





# To commemorate **100 years of Critic**, we're proud to announce a book proposal!



A centenary only happens once, and we need your help to make this project happen. Our deadline is March 16th to raise \$70,000 to cover staffing costs. Scan the QR code to check out the book proposal and details for pledges and donations

Critic Te Ārohi turns 100 this year – and we need your help to celebrate.

Over summer, Iris (Features Editor) got cracking on research for the centenary book we've proposed. The idea is that she would take a year off her studies to work full-time digging through the archives of Critic to put together a "best of Critic" anthology book. She's only just dipped into it and yet made some incredible discoveries already, such as the 1964 Beatles interview (yes, the actual Beatles).

The historic milestones and cultural waves of the past century are, for the most part, captured in some way in the pages of Critic – whether through a political cartoon caricature of George Bush, a 1940s letter to the editor complaining about women wearing pants on campus when the men had left to fight in World War Two, or the sheer volume of low-rise jeans and wildly offensive jokes in the early 2000s.

The Hocken Library is putting on a month-long exhibition, which hammered home the prestige of the whole thing. I couldn't suppress a giggle at the idea of the 3D-printed Clocktower bong ('Clong'), custom-made in 2020, being displayed in a glass case. It can be hard to fathom the prestige of standing on the shoulders of a hundred years of student history whilst sitting among the crap piled up in the office, which the Hocken staff charitably dubbed "detritus". Step into the office, and it's a snapshot of the generations of journalists who have taken their first steps here – something I can too easily take for granted being here every day.

Sitting at my desk, to my right is a pinboard that we used as a muse for the flavour of the proposal: a leftover ODT Watch clipping that says "Easing into the year with some pleasing chardonnays", a beerpong handbook, a Stoppers condom (a relic from the old Starters Bar merch), a Fish and Chip review picture signed by Chris 'Chippy' Hipkins, and an embroidered 'This is the Fucking News' banner (made entirely of the word "fuck" repeated to form the iconic Paddy Gower phrase).

Behind me is a wall plastered with old centrefolds – the now-iconic Ōtepoti Dunedin map, last year's Maharajas potluck-turned-last-supper scene, a 'Radio One Gives Good Aural' 40th birthday tribute – and a shelf packed with more fragments of history than your flat's attic. There are boxes of issues stretching back to 1999, a Vogue book of diets and exercise

(probably the origin story for that time Critic tried one) and photographs from thirty-year-old campus protests.

This barely scratches the surface of the history of Critic Te Ārohi. We're engulfed in it in the office, and bar the physical copies of past issues, bound copies of some from the '60s and '80s, and the couch that Grant Robertson said he used to hang out on when he was OUSA President in 1993 (the one we painted with the logo and cart all over town), that's all just from the most recent chapter. When Critic was founded, they wouldn't have even heard of condoms, let alone have them pinned to a board for a Sex Issue photoshoot.

We're launching the From the Archives column in this issue. It will highlight the best of our treasure trove of finds. As 1981 Editor Chris Trotter reflects in this week's column, Critic has always belonged to the students of the University of Otago. The column, and the book by extension, will have stories that almost anyone who's passed through this campus will connect to – lecturers, lawyers, Radio Hauraki hosts, doctors, supermodels, your dad's mate who brings up the "good old days" of his student band, and politicians who'd rather keep certain skeletons in the closet (read: Critic archives).

Our official birthday is April 2nd (notably not April Fools) which will come with all the appropriate bells and whistles for this geriatric mag. But first, we need all the help we can get to make the centenary book happen. Safe to say a hundred years of Critic is a mammoth effort to dig through. It'll be a full-time job for Iris, but only if we can raise the funds to employ her. We have until March 16th to raise \$70k for a book that generations of Otago alumni would treasure – and that's just the starting sum before Iris has to commit to her Law Honours (save her).

Critic's been said to have a "cult following". I'm tapping into that now. Spread the word. Make a fuss. Bother your great uncle with deep pockets. Let's make this happen.

**NINA BROWN**

te ārohi

ISSUE 2  
3 MARCH 2024

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Critic Te Ārohi is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA).

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LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Critic,

Last night we had a crackhead come into our flat on Cumberland St, start shoulder barging our bedrom doors (which were locked) yelling that she was gonna "fuck you up", "megan" (who the fuck is megan?) and stomp around our six bedroom flat. Continued to go around the back of our house and try to smash the windows to get in. Full crackhead rage, drank all of our vodka. Police came and dragged her out in cuffs, everyone was a bit startled. Anyways good PSA to everyone to lock ur fuckin doors cause ya never know whos around.

signed,

someone who wants my vodka back

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

Kia Ora Critic,

I have just read (and perhaps skimmed) through the latest edition of the critic and I'm a little surprised you haven't got the scoop: Rob Roy's dairy has increased it prices. Sure, it's only by 20 cents but the new owners said they wouldn't be changing prices. I am appalled, astounded, and just very annoyed honestly. Inflation sure I understand that, but the worst part is that they lied to me.

Severely disappointed,

Ice-cream lover and cheapskate.

Editor’s response: *Devastating.*

Dear Ms. Critic,

As someone born and raised in Taranaki, I am shocked and appalled to see the pro-Urenui propaganda in the previous issue of the magazine. Urenui sucks. There's a four square, bowling green, and a gas station. That's about it. A place you stop at when you want a mediocre coffee on the way to Hamilton (or on the way to the vastly superior Tongapōrutu beach). To make North Dunedin into a new Urenui would be to remove the very soul of the suburb. Nina may have tricked everyone else, but I (alongside like four other students here) have been to Urenui and it's so fucking boring.

Sexily yours,

One of the like six New Plymouth residents studying at Otago

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.

(PS. Sacred Heart and NPGH/NPBH suck. Go Spotty C)

Editor’s response: >:(

Dear Ms Critic,

Only week 1 and I’m already going to have a crash out. Do not come to lectures if you’re sick. I did not drag myself out of bed at the ungodly hour of 7am to sit in a lecture theatre listening to you cough out a vape-destroyed lung because somehow, at your big age, you got fresher flu from flo week. Sitting in a packed lecture theatre with no airflow to spend the entire time coughing and sniffing over the lecturer's voice is nails-on-chalkboard bad. I can guarantee not a single person in your lectures will be mourning your absence if you stay in bed resting up instead of spraying your snot all over the row in front of you. Even if you’re “not that sick”, whatever you have can knock others out for weeks so please gtfo of Archway 4 and get into your bed and watch your lectures from home

Sincerely,

someone who despises the sound of coughing and sniffing xoxo

Editor’s response: *You'd have thought we'd have learned something from the pandemic*

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP

Climate Clinic Otago is on a call-out for members, a student-led initiative dedicated to using law as a tool for climate action. Get in touch through climateclinicotago@gmail.com

Ori’ workers were overheard joking about cutting down more trees on Union Lawn to make way for the set-up, a sore spot after one was already cut down for the bigger staging

The Government is looking into extending the parliamentary term to four years, Re:News reports

Missing: Two of the three Critic couch cushions. Give them back, please.

Citizen’s arrests might be expanded by the Govt, meaning an increased ability to use force, restraints, and intervene with any crime under the Crimes Act – a move some say may lead to violence, Re:News reports

OUA CEO Debbie Downs’ ten year anniversary was last week!

TW: The alleged rape of a student in her home by a masked intruder has put residents of a notorious Dunedin street on high alert, the ODT reported last week – attracting criticism for putting the article behind a paywall

Israel and Hamas officials have reached an agreement to exchange the bodies of dead hostages for the release of hundreds of Palestinian prisoners, Re:News reports

TW: A Dunedin woman who alleges she was sexually abused as a child by well-known Kiwi artist John Middleditch has requested that the Dunedin Hospital remove his sculptures, RNZ reports. Otago Uni has one of Middleditch's sculptures on campus, and told RNZ that they are looking into whether it has any others by the artist: “We will take this matter under careful consideration.”

Destiny Church’s charitable status could be on the line. A petition with 36,000 signatures was presented to the House of Representatives following their homophobic protests of a drag king kid’s science show, 1News reports

Punters were cooking at the first U-Bar Pint Night last Wednesday after the heaters were reportedly left on. “Everyone is sweating their balls off,” one student’s message read

TW: Three Otago Uni students were the victims of drink spiking in Queenstown where they were staying before coming to Dunedin for O-Week

National media are in a tizzy over the “death of scarfie culture” after Stuff’s Hamish McNeilly reported this year to be the first couch fire free O-Week

Dundas Street Dairy has allegedly put a \$10 limit on cash withdrawals following Flo and O-Week... for some reason

St Marg’s confirmed to Critic that four students have had to share a room due to overbooked capacity at the college



# STOP ISRAEL'S GENOCIDE

AMNESTY  
INTERNATIONAL



## Amnesty Youth Otago Verbally Attacked for Pro-Palestinian Stance

"Stop Israel's Genocide"

By Ella Grayson & Hanna Varrs

Contributor & News Editor // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

**Content warning:** Mentions of sexual and verbal assault

Members of Amnesty Youth Otago (AYO) were verbally attacked at OUSA's Clubs Day on Thursday, February 20th. The group's 'Stop Israel's Genocide' banner attracted hateful and threatening comments by members of the public – including an ex-Israeli Defence Force member.

Co-Presidents 17-year-old Juju and Bella, and Schools' Liaison Nikau were manning the AYO tent at Clubs Day. At around 11am, a male member of the public approached. Nikau had first noticed him standing to the side "eyeing up" the stall – or, more accurately, their banner. "We could just tell he was gonna say something," Nikau told Critic. "And then he just says, 'Oh, you just love Hamas, don't you guys?'"

The trio attempted to explain their banner. Following the release of a damning report by AYO's mother organisation stating, "Amnesty International investigation concludes Israel is committing genocide against Palestinians in Gaza," the student-led Otago branch had received a banner to reinforce their pro-Palestine position. "It was recommended to all of the uni groups that we put that up because Amnesty's very proud of the work they've done," said Juju, explaining that the group had been repeatedly asked by students at last year's Clubs Day about their stance. "[It's a] very clear issue for students, so we wanted to have it up."

But the man interrupted their explanations by pointing at Juju and Bellas' faces and allegedly saying, "They raped people like you on October 7th." He referred to the 2023 date when Hamas attacked Israel, resulting in 1200 casualties. Israel has since, according to the Amnesty investigation, "unleashed hell and destruction on Palestinians in Gaza brazenly, continuously and with total impunity." Bella was understandably rattled by the interaction, telling Critic, "It was so scary – it was so threatening."

During further attempts to reason with the man about how Israel's acts of genocide against Palestine are not about Hamas, Juju was pointedly asked how long her family had resided in Aotearoa New Zealand. Juju compared this to the recent xenophobic comments made by Winston Peters in Parliament, when he told migrant Green MPs to "show some gratitude"; and when Shane Jones yelled across the House floor to "send the Mexicans home."

Depressingly, it wasn't Juju's first experience of the sort. "I've had ten fucking years in this country," she said. "Every time something like [the Clubs Day attack] has happened, it's always like, 'How long have you been here? What right do you have to be talking, or to be speaking, or to appear in anything politics related whatsoever?' [...] They act like the New Zealand society and the system is like this big old Rubik's cube that nobody can solve. And it's like... Dude."

The man made further derogatory remarks about Nikau before moving on past the stall, swatting Nikau's phone out of his hand when he tried to photograph him. And the day's nastiness was unfortunately not over for AYO, who were later approached by an ex-IDF member proclaiming that Israel's army is "the most humanitarian in the world", choosing to ignore the facts of the Amnesty report the trio once again attempted to explain. "It's impossible to engage with someone when they do not engage with grounds for debate or conversation," said Juju. "They just say 'That's not true, that's all made up, it's fake news.'"

Otago Students for Justice in Palestine (OSJP) were also out on the day, parked up across the road since they're not OUSA-affiliated. OSJP didn't experience the same level of aggravation from the public. Juju's theory for the difference in treatment is that those who have a pro-Israeli stance cannot accept their rhetoric being broken down by a large and trusted international organisation such as Amnesty International. "They've taken a strong position on [the Palestine conflict] a bit late – really late – but they took a position on it, which is making the white, colonial side of Amnesty angry," Juju said. "People [...] look to Amnesty as something that's in line with the UN, or in line with America. Except it hasn't been for a really long time; people just have a hard time accepting that."

Juju explained to Critic that the US branch of Amnesty called the conflict a genocide before Amnesty International published their official report confirming so. "That made really big waves in America [...] It's harder when [a pro-Palestinian stance] comes from an institution that historically has been, or people perceive to be, not radical."

While Juju is not Palestinian, she can clearly trace her connection to the conflict. Her family fought in the 1973 war when Israel took and occupied Sinai, Egypt. When Egypt took Sinai back,

Israel was already building establishments and settlements. Juju's great uncle, who was in the Third Army, was taken hostage in 1973. The keffiyeh – a traditional headdress – that her family owns was gifted to them by Palestinian families. "I have direct links to this [...] greater Israel issue [...] I cannot forget that when I'm in conversation with someone that believes [that they deserve] my land."

In the aftermath of Clubs Day, AYO told Critic Te Ārohi that they've felt well taken care of by OUSA and the University. The Exec had checked in with them during the day after being the first to call Campus Watch about the attack, and OUSA Student Support and the Proctor have followed up with the group since with plenty of resources.

OUSA President Liam White told Critic that there'd be considerations over future safety measures to plan against similar situations. "Clubs Day is normally a very peaceful, chill event," said Liam, explaining that this was the first time in his five years at Otago something like this had happened. Following AYO's experience, he's suggested to the Uni that Campus Watch be involved with future Clubs Days. Liam also said he would be "open to consideration" and "happy to have the conversation" about moving Clubs Day to the Union Lawn in the future, away from members of the public.

Welfare and Equity Rep Amy commented, "Obviously this isn't something that we anticipated happening [...] It's not something we would like to happen again, but with all of the stances our clubs are taking, it's something that could happen again." Both Liam and Amy agree that student welfare and safety will always be a major priority for OUSA. "It's something that needs to be more front of mind next time," Amy continued. "Now that it's happened, and we've seen it happen, it'll definitely be something that we need to consider."





## Knox Panda-Dove Wins ‘Inflatey 180: The Sequel’

Promptly heads back to the castle for a shift

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

The Zoo was heaving on Saturday, February 22nd, for the famous Inflatey180. The Inflatey180, which is to the Highlanders game what Kendrick Lamar was to the Superbowl, is the half-time entertainment that everyone really went to see. Each hall (except 192 Castle and Carrington) put forward a tribute – last year it was freshers, but they more humanely reserved the spots for subwardens this year.

The Inflatey180 was launched at the first home game for the Highlanders last year. The race between inflatable-costumed freshers proved so popular that OUSA brought it back for another year. Either that or they couldn't think of anything else and wanted to get their money's worth: a quick Google told Critic that at around \$70 a pop for the costumes from LookSharp, this zoo cost OUSA \$1050. But can you really put a price tag on humiliation-based humour?

The Blues and Highlanders warmed up the packed-out Zoo of students in the pre-match. The Blues entered the field to Miley Cyrus' 'Party in the USA' (receiving a warm buzz) while the Highlander's entered to bagpipe-accompanied 'Thunder' (cue roars). Students denied taking bets on what hall would win – shit's all underground now.

Confidence was high among the gathered RAs before the race. Before suiting up, Cumby RA Tama and Locals' Oe told Critic Te Ārohi they had decent support in the Zoo – Tama by his residents, Oe by his friends (his plea for Locals' support going rudely unanswered). Oe expressed wishes for a penguin costume, presumably to slide to victory over the try line. Critic overheard other RAs worrying about the practicality of the costumes: "What if I need to go to the bathroom?"

Mayhem ensued in the changing room. Radio One's Logan was distraught when someone took the koala costume he'd trained in. The zipper came off the dinosaur costume. The giraffe was completely unusable. Oe realised there wasn't a penguin costume. All the while, the banana gave the ape a wide berth.

A score update when the New Zoo had filed out to wait in the wings revealed that the Highlanders were lagging by one point, 13-14. OUSA Events Coordinator Dane announced: "Your job is to inspire the Highlanders." OUSA Events Assistant Becca commented with glee, "This is maybe my favourite event that we do." Critic wondered why the chicken costume sported a six-pack and not breasts.

New Zoo was led past the exiting 'Landers onto the field at half-time (ghosting Critic's high-five). As they took their places, the stadium commentator worried about the deflated state of some of the contestants: "Look at the T-Rex, what's happened to his head?" pointing to the decidedly uninflated dino head that flopped to the side. The shark was similarly flaccid. The flamingo had a clear and unfair advantage, being the only contestant with his upper torso unconfined by plastic.

And then they were off. The koala (not Logan, someone else) took the lead. "The unicorn! Doing it for the rainbow community today!" yelled the commentator, a queer ally. On the way back from the far posts, the pig sped ahead, closely followed by the panda. It looked like he'd take the dub – until he tripped. "Go piggy – OH NO!" yelled Queer Ally commentator. "The panda at the last minute!" The pig, refusing to give his name, later told Critic: "I ate shit bro."

Unbothered by the circumstances of his win, the panda ran around pulling the bird (Knox dove gang sign) while a couple girls in the Zoo were spotted also pulling the bird (derogatory). Critic Te Ārohi caught up with the winner, Knox RA Andrew, back in the changing rooms. Proving himself to be a man of few words (or perhaps out of breath), the shiny-faced Andrew simply replied: "Exhausted." Did he rate his chances to win beforehand? "Yeah, I had a feeling." Did he have Knox support in the crowd? "Yeah there's a few in the crowd." How would he describe the feeling of winning? "Oh, it's great." Any other comments? "Nah."

Nice chatting to you, Andrew.



## A Baptism by Spaghetti

Another Year, Another Leith Run

By **Stella Weston**  
Staff Writer // [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz)

Selwyn College's latest event does nothing to ease their culty reputation, and they wouldn't have it any other way. One of their most cherished traditions – the Leith Run – took place on the Saturday morning of O-week, bringing together nervous freshers and hungover exies in a uniquely Selwyn display.

The freshers took to the river, carrying the iconic bathtub 'borrowed' from Knox many years ago. Starting their journey, they seemed naive and reassured by their numbers. Strolling down Dundas with their hands in their pockets, they didn't seem at all perturbed by the sight of exies with armfuls of organic ammunition.

Once flat windows opened and food began to rain down, their energy changed pretty quickly. One fresher was seen to tap out early (a totally optional event, after all), while the rest pushed on, scrambling down the bank into the Leith, the cardboard shields they had constructed the night before now making sense.

The bathtub – incredibly heavy, steeped in tradition, and balanced precariously on their shoulders – replaced the flaming torches that were originally carried when the event began in 1935. The aim of the game is to not drop the tub. According to Selwyn, "The symbolism of this event – the community bearing a shared load – is made all the richer by the fact that it is a tradition new residents each year rekindle, modify and own." And rekindle it they did.

As they trekked down the river (at a pace that could certainly have used improvement), shrieks of "eel!" and colourful words even Critic Te Ārohi won't publish echoed through the Leith. One Selwynite reflected later that it was one of the "top three worst things I've ever had to do in my whole life," although his broad grin said otherwise. Nothing like absolute terror to bring a college together!

From the banks and bridges, past Selwynites (and the occasional Knoxie) showered the freshers with projectiles ranging from the classics (eggs) to slightly more inventive contributions such as

spaghetti, dinners from the week before, and water guns with undisclosed contents (hint: it was yellow). The rule of being willing to eat whatever you threw didn't seem to hinder the exies at all, and the enthusiastic crowd waited for the procession at the end of the run with open arms and full buckets.

Warden Ziggy was seen passing his sombrero to one student, a last defence kind of shield. After witnessing the event for the first time he reflected on the "fine line between tradition and safety." Calling the students of Selwyn "my kids" and giggling about it showed exactly where Ziggy's priorities lie. "Though these things might start off quite fun, there's always those that don't follow the rules. Call me chicken, but it's all fun until someone gets hurt."

Ziggy also acknowledged the deep roots of the tradition, "[This is about] trying to gel our college together, and it's a tradition that's happened since 1935, and Selwyn is renowned for its traditions [...] but things have changed too [...] so we are just trying to balance the two." He jokingly noted, "I'd probably be shot if I said no more Leith Run."

He does want exies to consider student safety, however. "I would hope the exies keep in mind that this is a tradition we want to keep. It's in their hands." Indeed, the freshers are already ramping up for their turn on the other side, one snickering, "Next year's kids, they're innocent y'know? Can't wait to get my revenge."

Ziggy also emphasised the positive reviews on the event from past students. Current students echoed this, with one participant saying, "Yeah, it was good." Always so eloquent, aren't they? Another said, "It was the worst experience of my life", followed instantly by "nah, just phenomenal!"

Overall, despite getting out of the river early (cowards), the bathtub wasn't dropped, and the college has bonded – or so they told Critic. The river was cleaned both before and after the run, and no one was harmed, leaving the only lasting impact to be on the memories of those involved.





## The Ghosts of Cumby Past

Residents haunted by smelly spirits

By **Harry Almey**  
Contributor // [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

It all started one fateful O-Week day. At 4:08 am, Cumberland resident Alex sent a message to the college-wide Snapchat which shook the college to its core: “There was a fucking ghost in my room.” Cue Critic.

Alex lives on the Classical floor of Cumby. According to him, he woke up around 4am to find “this fucking girl was beside my bed.” Another resident responded to Alex’s distressed Snap asking if the wretched, bitter spirit was “keen”. Alex’s apparent reply: “She was, quote-unquote, a baddie.” The rest of Cumberland was less amused. Spreading like wildfire, the tale has struck fear for one reason: Alex had seen the Grey Lady.

This isn’t the first time Critic Te Ārohi has reported sightings of the Cumby ghost, affectionately referred to as the Grey Lady. The most recent sighting was in ancient times (2012). Back then, two Health-Sci students had been struck by a putrid stench and slight chill before they witnessed an apparition racing at them “like a train.”

The sightings sparked a media craze. The ODT, Critic Te Ārohi, and Dunedin ghost-tour company Hair Raiser Tours all reported the apparition as the Grey Lady, who (while walking this earth) was supposedly confined to the psychiatric ward in the 1920s during Cumberland’s past life as a Nursing House. Judged unfit to keep her child, she passed away, grief-stricken. A scare spread across Cumberland, with rumours of her still out seeking her child. To calm the genuinely frightened cohort, a prayer was conducted back in 2012 to “reaffirm the presence of God” – which doesn’t seem to have done the trick.

A group of residents spilt the tea to Critic Te Ārohi about her most recent sighting, each recently visited by the Lady. They insisted her curse was to blame for mysteries in their rooms, experiencing

everything from mould, strange smells, a water leak, a gas leak, and even drinks disappearing — scary stuff for anyone who hasn’t lived in a North D flat. When asked what preceded the first sighting of the ghastly granny, a mate of Alex’s murmured, “Uh, I think it was O-Week, so we can probably guess...” Hard study, we imagine.

What spooks up the story are the familiar themes. Description of the Lady’s presence as “smelly”, fear of ghostly room invasions, and Snapchat sexual innuendo are all consistent with the 2012 pandemonium. The initial sightings were accompanied by “putrid smells”, fear-struck sleepovers, and shirts reading “I fucked the Grey Lady.” As long as you wore protection, babe.

Each story paints a shifting picture: she “lives in the bathroom mirrors”, she hates the Classical floor, and urine in all four corners of the elevator is her sending a “mysterious message”. Adding to the confusion, Hair Raiser Tours alleged that the original sighting was, in fact, of a ghastly gentleman ghost. A veteran former staff member had heard nothing until 2012, and reported a genial ghoul, quietly protecting the fifth-floor repairmen (aww). One resident even asked us (we do the questioning round here!) if he was right in thinking it was a nurse’s spectre, contradicting every other account.

We’re not qualified to say. We can, however, gently suggest a trip to KnowYourStuff next time O-Week comes around for any of those street hallucinogens you and your mates may be jamming. For all ghost-related tips, email [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz) or summon Critic Te Ārohi via Ouija board. Stay blessed.



## Campus’ Summer Glow-Up

Swapping the crusty for a lusty aesthetic this 2025

By **Jonathan McCabe & Gryffin Blockley**  
Staff Writers // [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

The University campus is like your one friend who actually hit the gym this summer and achieved their long-promised summer glow-up. Auahi Ora, Burns lecture theatres, Arana College, and OUSA’s Clubs and Socs are some of the spaces to receive a much-needed cash injection and a fresh lick of paint.

After reading perhaps too much Women’s Weekly, Auahi Ora has channeled some serious indoor-outdoor flow (and a million dollars) into their renovation. A University spokesperson confirmed to Critic that Auahi Ora is being upgraded with a new conservatory and outdoor eating area to make the space “more vibrant and social for tauira and staff”. The space has not yet reopened as of writing and is discovering new horizons of irritating construction noises.

In regards to the bigger picture of the campus glow-up, the University explained that “this project is in line with the University’s Pae Tata Strategic Plan to 2030 that envisages vibrant spaces that meet students’ needs and contribute to their outstanding experiences at Otago”. Hopefully re-done Auahi Ora can provide the “outstanding experience” that the controversial upstairs Pint Nights of 2024 failed to deliver to dedicated punters on campus.

Certified campus queen The Dumpling Lady is pumped for the renos: “It’s gonna be awesome. It’s gonna keep [the students] on campus. I mean it’s such a beautiful area, but like I said, it’s boring.” Logan, a passer-by at the construction site, pointed out that given “Dunners is such a sunny place all year round, it’s lovely to see more indoor-outdoor flow.” Here’s hoping that the skylights help him see what real Dunedin weather is like.

To the joy of your high school’s ex-head students, Arana College has reopened after spending 2024 as a ghost town during its own year of \$14.85 million self-care: hitting the weights

(earthquake strengthening), warming up her vocals (installation of new fire safety systems), and catching up on modern literature (improvements to accessibility to better meet the needs of people with disabilities). Lush!

Burns lecture theatres have also been included in the fun, fully gutted due to a nasty case of asbestos. Burns 2 got the St Daves and Castle 2 treatment, receiving a total facelift. The University said, “A full interior refurbishment of the Burns 2 Lecture Theatre was undertaken, including a full AV upgrade, refurbishment of the seating, and asbestos removal. The total project cost was \$680,000.”

The Uni’s nothing if not consistent in their summer glow-up mood-board, again referring Critic to the aforementioned Pae Tata Strategic Plan behind the Burns upgrade. “[The Uni] envisages having spaces and digital environments that deliver what the University’s communities need and are fit for purpose,” a spokesperson said. Leroy, a student who had an 8am in Burns 2, confessed that the refurbished theatre made him “sleepy as it was so dark and moody”. New campus napping spot unlocked.

OUSA Clubs and Socs is also under-wraps for a summer-spruce, as Critic reported in October of last year. OUSA had proposed to fund the project through selling the old Student Support building on Ethel Benjamin Place. The \$749k property is still up for sale.

The building is being installed with a new roof and a “large amount of seismic strengthening has been completed, with structural beams installed,” said OUSA – along with a list of other jobs to make the most of the scaffolding (including a sauna refresh). All work on Clubs and Socs is set to be completed by early May. While construction is still ongoing, access to the free brekky and \$4 lunch services are unhampered (cue cries of samosa-hungry joy).



## Toroa Has Outgrown Its Fresher Pants

Nearby Night 'n Day's waffle fries sales plummet

By Jonathan McCabe  
Staff Writer // [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

Toroa College is putting on its Big Boy Pants this year, transitioning from your typical first-year hall to a self-catered accommodation option for international and domestic postgrads and mature students. There's only so long a hall can cope with watching 17-year-olds slam two for \$40 Tui's three times a week, apparently.

The revamp of Toroa comes at a pivotal time for the University. Arana College has reopened after receiving a summer glow-up, meaning the University has 320 additional beds for 2025. "This means Toroa's 120 places can be made available for more senior international students and postgraduates while still allowing 200 growth in first-year student numbers in conventional colleges," read an announcement on the Uni's website.

The University's Director of Campus and Collegiate Life Services James Lindsay told Critic Te Ārohi that the decision to repurpose the hall was made shortly before the first college offers were made in October. Ultimately, it's to "maximise occupancy" across the halls and diversify from the standard hall experience. In other words, mature students have somewhere to go that doesn't run rampant with students fresh out of high school.

"In particular, and over time, we would make it a base for incoming senior and postgraduate international students, which is a growing cohort for Otago. This will include students who study throughout the regular academic year timeline, but also those – like PhD students – who can start at any time of the year," Lindsay explained. The revamp aligns with the University Pae Tata Strategic Plan for 2030, which aims to make Otago a more global and connected community.

Sandwiched between Queen Street and Night 'n Day George Street, the college will provide self-catered, flat-style accommodation. Notably, this will mean Toroa residents will no longer have to hike to the dining hall in the Union Building on campus. The Uni's website boasts that residents will share kitchen, living, and bathroom facilities with only four or six other residents.

First-year Commerce student Dom told Critic he could see the value in the decision. Money-wise Dom also hoped that it wouldn't be "a cost to the overall business of the University." A quick calculation of Toroa's \$268 weekly rent over the course of a year is \$10,184 for the academic year, plus a one-off utility payment of \$550. Lindsay admitted to Critic Te Ārohi that, while they couldn't give specific numbers, Toroa hasn't met their target enrolment for 2025 given the rebrand is a "long-term shift," meaning target enrolment is "not something we would hope to fully achieve in 2025."

On the plus side, the University's Operations Manager Stephen Willis confirmed in a mid-October information article that those who have been awarded the Fofoa Accommodation Award will "continue to live at Toroa as well, and are already self-catering". This award allows for a select group of first-year Pasifika students to be provided subsidised accommodation at Toroa College. The changes were also confirmed to not involve any job losses, with staff being redeployed. Meanwhile, the two Kaiāwhina sub-wardens have been "deployed to other collegiate operations," according to Lindsay.

## Bouncer by Night, Fake ID Dealer by Day

Confiscated one weekend, sold the next

By Molly Smith-Soppet  
Staff Writer // [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)

With the new batch of underage freshers, comes a new batch of fake IDs... supplied by a Dunedin security guard who we'll call McLovin. Multiple sources have told Critic Te Ārohi that McLovin has been charging first-years fiending for a night out upwards of \$150 for IDs that had been confiscated from Octagon-frothers. Reduce, reuse, recycle!

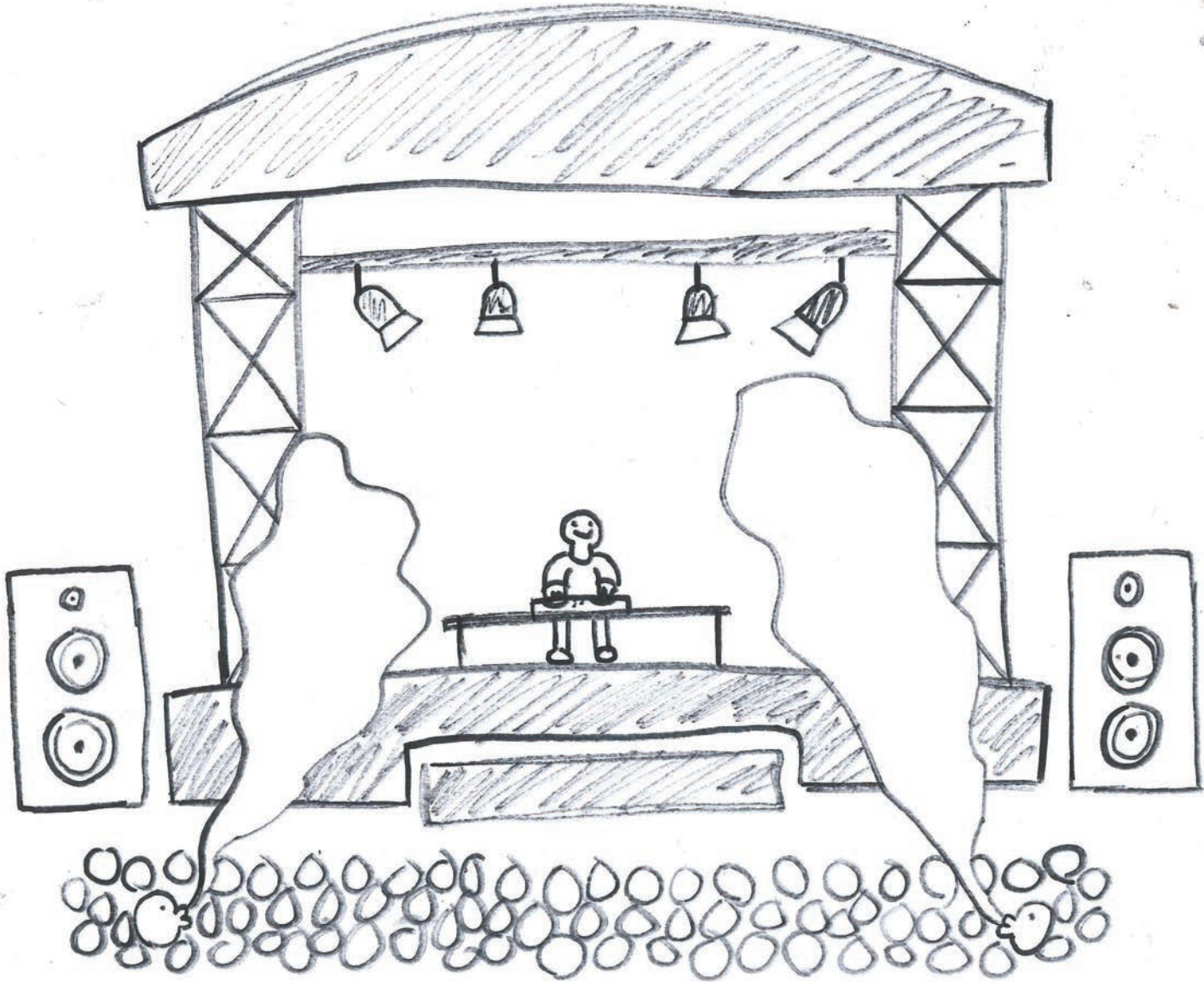
Second-year James, who used these services in his first year, told Critic that they're the real deal. "You're pretty much guaranteed to get in with one of those fakes," said James. "Mine looked so much like me I even used it to buy beers at the supermarket." A more fool-proof plan than trying to pass red onions as brown. To order the fake ID, James had to send a selfie to McLovin so that he could find a similar-looking ID. "He must have a binder full of them or something," said James. "The whole experience was so strange."

Postgrad student Lily told Critic she'd also acquired a fakey from a bouncer in her first year. "I didn't know his name was [McLovin] or anything," she said. If it's the same ID-repurposing entrepreneur, this would mean that McLovin has been providing this service for at least four years. "I just saw him in town the weekend after and he winked at me," McLovin, you dog. Since then, McLovin has allegedly upped his security by no longer offering in-person meetups and opting to go contactless – potentially to maintain his anonymity.

The legend of this Robin Hood character is passed through halls and other spaces where freshers congregate (like Dunedin's infamous Cemetery). Reportedly, many contact McLovin in groups, potentially in hopes of saving a few dollars with some special bulk discount (buy one get one half off?). Having supplied many freshers with IDs throughout the years, McLovin's success rate is sky-high. Critic was unable to find a disgruntled customer: 5 stars all round.

"I thought he was going to just turn me away, but instead he said, 'I might have something that works for you,'" said one first-year student, speaking to Critic Te Ārohi under the condition of anonymity. "A few days later, he texted me with a price and pickup location." Critic reached out to McLovin, however at the time of publication has not received a reply (maybe we don't have enough light left in our eyes, we do turn 100 this year).

Under New Zealand law, the possession or use of a fake ID can result in fines of up to \$2,000, though most people are only given an infringement notice of \$250. But for a fresher, missing a night out can cost you your social life, so it's worth it to some. Whether McLovin's hustle will stand the test of time remains to be seen, but for now, freshers looking for a night out know exactly who to look for: a guy called McLovin.



## Vaping Students Used in Lieu of Smoke Machine for Ori'

DIY, it's in our DNA

By Tina Frowns  
Shitposter // [criticaltribune@critic.co.nz](mailto:criticaltribune@critic.co.nz)

In lieu of an available smoke machine for Ori' 2025, OUSA roped in a group of 100 or so students to continually blow vape clouds from either side of the Union Lawn stage. Volunteers (who the Critical Tribune has been assured were fully consenting) were recruited at OUSA's annual Tent City with the help of Shosha and the promise of free vape products for the rest of the year.

The vapers were rostered onto a runsheet to cycle through shifts to get the health and safety tick of approval. "I got some pretty mean headies, aye," one of the volunteers, Ben, said to the Critical Tribune. He'd been midway through his bi-annual nicotine-break when he'd spotted the Shosha tent and

"couldn't resist" the student bargain which also promised free entry to all of the other O-Week events.

The sheet-wrapped freshers of the Toga Party had a mix of opinions on the inventive operations solution. For one first-year Health Sci student, it all came down to the smell: Shosha's recently released Peach Bomb Creaming Soda was the flavour of the evening. "Much better than smoke [...] I want to reuse this sheet so I'd much rather it smelt like something nice." Others pointed out the irony of Otago campus being "vape free".

"At the end of the day it's one to tell the kids," said another vaper. "It made for some pretty sick pics too." Do it for the 'Gram, brother.



# PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mazagran

ESPRESSO BAR  
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

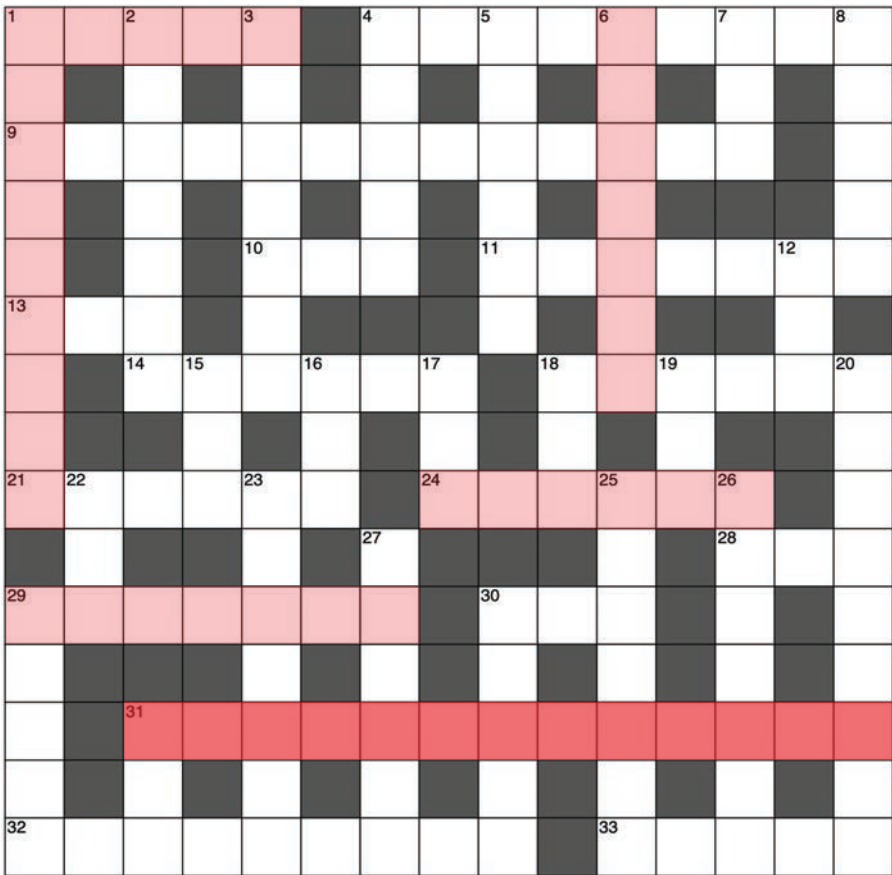
## CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- 1** Lactose  
**4** American lunch room  
**9** Finn the Human & Jake the Dog show (2)  
**10** Very long time  
**11** Retail desk worker  
**13** "Crouch, bind, \_\_\_\_!"  
**14** Ginny is Ron Weasley's what  
**18** Like a dash  
**21** Waikato surf town  
**24** Mowgli and Baloo's home  
**28** Salsa and guacamole are a type of what
- 29** NZ Parliament building  
**30** Most common piercing site  
**31** The connected clues are all... (3)  
**32** Where Camden is (2)  
**33** "Old MacDonald had a farm, \_\_\_\_"

### DOWN

- 1** Darth Vader's house (2)  
**2** Concocts  
**3** New York baseballers  
**4** Butter maker  
**5** Sheep coat  
**6** Hungry for liquid  
**7** Reuben bread  
**8** Paul Mescal, for example  
**12** LOTR Sauron is one  
**15** Sick  
**16** Summer glow  
**17** Big Bang Theory astrophysicist  
**18** Female chicken
- 19** Homie, mate  
**20** Pod coffee company  
**22** Ripen  
**23** Necessary for tears or snot (2)  
**25** Harold is NZ's what  
**26** Japanese soybean  
**27** Fancy electric cars  
**29** Goes well with eggs  
**30** English assignment  
**31** Fresian, for example



## SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

### EASY

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

### MEDIUM

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

### HARD

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

## WORDFIND

M J Y N L G C B H W A I K A T O H X G E A S E Q J H B D Z R  
J W L A L P B I U M Y O B L B A J O D S G Q U U R Y U D L O  
X R N T B F O I Y H E G N H H W T R L Q W P I F L I J N Z Y  
W I K T O C J Y U E M O S M Q T B E C P S U W R V I X N X H  
M X H Z A R T C W X Y B T C T E C C Q E Y X U L R V E B S N  
P P U W P Z O B V Z E I U V Q D R O T N D B X Z T Z Q A D G  
B C Z L R U R A M C M A B H H S W R B G Q R Q A H Q M R J L  
J Z O X E Q G Y P D F V A A W K A D Y U F X X Q O I T G H H  
Y O K G S J T Z L C H F R L K G V I T I O I O B G S K I M H  
Q M X Z I S V C B E M C H S W E D N V N C G E G C N M I V A  
U S A A D Z P J S O P R H Y V G H G D C H I L B R Z U E U N  
G G S Z E O G E X U U M X Y D S H O U A Q H I O C W O D D K  
G N V Z N O E G C F J F P P C R F H U Y D Y T J W R I K K H  
J D H U T I V R Y T J J X R H I S Q X S B C Y Q K U B H L F  
B U P E E L Z E O C R N G W A O X Z X X E I O V C P P A R Y  
Q N D B V G A X R T R E Z J S C H O O M S S P R I N G B O K  
O V R I X E M D G F I A S F E J C L V T N W F F E S T H T V  
W B C Z N S N I S C S Y L O R C A I Z P Q N H Z I A A H H Q  
T D S I A O E S T E A K A N D C H E E S E J R X X T Z M V K  
P G Z W D O S J X R C E N T E N A R Y V F E O H C I S L Z N  
V S U M A T T A C J A N Y P E A C H B O M B O H N R Z U W J  
M S M S C N Y U U A K V X Q M E C D B G N T O D J E X V N C  
P I Z K O J C W M R W O N D E R W A L L W J Y K A P S P J C  
A A T P E F R T J L K X K J K V W C Q B W G K F V S F G W Q  
L L K S O Q V V X C U Z L M J U Q B D S V F Z Q O X N K Q S  
F Y O R A I H R G A W O O D S T O C K Y H K B O W B C O C F  
Z F V A X M A V O R K X F O R I J C E X Z R W X A S H Z S D  
O A V N Q J W N C Z I H D W V C C G J K F Q V U X U J Z L F  
N O V O U L Y P M N T Q X C C Y P M W N D X F J A J R Q S J  
S O D Y Y M A K W K K U E C I I A W B X U T X L I Y X E P S

CENTENARY  
AMNESTY  
DINOSAUR  
ZOO  
PENGUIN  
TOROA  
SATIRE  
PEACH BOMB  
GLOW UP  
SPECTRE  
PRESIDENT  
DAD CORE  
WONDERWALL  
BAKEHOUSE  
STEAK AND CHEESE  
SPRINGBOK  
CHASER  
WOODSTOCK  
WAIKATO  
RECORDING

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Gemma McKinney

There are 10 differences between the two images





# ODD WATCH

Who needs an army?

When you have friends who love to fight



Critic circle jerk gone wild

help get rid of weed

Other drugs are cheaper

Healthy lunches 'not just about the food'

4 out of 5 beezys recommend mint solos

happy apple season to all

Scrumpy weather!!

War is over

Yoko did nothing wrong

brought back from the dead

Jorts

in small town New Zealand — with a twist.

This one has coke now!

Think of principles

Do NOT message him back

All in favour

Hammer time for a cause

Whiskey dick

SPEAKING FOR MY FRIEND, MA'AM, I DON'T THINK SHE HEARD THE QUESTION

Guy at the club asks how old you are

Meat works site on the market

Castle boys boutta compete with the girls instas

a labour of love for couple

Quitting nicotine together <3



## TIME TO GET PHYSICAL

SIGN UP TO A REC PROGRAMME TODAY!

YOGA: CLASSICAL HATHA YOGA IN THE IYENGAR TRADITION

PADDLEBOARDING PRESENTED BY: PADDLEBOARD DUNEDIN

SALSA BEGINNERS AND CONTINUED

BACHATA FOR BEGINNERS

BALFOLK DANCE FOR BEGINNERS

KICKBOXING FUNDAMENTALS

JUJUTSU

BELLY DANCING FOR WOMEN

PILATES

OUSA Clubs & Socs Recreation Programme  
TIME TO GET REC'D



84 Albany Street Dunedin  
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs/courses

Clubs & Socs  
ousa



## TIME TO GET CREATIVE

SIGN UP TO A REC PROGRAMME TODAY!

POTTERY ON THE WHEEL

DRAWING FOR BEGINNERS

INTRODUCTION TO JEWELLERY:  
LEARN TO MAKE A SILVER RING OR PENDANT

ANNUAL PHOTO COMP

POETRY COMP

ELECTRONIC ART COMP

DJ FOR BEGINNERS

GUITAR FOR BEGINNERS

OUSA Clubs & Socs Recreation Programme  
TIME TO GET REC'D



84 Albany Street Dunedin  
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs/courses

Clubs & Socs  
ousa



## TIME TO GET ENLIGHTENED

SIGN UP TO A REC PROGRAMME TODAY!

CUDDLEFIX - JOSE & FRIENDS

IN COLLAB WITH STUDENT SUPPORT

DAY TRIP - OROKONUI

PRESENTED BY: OROKONUI ECOSANCTUARY

PLANT BASED COOKING WORKSHOP  
WITH HAGAR OZRI

IN COLLAB WITH STUDENT SUPPORT

OUSA Clubs & Socs  
Recreation Programme  
TIME TO GET REC'D



84 Albany Street Dunedin  
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs/courses

Clubs & Socs  
ousa

## GreenCard

Digital discounts for uni life



bitly



# 11 HOURS WITH THE STUDENT PRESIDENT



By Zoe Eckhoff  
Illustrated by Jimmy Tannock

Liam White. Not a myth or legend per se, but definitely the most important man on campus (aside from Daddy Grant). He's responsible for managing and looking after the OUSA-baby in all its glory. Whether it's getting along with everyone or shitting itself, Liam is ultimately the one responsible for changing the diapers.

But whose diaper is Liam changing, you ask? Good question. "What is OUSA?" is a timeless query, second only to, "What is the meaning of life?" Standing for Otago University Students' Association, 'OUSA' aims to make your student experience as smooth as possible, so you can focus on your

could-have-bought-crypto-but-now-I'm-studying-at-Otago degree. It includes departments like Student Support, Student Job Search and Clubs and Socs, employs Radio One and Critic Te Ārohi, and runs all student events and programmes (hence the many middle managers and marketing department). It's also home to our student politicians, the Exec, who run the show. If the Exec is our Beehive and Critic is the Press Gallery, Liam White is the Prime Minister. And, just like the Prime Minister, Liam is a very busy man.

He juggles — brace yourself — the student Executive, speaking to press, chairing meetings, working with subsidiary boards, twenty-five OUSA committees, council meetings, meetings with Grant Robertson, regular staff meetings, his campaign, every OUSA-run event, lobbying, drafting agendas, readings, liaising with the University's communications department, even more readings, coordinating with marketing, probably some extra readings, the iconic sausage sizzles; and whatever else he's forgotten to mention. And this is all on top of being a student.

Despite being the man of the people, 55% of students (according to last year's Critic census) didn't even know the Prez's name. That's just among Critic readers, where the student exec gets plenty of coverage. Among the broader student population — those of you who flip straight to the horoscopes — it's no doubt way lower. Liam is the most important, yet unimportant, man on campus.

But we understand. In the era of MAGA and David Seymour twerking on Dancing with the Stars, we all know politicians need a little *je ne sais quoi* (or a cult of personality) to rally the people behind them. So Critic spent eleven hours with the Prez on behalf of students, to determine whether we should care about him; or if Liam should remain in the "who?" category of student life, beneath dance-icon William, Critic Bachelor Joel Tebbis, and Miga Hako rice-balls.

## 8:00AM

It's a damp Dunedin morning, day two of O-Week's Tent City, and Mr. President is already behind schedule. Cold mocha in hand, Critic waits patiently for Liam's permission to enter his flat. As it turns out, Liam's lateness is well known

among the Exec, who have a 'Liam Late Tally' on the whiteboard in their office. It had four marks on it — and he'd just gained a fifth. Eventually, his flatmate Amy let Critic inside. His flat is exactly what you'd expect: boring as hell. The only notable decoration was a scattering of cliché inspirational posters throughout the living room. Could have at least tried to butter us up by including some Critic art, Liam.

## 8:38AM

Picture a tall, pale, dad-bodded man. He's got a dark, fabulously well-groomed beard and moustache, and a paradoxical middle-aged youthfulness. He might be 20, he might be 42 — we don't really know (we do, he's 22). Who is it? It's Mr. President in his pajamas! He emerges from his bedroom, posing like your dad when he's been woken up early on Christmas, knowing he's only getting more socks and "joint" paternal gifts. Liam yawns a hello and says he thought Critic would be arriving later (he was sorely mistaken). Ten minutes later, he's dressed and ready to bounce. The fit for the day? Cargo shorts, white t-shirt, miscellaneous flannel, rain jacket, and fresh Nike sneakers. After rubbing my eyes to make sure I was, in fact, seeing Liam and not my father, we left to begin the day.

## 9:00AM

The sky is grey, and rain is pouring on the Otago Museum Lawn, its drumming magnified by dozens of tented roofs. After a bit of running around to set up for the sausage sizzle, Liam settles into his surroundings. It quickly becomes clear that Liam is a natural at chit-chat. He's the kind of guy who seems confident in himself and what he does. "I just love the people, and the people love me," he says. Well, the people would probably love him even more if he weren't late to everything. Speaking of which, 10:10am rolls around, and Liam realises he's late for the mihi whakatau, a welcoming ceremony for local Dunedin students. Once again, he's on the move.

## 10:15AM

Liam arrives at the Business School building fifteen minutes late. He gets a free 'Locals' shirt (it seems like Tent City's slogan of "free shit" is just everyday for the president.) In the blink of an eye, Liam is already indulging in a personal photoshoot. With a flick of his wrist and a kick of his heel he declares that he "didn't know we had a president that served c\*nt". Liam White doesn't take himself too seriously, and while some older faces didn't seem to enjoy his third-person commentary, the students loved it.

## 11:00AM

Back to Tent City. Snag-dad with the griller grip is about to cook up a storm for the student body. He may only be 22, but by the way that man carries himself, you'd seriously never know. He stands in conversation like a statue: strong, unshakable, with wide legs and intense eye contact. At first glance, you might have thought it was the beginning of a porno. As Liam professed, he just loves the people — and the people love him right back.

## 12:57PM

Liam's office has a clean-but-messy vibe. Little posters and trinkets scatter from his desk to the shelves. It's here that Critic asks him the big question: What does Liam really want out of his student presidency this year? He sits up straight in his chair: "More student engagement [...] We [students] are only successful if we can act collectively," he says, launching into a passionate speech.



# FROM HIS SERVING CUNT TO SNAG-DADDY FORM – CRITIC WASN'T SURE WHAT TO EXPECT

"If we could go to the Uni and say, 'Look, 10,000 students have signed our petition, they want a student bar,' we could 100% convince them to do it [...]" but we haven't had a proven mandate from students beyond the Clocktower protest," (which only around 50-60 people attended). According to the Prez, now's the right time to get involved again and make ourselves heard. "I don't see why we as a country accept that education is not the most important thing on the government's agenda," he emphasises. Amen.

*Side note: Thank you Liam for shouting "go piss girl" as Critic left for a bathroom break.*

## 2:30PM

Meeting time with Student Job Search (oohh) but it was all off the record information (awww). Personal stories of students are clearly important to Liam in these conversations. He tells Critic he's the "biggest advocate" of student livelihood, but when people don't come to him with their problems, his job is more random stabs in the dark than informed political decisions. Got a shitty landlord story? Flick that thang his way. Email, phone call, talk to him in his office, or the middle of the club, he'll hear you out because "your stories are powerful." But enough of that cringy shit.

## 3:08PM

End of meeting. Liam swaps one metaphorical hat for another as he returns to his computer for some desk work. He opens his calendar, and after everything we've witnessed — from his serving cunt to snag-daddy form — Critic wasn't sure what to expect. We certainly didn't anticipate a schedule that was quadruple-caked with even more meetings and events. Before Critic has time to gawk at the rest of his schedule, a member of health and safety walks in for Liam's second meeting of the day. Critic thought the meeting might have been better with Subway Surfers in the sidebar or even some sped-up slime ASMR. Nonetheless, Liam's dedication to student welfare shone through the boredom. He ensured that health and safety support reached every group of students, from the majority to the minorities, advocating for safe, quiet spaces at all O-Week events for students who might find the crowds a bit much. Lit.

## 3:43PM

Another goddamn meeting. Critic's rival, the Otago Daily Times, called up with some media questions about

students' bottle breaking tendencies. The call ended after a few minutes; they didn't need much from Mr President. Lame-o, but his immediate switch from event organisation to explaining the reasons behind student bottle breaking was impressive.

## 4:00PM

The Exec office (also known as the 'bullpen') falls quiet. The breeze from the air conditioning feels a little heavier now, a cooling chill settling over the room. Shit's about to get personal. It's getting late, and Liam's inner dad must have kicked in as he floated the idea of a pre-dinner Coco Pops snack. Thrilled, Critic accepts — only to be crushed upon being handed Cocoa Puffs. Not Pops. Liam calls my pour "pathetic." The day's bonding went out the window. Notes were scribbled down: 'Evil. Conniving. Dictator.' Staring down at the bowl of off-brand puffs, Critic let out a defeated sigh.

## 5:00PM

Liam really began to let go after his 9-5 wrapped up, both mentally and physically. Mentally as he started referring to Grant Robertson as "G-Money"; physically as he let out little toots followed by a "teehee". All courtesy of the "Liam-Experience" as he, himself, put it.

## 5:30PM

The day was coming to an end, and much like a kick-ons DMC, the mood turned to wistful reminiscing. Liam shares that his campaign last year was interesting in that he was the only one to run for president, and won the position non-contested, something he admits to hating. Leaning into Critic's recording device, he says "I always had the thought of like, 'Wow I'm so lucky to be in this room.' The longer you're there the more you realise [...] actually, there's not that many people in the room." People get busy, and student life — especially in this economy — is basically a real-life Roblox disaster survival. But as Liam puts it, "It's good for the soul. It's really good to give back." And unlike Roblox, engaging with student politics won't cost you a cent. "Anyone could be president," Liam says, probably desperate for some competition. With his sights set on a second term, it's about time. 2026 could be your year, dear reader.

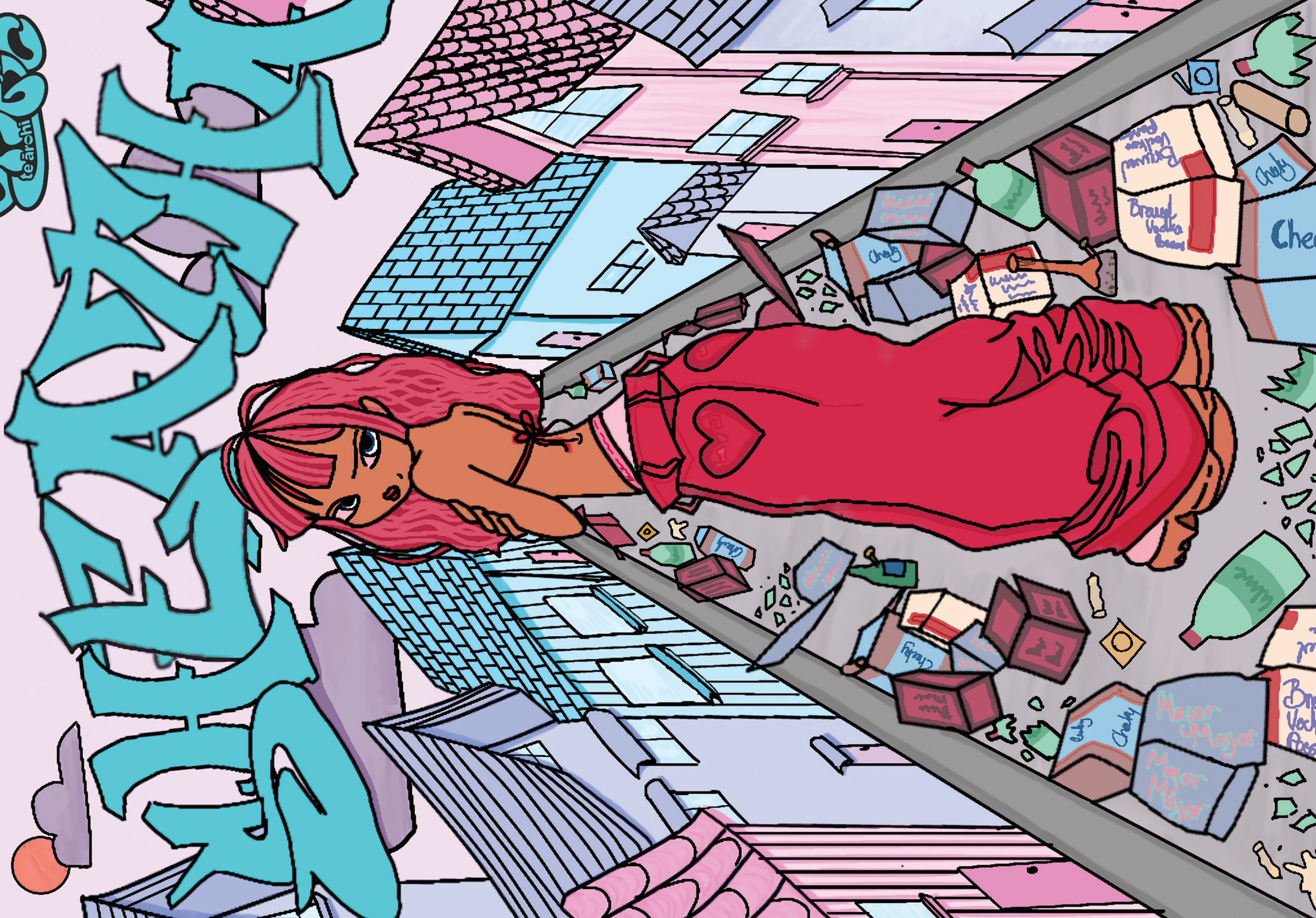
## 6:30PM

To close the work day, Liam chugs a can of pineapple energy on one knee in a swift three seconds before sauntering out of the office. Critic does the chivalrous thing and walks Liam back to his flat. It's been a long day for Mr. President; followed around all day by an eager, second-year Critic writer is no easy-feat when you're also just trying to do your job. He noted that the day certainly felt longer. But tomorrow? Do it all again. By 7pm, we'd successfully clocked eleven hours with the very important Liam White — if for no other reason than his bonafide Dad energy.

God save Mr. President.

*P.S. Liam, we hope you like this profile. But if you don't, Critic has editorial independence from OUSA. And we know where you live now x*







Washed-up law students try desperately to relive their youth

# We Snuck Into Toga Party as 4th and 5th Years and Had The Best Night of Our Lives

At a certain point of your university life, you stop feeling like a student and start feeling like an anthropologist observing student behaviour in the wild. The only time you set foot on Castle Street is to cut through to the Botans. The only people you recognise in Central are the librarians. You realise your degree is going to lead to a 9-5 job. Shit starts getting too real.

By our fourth and fifth years, Abby (23) and Hanna (21) have reached a very specific kind of Otago washed-upness. The kind where you still get student discounts but also find yourself having serious discussions about the price of kumara at New World and the construction of the Dunedin Hospital. The kind where all your friends have left Dunedin and the ones who stay are trying to sell you kumara at New World. We aren't old, but we're too old for this. So, in a final, misguided attempt to recapture something – our youth, our enthusiasm, our ability to metabolise alcohol without consequences – we decided to go to the Toga Party.

By Abby Wallace & Hanna Varrs  
Illustrated by Tevya Faed

## Phase One: Construction

The worst part of the process wasn't sneaking in. It was, without question, making the togas.

How many law students in their early 20s does it take to tie a bedsheet into something wearable? As it turns out, more than two. In fact, we had to recruit social media influencer Brad into helping us figure out what the actual fuck we were doing. However, even he tapped out and ended up rewatching the toga video he made on the Critic 'gram (we won over the Exec and R1 so suck it) before switching to YouTube tutorials – chardonnay in hand (the kind that doesn't burn on the way down).

After multiple failed attempts, some aggressive safety pinning, and getting tangled in some sheets (not even in a fun way) we had our fits sorted. With her Mary Janes, toga two-piece and makeshift headscarf, Abby looked a bit like a sexy nun. Hanna resorted to tying knots into an attempted mini-dress, giving total fresher cosplay with her AirForce 1s. Slugging down rosé and overlooking the hordes of sheet-clad freshers, it was time for Phase Two.

## Phase Two: Infiltration

With Critic's designated shitposter Brad in tow (a PhD student, and therefore practically a fossil), we stormed the gates. There were gigantic, too-confident, intimidating packs of 18-year-olds as far as the eye could see. Their eyes were bright, high off life (plus maybe other stuff) and full joy from never having paid a power bill.

It didn't take long for disaster to strike. Abby, as someone who has made the questionable decision to post her face on the internet as a fifth year student, was always a liability in an undercover operation. "Aren't you that fifth-year law student that makes TikToks?" a doe-eyed fresher, in one of those cuntly toga-bras, asked. "Keep your voice down," Abby hissed, and we slipped unsuspectingly into the night.

Our first stop was the silent disco. With the blare of the main stage reduced to a bassy hum, we donned wireless headphones and made our way into the thrall. For whatever reason, the headphones played on two different 'stations'. This meant Hanna was singing to Katy Perry's 'Last Friday Night' while Abby and Brad bopped to Dizzee Rascal's 'Bonkers', causing them to believe she'd suffered a mental breakdown from realising everyone around her was born in 2007 (shudder).

Around us, groups of freshers danced and laughed, taking endless photos with the kind of enthusiasm only first-years possess. A few even took pictures of us, oblivious to the fact that we were at least three years too old to be there. Then, in a moment of clarity, Hanna mused, "What I will say, it is really nice to party with a bunch of people who aren't judgemental. 'Cause they don't give a fuck about what's cool or not. They're new, so they're really open-minded about everything. Everyone is just genuinely having a really good time." How the tables were turning.

After a while, the sheer overstimulation of it all – the lights, the crowds, the brand new staches – became overwhelming. One thing was evident and that was that our ages had started to show (evident by our drink of choice, chardonnay rather than RTDs.) Gone were the days where midnight was just the warm-up. We were firmly entering grandma territory, where the most inviting place on earth at this hour was our own (queen) beds. "As if they've done this for four nights straight," Abby muttered in disbelief. We, on the other hand, had taken a single lap around the venue and already needed wine and a sit down.

## Phase Three: Wait, are freshers... nice?

If we're being honest, we had entered the party fully expecting the worst. We were ready to document the unhinged chaos of first-year cringe. We're talking about no festival etiquette, screeching to DnB, random vomiting, and spilling drinks. However, we are proud (and a little humbled) to report that the freshers were actually lovely.

They wanted to be our friends, organise flattening plans, take pictures together, and put Critic stickers on their forehead. We were well and truly taken under the wing of some really great students. The mosh wasn't pushy, the music was good, and nobody was aggressive. The food was cheap, the drink line short. It felt like our own little oasis, forming a home made of four wonderwalls that guarded us from the normal bullshit of student life. Not to rag on our fellow older students, but maybe we could learn a thing or two from these young people.

This was not the Toga Party we remembered. Where was the overpowering stench of RTDs and upchucked hall mac n cheese? Where were the dramatic public breakups, the guy throwing up in a bush? The girls sobbing? The bottles being thrown to the head, and the faux-rain on your skin caused by someone throwing their nearly empty drink in the air? Where were the ambulances?

This was not the lawless land of first-year debauchery we had once known. Has the Toga Party changed? Or had we?

## Phase Four: Exit Strategy

At our big, old, haggard age, the only thing scarier than getting caught was the realisation that we might have to stay out past 2am. No can do. The mosh pit had been survivable, but the uncomfortable making-out phase had begun, and we knew it was time to leave. We battled the crowd until midnight, at which point we tapped out. Call it a tactical retreat.

As we walked out, the triumphant beat of Kendrick Lamar's 'Not Like Us' filled the air. A quiet sense of hope settled over us. Maybe these freshers really were 'not like us'. And for the first time, that felt like a good thing. As K-Dot said, "He [we] a fan" (as in admirer, not the cooling device or acronym used by Kendrick).

Toga Party was a beautiful night and the freshers were on brilliant form. When we finally leave this town (knock on wood), we can rest easy that the future of Dunedin is in some very capable, slightly sticky hands. Did we belong there? Absolutely not. Did we have a fantastic time? Against all odds, yes.

## The Final Phase: Good Night

We have nothing else to say other than that Toga was so much more fun than expected. While we still retained our superiority complex about returning home to a cosy queen bed as opposed to a run-through single, our only conclusion was that maybe we were the problem in first year, not freshers more generally. As we walked home in our stupid togas, we were told to "have a good night" by passersby. And a good night we had.



There's hardly anything more alluring than a free box on a night out. But nothing worthwhile comes easy. To earn such a coveted prize, members of the crowd gathered on Castle and Howe for Frat Night at Feisty Goat would have to prove that their talents lay beyond sinking piss. And they'd have to prove it to the three judges – Cailin, Jordan, and Brad; AKA Amanda, Simon, and David – huddled around a small, rain-drenched table for their chance of gaining the golden buzzer. This is:



By Cailin Williams  
Illustrated by Jakira Brophy

### CONTESTANT 1: PITCH IMPERFECT

First to take the stage was Emily. A performer with questionable preparation but undeniable enthusiasm, Emily busted out the cup song – with no cup or accurate lyrics. Probably because it's been over a decade since that song was made popular by *Pitch Perfect*. The first verse charmed the judges, while also firmly lodging the repeated off-key words “this is the cup song” in our brains. The experience is sure to forever alter how we will listen to the original cup song (not that we did anyway). Emily's real talent was making friends as she ended up helping the next round of contestants.

**Judges' Comments:** Couldn't even class it as a nostalgia trip

### CONTESTANTS 2 & 3: ANYWAY, HERE'S 'WONDERWALL'

Enter Ollie and Brayden, collectively known as 'Boobs' (don't ask). Would this optimistic pair be tonight's winners? Not likely, given they roped previously unsuccessful Emily into their performance of 'Wonderwall' by Oasis. The now-trio's chances of even retaining some level of cohesion, let alone scoring a box, quickly faded as it became clear newfound member Emily didn't even know the song. “If you don't know it, you don't know it, mate,” yelled Brayden, with increasing disappointment during the pauses in the chorus. Emily, extremely undeterred, Googled the lyrics and sang along anyway. Boobs, meanwhile, maintained intense eye contact with one of the judges – adding an extra layer of discomfort to the performance.

**Judges' Comments:** What is it about men and 'Wonderwall' hostage situations?

### INTERMISSION 1: THE SCOOT

Realising the judges' table was too far back from potential contestants, the judges awkwardly scooted their wheely chairs five metres up the road, luring the crowd in hook (a box), line (further up Castle), and sinker (breatha's talent).

### CONTESTANT 4: FULL SEND

Lizzy took the bait. To the judges' equal measure of delight and concern, she dropped into the splits before the table – on the street infamous for its glass shards, streams of piss (both alcoholic and bodily), and vomit puddles. All the credit in the world to Lizzy for disregarding all of these possible health concerns and committing fully. Fearless, yes – and slightly unhinged.

**Judges' Comments:** Get tested, girl

### INTERMISSION 2: RAIN ON OUR PARADE

The rain intensified. Our extremely professional A4-printed Breatha's Got Talent sign devolved into pulp. All dreams of professionalism disintegrated, too. Campus Watch – equipped with five spare umbrellas (we counted) – watched us suffer and laughed. Hypothermia became a real possibility.

### CONTESTANTS 5 & 6: SOMETHING IN THE ORANGE (10 MINUTE VERSION)

Undeterred by the soggy set-up, Elliot and Joel were next to risk it all for a chance at a gold buzzer. Opting to belt out 'Something in the Orange' would have been fine if it weren't for how utterly awkward the whole thing was – even more so than Boobs' unwavering eye contact. The whole performance had an eerie and embarrassing similarity to the shows you put on with your cousin at Christmas. You know, the ones that mean everything to the performer but which the audience tries to cut short over and over with rounds of applause, often to no avail. We now understand what our parents endured. They just... kept going. No offense to Elliot and Joel, but maybe you should re-audition after learning how to read the room.

**Judges' Comments:** I wish my one-night stand would last that long

### CONTESTANT 7: WORM REINCARNATE

It then reached the time of the night for lesbian stereotyping. Elena, dubbed 'Thee Lesbian' by Jordan, took to the stage (pavement), clad in black denim jorts – carabiner attached ofc – tank top, backwards cap, and 'woxers' (as dubbed by Critic lesbian Madeline). The performance? A flawless execution of The Worm. The flow was immaculate, as was the expert act of defying gravity (AHahhAhaahhahaa), which was enough to convince us Elena was a worm in a past-life. “I probably got chlamydia from doing the worm on Castle,” she said. At least you're aware of it Elena – unlike old mate Split-Lizzy.

**Judges' Comments:** We would deffo still love Elena if she was a worm

### INTERMISSION 3: DESPERATION

Why did we still have our box? Had we misjudged Castle Street? Was there no one willing to do what it takes to earn this elusive prize? The judges resorted to desperate tactics, begging anyone walking past to do “literally anything” for a shot at winning. And then, just when the city needed him most, Batman arrived on the scene.

### CONTESTANT 8: THE DARK KNIGHT

Batman was a pure soul. Was he the campus vigilante who Critic pictured skulking in the shadows and growling at littering breathas to “be a tidy kiwi”? No. His talent was showing people a photo of himself meeting Batman and Robin at Movieworld. Was this a talent? Not in the eyes of one judge. Did he still outshine the twerking girl in a nearby flat window? Undoubtedly.

**Judges' Comments:** The hero we deserve

### CONTESTANT 9: QUEEN LAQUEEFAN

Two enthusiastic frat girls approached the judges' table claiming a unique talent: “My friend can queef on command!” The judges sat in stunned silence, staring in disbelief at the queefer in question. Anticipation grew. Then, due to the overpowering DnB blasting our ears, the performance was nearly lost to the night. In a moment of true journalistic sacrifice, the judges leaned in to try and hear her out (literally). “I really hope I don't get pink eye from this,” said a concerned Jordan. Critic can confirm that something of a queef was heard, and will defend 'queefer on demand girl' if this is ever debated. Judge Brad did get a message the next morning with video proof of the queef but was too scared to open it.

**Judges' Comments:** Incredible. Disgusting. Historic.

### CONTESTANT 10: THIEF!

As the night seemingly drew to a close, a group of girls rocked up, giving major heart-eyes to our box. One impressed the judges with a solid rendition of the national anthem (minus the lyrical error – “mōrena kai” isn't a phrase any All Black has mumbled in front of a stadium of people). But it was a set-up. After bonding over going to the same high school, Cailin failed to notice the slimy fingers lingering on the box. Within seconds, the box was snatched and vanished into the night (where's Batman when you need him?). Contestant #10 Mackenzie, we will not forget what you did – three buzzers for you (not cool dude). Another three buzzers for the police who were ten metres away filming TikToks and ignored our cries about the crime.

**Judges' Comments:** Bruh.

**Given this unforgivable act, Breatha's Got Talent now had no prize. All the contestants that put their heart and soul and body into their mediocre performances will never get the chance of making it big time. Thus the first, last, and only installment of Breatha's Got Talent ends without a winner. To everyone in our Insta DMs asking where your box is, now you know. All we have now is a pulpy sign, squelchy shoes, and an unopened queef video.**



By Adam Stitely  
Illustrated by Ash McFarlane



The pie. It's simple, it's working class. Like L&P and DIY, it's in our DNA, and just like pavlova, Aussies just don't do it the same. The pie is the go-to meal from any petrol station, dairy or else any other place the marginally cooked food gives you a 50-50 chance of food-poisoning.

With the Campus Shop in Central shutting down for the summer, Critic was cruelly cut off from their shitty \$3.20 pies and forced to branch out. And so, we hit the road and forked out for \$5-or-higher Otago pies. They're ranked on filling to pastry ratio, taste, and how patriotic a pie in the sun makes you feel. Besides, it's about time Critic Te Ārohi does a pie review.

BAKEHOUSE ON BOND

Bakehouse on Bond was the first victim of the review, consumed at the unpleasant hour of 8am. Standing outside of the bakery nervously waiting for the place to open only heightened the experience, one not too dissimilar to a fresher in the line for Subs. It's hard to beat a classic, so the first pie of choice was the steak and cheese, coming in at a reasonable \$5.90.

Immediately, the pastry stands out as being about as thick as Otago's fiscal managers. Unlike the former, this at least allowed for a good crunch. The filling in this pie was top-tier, at least for a breakfastless Critic. However, this was overshadowed by the 60% pastry, leaving the pastry to filling ratio somewhere between a jam donut and a croissant.

Filling to pastry ratio: 5/10. Chaotic neutral

Taste: 7/10. Like a BP pie, but it's from a bakery so you pretend it's better.

Patriotism scale: 8/10. The tradie breakfast

JIMMY'S PIES ROXBURGH

Roxburgh is the pie version of Paeroa, good for one thing and exuding kiwiana atmosphere. With this in mind, there was no other choice but a mince and cheese, at the beautiful price of \$4.50, making this the cheapest pie of the review. The price is so inflation-beating that it fills you with a sense of nostalgia; this nostalgia has seemingly encased the whole town of Roxburgh, which hasn't seen any change since they built the dam in the 1950s. That is, except for their public toilets which blast classical music at a decibel level that would make anyone taking a phone-call in Central Library during exams jealous.

The pie itself, despite being freshly made, is stock standard for any Jimmy's pie that has been in the heating cabinet of your local dairy for the past week-and-a-half. The pastry is flakey, though with enough structural integrity to not completely collapse mid bite. Both the gravy and filling here were about as average as every Instagram caption during the annual flood of RNV posts. Cheers for the 'Rhythm and Mud' caption Alice, wonder how you came up with that one. Like a Toyota Hilux post 400,000kms this pie was solid, reliable, with all parts somehow still working as they should. Nothing more but nothing less. All things considered, some sort of spice or additional element would fully tie the experience of this pie together. But is it really necessary to add that second LED light bar to your reliable old Hilux?

Filling to pastry ratio: 4/10. Need a glass of water to get through this one.

Taste: 6/10. Like eating McDonald's for every meal overseas, safe and reliable.

Patriotism scale: 10/10. Alice? Who the fuck is Alice?

SANGA'S PIES CROMWELL

At this point in the road trip, Critic could not handle one more meat and cheese pie, so we decided to branch out in this tourist attraction of a pie shop – seriously, it's about one QR code and neon-sign away from being a Cromwell branch of Fergburger. Charging standard tourist prices, Critic paid \$9.50 for a pie called the 'Southlander', a corned beef and mustard sauce pie that felt almost as gentrified as when people on Vogel Street discovered Tumblr. Whilst this boy was hefty, the pie followed through to its price point, so much so that you can almost taste some lifestyle influencer posting one on their story as you chow down.

Filling to pastry ratio: 9.5/10. Close to perfection.

Taste: 8/10. Somehow the mustard tastes like wasabi.

Patriotism scale: 2/10. Like Peter Thiel having NZ citizenship; I guess it's Kiwi but it's tokenized.

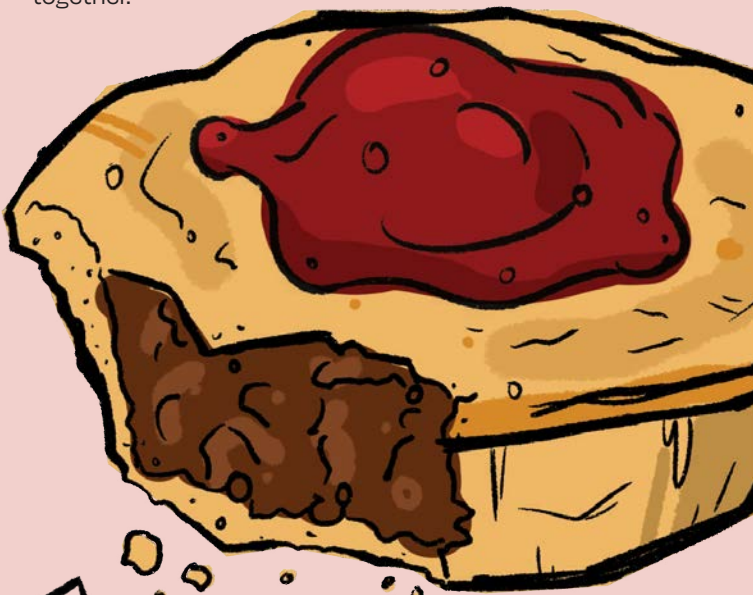
BEANO'S BAKERY WAIKOUAITI

Critic only managed to get to Beano's right before they closed so options were limited: steak, or steak and kidney. Being two months removed from study, a glimpse of sanity and rationality had returned: Critic went with steak. For the below-average price of \$6.80, the pie remained entirely underwhelming, with the pastry having minimal crunch. The filling of the pie was simultaneously liquidy and tough, whilst appearing about as unappetising as UC's hall-food. The pie tasted a bit like one you would get from Night 'n Day but a bit more chewy and not available at 3am. Despite arriving in the afternoon, the overall soggiess of this pie made it seem as if the entire thing was undercooked, much like David Seymour's Treaty Principles Bill.

Filling to pastry ratio: 7/10. At least they got that right

Taste: 4/10. Maybe the kidney would've saved it.

Patriotism scale: 6/10. Beano's still holds Waikouaiti together.





# FROM THE ARCHIVES

The 56 days of the 1981 Springbok Tour weren't the whole story – the before and after were just as important. The closest parallel I can think of for the months of preparation that went into the anti-apartheid movement's response to the Rugby Union's determination to host White South Africa's racially-selected team, is the work that went into last year's mobilisation of tens of thousands of Māori against the Treaty Principles Bill. Certainly, there was the same sense in 1981 that something absolutely vital to what New Zealand needed to become was at stake. That if you were sickened by racism, and what it makes human-beings do to one another, then you simply could not walk away from the fight.

As the person appointed to edit the Otago University Student's Association's newspaper, Critic in 1981, I thought long and hard about how the paper could best contribute to making sense of the historic confrontation that was certain to define the year.

The first thing I told myself was that "Critic" wasn't mine, it belonged to the students of Otago University. As such it needed to reflect the reality of divided opinion within the student body. That a majority of students opposed the Springbok Tour did not entitle me, as editor, to pretend that the opposition was unanimous. A very substantial minority of Otago students – it was measured early in the year at around 40 percent – supported the Tour. Their voices also deserved to be heard.

Accordingly, I asked Otago's top student debater, Michael Laws – still a fixture of right-wing commentary in New Zealand – to contribute a weekly column called 'Dragonfly' to the paper. I also asked him to let his fellow conservatives know that the pages of Critic would not be closed to them. Articles reflecting the dramatic global shift away from the left-wing ideas that had dominated the 1960s and '70s would not be rejected. (Ronald Reagan was sworn in as the 40th US President at about the same time I began planning the first issue of the paper.)

That said, I was also determined to produce a paper that not only reflected the majority anti-tour opinion of its student readership, but also, if it was in me, spoke to the values of the University itself. The South African system of racial segregation and exploitation represented an insupportable affront to the principles of human equality and dignity upon which rational and untrammelled scholarship is based. Editorially, Critic was proudly and unequivocally anti-tour.

**Chris Trotter, political commentator and 1981 Critic Te Ārohi editor, reflects on his experience reporting on the controversial Springbok tour and the role student media.**

That did not prevent me, however, from criticising the national anti-tour organisation, Halt All Racist Tours (HART) for straying, if only a little way, from their key pledge to conduct the looming protests non-violently. So annoyed were the HART big-wigs that they asked the local HART organiser to "sort me out". She was not entirely successful in that regard, but nevertheless made a sufficiently deep impression upon me that, 44 years later, I am still married to her.

And then the Boks arrived – and everything changed.

The elation of hearing that the Springboks vs Waikato game had been called off after hundreds of protesters made it onto Rugby Park – "They're on the field!" – was replaced by the realisation that the New Zealand State meant to do whatever was needed to keep the Tour alive.

When a former flatmate of mine had his head split open by a police baton in Wellington's Molesworth Street. When we saw the Red and Blue Squads levelling their long batons at us like sub-machine-guns. When we heard those same long batons thudding into the midribs of stationary and non-violent protesters. That's when we knew that the fight had ceased to be a matter of words, and become a matter of flesh and blood.

Without hesitation I published a full page article entitled "Saving Your Neck" in which students intending to continue their protest activity were advised on how best to protect themselves from the police riot squads and Tour supporters: "Loose-fitting clothing and plenty of padding; Groin protection; Mouthguard; Crash helmet."

And then, suddenly, it was over. What had changed wasn't exactly clear, but everybody knew that something had. An older, simpler, and, sadly, crueller New Zealand had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Long before Peter Jackson's movies, I editorialised: "Like the gentle inhabitants of Tolkien's 'Shire' we had lived in a faraway rural paradise where violence was the stuff of myth and legend [...] and now like the heroes of the fable we have learned that darkness recognises no boundaries [...] We have discovered that the struggle against what is wrong is the inescapable destiny of all truly human beings."

I am immensely proud of the part I was allowed to play in that struggle. May my successors in the Critic editor's chair never flinch from joining the battle.

# critic

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# DEBATE

By Gryffin Blockley &  
Lotto Ramsay

## YAY:

First of all, just because you want to have a chaser doesn't mean that you can't handle a shot at all. Let's dispel that common myth. Pres are meant to be a wholesome experience; if there's a way to decrease the grossness, why not go for it?

Nights out are a marathon, not a sprint, people. We all know we have a shot to elevate our drinking experience – why should that be accompanied with a foul-aftertaste that brings down the vibes as much as *\*that\** friend on aux?

Some of the haters may also claim it dilutes the alcohol. Dude, it's literally a sip of a non-alc bevvie. God forbid you drink a drop of anything else aside from booze on your Saturday night. Plus, alcohol is dehydrating. That singular sip afterwards could do wonders for your parched throat, already assaulted by what feels like Dettol poured down your throat. Surely that means 1% less hangover the next morning, right?

The flavour combinations are criminally underrated too. There's a whole world outside fizzy drinks and juices. Anti-chasers are anti-pickleback (chasing a whiskey shot with pickle juice) and that is a fundamentally anti-Critic stance to take. Who knows what culinary concoctions you could be missing out on when your shots are coupled with coconut water or chocolate milk. While you're ascending to heaven, accepting your invitation from Gordon Ramsey for your achievements in flavour-pairing, your friend is in the corner dry heaving from a shot, too preoccupied to feel the buzz. Chasers mean locking in, straight back to the fun, and advancing the beverage industry as we know it.

Taking a shot without a chaser is like going back to the same ex time after time: Ultimately leaving with regret and a disgusting aftertaste in your mouth (before coming back for more the next week).

## NAY:

Literary great Sylvia Plath wrote on vodka: "It didn't taste like anything, but it went straight down into my stomach like a sword-swallower's sword and made me feel powerful and god-like." Why in the Bell Jar of shit would you want to ruin a metal as fuck moment by chasing it with a little hydro-homie TikTok-water sippy sip? Fuck right off.

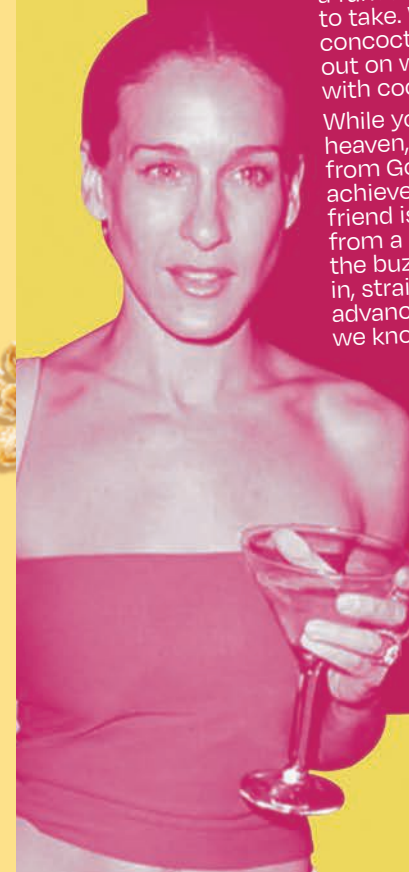
Chasers should be saved for when you're consuming something actually gross. Perhaps you appear on Fear Factor and must imbibe smoothied maggots – then a chaser would be adequate. Why are you so disgusted by a drink you spent nearly an hour's wages on? Down that sucker with pride and relish in the character building, utilitarian burn.

Staying hydrated while drinking is absolutely brilliant, and can save you a lot of pain the next day. Chasers are just the dumbest way to do this. For example, if you really, really, really like chasers – maybe even crave them at times – you might just be super freaking dehydrated. Make a habit of drinking water throughout the night. Remember to hydrate more than what you think you need, not just after the two or so times you have a shot. No wonder you seem to have the worst hangovers.

If you really need a chaser, maybe you just don't like the taste of spirits, and that's okay. You might find a particular one you like or a way of serving it outside of shots. Why blow money on top shelf vodka shots when you'd personally prefer it in a cocktail? Otherwise, chug a beer or cider or something that you'll enjoy.

Stay hydrated, drink comfortably, and for those of you who can handle it: embrace the way of the sword-swallower.

# CHASERS: YAY OR NAY?





This week we have a tasty meal that will satiate vegetarians, vegans, meat-eaters and everything in-between. You can't go past a good red lentil dhal when craving something comforting, cheap and speedy. Using mostly pantry staples, this recipe makes an affordable go-to recipe all year 'round. All hail the humble lentil – get your mouth around something truly fab!

INGREDIENTS:

- Oil
- Salt and Pepper
- 2 medium onions (diced)
- 4 garlic cloves (finely chopped)
- 2 tsp crushed ginger
- 1 tsp ground turmeric
- 1 tsp ground coriander
- 1 tsp ground cumin
- 1 tsp paprika
- 2 tsp garam masala
- 2 cups dried red lentils (rinsed)
- 3 cups vegetable stock
- 1 tin chopped tomato (400 g)
- 1 tin coconut milk (400 g)
- 1 Tbsp soy sauce
- 2 tsp fish sauce
- ½ lemon juice (approx. 2 Tbsp)

exclude to make vegan

INSTRUCTIONS:

**Step 1.** Place a large pot over medium heat, and add 2 Tbsp of oil. Once hot, add the diced onions and cook for 10 mins until soft. Stir through the ginger and garlic and cook for a further 5 mins.

**Step 2.** Add the spices (turmeric, ground coriander, cumin, paprika, and garam masala) to the pan stirring until combined. Cook for 2 mins.

**Step 3.** Add the red lentils to the pot and stir until coated in the onions, oil and spices. Cook these for 3 mins. Stir in a pinch of salt and plenty of pepper.

**Step 4.** From here add the can of tomatoes, coconut milk, and vege stock. Reduce to a low heat, and cook for 25 mins, stirring occasionally so the lentils don't burn to the bottom.

**Step 5.** Once the lentils are cooked and the sauce is nice and thick, finish with a dash of soy sauce, fish sauce and lemon juice, and cook for a further 5 mins with the lid off.

Serve on white rice with a side of naan and toppings of your choice! Yoghurt, crispy fried onions and coriander are bangers! Enjoy :)

It will look watery but trust me, she'll thicken up!

MI GORENG GRADUATE  
By Ruby Hudson

Serves: 6  
Time: 30 mins  
Price: \$\$\$



BOOZE REVIEWS  
BY GIN SWIGMORE



Woodstock Whiskey Lemonade

Woodstock have officially hopped on the 'soft drinks made alcoholic' bandwagon with the release of their Ginger Ale and Whiskey Lemonade. This move seems to follow on from the trend of brands making 'healthy' RTDs, which just taste like water that's been left in your drink bottle too long but which, when you're dying of thirst in the middle of the night, will have to do. Just say you've run out of ideas and leave it at that. That being said, Woodstock's new range is sure to be a hit with any student who's ruined every other RTD for themselves. Lemonade? One box, please.

You'd be right in thinking to yourself that Woodstock is the bogan bourbon RTD favoured by your small town mates. But if Maccas can make the leap from cheap feeds to their Gourmet range, why can't Woodies do the same? The marketing for the Whiskey Lemonades is nothing if not desperate to shed the bogan stereotype, promising a "luxurious beverage" with "sophisticated and exclusive taste" and "effortless elegance". Like the ex in your DMs, Woodies swears they've changed.

At first sip, Woodstock Whiskey Lemonade tastes like a much shittier Brookvale Union Lemonade. If Brookvales are the drink of the Kiwi gentrified, Woodies' Lemonades are that of Waikato or Southland, sitting in a paddock with a room temperature box – or out of the chilly-bin for that "sophisticated" drop.

The taste is nothing to write home about, but it does the job. It's kinda like the iPhone X you got as a hand-me-down from your mum or older brother. It works, but you can't play Candy Crush without it crashing.

It has the classic childhood flavours of your first entrepreneurial venture with a handful of lemons and a bag of sugar, but with an added whiskey kick. I'd argue they're the perfect hair-of-the-dog Sunday sesh bevvy when the weather's so good it would be rude not to. Despite being a poor man's hazy lemonade, its taste is unique given that spicy twang of whisky.

Clocking in at 4.8%, these are not your highest percentage beverage on the market. You can still kinda feel a buzz after one or two if drinking on an empty stomach (not recommended, grab yourself a parmie beforehand, bro). A box of 10 of these bad boys will cost you \$31.99, which is criminal yet standard pricing nowadays. After three drinks, however, the taste slowly morphs into that of petrol. This made me feel like Lighting McQueen, except the finish line is the bathroom and the only people I'm racing are the voices in my head telling me to stop drinking and focus on the first week of lectures. Maybe Woodies are onto something with a whiskey lemonade or maybe they're trying too hard to appeal to a younger, more upper-class audience. Go try it yourself. Kachow.

- PAIRS WELL WITH:** Jamie Whincup Bathurst 1000 highlights
- X-FACTOR:** Student bogan aura
- HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL:** 5/10
- TASTE RATING:** 7/10



# ACADEMIC ACCESSIBILITY



Listen up, academic weapons. Whether you're part of the furniture here at Otago or brand-spanking new to our beautiful university, you should care about the accessibility of your education. That's right, we're talking lecture recordings and paid placements.

Let's start with lecture recordings. Here's the deal: at UoO, they're not compulsory. It's entirely up to your lecturer whether they hit record or not. If your lectures aren't recorded, never fear – OUSA is working with the University to develop a policy that ensures students have access to lecture recordings, with closed captioning.

Why does this matter? Because mandatory lecture recordings would give students the flexibility to work part-time, stay home when they're sick, and learn at their own pace. The biggest predictor of student success is engagement with content, and making lectures accessible is a no-brainer way to improve engagement.

Now, let's talk about paid placements. The fact that students are not paid for the work they do on placement is ridiculous. Did you know that it can take a teacher 9.5 years after starting their degree

for their cumulative salary to overtake that of a minimum-wage worker? That's largely because of unpaid placement requirements.

Students in unpaid placements provide free labour while also paying for additional costs such as uniforms, travel, and accommodation away from home. They're often also discouraged from finding paid work due to their course workload. No one should be pushed into financial hardship just to complete their degree. Have you ever considered how an unpaid placement could affect you? If not, now's the time to start that conversation with your mates.

These aren't small issues, they impact real students every day. OUSA is already pushing for change, but the more voices behind us, the louder we are. So get talking. Get fired up. And let's make some noise. If you want to tell OUSA about how the lack of lecture recordings or paid placements has affected you, you can email [academic@ousa.org.nz](mailto:academic@ousa.org.nz)

Play hard, study harder Otago.

**Stella Lynch**  
Academic Rep

Illustrated by  
Tevya Faed

RANGI  
COLUMNS - 1

41

Pisces, the sun is currently travelling through your sign, creating a hazy lifestyle for you... or that could just be the new strain your dealer is selling. Whichever it is, you feel more at ease and creative than you ever have.

**You as a shoe:** Panda Dunks

★ PISCES ★

Venus is going into retrograde, meaning all of your shit is going to get fucked up. You're going to have to embrace the unpredictability or you're going to crumble under the pressure of plans changing and salad bags rotting three days before their best-by date.

**You as a shoe:** Fresh white Air Forces

★ LIBRA ★

Energies are high at the start of the week, with lots of aesthetic sunrises, Instagram stories, and study seshes. But that doesn't last long. When the burnout hits mid-Wednesday, remember that it's not even a month into uni and that try-hard shit can wait till after mid-sem break.

**You as a shoe:** Adidas Superstars

★ ARIES ★

Your savings for that big trip are going to double this week, or at least gain \$100 bucks. Your depop side hustle is going to pop off and you may even sell those HSFY books you bought back in 2023.

**You as a shoe:** Dr Martens Sandals

★ SAGITTARIUS ★

You welcome change and challenges this week. Life has been a bit boring lately and this week is for sure going to stimulate your senses and get you fired up about something new. Whether that is geo-political politics or learning how to clean your vacuum cleaner, that's up to you.

**You as a shoe:** Adidas Sambas

★ AQUARIUS ★

A friend is going to need your insane social media stalking skills soon. It is up to you to decide if their intentions are for the best or if they are trying to get you to use your powers for evil.

**You as a shoe:** UGG Tazzy slippers

★ SCORPIO ★

Cancer, you will have an amazing week filled with productivity, creativity and activity. Whether sexual or just side quests, they will quench your thirst for adventure and fun.

**You as a shoe:** Dr Martens 1461

★ CANCER ★

Okay Leo, as Mercury enters fellow fire sign, Aries, your need for drama intensifies. Try and stick to TV dramas like MAFS and Love Island instead of instigating riots in your flat kitchen, trust me. Friday your patience wears thin and living in a war zone wouldn't be fun.

**You as a shoe:** High-top Converse

★ LEO ★

Take a deep breath, and admit to yourself you have an addiction... to being an asshole. Not everyone can have their life as together as you and it's very unnecessary to point it out every opportunity you get.

**You as a shoe:** Dusty Crusty Birks

★ CAPRICORN ★

Please, please, for the love of all that is holy, stop wearing pyjama pants to uni. They don't look like cool flow pants, you just look like a hot mess, minus the hot part. Putting on a pair of jeans doesn't take that much effort.

**You as a shoe:** Reebok Club C

★ TAURUS ★

It is time to do a big flat clean before the mould-encouraging cold wet weather hits Dunedin. Vacuum, clean your windows, and get rid of as much crap as you can. Those free shirts and flags you got at a 'Landers game two years ago should be the first to go.

**You as a shoe:** Nike Blazers

★ VIRGO ★

This week your social skills are on fire. Meeting people is like a hobby for you and collecting campus characters is your favourite game. Just remember that not everyone is as nice and well-meaning as you think they are.

**You as a shoe:** New Balance 550

★ GEMINI ★

ECOLIS ENTERTAINMENT & THE MORNING SHIFT PRESENT

# SIX60

## The Grassroots Tour

STUDENT DEAL AVAILABLE

City Edition

### SATURDAY 8 MAR

### UNION LAWN

### UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO

### DUNEDIN

ON SALE NOW

# ARE YOU

Aged between 18–55 years?  
A non-smoker?  
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We are seeking volunteers for clinical drug trials to compare market brand-leading drugs with generic formulations of these drugs.

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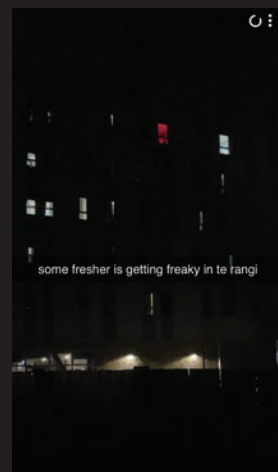
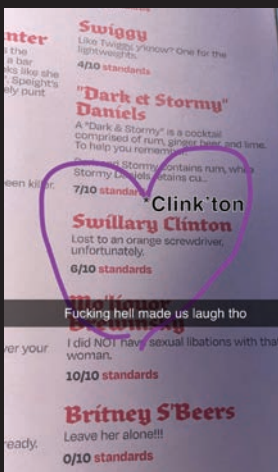
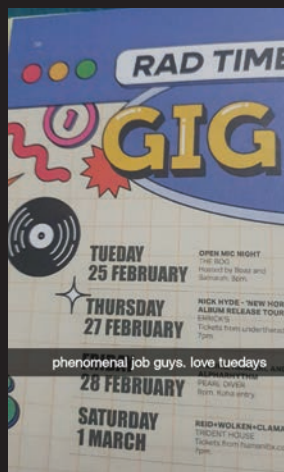
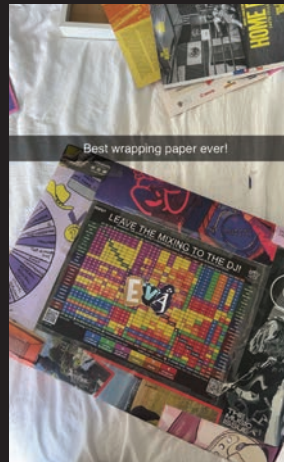
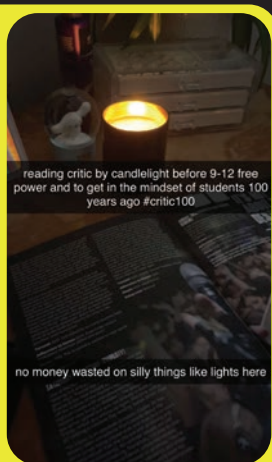
# SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

**SNAP OF THE WEEK**

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



We were asked to "create a COOL advertorial for the Critic (student) mag that needs to be Student-ified."

So we asked ChatGPT for help...



*Hey Bestie,*

**FYI, the**

YOUR TRASH ONLY VIBES WITH OUR OFFICIAL DCC BLACK BAGS. GRAB MORE FROM DCC, OUSA, OPSA, OR HIT UP THE SUPERMARKET SCENE.

**student area has this weekly kerbside sitch**

LOST YOUR BLUE BIN? NO STRESS! CAMPUS WATCH HAS GOT YOUR BACK WITH A FREE REPLACEMENT. BET.

**that slaps.**



**glass, mixed recycling**

**1 2 5, and trash all**

**collected on the reg.**

THE DCC KERBSIDE COLLECTION APP HAS STRAIGHT FACTS ABOUT RECYCLING IN ŌTEPOTI. AND DON'T LET YOUR TRASH SPILL ONTO THE SIDEWALK — THIS AIN'T IT, CHIEF ❤️

**keep it 100**

*Love you,*  
**DCC x**

YOU MAY SEE OUR BIN INSPECTORS SIDE-EYEING YOUR BINS, HELPING YOU TURN THAT L INTO A W. IF YOUR BIN'S SUS FOR A WHILE, WE'LL HAVE TO SUSPEND THE SERVICE FOR THREE MONTHS. NO CAP. (ALSO NO CAPS IN THE YELLOW AND BLUE BIN, HAHA)

For more info, hit up: [dunedin.govt.nz/recycling](https://dunedin.govt.nz/recycling)



AN AWARD-WINNING DOCUMENTARY



# ISRAELISM

When two young American Jews raised to support Israel unconditionally witness the way Israel treats Palestinians, it changes their lives.

Wednesday  
March 5, 7pm

**Free Entry**

Koha  
welcome

שלום

سلام

With an  
introduction from  
local Jewish,  
Palestinian, and  
mana whenua  
voices

**St David 1  
Lecture Theatre,  
University of Otago**