārohi caught up with Abigail Spratt, part of the committee and a driving force behind the upcoming clothes sale. She explained that a group of Law students have been at Ōtepoti Whānau Refuge (rebranded from Women's Refuge last year) since 2016. Going strong into the 9th year of fundraising, five events now raise over 67k annually – a designer clothes sale, auction, bake sale, quiz night, and band gig.

Each year, the five fundraising events take place during semester two, so as not to clash with the chaos of semester one's recruitment season in Law. "An interesting part of the campaign is that we intentionally don't plead for volunteers until after law recruitment's over, so that people don't just put it on their LinkedIn, say that they've done it," Abigail commented. Rest assured that volunteers' top priority is genuinely helping out a good cause (the LinkedIn post is just an added bonus to impress future employers later on).

The funds raised go towards the Ōtepoti Whānau Refuge, which provides safety and support to families affected by domestic violence around Otago. It currently is the only centre of its kind in the entire Otago region, serving a large catchment spanning hundreds of kilometers.

Taking place each year at 343 George Street (nearby ADJØ), an empty shopfront is kindly donated for the 'Designer Sample Sale'. Businesses donate old samples, or end of season clothes – all brand new and designer wear. Fashion houses like Flo&Frankie, Dylan Kain, Stolen Girlfriends Club, and Pavement are common mainstays at the yearly sale. It's great for a stretched student budget too, with discounts of up to 50% up for grabs.

The biggest ticket event is the yearly auction (29th of August this year), particularly appealing to Dunedin's business community (i.e., living off a bit more than just StudyLink). Businesses and individuals can bid on boujée prizes such as restaurant vouchers or helicopter rides. Other events on the roster include a bake sale at New World Gardens (13th September), a Bog quiz (17th September), and a Dropkicks gig (25th September).

The funds raised each year have a real impact on the organisation. Abigail explained that with the \$67k fundraised last year, Ōtepoti Whānau Refuge were able to create a sensory garden and children's area, giving tamariki impacted by upsetting experiences a chance to just be kids. In the past, things like brand new mattresses and sheets have been bought too. "It's nice to see a tangible impact," said Abigail.

The Designer Sample Sale kicks off the five fundraising events on August 16th, with the rest spaced out over the rest of the semester. Information of all the events can be found on the Ōtepoti-Dunedin Whānau Refuge Fundraising Committee's Instagram (@whanau_refuge_campaign).



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The Goon Show has Landed in Dunedin

Not that kind of goon show

By **Molly Smith-Soppet**
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

A cult-classic British radio comedy from the 1950s is getting a revival at the most unlikely of places, Allen Hall Lunchtime Theatre. If you're feeling emotionally burnt out by unfair grades or the political drama flooding your TikTok feed, then this might just be your reprieve. The Goon Show is here on campus. It might make you laugh so hard there'll be a puddle.

"It's absolute nonsense – but clever nonsense," said director Harry Almey, who's bringing Spike Milligan's Foiled by President Fred to Allen Hall Lunchtime Theatre on August 14th and 15th.

For those who don't know this obscure show from 50 years before any undergrad was born, The Goon Show is an unhinged radio program from the post-war era. Milligan, Peter Sellers, and Harry Secombe created a genre-defying fever dream of surrealist satire, slapstick silliness, and quick witted voice acting.

"It's just three individuals who were conked on the head in the war, having a laugh," Harry explained to Critic Te Ārohi. He is adapting the radio play for stage, so it's not just actors reading scripts from behind microphones, but a chaotic visual scene in which they play multiple roles, wear boots on their heads, and throw their bodies into the idiocy.

Performing it live, though, is no straightforward task. "To perform The Goon Show on stage is quite a unique experience," said one cast member. "We're putting physical action to something that was only ever heard. There's a lot of opportunities for physical comedy."

Despite the absurdity, Harry sees The Goon Show as a deeply human piece of comedy. "Every man in the show, bar one, was a war veteran. They saw horror. And their way to deal with that was to laugh. I think that's beautiful." He hopes this will be a much-needed reprieve for students caught up in academic stress or the doomscrolling cycle. "You don't need to know anything going on. The actors are having so much fun [that] the audience can't help but laugh."

The Goon Show was last performed in Allen Hall in 2023 as a koha-only show, because the team didn't have the rights. "But this time? I've spoken to Spike Milligan's daughters," Harry said. "As of this week I've got verbal permission. This is the first ever fully licensed, ticketed Goon Show production in Dunedin, ever."

The cast has one final plea for the audience. "[Director] Harry Almey is a crazed, crazed man. Help God, please help. He makes me dance like a monkey," one actor confided in Critic. Their advice to students? "Interact with more (1950s) Goon. (I'm aware of the connotations – please stop the connotations.)"

So bring a friend, come with open minds, a taste for nonsense, and, ideally, an empty bladder. Gooners unite!

Tickets for The Goon Show, and all other lunchtime theatre performances, can be found on humanitix.com (\$5 for students, \$10 for the public). Door sales are also available 30mins prior to the performance.



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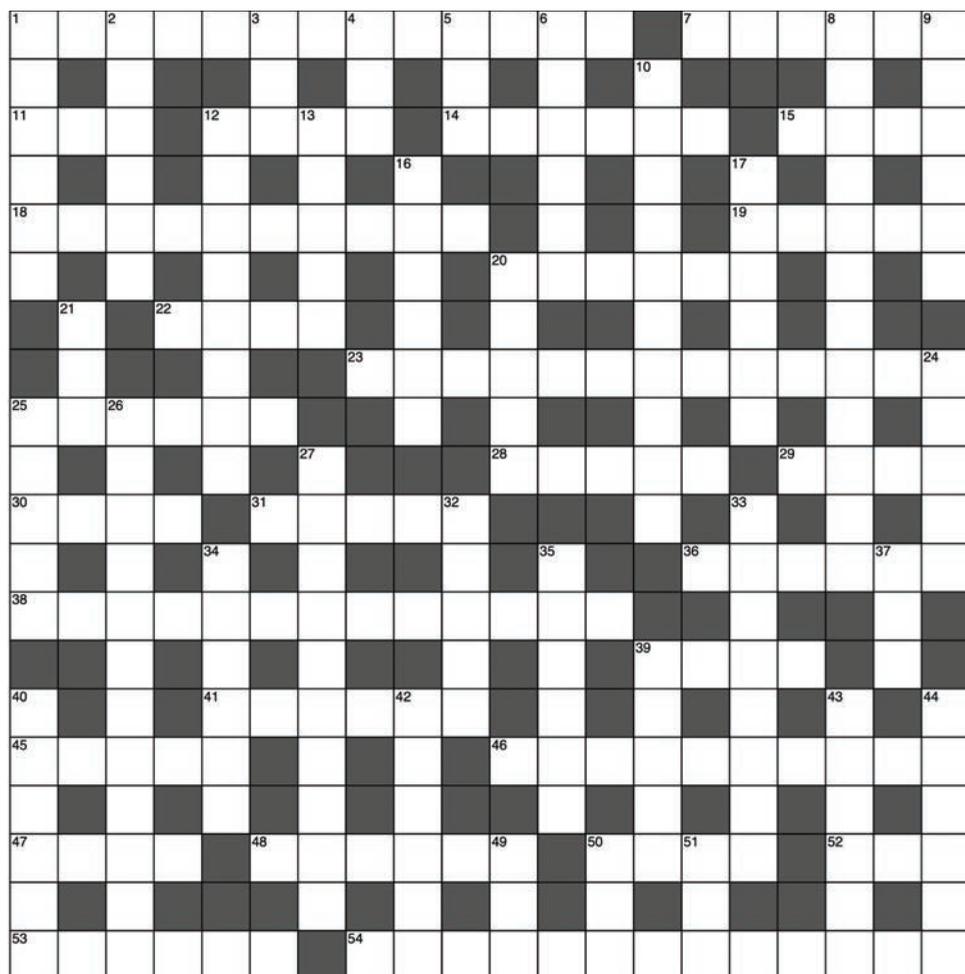
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CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 West Auckland designer whose work has been in Sex and the City (2)
- 7 MDMA, morphine and opium fall under this category (2)
- 11 Symbolises passion or anger in film
- 12 Japanese canned coffee
- 14 Buzzy music-makers
- 15 Some scientists theorise that life started with a big what
- 18 Fancy races hat
- 19 Islamic equivalent of kosher
- 20 A clerkship precedes this job
- 22 Al Brown, for example
- 23 What a forest of different shades of green could be described as
- 25 Old-fashioned bra
- 28 Muscular strength
- 29 Antioxidant berry
- 30 Risotto ingredient
- 31 Rectify
- 36 Fine wool
- 38 Chilean magical realism author (2)
- 39 The Rock's Moana character
- 41 Critic's 100 year Hocken exhibition title
- 45 "Poison" shrub
- 46 Navy board game
- 47 A dad's backstory
- 48 Old-fashioned headgear
- 50 Can be cleft or double
- 52 Floral necklace
- 53 Grammy-winning cellist (2)
- 54 Adding a bag, glasses, and belt to an outfit would be called what



DOWN

- 1 Budgeter's shopping talent
- 2 Firstborn
- 3 ___-mo camera
- 4 TV network with an eye logo
- 5 Furniture hardwood
- 6 Itchy skin disorder
- 8 The Lovely Bones, The Hunger Games & Burlesque actor (2)
- 9 Rolls with holes
- 10 Whitney Houston's ex-husband (2)
- 12 Common photo edit
- 13 Dunedin students were once named after this clothing item
- 16 Knicker gusset fabric
- 17 Stainless steel colour
- 20 Drop the ___ (confess deep affection) (2)
- 21 Men's on Tinder will often say their height
- 24 Business-like pants for men
- 25 Buttoned knit, for short

- 26 Animated series with a mad scientist (3)
- 27 Influencer for a brand
- 32 Prom purchase
- 33 Anne Hathaway's jumper colour in The Devil Wears Prada
- 34 Grand Canal locale
- 35 Nike rival
- 37 Pester
- 39 What socks ideally do
- 40 Sharpay actress
- 42 Of a cultural group
- 43 Best curry in town: ___ Dhaba
- 44 Season notable for floral patterns and bright colours
- 49 Office neckwear
- 50 Because (abbr.)
- 51 Text agreement (acr.)

ISSUE 16 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. FATMA HASSONA 6. PEACOCK 9. SUNDANCE 12. MANUSCRIPT 16. NAIL TECH 17. HORNY 18. WOMB 20. BANFF 22. ERAGON 23. VEGAN 25. ARDERN 29. RON 30. EL 31. ORWELL 34. OUR 35. MOHAWK 39. FANCY 41. RIALTO 42. CELLO 44. ANNA 45. DIRTY 46. DISARMED 48. WIDESCREEN 50. ACCURATE 53. GORILLA 54. BARRY KEOGHAN

DOWN: 1. FILM-MAKER 2. MAHUTONGA 3. ACER 4. OUST 5. AWN 6. PDA 7. CREATURE 8. KEYCHAIN 10. DON 11. NZIFF 13. CONUNDRUM 14. POWDER 15. UMBRELLA 19. BA 21. NANOOK 24. ABLE 25. ANIMAL 26. DETHRONE 27. PORTRAITS 28. TUNA 36. WASABI 37. CAPTURING 38. COMMUNION 39. FRED DAGG 40. CALAMARI 42. COMIC 43. LA 47. DVR 48. WEAR 49. EWOK 51. LUMA 52. ASB

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- HEADPHONES
- PHILOSOPHY
- OLIVE OIL
- LECTURER
- POTATO
- BACKLASH
- POLITICAL
- ROMANTIC
- JORTS
- MERCHANDISE
- PRADA
- FUNDRAISER
- BESPOKE
- PAJAMAS
- POWERADE
- FUR
- MOLECULE

- PUMP
- MONSTER
- FELINE

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HARD www.sudokuoftheday.com

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SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Stella Caulton

There are 10 differences between the two images



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LECTURER EDITION

By Stella Weston

Disclaimer: I mean no offence, please don't fail me. Nothing but respect for academics <3

Physio

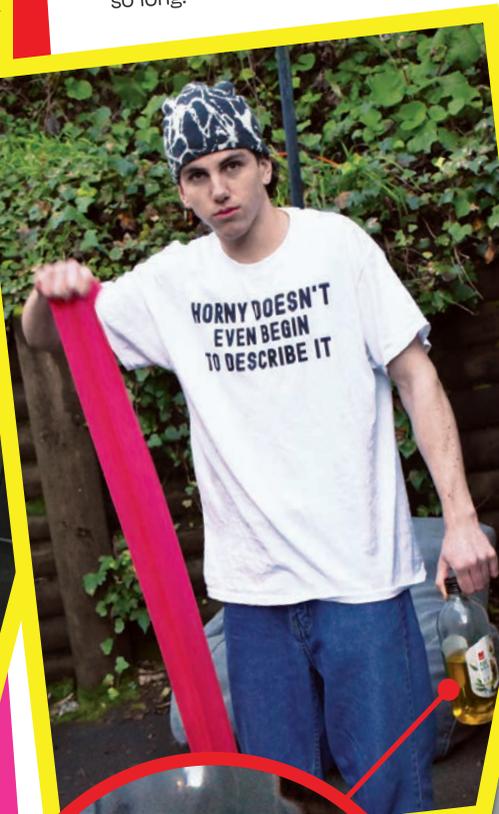
Physio lecturers are really just trying to make their students feel comfortable – it can be tough having to get so intimately acquainted at physio camp. These lecturers are trying to form long term relationships with their students, training them up to form long term relationships with their clients – admittedly, it takes a lot to work one on one with people for so long.

Medicine

Med lecturers are tired. Not as tired as their students, but tired. They've started using funnels as prop stethoscopes to prompt engagement, and can't comprehend how med students manage to drink so much and still attend class. These lecturers are extremely careful not to ask their students what happened in first year to ensure the note burning rumours don't resurface.

English

English lecturers knew exactly what they were in for from the start, and still chose this career. They do it for the love of the game, and this love comes across in their classes and their outfits. They've got the creativity to serve every day, and they're holding on to a generation of dying attention spans by recommending we set foot in bookshops whenever we can. Nostalgic for the good old days when people actually read, their style hasn't caught up with the times either – which is why they dress the same as your English teacher from high school.



Philosophy

Honestly, philosophy lecturers are doing their best. They were once sitting in their own philosophy class dreaming of all the insights they would someday make as the second coming of Aristotle. Everyone said second coming is valuable because it shows that philosophy is valuable because it shows employers you can really think. No one said pursuing a career in philosophy is as close to a pyramid scheme as academia comes – pretty much the only job prospect is indoctrinating the next round of students. They love it though, can't fault that.

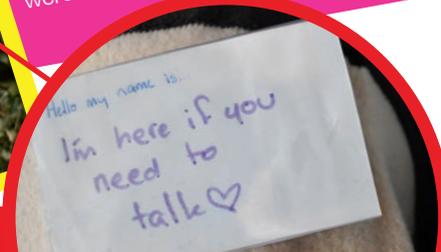
Politics

Look, there's a lot to talk about in any contemporary politics course, and it must get pretty depressing. Lecturers' attempts to appease the sheer number of US exchange students in their class before they start ripping into everything America has ever done are about as effective at minimising the insult as my disclaimer was at the top of this article.



Psychology

Psych lecturers are used to everyone dropping their courses after first year when they realise it isn't a shortcut to analysing and manipulating everyone who ever hurt them. They try to keep the rest hanging on by making class as engaging as possible and bringing up fun experiments, without mentioning that these aren't allowed anymore because of 'ethics'. They hope that explaining what ketamine does to your brain will convince students not to take it (too bad students were skipping class to go do ket on Castle all of ReO).



Law

Starting strong, law lecturers have known who they are from a young age. Law school was such a war for them that they have harboured that pain within them – determined to take it out on the next generation, and they want to look good while they do it. Law lecturers are training up their students to be mini versions of themselves – pretentious and well aware of it, but hey, they dress with class.

Chemistry

The difference between first year chemistry and beyond that is stark. First year, the lecturers are just trying to keep their students vaguely mentally sane. After that though? Those still there really love what they're doing, and the lecturers reward it with total dedication to their craft.



A VITAL PARTICLE TO THE CLASSROOM!



Business

There are more reported sightings of Grant Roberston eating in the Link than business lecturers in Dunedin – not because they don't exist, just because no one is ever at their classes. If even one student can tell them the law of supply and demand, they celebrate by giving everyone a pass. But BComs aren't a joke. The lecturers do really care, but when their lectures are practically podcasts for students cramming 24 hours before the final exam, why bother with the outfit?



Surveying

No one is totally sure what they're doing in these classes, and the lecturers have worked out how to keep the students focused on themselves so they don't realise the lecturers don't know either. Despite 'land surveying' being fairly self-explanatory, they still need equipment worth thousands of dollars, and they feel really good about giving hungover students free range with it. They really want you to know that surveying is a profession not a trade, and have you seen the pay?

Sport Science

P.E. was their favourite subject in school and the second they learned they could keep those good vibes going, exercise and sport science became their life. They still show up to lectures with a course outline in a sports bag along with sweaty shorts and a half drunk bottle of Powerade.



IS THAT A BAGUETTE IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

Dentistry

You'd think dentists were oysters the way they take pride in their pearl(y whites). Few people are as genuinely proud of themselves as dentistry students, a mindset firmly engrained in them by their lecturers. Just as dentist offices are overwhelmingly white, dentistry lecturers are overwhelmingly enthusiastic about their degree, leaving little time to develop an outfit of substance. The concept of a 'work-life balance' does not exist in the vocabulary of these lecturers, and they're trying to keep it hush hush so their students don't find out about it either.



Performing Arts

They assure their students every day this isn't a cult – their students really don't mind either way. Their show family truly means the world to them, they feel every graduation like a prop gunshot. Perpetually decked out in shirts from old Capping Shows, they are beyond sick of Critic ragging on them (sorry guys).

Nutrition

No one has their shit together better than nutrition lecturers (and food science – is there really a difference?) The definition of athleisure, these lecturers are almond mums at heart, and they just want everyone to please, God, put down the Purple Gs. They sometimes snack on vegetables in class to subtly lead by example, and are considering setting up a free fruit basket like supermarkets do.





WDYM???



Romanticising Getting Dressed

Every morning I look at myself in the mirror and ask the world's most terrifying question: Who do I want to be today?

By Grace Hards
Illustrated by Tevya Faed

It's not just about putting on pants one leg at a time. It's a full-blown existential crisis, performed in front of a bathroom mirror, under fluorescent lighting, with the clock ticking dangerously close to whatever commitment I've overestimated my ability to be on time for. The stakes? My sense of identity, social survival, thermoregulation, and maybe even feminist rebellion.

Should I spend an hour creating the perfect look? A mix of colour, fabric, silhouette and mood—and step out the door dressed as the goth raven queen I know I was in a past life? Or should I throw on my girlfriend's jumper, some half-washed blue jeans, and the Ugg boots that have lost their will to live (and all waterproofing) just to make it to class before the attendance sheet goes around?

Maybe I'm in a dress mood. Or a jorts mood. Or a "God forbid I wear a skirt in this wind" kind of mood.

Should I wear a headband? Straighten my bangs? Do my patterned tights make me look cool or do they make a weird noise when I walk like a haunted accordion? Imagine getting chased and not being able to run because your hemline got caught on your platform boots. Death by aesthetic. That's all I can ask for.

Stick to leggings? Too basic. But at least I won't die. Unless I freeze, which is likely in this godforsaken southern city. Okay, what about a coat? But I'll sweat to death in class. Then I'll have to take it off, and everyone will look at me and think I'm trying to be seen. I mean I am trying to be seen—but only by the right amount, and the right kind of people. The non-judgy hot ones. You know the type.

It always ends the same way: "Fuck it." But "Fuck it" means something different every time.

"Fuck it, I'll be cold."

"Fuck it, I'm a goth baddie."

"Fuck it, I'll blend in."

"Fuck it, I'm staying home in my PJs and re-watching Victoria's Secret Fashion Show 2006."

Because it's never just about clothes. Getting dressed is a ritual. It's self-construction. It's costume design for the drama that is your daily life and, if you're anything like me, it's taken you a long time to even begin figuring out what to wear—because you're still figuring out who you are.

I like to imagine myself as a lady-in-waiting when I go out. Puffy sleeves, delicate lace, soft velvet, dramatic skirts. There's something sacred about standing in front of a mirror, brushing out my hair, sliding on rings like tiny spells, adjusting the bodice of a thrifted dress with the quiet reverence of someone in love with their reflection—not out of vanity, but victory.

Because, the truth is, I wasn't always brave enough to love her.

Clothing is political. It's protest. It's privilege. I feel it every time I slide on a pair of pants—a right denied to most women for centuries. Once illegal, even radical, trousers on a female body still carry echoes of rebellion. I feel it in the absence of pockets, in the tiny stitched shut suggestions of what could've been functional but was never meant to be. I feel it in the comments at the bar, the eyes that linger too long, the way a crop top can become a justification in someone else's mouth. I feel it in the silent calculations we make before leaving the house: *Will this outfit get me gawked at? Grabbed? Followed?*

I feel it in the fear of dressing too sexy, too loud, too queer, too anything. We've all heard it: *You're asking for it.* As if fabric choices are invitations. As if being visible is dangerous and sometimes, it is.

I don't want to be yelled at. I want to be admired. I want to be seen, safe, and soft. I want to take up space and be left alone in it. To be interesting without being interrogated. Beautiful without being targeted. I want to be complimented without consequence.

It's a tightrope walk between self-expression and self-protection. Between the joy of getting dressed and the dread of being perceived. We dress with intention and hope—hope that the world will receive us gently. That we won't be punished for daring to look like ourselves.

But dressing is also a joy. It's the giddy thrill of playing dress-up with your adult body, curating your identity from your closet. It's watching runway models strut like goddesses, and then recreating that magic with a bedsheet and a safety pin because fashion should be play. It's sewing at your kitchen table. It's mourning every jumper you've shrunk in the dryer. It's seeing your ancestors in your golden-framed mirror and feeling them smile at how far you've come.

Getting dressed is a crisis. But it's also a love letter. To the versions of yourself you've been. To the ones you're becoming.

And to the girl who, even now, is still figuring it out. It's a gift too—a quiet, daily ritual of reinvention. A mirror-side moment that whispers, *You get to try again today.* It's art that moves with you. That sits beside you in lectures and dances with you in the kitchen and holds you when you cry in public toilets. So romanticise it.

Romanticise brushing your hair like you're in a 19th-century novel. Pick your earrings like you're choosing your sword. Try the outfit that's been sitting in your saved folder for months. Play dress-up. Wear your favourite lipstick to the supermarket. Put on the silly hat. Wear the skirt that swishes. Layer the ridiculous jacket with pride. Try on the version of you you've been too scared to be.

Even if it's just in your room. Even if no one sees it. Even if it's just to walk to class or cry on the bus or pick up bread from the dairy. Because you'll see it. You'll feel it. And maybe that's enough. Don't wait for the party.

Dress like you're the main character in the life you already have. And if all else fails?

Fuck it.



The Art of Dressing for Resistance

What to Wear to a Protest

By Grace Hards & Hanna Varrs
Illustrated by Jimmy Tannock

What you wear to a protest isn't just about looking cool for the 'gram. In reality, the clothes you wear to a protest are an intersection between fashion choices and politics: whether you're marching for trans rights, chanting for Palestine, or standing silently in black on a Thursday, your outfit is saying something—it's a statement that doesn't need to be spoken out loud. Long before Instagram stories or high-vis vests, people were using what they wore to demand visibility, power, and change.

Protest wear is a symbiosis between symbolism and strategy. Some people show up wrapped in pride flags and face glitter. Others pull on all black, cover their faces, and move as one. Some wear taonga, some wear slogans, and some wear nothing identifiable at all. Suffragette whites, black bloc tactics, riot-ready sneakers are all examples of how fashion has always been part of the fight. You might see someone at a rally wearing all black but with a tiny Thursday in Black pin—signalling solidarity with survivors of sexual violence. Or maybe a handmade patch with "ACAB" stitched into the hem of their jacket. The quiet stuff counts, too.

Fashion is fluid, but intention matters. Whether you're dressing to be seen, or dressing to be safe—both are valid. And sometimes, the most radical thing you can do is show up exactly as yourself. In a protest, your body becomes a banner—and what you put on it can keep you safe, make a statement, or both.

Dressing for Resistance - Lessons From History

The Suffragettes

The Suffragettes were the women who campaigned for women's right to vote. The choice to adopt the white camellia as their symbol throughout the movement was both a practical (white camellias grow around the same time as the Parliament voting seasons) and symbolic decision (white is associated with purity and delicacy, emphasising that the suffragettes would not be any less feminine with the ability to vote).

While radical dress reform wasn't the primary objective of their cause, the social climate they protested within encouraged a broader examination of the roles women hold within society. A big part of the protest against these traditional roles was advocating for 'rational' clothing, departing from the traditional women's dress that was often hard to move in. The suffragettes ditched fitted bodices for bloomers, embracing practicality while remaining proudly feminine. They felt that making women's dress more practical on the day to day was important for advancing their role within society.

Bloomers actually paved the way for women getting on a bicycle, with famous Aotearoa Suffragettes Alice Burns and Kate Sheppard being members of the first all-women's cycling club. Bicycling gave freedom of travel to women, and the practicality and safety that bloomers gave female cyclists was an important element within the suffrage movement. What they wore became proof that women could claim space, comfort, and political power all at once.

Tip 1: Wear 'rational' clothing. Dress for comfort and practicality. Streamline your clothes - things that hang loosely (like belts) are more easily grabbed, but clothing that is too tight can restrict your movement. Layers can be helpful too! zip-ups can be ditched easily, allowing you to quickly shed a layer if grabbed or to switch up your appearance. Long clothes (leggings, long sleeves) protect your skin from sunburn or scrapes. Closed toe shoes are a good idea: you might be standing for hours. You might need to run. You might step on broken glass. Leave the Docs at home if you can't walk in them for 6+ hours.

Black In The Context Of Protest

Thursdays in Black

On our campus, protests happen every Thursday - and you might not even know it. Thursdays in Black is a global movement that started in the 1970s and has since taken root in Aotearoa, with our very own Otago branch. It's not performative or flashy, but wearing black every Thursday is a simple, powerful way to show solidarity with survivors of sexual violence. It's a quiet protest against rape culture and victim-blaming—and you don't need a megaphone to make it matter.

"If my clothes could speak on a Thursday they would be saying, 'We stand with you,'" Grace Johnstone, Treasurer of Thursdays in Black Otago, says. "So often, survivors feel isolated, anxious, and unfairly dismissed by those around them after they disclose

an experience of sexual harm. In response to this, our clothes would be saying: 'Kia kaha; it is not your whakamā to be holding. It is not your fault, we believe you, and it is never too late to ask for help or seek support!'"

While it's subtle, people do notice. The exercise of dressing in all black is a symbol of resistance and resilience against sexual harm. "At the start, lots of people noticed and would ask about it, particularly my friends," Grace says. "After explaining our kaupapa, many of them joined in." One of her favourite memories? A Thursday when some students approached her to ask if her all-black outfit was part of the movement. "It prompted a really lovely discussion," she recalls. "Wearing the badge often helps—it gives people a bit of a lead-in."

There's power in that visibility, and in the quiet sense of unity it builds. Grace describes the movement as "particularly special" when she spots other executive members taking part on Thursdays. "We are always engaged in the movement, and it feels very special to be playing our part collectively." Sometimes the outfit does do the talking. "I know that if even one survivor sees us wearing black on Thursday and feels seen, we truly have done our job. It is a small statement, but its impacts are huge."

For students who want to express their values through fashion but don't know where to begin, Grace's advice is simple: just start. Find a movement that resonates with you, and take steps to find like-minded people. "Starting with something small, but impactful, like Thursdays in Black, is a low-effort/high-impact mode of engagement." It's proof that protest doesn't have to be loud to be meaningful. Sometimes all it takes is a black outfit, a quiet stance—and the willingness to wear your beliefs on your sleeve.

Black Bloc Protest

The use of black isn't just symbolic either. We'll keep saying this about colours - but they often hold an equally practical use. While not specific to Aotearoa New Zealand, black bloc protesting tactics refer to protestors' use of black clothing, ski masks, scarves, sunglasses, and other face-concealing or protecting items to hide their identity from police and other organisations. The uniformity between protestors makes it difficult to distinguish between participants - hence the term 'black bloc'.

Tip 2: Dress to disappear (when you need to). When you become part of the crowd, you're harder to track in surveillance footage or end up in a picture on your mum's Facebook feed. Blend into a bloc by not wearing logos, slogans or stand out gear - anything identifiable can be used against you. Sunglasses or goggles prevent facial recognition, as do scarves and bandanas. Just remember that in some places, face coverings are legally dicey—know the law before you mask up.

Colour in Protest

Not every protest outfit is about disappearing. Sometimes, it's about showing up loudly—visibly, colourfully, defiantly, unapologetically. Protest fashion isn't always tactical. Sometimes it's personal. Sometimes it's emotional. And sometimes, it's just proud.

The Keffiyeh

The keffiyeh, a traditional Middle-Eastern headdress, is commonly worn to signal solidarity with Palestine. It has

were also used to shield from tear gas that was coming the protestors' way. Fortunately, tear gas was last used in Aotearoa New Zealand during the protests relating to the Springbok Tour in 1981. However, as seen in the COVID-19 protests outside Parliament in 2022, police still use pepper spray with extended ranges and sponge rounds.

Queer Symbolism

In Dunedin, at a recent trans rights protest, the Octagon lit up with colour. Pink scarves, rainbow pins, bright jackets—it wasn't just about staying warm; it was about being seen. Protesters wore their pride as protection, and it worked.

Hundreds gathered in the Octagon to push back against legislation attempting to reduce gender to biology alone. But the mood wasn't black bloc bleak—it was vibrant. There were pink scarves, blue eyeliner, rainbow ponchos, and enough corduroy to clothe an entire queer commune. Activists stood in a sea of their own pride, wrapping themselves in flags and colours that said: I exist, and I'm not backing down. It was political pageantry at its finest.

Madeline, a visibly queer, gender-nonconforming lesbian, attended in what she calls her "uniform": Doc Martens, a cropped Queer Mess muscle tank, and a hand-painted sign that read "Dykes for Trans Rights." It wasn't just an outfit—it was a declaration. "At a protest, you can't always verbally communicate. So having clothing that signals you're on the same side is important—it helps you find your herd," Madeline explains.

Her outfit was layered with symbolism—boots rooted in lesbian history, a locally designed shirt worn as a sign of solidarity, and a slur reclaimed with pride. "It felt powerful," she said. "People already read me as a loud, political dyke based on how I dress—and I'm fine with that. Better to be hated for who I am than loved for someone I'm not."

For many, safety and self-expression are in constant tension—but Madeline's answer to that is pretty simple: "Honestly, I just think fuck it." She's reached a point where visibility isn't just personal—it's political. "Mainstream culture has swung conservative, so now more than ever I want to be visible. I want to be that person a closeted kid sees and thinks, 'I can be myself too.'"

Her fashion is a full-circle moment, healing the child who longed to wear what she wanted, honouring the teenager too scared to do so, and celebrating the adult who finally can. "Cargo pants and a button-up from Hallensteins might not look radical to everyone, but to me, they're a promise to live on my own terms."

For queer, trans, and nonbinary people, fashion is survival. It's self-definition in a world that loves a neat label. Dressing femme as a trans woman can be dangerous. Wearing a binder in public might get you clocked. But these are declarations of autonomy as much as being stylistic choices. Every bold lip, every DIY pronoun pin, every subtle or flamboyant choice is a reminder that fashion is personal and political.

Moh, a [year student] who has attended several protests, captures this beautifully. Earlier this year, they attended a trans rights rally in the Octagon expecting a more palatable, "acceptable" kind of protest. But instead of blending in, Moh chose to embody resistance. "I decided on army surplus boots, big baggy jeans & nothing but a corset bra on top, with a big patch I made pinned on to it that said 'FAG' in a blackletter font," they say. "The combination of a scruffy unshaven face, breasts very much on display, and a reclaimed slur was a degree of gender/social nonconformity that's important to represent at protests."

Protest clothing doesn't need to convert people to make an impact for Moh. Sometimes, it's about visibility, catharsis,

and creating conversation within the community. "Wearing a mask is direct action against both lax public health policies, and surveillance," they explain. "But beyond that, clothing as personal expression can signal solidarity. I have a patch that says 'The Very Pharmaceutical'—a reference to Jean Genet—and it always sparks interesting conversations about trans healthcare."

Moh is acutely aware of how much meaning students often miss in what we wear. "Too many people don't know the political history behind fashion styles, particularly alternative fashion, all because the modern world reduces these things to mere aesthetics," Moh said. Take leather, for instance. "It began as protection in the punk scene against violent fascists, then became a symbol of reclamation in queer kink spaces. But now? You can buy a harness from a fast-fashion chain without ever knowing that legacy."

That lack of awareness isn't a moral failure—it's a result of depoliticisation. But Moh's perspective reminds us that our fashion choices carry traces of rebellion whether we realise it or not.

And yes, sometimes that rebellion carries risk. At the 2023 protest against anti-trans figure Kellie-Jay Keen in Auckland, Moh and many others were proud to stand firm—even when things escalated. "We dismantled fencing, overwhelmed neo-Nazis, took over the stage [...] It was intense," they say. But they also admitted something quite human beneath the bravery: "My one regret is that I kept a piece of jewelry in my ear piercing—it was still healing. As things got heated, I was like, 'Fuck yeah,' but also increasingly worried about it being torn out. Should've just taken it out beforehand."

It's a potent reminder that these statements of identity and resistance don't exist in theory—they happen on real bodies, in real danger. Fashion, for people like Moh, is never just about looking good. It's about survival, expression, and solidarity.

Tip 4: Leave the bling at home. Earrings, necklaces, even rings can be torn off, caught and snagged – causing you harm.

Marcelle's '4 M's'

Okay, so you've got the fit. You've made your sign. You've charged your phone. But protest prep doesn't stop at what you wear—it's also about what you know. Because the police don't care how cool your outfit is if they decide to kettle you. And the system doesn't care if you're just there "as support." So let's get smart.

Marcelle likes to think about how she would plan a protest outfit using the '4 M's' – media, message, mobility, movement.

Media

As previously mentioned, drawing media attention to your cause can work in your favour by raising public awareness. Take the Umbrella Movement, for example, or how many of the photos in the media covering Hīkoi mō te Tiriti depict a sea of Tino Rangatiratanga flags and kairākau in piupiu.

Message

Marcelle summarises this as being if what you're wearing aligns with the message you are trying to put out there. Marcelle references the wearing of the keffiyeh as a good example here, also noting, "The Woman's March, for instance. Pink was quite symbolic. A lot of women wore pink beanies on that particular demonstration. Thursdays in Black, obviously people would be wearing black there. It's whether or not your fashion choice aligns with the message."

Mobility

What Marcelle asks in terms of mobility is whether you can run in your outfit. "Some demonstrations happen in a context in which you need to be on the move," she explains. You may need to be able to move away from the police, or get out of situations that are turning violent.

Marcelle recalls a time when she was very young, about to attend her first protest demonstration and living in Johannesburg. "We were advised to take a tooth brush and wear a bandana headband. The idea was that if you were arrested, you could have a toothbrush in the holding cell." The headband was to protect your face from tear gas – which could come in handy if you faced pepper spray in Aotearoa. "It's thinking beyond the moment of the protest. If stuff is going to go down – what are you going to do?"

Other tips in the interest of thinking ahead are bringing snacks (you could be out there for awhile), plenty of water, a mini first-aid kit and any medication you might need. Bring a power bank, and an emergency contact number on your arm (in Sharpie). Your phone might die. It might get lost. It might get confiscated. Your forearm isn't going anywhere (hopefully). Bringing your ID can be helpful if you're a support person, but just bear in mind it literally identifies you. Speaking of that, disable digital snitching tools by turning off Face ID or Touch ID. Police can't legally make you enter a passcode, but they can hold your phone up to your face. Turn off location services. Log out of apps that use facial recognition. If you want to go full-tinfoil-hat, put your phone on airplane mode or leave it behind altogether (just make sure someone else has a camera).

There is safety in numbers. Bring a buddy. Better yet, bring a group. Know who you came with, agree on a check-in plan, and watch each other's backs. If someone disappears or gets arrested, you need to know how to find them—or at least who to call.

Last, but certainly not least, know your rights (and the limits of them). In Aotearoa New Zealand, you have the right to protest peacefully. You don't have to answer police questions, and you don't have to show ID unless you're driving or being formally detained. That said, you can still be moved on, arrested, or surveilled. It's not about being paranoid—it's about being prepared.

Write down (or save offline) the number for Community Law (03 474 1922 – Otago), your uni's legal rep, or any protest observer group active in the city you are in.

Merchandise

Sometimes groups will sell merch to raise awareness for their campaigns (t-shirts, hats, buttons, etc.), like watermelon stickers in the context of pro-Palestine demonstrations. "Protestors will sometimes wear these items not only symbolically to align themselves with the cause or raise awareness amongst others, but also to support the group materially in their fundraising efforts."

Marcelle warns, however, that the merch aspect of activism runs the risk of commodification. Sales targets can sometimes become bigger than the campaign itself. Also, as with any fashion item, there are ethical issues that need to be researched. "A social justice campaign should not engage in unethically sourced/produced items and thereby undermine other social justice campaigns in the name of its own cause," Marcelle explains. Be aware of the sources of the merch you buy – try to buy from local vendors. Social media platforms are great ways to connect with people who can help you get your hands on some merch.

Fashion With Intention

Clothes aren't just decoration—they're declarations. They're armour. They're camouflage. They're conversation starters and line-drawers and middle fingers. Whether you're blending in to protect yourself or standing out to be seen, protest fashion is about intention. Knowing what message your body is sending—and making damn sure you're the one sending it. You don't have to be loud to be powerful. You don't have to be pretty to be political. But you should know that what you wear matters. Because your outfit can carry more than style—it can carry solidarity.

The point is: resistance doesn't always look like a crowd. It looks like a pair of watermelon earrings, a pair of Red Bands stylised with moko, or packing a toothbrush for a demonstration in case things get crazy. It's small, daily acts of resistance.

So: Be safe. Be bold. Be informed. And wear your values on your sleeve—literally.



Keen to help a girl out, Omea Hall has been running a dress rental side hustle out of her Dunedin flat for the past five years. We get it, 21st szn is rough. Especially for those forced to doom scroll through Pretty Little Thing, only to find your favourite dress isn't stocked in your size. Saving you from having to step foot into Mirrou, this fifth-year Architecture student runs an affordable alternative to buying a new outfit for each event.

Like all chronic shoppers, Omea started an Instagram account in 2021 selling clothes she wasn't wearing anymore. Just like thrifting your first leather jacket is a gateway drug to op-shopping, Omea's influence entered a whole new level when she began renting her closet out.

In building her 80-piece collection of available dresses, Omea's shop offers a full range of sizes. Supplying dresses from size 4 to size 24, Omea admits that she stocks more dresses in her own size, "wanting to wear them all myself." Each new dress purchased is "a mini investment," according to Omea. Charging between ten and fifteen per cent of the original price for most garments, it takes around six or seven weekends of use to pay off each dress.

If you want to try on her collection, you and your supportive friends can throw down a fiver to book 30 minutes of free rein over her collection. If you end up renting a dress, then the five dollars is taken off the rental price.

As her time in Ōtepoti is ticking down, Critic asks Omea the same question her mother has been begging of Omea: "What's next?" It seems Omea isn't ready to give up her baby just yet: "It's going so well, so why stop now?"

You can book a dress and browse Omea's catalogue from her website ohrents.co.nz or flick Omea a message on Instagram @oh_rents to organise a fitting appointment.



POLISH BY POPPY

In between placements with Otago Polytechnic's nursing school, Poppy found the time to run a nail salon out of her parents' home in the metropolis of Mosgiel.

Predominantly painting gels, the second-year student began her beautician adventures in 2024. Poppy began practising her skills on friends and willing participants. It was midway through last year when Poppy began taking clients after being told that her work was good enough to be compensated with moolah.

Critic met up with Polly in her home turf (the Polytech Hub) to yap it out. She arrived repping a set of mismatching pastel cat eye nails. Like an eager guinea pig, Poppy tells us that she tests all of her products "on myself first so that I'm not putting something bad on my clients." Someone's gotta do it for the sake of fashion.

Poppy makes time during study season to see between six and eight clients a week, but during break time, she fills her roster upwards of 15 a week. To Poppy's dismay, she can't keep her nails funky during placement due to hygiene reasons. "I hate that time period when they look naked." But when on holidays, she said that she "goes crazy." No nail left unbrushed.

Adding extension tips is Poppy's most popular service. "Everyone wants extensions these days," she says. No one has left her house looking like Wicked's Cynthia Erivo just yet, as Poppy says with a chuckle, "I dunno how you could function with those on."

Poppy has become accustomed to designing 3D flowers on top of nails, a technique where she moulds a putty-like gel with silicone tools to create unique shapes. "I think they look so cool," she gleefully admits.

Poppy has built up a cult following of returning customers. Though mainly students, she mentions that a few clients' mums have popped in for an appointment. With intermittent appointments, Poppy loves to get updates on her clients' lives. She confesses that her appointments can become huge "gossip sessions".

Dreaming of expanding her nail tech empire, Poppy hopes to eventually move her studio closer into town to reach more students. She crosses her fingers and manifests setting up a "wee shed somewhere." Big dreams indeed.

Flick Poppy a message on Instagram @polish.by.poppy to book an appointment.

ISABELLA STYANT: BESPOKE BADDIE

Giving Donatella Versace a run for her money is third-year Psychology and Statistics student Isabella Styant. Instead of picking up a summer job, Isabella threw herself into fashion, selling clothes she either customised or stitched together from scratch. This bespoke baddie transformed her childhood bedroom into a sweat shop, kitted it out with her grandma's old sewing machine and fabric she found thrifting. If it's not on the shelves, Isabella can make it for herself.

Starting her foray into fashion while in high school, Isabella says she developed her sewing skills with the help of YouTube. "There's a YouTube video out there for everything," she says.

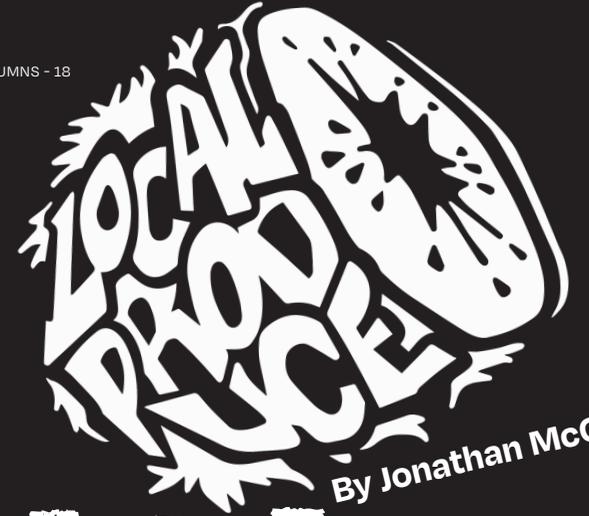
Like a fairy godmother, the owner of a chic little boutique in Christchurch pushed Isabella in the right direction. After yarning with the woman about her love for fashion, Isabella was offered a cup of tea and a set of textile lessons. "She was so sweet," Isabella gushes to Critic. With the owner walking Isabella through the process of making a camisole, she soon picked up the skills she needed to make and design her own clothes.

Isabella has made everything from hoodies to berets, all from fabric she picked up at local op shops. When thrifting for material she tends to look out for "big oversized skirts and dresses," because you need a lot of fabric to get crafty.

One of Isabella's biggest accomplishments so far was making jeans from scratch, a feat she has only done twice. She mentioned a pair that was commissioned by a Jafa who scrolled along her TikTok page. Involving a lot of trial and error, Isabella said that she "broke so many needles 'cause I didn't know you needed an industrial needle to make jeans." Reflecting on the experience, Isabella says that she prefers modifying jeans, saying that once "the hard work's done, you just make them funky."

Bella has put aside the solo projects this semester, taking up the role of merchandise officer for OUSSC (Otago University Snow Sports Club).

Peruse through Isabella's creations on Instagram @ishbell_boutique



If there's a will, there's a way. When George Street doesn't provide it, this pack of student fashionistas certainly will. Critic Te Arohi has reached out to three local entrepreneurs to see what they get up to in between lectures. From beauticians to lending out curated collections and even tailoring bespoke garments, on display today is the heart of Ōtepoti's local produce.

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TŪHURA
Otago Museum



@otagomuseum

BOOZE REVIEWS

BY JOAN OF RARK

What is good! This week's booze review was kindly brought to you by me wanting to intentionally get another mockable beverage so you lot don't think I'm an alcoholic.

Saints & Sinners are a rather funky duo of vodka soda and guarana extract. They're available in Monster-esque cans containing something that could probably be passed off as an energy drink à la the Celsius mix-up the US is seeing at the moment. There's two flavours called simply 'blue' or 'pink'. I tried both, of course.

The blue flavour tastes blue as fuck, but in a very specific way. That way is V. This stuff tastes EXACTLY like blue V and it's kind of fucked up cos it'd have to taste really good without alcohol in it, so maybe they can make a non-alcoholic lineup for that purpose. But anyway, it tastes a ridiculous amount like blue V.

The pink flavour, on the other hand, tastes like a mix of Pink Monster and mystery Nitro. How in the actual fuck have they managed this wizardry, I have no clue. We can somehow make stuff taste like other stuff without actually being that other stuff. Science is so fucking crazy dawg.

Although I do rate both flavours, the blue one is simply superior as it just doesn't taste like alcohol – a huge win for chugability. Plus I'm not a huge fan of mystery Nitro in general, which further detracts from the potential of a high rating. But that's probably misguided.

Do take it slow on these though. There's a fair thwack of caffeine in them, so if you get anxiety poos from raw-dogging a mocha on an empty stomach, probably don't go for these. But you would probably have guessed that by the whole blue V flavour thing. S&S's come in four-packs of 420mL 6% cans, meaning two standards per. These absolute pearls are available at any good (but not posh) bottleshop, so Bottle-Os and Liquorlands should all carry these.

FLAVOUR: Awesome/10

SCULLABILITY: 10/10

PAIRS WELL WITH: Dirty Dogs and either a servo pie or sausage roll



I hate to admit that I am not the biggest fan of hot vegetables. This causes some anguish in winter when I crave something fresh and salad-y but can't fathom spending \$5.99 on a cucumber. As a cure when winter provides pumpkins galore, I make roast pumpkin salad. This recipe makes a ton of salad so feeds the whole flat, and makes banging leftovers for lunch.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 small pumpkin
- 2 red onions (finely diced)
- 2 tomatoes (finely diced)
- 200 g feta cheese
- 120 g mesclun salad mix or baby spinach
- 500 g risoni pasta

- 135 g pesto dip
- 6 Tbsp greek yoghurt
- 1 lemon juiced
- 2 tsp ground coriander
- 2 tsp ground paprika
- Salt
- Pepper
- Oil

Up to you how much you want to spend. The taste is equally great without!

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. Preheat your oven to 180°C.

Step 2. Chop the skin off your pumpkin, and slice into small bite sized cubes. Place onto a lined baking tray (may need to use two trays depending on pumpkin size), and pour over a little bit of oil, ground coriander, paprika, plus some salt and pepper. Toss until coated in the oil and spices, and place into the oven for approx. 35 mins.

Step 3. While the pumpkin is roasting, bring a large pot of water to the boil for the orzo. Once boiling add the orzo and cook according to packet instructions. Ensure you stir this every couple of minutes to prevent the pasta sticking to the bottom. Once cooked, drain and rinse with cold water.

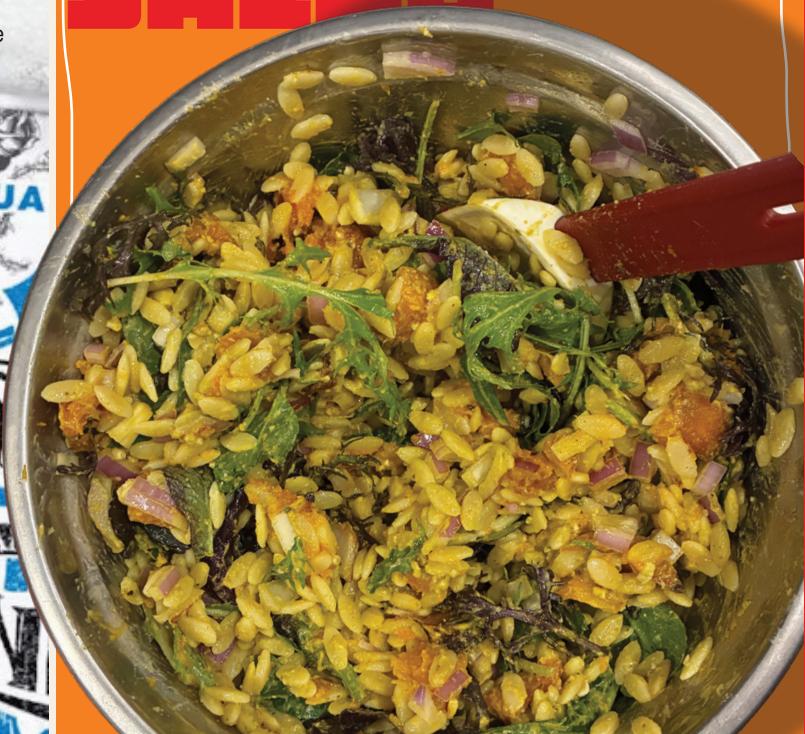
Step 4. Remove the pumpkin from the oven once soft and brown on the edges, and add to a large salad bowl. Add in the red onion, tomato, orzo, and crumbled feta. Add the pesto, greek yoghurt and lemon juice and toss until combined.

Step 5. Add some pepper and a pinch of salt and mix in the fresh mesclun/spinach.

Enjoy with a protein of your choice for dinner or cold the next day for lunch :)

MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

ROAST PUMPKIN SALAD



By Molly Liddell & Via Hooks

DEBATE

IS IT APPROPRIATE TO WEAR PAJAMAS TO CAMPUS?

FOR:

There's something deeply liberating about the idea of rolling out of bed, chucking on your Oodie and stumbling into a brisk 9am lecture. The cosy feel of your soft cotton PJs brushing against your skin, the faint scent of last night's Mi Goreng noodles still lingering, and the obnoxious scuff of your worn-in Uggs on the concrete. That, my friends, is the true student experience.

Campus isn't a Met Gala. Save the runway walk for Castle Street on a Saturday night when you're fueled by liquid confidence, an alcohol blanket, and a half-broken vape you found in someone's bathroom. We're here to suffer through HUBS191 and question every life decision that led to a health science degree. So why are we pretending we're on a Glassons campaign shoot when we are really just trying not to cry on the first floor of the Central Library?

Wearing pajamas to class is about practicality, not apathy. You know what is a bigger red flag than fluffy pants? People who come to lectures in skinny jeans. The kind of people who pop into UniPol before their 8am lecture and drink protein shakes for fun. That's not ambition. That's psychopathy.

Besides, pajamas are a unifier. No matter your degree, background or blood alcohol content, we all understand the pure joy and comfort of sleepwear. It's democratic. It's comfortable. It's the ultimate anti-establishment fashion statement. The University may ask for your "critical reflections" on readings you thought you could get away with skipping, and slap you with 15% late penalties, but it can't take away your right to wear Spongebob pants in public.

Some might say it's "unprofessional" and "lazy". But tell me, is it more unprofessional than submitting your essay 37 seconds before the deadline with a citation you pulled from Wikipedia and a discussion question answered entirely by ChatGPT? Exactly. We are not professionals. We are barely functioning caffeine-fueled students. Let us wear the damn pyjamas.

AGAINST:

Okay let's set the scene: you've decided to start wearing pajamas to your early morning classes. You can cut a few minutes off of your morning routine, you hardly have to decide what to wear and you can keep a smidge of that cozy, in-bed feeling alive with you for just a bit longer. Seems ideal right? Wrong! You finally make it to class and you're tired, unable to concentrate, and worse, you stink. Eventually night and day blur together as you struggle to be ever fully asleep or fully awake. What you thought would be a fun lifestyle decision has got you trapped in a never-waking, never-sleeping purgatory.

Getting dressed for the day is an important and necessary way to compose yourself and properly segment your 'awake' and 'asleep' selves. An ideal morning should involve waking up with plenty of time to shower, eat breakfast, brush your teeth and, ultimately, get changed. Each of these things only needs to take 1-10 minutes, and if you're staying up so late that you're trying to save mere minutes of sleep, those minutes are not going to make any difference.

By wearing pajamas to class, you're committing to wearing the same clothes 24-hours straight. For the sake of your social life and your classmates, Do Not Do This! This line of thinking is a slippery slope. What else could you cut out to save on time? Showers? Brushing your teeth? Deodorant? Stop this madness before it starts.

Putting on fresh and clean clothes every morning not only makes you feel more awake, but makes you more bearable to be around. Besides, this doesn't mean that you have to commit to wearing uncomfy clothes! Clean hoodies and sweatpants also offer the comfiness of pyjamas, while being both warmer and easier on the nose. Resist the temptation. If you really need the extra sleep, just sleep through your 9ams like everyone else.



Moaningful Confessions

By Lady Jane Grey

THE GROOM WHO COULDN'T COMMIT

I never see guys writing in here, which feels a bit weak considering how many of us are out here making decisions worth confessing. So, here's mine.

My girlfriend broke up with me at the start of summer, and yeah, it sucked – but I figured we were both moving on. Naturally, I got closer with my girl best friend. We'd always had a bit of a vibe, and when you're suddenly single, it's hard not to lean into the comfort. We spent late nights talking, cuddling, just... vibing. It felt easy. It felt good.

Come Re-O week, we decided to dress up for Valentine's as a bride and groom (kinda cute, right?). I won't lie, things escalated. One thing led to another, and I ended the night with my head between her thighs. It felt like something real in the moment.

But the next night, I was in someone else's bed down the street. And yeah, two days later, I was back in my best friend's bed like nothing happened.

The thing is, through all of this I was also seeing someone else. Like, actually dating someone. The third girl. Still am, actually.

I know what you're thinking: dick move. And maybe it was. But I wasn't trying to hurt anyone. I wasn't even really thinking. Everything just kind of happened. I thought I was being honest with myself, but turns out I wasn't being honest with anyone. And now that girl best friend? We don't speak. At all.

Lesson of the week: If you're reading this and thinking "this sounds a bit like me," take a breath. Think before you act. Lust is fleeting, but some friendships – and people's feelings – aren't so easy to replace. Don't let your dick lead the way unless you're willing to clean up the mess after.

– By a guy who definitely thought he was being chill



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So what's the deal with Radio One? Your friendly campus radio station located just a hop and skip away from Critic's abode. Coming through your car's crusty soundsystem, performative wired headphones, or a crystal clear speaker 24/7, every day of the year. Est. in 1984, we've been blessing your taringa for over 40 years! Indie-rock, Techno, Funk, Soul, DnB, Grunge, Grime, Folk, Ambient, Reggae, Jazz, Nu-metal, Pop, Electronica - your name it, we play it. But most importantly, our job here at The One is to uplift the independent & alternative, and support our vibrant local music scene. Ōtepoti may still be known for the iconic 'Dunedin Sound' period of the 80s/90s, but today's sonic landscape is more diverse than ever and packs a hell of a punch. In an era of countless streaming services, here's your designated scarfie soundtrack. And the best thing about the station? It's all about you, baby. Come in and volunteer as one of our radio DJs and be at the helm, steering the ship of musical listening habits across campus.

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

Wednesday 13th Aug

Octagon Poetry Collective Open Mic
New Athenaeum Theatre
7pm - free

Thursday 14th Aug

Flipper Fest: Purple Dog, Caribou, The Daze, Monkey Do
Dropkicks
8pm - \$16 - moshtix.co.nz

One Day, Heat Pump, and Zara Rose
The Crown Hotel
8pm - \$10 - undertheradar.co.nz

Friday 15th Aug

Flipper Fest: Te Kahui, Kade Reef, Mic Sure, Sunlights
Pearl Diver
9pm - koha entry

Huia
The Duck
7pm - \$10 - undertheradar.co.nz

Pow Night: The Beatniks, Hot Sauce Club, The Daze, Pages Layn, Huxley, Push The Tempo
Ubar
8.30pm - moshtix.com

Reggae Vibes
The Crown Hotel
9pm - \$5 on door

Saturday 16th Aug

Coast Arcade (w Purple Dog, Third Junction)
Ubar
9pm - \$15 - undertheradar.co.nz

Lounge Dogs
The Crown Hotel
8pm - \$10 on door

Robots in Love (w The Fabulists, Dougie & the Moonrocks)
Pearl Diver
8pm - koha entry

Amalia Plays Piazzolla
King's and Queen's Perf Arts Centre
5pm - \$15 - patronbase.com

Sunday 17th Aug

Moroney
Dunedin Folk Club
7.30pm

Add yours or find ticket links at RI.CO.NZ



TOP 11 COUNTDOWN



- The Beatniks (Dn)** - Another Day
- Pearly* (Dn)** - Superglue
- KRIT (Dn)** - Many Moons (How You Doin)
- MELOWNZN (NZ)** - MONEY CALLIN feat. Halfsing
- Carnivorous Plant Society (NZ)** - You're Too Much
- Dale Kerrigan (Dn)** - Hide
- Alphabethead (NZ)** - I'm Lucy Lawless
- Pickle Darling (NZ)** - Human Bean Instruction Manual
- Half Hexagon (NZ)** - Best Foot Work
- Frances Grass (NZ)** - Free
- Capricore (NZ)** - Don't Shank Me

Mazagran Hit Picks

- Josh Casino (Dn)** - SH-1
- DC Maxwell (NZ)** - Jesus' Son

GIG REVIEWS



Flip-pint Night at Home
5/5 hoihoi

"It was a movie."

Another Fucking Problem 5/5 drop-tuning

"Strap was sick."
"Yup, I really like Strap."

Undisclosed Crown Gig 3/5 Bliss covers

"Too many shirts off in one gig for my liking."

Shotgun Wedding 5/5 leather jackets

"Sweaty studded punks jumping around, great."

Ubar Pint Night 4/5 pint glasses stolen

"Ani Saafa? More like Ani-so-fucking good!"

tune in on 91.0fm
or stream us live here



Illustrated by Tevya Faed

RANDOM COLUMNS - 18

33

Pisces, you have been having a little trouble understanding what people are asking of you in your relationships. Try applying some of your active listening skills to make those around you feel both heard and seen. This may also help you to understand what is expected of you in certain relationships.

Celebrity style inspo: Doja Cat

*** PISCES ***

You have finally broken through your own walls and are feeling more trusting and confident in the facts of the world. This week will be a little tricky but just know that you have people around you who love and support you... even when you are feeling a little lost.

Celebrity style inspo: Benson Boone

*** LIBRA ***

Mercury is in retrograde, but lowkey when isn't it? This time around it brings a spicy and volatile love life. Nothing from it will last forever but hey, it will be fun as fuck, and lord knows you Aries need a little fun in your lives.

Celebrity style inspo: Olivia Dean

*** ARIES ***

Sag, you have an energy racing through you stronger than that one time you drank five vodka Redbulls in one night and had heart palpitations for six hours. Be sure to use this energy but don't let yourself go out like a suffocating candle.

Celebrity style inspo: Rihanna

*** SAGITTARIUS ***

This week you struggle a little bit with your ego. It's easy for Aquariuses to know that you are being a bit of a dick; having the ability to actually stop acting like one is a different story. Force yourself to acknowledge your insecurities and blind spots, and try to work through them.

Celebrity style inspo: Ke Huy Quan

*** AQUARIUS ***

You should feel good about yourself. Throw a party for no apparent reason and let your environmental flag fly. This week you have a lot of influence over some pretty powerful beings. Use this ability wisely and you will be rewarded greatly.

Celebrity style inspo: Daisy Edgar Jones

*** SCORPIO ***

Cancer, this week the sun and moon are united in your money, security, and self-esteem sectors. This brings around some pretty big BNOO (big name on campus) energy. So make sure the fits are on fire this week.

Celebrity style inspo: Kate Moss

*** CANCER ***

A new Leo moon is upon us, bringing you to new heights. During this very stimulating time for Leos, be sure to schedule some down time. There's a lot of potential for fun under this moon, but there is also a lot of potential for disaster. Plan wisely.

Celebrity style inspo: Winona Ryder

*** LEO ***

This year has threatened your usual routine of lying in until midday and fucking around all night. But you kind of like the structure that has been thrust upon you. It has made you more open to passion and drama, which makes life so much more fun. Be sure to seize fun this week.

Celebrity style inspo: Wax Mustang

*** CAPRICORN ***

Your bed is calling your name like a siren all week, and boy oh boy do you want to give in. But that calendar is chock-a-block and you have too much anxiety to reschedule everything. Just try to get everything done so you can spend a bit more time just chilling, like you want to.

Celebrity style inspo: Nara Smith

*** TAURUS ***

At the start of the week you are pretty focused on yourself - not in a selfish way, just in a protect your peace kinda way. You are very aware of the fact that you don't want to be around people who you have to give too much of yourself for. That awareness is one of your first steps to a healthy understanding of relationships.

Celebrity style inspo: Bear Grylls

*** VIRGO ***

Gemini, the next two weeks are full of good communication within yourself but also with others. This is the perfect time to tick off some outdoor Dunedin bucket list items. While the weather may say otherwise, clothes dry. Time keeps moving and we are all running out of time.

Celebrity style inspo: Idris Elba

*** GEMINI ***

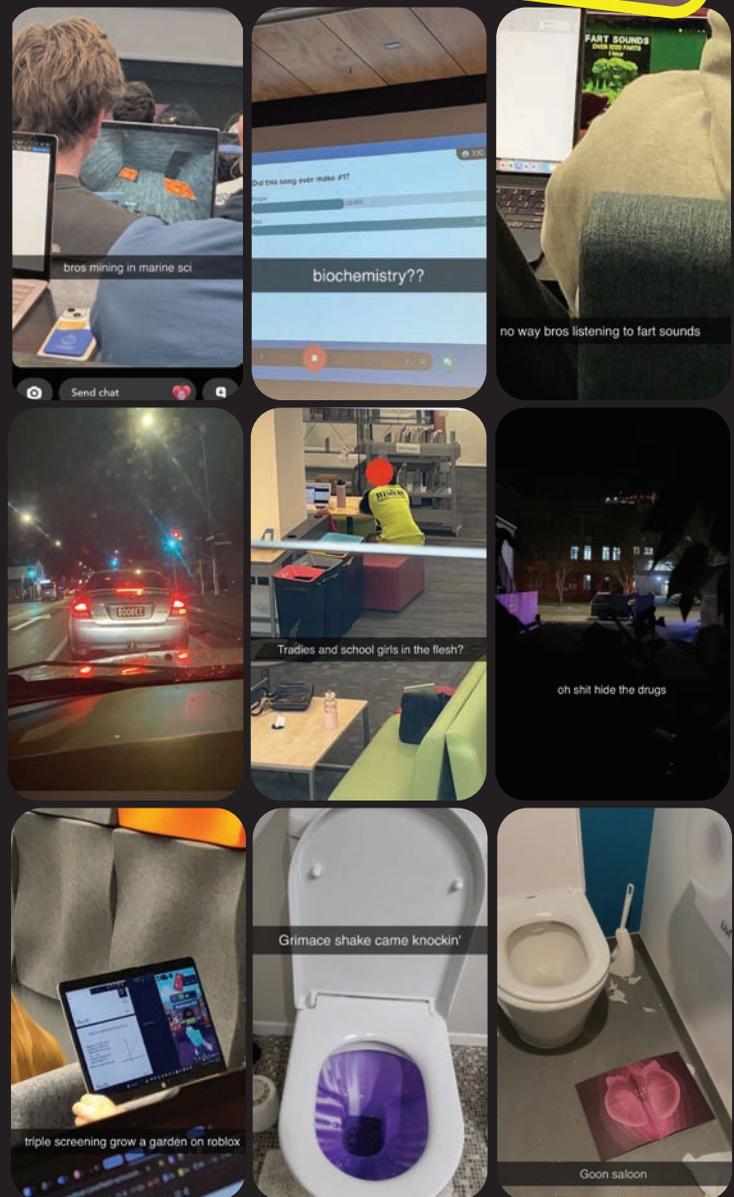
SNAP OF THE WEEK

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

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WINNER



OUSA EXEC

LECTURE RECORDING POLICY RALLY

Good morning, good afternoon & good evening Academic Weapons

I have some FAQs regarding the Recording of Lectures Policy that OUSA co-sponsors.

TLDR: OUSA is hosting a chalking event at 4:30pm on Monday 11th August at 640 Cumberland St where we will cover the campus with reasons as to why we need lecture recordings. Hot chocolate and biscuits provided.

Q: Is there a Recording of Lectures Policy that will mandate lecture recordings (with some exemptions) for all students at UoO?

A: Yes there is.

Q: When will it be approved and by whom?

A: It will go to Senate in September or October for approval.

Q: Stella, do you think that Senate is going to approve the policy?

A: Honestly, I doubt it. A significant number of senior teaching academics are strongly opposed to the policy, and they all sit on Senate and will argue against the policy.

Q: How do we increase the chances of the policy passing in Senate?

A: I'm so glad you asked! Today (Monday 11th) at 4:30pm we will be meeting at the OUSA Reception (640 Cumberland St) to chalk the campus. This means that we will be writing the reasons we need lecture recordings, in chalk, on all the campus pavement between Albany St and Dundas St, and Leith Walk to Cumberland St.

Q: Why should I care if my lectures are recorded?

A: Just because your lectures are recorded now, doesn't mean that they're going to continue to be recorded. There is nothing protecting these at a University-wide level.

Hope to see you there.

Play hard, work harder,

Stella Lynch
Academic Rep

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Sexual Harm and Intimate Partner Violence Support and Prevention Centre

Te Whare Tāwharau COMMUNITY AWARENESS WEEK 18-22 AUG 2025

Join us in The Link 10am-2pm daily

Games, prizes, chats hot drinks, crafty stuff

ft. UniQ, Art Club, HOTYF, TIB, OUSA

Te Whare Tāwharau
Call/Text: 021 278 3795
Email: tewharetawharau@otago.ac.nz
@tewharetawharau

Still from: HURIWHENUA courtesy of Taiaroa Royal (in collaboration with Louise Pōpō Bryant, Paddy Free, Keri Fewhairangi, Tūhā Matira Ranapiri, Ransfield, Karjoo-Taiaroa Fewhairangi, Charlie and Ty Gage), two-channel video with audio, 2025

H.K. TAIAROA

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MON 11TH – SAT 16TH AUGUST 2025

EXHIBITION

POETRY
COMP

The Annual
PHOTO
COMP

ELECTRONIC ART COMP

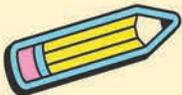
100 HOUR FILM FESTIVAL ▶ ■■

TUESDAY 12TH

Brush & Bevvies
Pottery Edition

Mini Mosaics:
Craft Room Preview

WEDNESDAY 13TH



RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS:

MARKET DAY

BROUGHT
TO YOU BY
WESTS



THURSDAY 14TH

• INTRO TO • THEATRE SPORTS

INTRO TO LINOPRINT

FRIDAY 15TH

SATURDAY 16TH

Motion Sickness

Coast Arcade

MORE INFO ON FB: OUSA ART WEEK

