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**ISSUE 13**  
**25 MAY 2026**

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# EDITORIAL:

## DRAMA ALERT: Tabloid is back, baby!

Welcome to the Tabloid Issue! This one is always the best. Tabloid lets us be silly, dramatic, nosy, and unserious in the way that student journalism is made for.

My first exposure to the wonderful world of print magazines was through my Nana's Women's Weekly, Women's Day, and Home & Gardens. Sure, the content is what I now fondly call "slop". But it was fun slop. The kind of thing left in the bathroom for guests to peruse at their own leisure. Celebrity divorces, garden makeovers, calorie-devoid diets – it felt like being gifted the secrets to succeed as a 'modern' woman.

My first exposure to a Critic Tabloid Issue was less of a sacred experience. In my first year, I lived and died by the Critic delivery cycle. Copies would arrive at my hall late Sunday night and I'd be in the foyer at 8:30pm sharp to read my horoscope, flip through the quizzes, and scan the news to see if anyone I knew was mentioned. Then the Tabloid Issue arrived.

I was confused. It didn't look like the Critic I knew and loved. It looked less like an artsy student mag and more like something my mum would pick up in line at the supermarket checkout. I couldn't believe this silly magazine was even bolder, sillier, and slightly more unbelievable than usual.

Now, having been around the Critic block a few times, I get it. The Tabloid Issue might be the best thing we do. It allows us to break free from needing to look polished and cool all the time. It's the one week we can blissfully ignore golden rules such as "show don't tell". Here, we can embrace gossip, satire, quizzes, and sport the kind of content you're shocked that gets the approval to have 3000 copies printed.

As Culture Editor, I have the privilege of not having to deal with huge investigations (sorry Matilda), or the constant fear of defamation (sorry Stella), or every comma and capital letter (sorry Gryffin), or all of that at once (sorry Hanna). I sit in a nice little sphere of the mag where, as long as students are interested in stuff, I have content. Luckily, Otago taurira are frothers and there never seems to be a shortage of topics to write about.

In my research to learn what an editorial actually contains – because I have a bit of a reputation for not reading them – I turned to Cosmopolitan. A mag I dreamt of subscribing to throughout high school, but never did after taking the financial hit called 'moving out of home'. Flipping through the different international versions, I was enamoured how magazines reflect the places they come from. The UK cover featured Maisie Peters. The Italian version had Bebe Vio, an Italian wheelchair fencing champ. India had Sharvari Wagh, a Hindi film star. The US had Sydney Sweeney – rack out, of course.

Every version was glossy, gorgeous, and insanely curated. But each one reflected a slightly different world back at itself. Art imitates life, sure – but tabloids do too. They exaggerate, distort, sexualise, staisre, and occasionally make the world look even more fucked than it already is. And sometimes, when the world is that cooked, the only honest option is to make something equally ridiculous.

So here it is: our Tabloid Issue. Our love letter to slop, scandal, satire, student culture, and the sacred art of reading something you absolutely did not need to know. This is the issue that honours our readers who get a rush from rumours, and live for the morning-after debriefs.

Take it home. Put it on your coffee table just like your nana would. Let a guest peruse at their own leisure; prepare for the gasps from the shocking headlines inside.

Molly

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# LETTERS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



Dear Critic,

I am venerable unc status, having been around uni for \*many\* years, and I can, with no hesitation, say that this year's Capping Show is the best iteration in years. The story was clever, and made excellent use of the genre. The actors were great. The sketches were funny, while also avoiding the outright vulgarity and borderline bigotry of previous years. The Selwyn Ballet had genuinely impressive moments, and the three musical acts were excellent. If you can, I would take the opportunity to go this year. Big thumbs up!

- A fan of the arts

Send a letter to the editor at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) to be in to win a \$20 UBS voucher.

There will now be much focus on the cuts to fees free (and rightly so) but lets please not overlook the govt's decision to legislate over the development of a climate tort. The case before the court (*Smith v Fonterra*) was exploring if big greenhouse gas emitters, like Fonterra, owe us anything for their damages to the environment.

The Supreme Court told Mike Smith that he could have his day in court, and the coalition has essentially said yeah nah that's too scary to let play out, you're not allowed to try sue Fonterra now.

Yours sincerely,  
pissed off law student

**Editor's response:**  
Read more in news!

why is a fear of pickles an option on the horoscopes. if you don't like pickles, or god forbid ARE AFRAID OF THEM?!?!?!?!, simply grow up. i do not want to hear any more slander of the most delicious, salty, tasty, yummy, briny snack out there. THAT IS ENOUGH! so silly it is hurtful team :(

but also horoscopes do be hella accurate, i am scared of men period queen xx

**Hello Mrs edit.**

I have a question for you. Why is da publication AI free, I wonder? I must say, your organization would save a lot of time and resources if ya'll would simply invest in an AI platform subscription to produce all of da content. I don't wanna hear any of this "wah wah it needs to be written/illustrated by humans" because you can just tell the AI to write like humans. Ya'll dumb as helll Imaoooo

Sincerely, a concerned student.

P.s. my AI girlfriend and I are getting married soon so please give us a shoutout

**Editor's Response:**  
*Sure! Here's a playful way to respond to the letter without getting defensive.*

*Thanks for your deeply thoughtful and devastating feedback. We'll remain committed to using students with low efficiency, subpar opinions and real girlfriends. I wish you a prosperous union.*

## LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 150 words or fewer. The deadline is Thursday at 12pm. Get them into Critic by emailing us at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto: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 Editors. 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.

THIS PUBLICATION  
IS AI FREE.

# TLDRA!

**The Heavy Breathers are back!**

**Rob Roy has opened a new neighbouring area,** with bubble tea available!

**2026 Dunedin Council by-election preliminary result shows Jo Galer elected.**

**A Dunedin man pulled over after swerving all over the road claimed the alcohol he consumed shouldn't count because "it was the blood of Christ" — ODT reports.**

**Congratulations to everyone who graduated!**

**University Open Days a resounding success,** future freshers everywhere.

**Demolition of Archway expected over the next couple of years,** possibly to be replaced with a formal garden (as soon as Critic Te Arohi finds out what a formal garden we'll let you know).

**Good Earth has new owners.**

**It's almost winter. Fuck.**

**DUNRECORDS announced a 4EP split vinyl release for July 3rd.** U-No Juno, Vagina Dry, Sogg & Sivle Talk.

**No to Fees-Free Cuts Protest Thursday 28th May 11am Union Lawn.**

**The Otago Biochemistry & Genetics Student Association** is going head-to-head against the Science Students Pacific Island Association, at a quiz night! All students are welcome to join on the 27th of May, at the Bog, kicking off at 6:30. Check out @obigsa and @sspia.otago for details.

**The Dunedin Study completes its midlife assessment** in the participants 52nd year, boasting an impressive 92% participant retention rate.

**The Otago Vietnamese Students Association (OVSA)** is hosting a Springrolls & Games Night on May 25th. It's going to be a wholesome evening designed to help students de-stress and meet our new committee to reconnect with the community and create a welcoming environment for students. **Head along from 6 PM -7:30 PM in the Otago Evision Lounge!**

**Do the fucking census or we will find you.**

**Tickets are now on sale for the annual Combined Sciences Ball!** The theme this year is '**Kaleidoscope of Colours**', taking place July 7th, at Auahi Ora from 7pm-midnight. Brought to you by the Biochemistry & Genetics, Microbiology & Immunology, Anatomy & Physiology and Chemistry Student's Associations – check their Instagram for tickets, all students welcome!

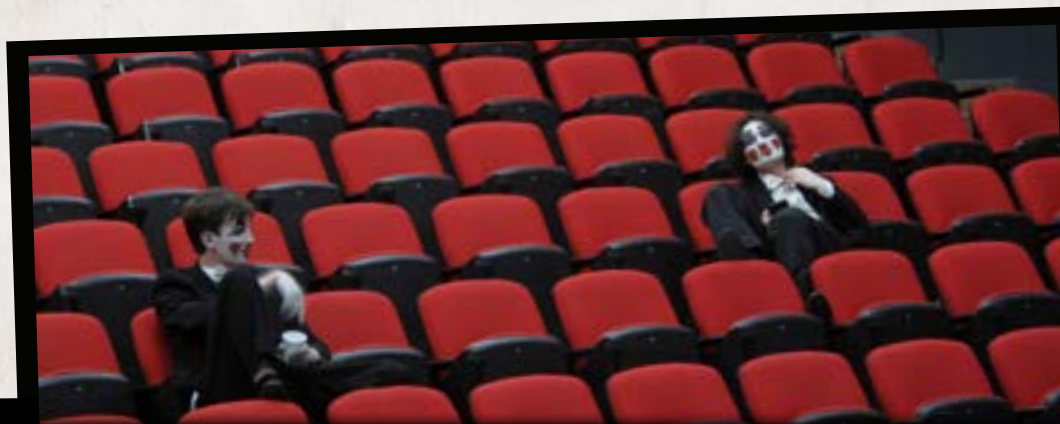


# The News

ISSUE 13

KAWEPŪRONGO

25/05/2026



## CAPPING SHOW REVIEW: UNLEASHED, HILARIOUS AND OVER TOO SOON

A Capping Show Horror – but not horrible!

By Harry Almey, Bella Bates  
& Jonathan McCabe

Staff Writer, Senior News  
Reporter & Contributor  
news@critic.co.nz



Critic Te Ārohi, risking life and limb after publishing a not-so-positive review last year, returned to this year's Capping Show. Thankfully, we didn't have to worry. We only needed to get about 10 minutes in before realising that we weren't going to regret putting them on the front cover the other week.

Breaking tradition, *SQUEAL: A Capping Show Horror* relied on the horror genre as a whole – its tropes and ideas all viciously blended together. That's a major departure from the normal studentesque rip-off of a well known film for the storyline. Critic is delighted to announce that this change really, really worked.

The show follows the tenants of Flat 666 (Lindsey, Deborah, Tom, and Matty), who are dealing with a spooky flat and an ancient malevolent landlord (as many taira do). This landlord, Mr McCready, had been patiently counting down until Saint Patrick's Day, when he could finally complete a ritual to possess a fresh young body. The tenants were also haunted by Ghosted Face (not to be confused with Ghostface), but in a genuinely good twist – Ghosted Face turned out to be trying to scare them off for their own good. Sorry for the spoiler.

This was the most well-rounded Capping Show in our time as students, and nowhere was that clearer than in the main sketch. Free from the annual burden of cramming a recognisable movie parody into 120 chaotic minutes, the writers had their leash unclipped and let things descend into glorious stupidity. Enter "John Pork is calling", Looney Tunes-ass disguises, the fatal horror-movie decision to "split up, gang", and a Jeffrey Epstein jumpscare delivered with full Wile E. Coyote energy. On top of all that, when Senior Officer Craig Daniels and his Campus Watch officers-

in-training entered the mix, there was a minute-long break for applause. Critic is surprised there was no standing ovation.

The only real critique we have for the main sketch is that it felt like it needed an extra scene, which has been a recurring sentiment over the years. There was superb lighting, sound, costume and writing that promised an epic showdown with McCready, which much like great sex, was over way too soon. But we'd much rather be left begging for more than kept hostage in the auditorium way past our bedtimes.

We would also like to formally state that butchering a Twilight poster, even as a prop, should probably qualify as a criminal offence. Although, seeing as it was a Jacob poster, we suspect a jury may be prepared to acquit. Our moral compass truly is strange and mysterious, but the Capping Crew should know better than to fuck with a Twilight stan.

Even though the main storyline carried its own weight, the side sketches also did some undeniably heavy lifting. Thankfully, they hadn't skipped any day over at UniPol. Like the main sketch, they felt oddly liberated. Gone was the pressure to spin a dozen takes on sex jokes across each and every scene, and entered the freedom to say something stupid just because it was funny. Not every sex joke is equal, and this year saw quality over quantity (reverse Pinocchio blowjob — need we say more). Instead, the show leaned fully into their uniquely Capping flavour of unhinged creativity. Unexpected sketches riffing on James Bond and on Jack's death in *Titanic* were sharp, while their deranged spin on *To Catch a Predator* and the interrogation of Mr. Peter Phile had us reeling. Will Murphy outdid himself with the sketch of AskOtago



discussing how to remove a student's "GAY, FURRY, HENTAI, INTERRACIAL, GANGBANG PORN" tab — almost outshining his crowd-favourite role as Senior Officer Craig Daniels, Campus Watch. Having Craig only appear briefly was an excellent decision, proving that 2026 Capping has the ability to stand on its own while acknowledging existing successes.

Another highlight on the side sketch list was "Let it Grow": an argument over whether to let the bush grow, delivered through the iconic *Lorax* song. It was absolutely fucking relentless and had the energy of a bit created at 2am that becomes funnier and funnier because it just won't stop. Every time we thought it had finally reached its natural conclusion, another person would storm onstage to keep the riot going. Then, just as the audience finally began recovering, O'Nair appeared with "Shave it Off", sung to the tune of "Let it Die", and absolutely cleaned us up. Filthy work. Exceptional stuff.

However, we must admit that we didn't fuck with everything (please don't come for us). There was a bit of domestic violence-themed humour woven through a couple of skits, which was more awkward than amazing. One sketch in particular featured a singlet-clad father berating and hitting his son for accidentally bringing him a non-alcoholic beer, and we'll be honest: no one really knew when or where to laugh, except for the deliberately absurd ending. Beyond the shock value of the angry, beer-fuelled dad, there did not seem to be much else underpinning the joke.

Additionally, we know that Capping is pretty keen on its traditions (wimpy blokes, the same actress playing a child with a propeller/hat, and the final Capping bow). Don't fix what ain't broken. But on this note, where did all the NZ political jokes go? There were some, sure, but there could've been a few more. Perhaps with the utter tomfuckery of international politics, there just wasn't enough space for shots at our homegrown coalition.

The boys of the Selwyn Ballet were at their circus best, excelling with their stunts. It was evident how much work had gone into making the chaos of their routine feel genuinely polished rather than just boys doing flips in skirts. First created in 1928, the Selwyn Ballet is the second oldest amateur ballet troupe in the world, and was the oldest all-male troupe until it was opened to everyone at the hall in 2024. Despite these beginners knowing shit-all about ballet, it's more than impressive that this is the one wholesome thing to come out of the cult of Selwyn.

In terms of the musical side of things, we have even more good things to say. The Sexytet did a great job this year. Their best parody was of the Harry Styles hit, titled "Sign of the Wine" (hahaha, get it?) Their commentary on the abolition of Fees Free got plenty of rise from the audience. Our only critical note read: "I would have laughed more if I could have heard what they were singing." We did hear "fuck Arana" loud and clear though. Preach.

The Sextet's refrain "you take the man out of Otago, not Otago out the man" was genuinely touching, expressing a certain amount of sentimental admiration for Ōtepoti, which is often overlooked by the student body. Were the rest of the verses still crude? Of course, and we would want nothing less. The band also delivered a truly outstanding performance, from lyrical highlights such as "Robbo doesn't know", to grinding on their microphone stand (and on each other). If only town had bangers like these.

Undoubtedly, the best part was the unpredictability of it all. Every time the curtains opened, it felt like anything could happen. This was trying something new and brave, and experimenting with which lines to cross. And, judging from the Sextet's choice of "We are Charlie Kirk", and the timeless Capping bow at the end, that seems to be the point of it all. All the hard work that went into this show absolutely paid off. Med Revue, Law Revue, and Capping Show '27 should be absolutely terrified. The bar is here.

Fuck Arana. ★

## GOVERNMENT TO TWEAK CLIMATE CHANGE LAW

Even more policy changes for students to tweak about

By Jack Evans  
Contributor  
news@critic.co.nz



Amid a flurry of news from the Government, such as the cutting of fees free, and Judith Collins leaving Parliament (to fā soifua Judith), Minister of Justice Paul Goldsmith has dropped a bombshell for the future of Aotearoa's climate change response. Here is a quick explainer from Critic Te Ārohi – we've got your back if you've never suffered through LAWS101.

On the 12th of May, the Government announced that it will amend the Climate Change Response Act 2002 to prevent the courts from finding private companies responsible for climate change damage caused by greenhouse gas emissions. The motivation for such a change is targeted at one man who has kept Fonterra and six other companies up at night: Mike Smith.

Since 2019, Mike (Ngāpuhi and Ngāti Kahu) has been working his way through the courts. He's claiming that major emitters from energy, mining, infrastructure and dairy industries owe him, and his iwi, a legal duty to prevent damage of their whenua and moana through their emissions of planet-warming gases. Two years ago, our head honchos of justice up in the Supreme Court rejected the seven big polluters' attempt to dismiss the case, and ruled that Mike's case should be heard. He was set to be heard in April of next year. This case would have seen the High Court define the parameters of claiming damages for climate change – a massive development for environmental law in Aotearoa. Mike was not seeking money, instead seeking a reduction in, or end to, the production of emissions from the companies that he was going after.

This kind of claim was unprecedented for courts to grapple with. Whilst courts have long dealt with people claiming damages for negligence or nuisance caused by private companies, this specific iteration directed at climate change damage had not been brought before Aotearoa's justice system before. Negligence and nuisance are forms of "tort law", which is law that is not created by Parliament. Instead, the courts basically make tort law up over hundreds of years of incremental development, using precedence from past judgements to guide decisions.

Tort acts as a sort of default system – existing in the spaces where legislation does not have an immediate or direct answer. For many areas of law (such as negligence), Parliament is happy to leave the court's long lines of cases as the most appropriate avenue to figure out the legal basis of the argument.

Otago law Professor Andrew Geddis, a specialist in constitutional theory and rights law, explained to Critic that while there is a "somewhat flawed" statutory regime that's intended to reduce emissions in the future, there is no "compensatory mechanism in place whereby those who have and continue to contribute to climate change have to pay for that harm." The non-Legalese translation of that is that while there's some climate change law floating around, it doesn't allow people to get other people in trouble for making climate change worse. So, in Andrew's words, Mike Smith's proposed tort response sought to "create liability that would allow for such compensation." This means we could get people in trouble for making climate change worse due to their emissions.

The statutory regime consists of the existing Climate Change Response Act and the Emissions Trading Scheme (ETS), which functions by setting an industry cap on emissions – if companies emit more than are allowed under the scheme, they must "purchase" additional emission units or carbon credits to offset the environmental damage. However, a large exception exists: the agricultural sector is not covered by the ETS.

With the proposed amendment to the Climate Change Response Act, the carpet has been essentially pulled from beneath Mike. Seven years of battling through the courts, and he's now being hit with a law that was designed to stop him. That's Parliamentary sovereignty, baby – they have the final say. Professor Nicola Wheen, Otago's environmental law expert, noted that it wasn't even a sure thing whether Mike would have succeeded in April's court case, joking that the proposed amendment was a "paranoid" regulatory response from the Government.

Paul Goldsmith claimed that response to climate change is best managed by the Government via legislation and the ETS. Climate Clinic Otago co-President Hetty Finney Waters disagreed. "Aotearoa's climate legislation already has significant issues that undermine our climate objectives, such as the ETS, which doesn't incentivise large emitters to reduce their emissions, and an adaptation framework that lacks teeth," she explained. With this track record, it is perhaps understandable that Mike decided he needed to try his luck a different way, attempting to strike directly at the companies responsible for the largest greenhouse gas emissions. If the proposed law change from the Government goes ahead, there will be one less path available for climate action.

Another dynamic to this proposed law change is that the law would be applied retrospectively. Usually, it is a bad idea to legislate backwards, unless there is a strong justification. The reason for this is fairness. People need to know and conform their conduct to the law as it was at the time of their actions, protecting their expectations. Despite retroactive legislation being a general no-no, Paul Goldsmith told RNZ that Mike's case was "creating uncertainty in business confidence and investments that the Government must address".

Andrew warns that blocking Mike is the equivalent of the Government choosing who is a legal winner and loser. "Your right to have a matter judged by a court and decided according to the law in place at the time that the matter occurred [has come] to depend entirely on whether the government likes what it thinks the court might decide. That's not law. That's pure politics."

Hetty argues that this intent to legislate over Mike's case, and provide no real alternative pathway "puts Aotearoa significantly behind the international standard(...)" The role of the courts in providing remedies and holding emitters to account has been recognised globally, especially for state obligations under the Paris Agreement."

Hetty further labelled the decision a "national embarrassment" and a "clear attempt to shield a small number of our biggest emitters at the expense of the general public." Andrew explained that, in his opinion, the change creates a "privatised gain and socialised losses situation," where those contributing to climate change get to "keep the profits from doing so, whilst the cost of adapting to climate change falls onto all of society as whole."

Nicola Wheen encouraged young people to familiarise themselves with the various party policies ahead of the election. She noted that we have much to be grateful to Mike for – despite being knocked back – he has ensured that these issues are now very much out there for all to see. After all, it's an election year – double check that who you want to send into the Beehive will champion the planet the way you believe it should. ★



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## DIVERSIFY THE LIBRARY: BOOKS THAT REFLECT OUR EXPERIENCE

Heated Rivalry is coming to a library near you!

By **Gryffin Blockley**  
Deputy Editor  
critic@critic.co.nz



With over twenty thousand students, Ōtākou Whakaihū Waka taurā boast a massive range of backgrounds and lived experiences. In order to reflect this range, the team behind the library has a new project: Diversify the Library (DTL). They're working hard to have their (already expansive) catalogue be more reflective of students' lived experiences, especially those students who are part of the University's recognised equity groups. They're here for so much more than watching you cry over exam time lock-ins.

Critic Te Ārohi had the chance to sit down with a few friendly staff members of the library to learn about the kaupapa – Megan Vaughan (Engagement Librarian), Sela Pole-Fehoko (Advisor Pacific Engagement), Scott Venning (Divisional Manager, Commerce and Humanities) and Jacob Weston (Library Engagement Assistant).

The initiative is focused on expanding the selection of books on offer to better represent certain groups of students. These equity groups include those living with disabilities, those who have been the first in family to attend uni, LGBTQ+ taurā, students from low-socioeconomic backgrounds or refugee backgrounds, those with English as a second language, and women who have faced barriers to access or success. The initiative kicked off in October 2023, and has gained traction with hundreds of books now acquired – 278 at the time of writing.

The team Critic with a list of their most borrowed titles, which was described as “underscoring the initiative's success in connecting with users”. The three books with the most loans were Matariki: the Star of the Year (Rangi Matamua), A Māori Phrase a Day: 365 Phrases to Kickstart Your Reo (Hēmi Kelly) and Gideon the Ninth (Tasmyn Muir). Library staff did confirm to Critic a high amount of requests for Heated Rivalry as part of the programme, which is expected to become one of the most in-demand books once it arrives.

Any staff or student can request a book simply by filling out a book request form online – just chuck ‘DTL’ in the notes, completely for free! Once a request is in, the librarians will try and source for the University catalogue, and can even place a hold on it so you can snag first dibs.

Megan explained to Critic that the initiative is something that has been done “overseas, at other libraries and universities”, and while some libraries have called this initiative “Liberate our Library”, Otago settled on “Diversify the Library”.

Another project stemmed from these efforts: the Koloa mei Moana initiative. This allows Pacific students to each choose a book to add to the University's collection. These books capture the (tumultuous) effort of a PhD, and Sele described that they've “sprinkled in a bit of Pacific flavour” to the collection. This allows a physical legacy to be left for other taurā to discover – expanding the collection of books that reflect Pacific experiences in the process. The initiative first debuted at a Pacific Graduation Breakfast, which Sele said was “almost like a cherry on the top at the end of the Pacific graduation”. There are hopes to expand the initiative to taurā Māori in the future too.

Megan wanted to emphasise the programme is for all types of books, not just for those related to your papers. “It might be fiction, or poetry, or art or something that doesn't necessarily reflect what somebody's studying, but something that they're definitely interested in.” While a trip to Central is usually associated with an impending deadline of caffeine-induced exam stress, it's nice to know that fiction books are available to help you rediscover the fun of reading before classes ruined that feeling for you.

The library kaimahi wants to reduce as many barriers to checking out books as possible, so overdue fines have been abolished. “We realise that not everyone can afford fines, that's added pressure on people's bank accounts,” Megan explained to Critic. If a book doesn't have a hold on it, it can be renewed enough to last you for most of a semester. So, there's no need to stress about finishing your book quickly.

Book requests for the Diversify the Library initiative can be made on the Library Website, or you can talk to a staff member in person at the green help desk on the ground floor of Central Library. Megan reminded Critic that students “do have a bit of a break coming up”, so now's the perfect chance to request a book that represents you, and get back on the GoodReads grind. ★

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## CRITIC TE ĀROHI'S (THEATRICAL) GUIDE TO MID-YEAR BREAK

Staying in town doesn't have to leave you feeling down

By Saraia Allais  
Contributor  
news@critic.co.nz



If you're stuck down in Duffers for the upcoming break, don't fall to the temptation of a three-week long bed rot. If you fancy doing something other than drinking the cold away, or finding hot new ways to procrastinate exam study, Critic Te Ārohi's got you. Happy end of semester!

### 21st May: Romeo and Juliet – set in 1900s rural Dunedin

Globe Theatre is turning truly unc (65 years old). To celebrate, they're performing their first ever play again: Romeo and Juliet. Set in 1961 rural Dunedin, because obviously nothing says Shakespeare like small town Otago, Globe claims to be bringing this youthful tragic love to a scene "familiar and unsettlingly close to home".

Other than the "familiar" setting of the mid 1900s, the story remains relatively the same: two teenagers meet, immediately decide that they are soulmates, and then proceed to dramatically die. Sounds similar enough to the average situationship in 2026. So, if you've been wanting some drama in your life, and UOO Confessions of love aren't doing it for you anymore, you can go see Romeo and Juliet between the 21st and 30th of May for just \$25.

### 22nd May: The Circus has come to town (again)

The Weber Bros Circus will be at The Oval between the 22nd of May and the 14th of June. This circus, the largest show in Australasia, promises to excite and delight with acts ranging from a human cannonball, to gravity-defying motorcyclists, to aerial acrobats. Fucking awesome.

You can have this experience for just \$50. If that'll still break the student bank, try rushing down to the ticket office one hour before showtime to get some of the last GA tickets to the side of the ring for \$35 (#hacks). Get out of the flat to watch a half-theatre, half-fever dream test of strength, endurance, and durability, complete with stunts that make you question basic human anatomy (and why your own core strength peaked in Year 10 P.E.). You'll leave wondering if maybe you should drop out, and run away to join the circus (we hear there aren't ANY readings involved). Deeply humbling stuff.

### 27th May: Oui oui, le cinéma

The French Film festival is returning to Rialto cinemas from the 27th of May to the 21st of June. For the people that downloaded Duolingo a year ago and still haven't learnt a thing, why not spend two hours reading subtitles and pretending to understand?

This festival is for pseudo-intellectuals to gather, pretend to enjoy mouldy cheese, and nod their heads thoughtfully at the "cinematography". Letterboxd try-hards are welcome too, of course. French film somehow manages to make the most mundane feel profound: two people in love staring at each other for an uncomfortably long time (love it), someone smoking gloomily out a window (parfait).

The festival includes a mix of dramas, comedies, and romance, and even if you walk out having understood nothing, you will have gained the ability to casually drop that you watch "foreign cinema", which is priceless.

### 30th May: Murder, interactive theatre, cowboys and cowgirls

The longest running comedy show in Aotearoa, the Great Western Murder Mystery, is coming back to Dunedin on the 30th of May. This interactive show features cowboys and cowgirls teaming up to solve an old timey western murder of the "infamous cattle rustler Dooky Smudge".

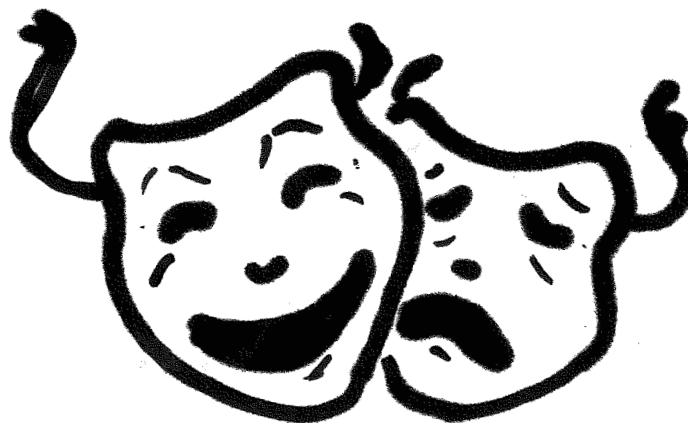
You may have seen the poster around town, promising to provide "one of the world's most interactive live theatre shows". If you fancy yourself a bit of a detective, or strongly considered a minor in criminology, you can live out these dreams for just \$54.50 per person. Finally a chance to dust off those cowboy hats you bought for Castle O-Week hosts to wear. You know you kept them for a reason.

### 12th June: Midwinter Carnival

Every year, Dunedin's First Church hosts the mid-winter carnival to convince everyone that Otepoti's perpetual freezing temperatures are something special. This year's theme is Rustle in the Night: "from glowing dragons to watchful ruru and ancient tuatara, the night will be alive with curious company!" Basically, it'll be a welcome break from the curious company your flatmate brings home from town.

On June 12th and 13th, for just \$10, you can wander through a transformed central Dunedin, with installations of giant lanterns made by local artists (and smaller, less professional lanterns are made in workshops which you can also attend). There will be performances from a number of music, dance, school, and cultural groups, as well as a selection of food trucks. Thankfully, this is coming at just the right time for taurira – the tail end of exam season.

Be a tourist for a night (or if you're a fresher, be around others who gawk at everything and take up too much space). Take a break between exams, get that shot for your Instagram dump – whatever reasoning you want, this is an event not to be missed. It's a much-needed reminder that Otepoti is more than just a collection of cold flats and stressed students. ★





## THE MAN BEHIND CRAIG DANIELS: WILL MURPHY

By **Hanna Varrs**  
Editor  
critic@critic.co.nz



Second-year Will Murphy (@willmurphycomedy) has “always been into theatre”, which makes it no surprise that when he enrolled in Otago he chose to major in Theatre Studies. With a “soft spot” for comedians, he grew up watching the likes of Rowan Atkinson (better known as his character Mr. Bean), and was influenced from a young age to become the class (or in this case, the University) clown.

He first started his comedy Instagram account after he got his Christmas money last year, finally upgrading from an iPhone 8. “I started doing lots of Christmas related skits, and there were mixed reviews for those,” he admits. He took a break from comedy for a while after that – “everyone’s being too mean to me.” But then, Will had a bright idea: he’d start making characters to do skits instead. “That way, they’re not being mean to me, they’re being mean to the character,” he explained. That’s when he came up with Craig Daniels – a fictional and hilariously earnest Campus Watch overachiever. He pitched Craig as an idea to last year’s Capping Show, where he first debuted in a skit. “He sort’ve just happened,” Will admitted. Now, Craig’s Instagram account (@craigdaniels\_campuswatch) has gained over 4000 followers.

Speaking to the inspiration behind Craig, Will recalls that he takes from his grandfather a lot when he does those sorts of characters. “He asks me all the time – ‘Is this me, Will?’ And I say ‘no, don’t worry. No, it’s not you.’ But it is.” His family are incredibly supportive of Will’s comedic endeavors – often giving him advice on what they think Craig would say, prompting him to “write things down”. Craig’s pretty much become part of the family at this point.

Once last year’s Capping Show cast took their final bows, Will made the account for Craig, initially envisioning that it would end up as a podcast. He made a few episodes before pivoting

to making videos on TikTok and Instagram – the very first of which amassed 100k views. Will (and Craig) kept going, soon beginning to collaborate with the likes of JMango (which has over 200k views), Baseline Festival and Southern Events. Critic Te Ārohi is proud to say that he was Will’s first ever collab, doing a campus tour back in February. “I get requests from all sorts [...] I’ve never asked anyone to collaborate,” Will revealed. In terms of any up and coming collabs, he said that he’s very keen to get in touch with Aunty Ling from Formosa Delight. Please, hit Will up if anyone’s got a contact for her – it’ll be the crossover of the century.

Given Craig’s success, Will has become a bit of a microcelebrity around campus. The first time he was recognised, he was in Pak’n’Save with his mum, and some person came up to him and asked if he was the “Campus Watch guy”. “I was flattered,” he said, describing that he “loves it” when people come up and say hi.

While many might not think that the comedy scene in Dunedin is massive, Will reckons it’s just a game of knowing where to look. “Once you find it, it’s quite big,” he says. He’s a part of the Dunedin Comedy Group, which performs over at Inch Bar doing standup comedy on Wednesdays. He also starred again in this year’s Capping Show, though Craig only made a brief appearance.

In terms of what’s next for his comedic endeavours, Will’s pretty keen to branch his comedic arsenal beyond Craig and introduce some new characters to the big wide world of our campus – so keep an eye on his various comedy accounts. We also heard the exclusive scoop that Will might be getting involved with more Critic stuff next semester – but our lips are sealed (for now). You’ll have to stay turned on, just like Craig. In his words: “if you’re not turned on, things go wrong.” Kia ora. ★

# Crossword St

**ACROSS**

- 1 Played "Weird Al" Yankovic in a biopic (2)
- 6 Social media personalities
- 8 Unit of speed (acr.)
- 10 A cell's nucleus
- 11 Furious
- 13 Relevant to current events
- 14 Guides how a study is conducted
- 19 Talks about other peoples' business
- 22 Bag typically only having one shoulder strap
- 23 Without limits
- 24 To reprimand informally

**DOWN**

- 1 OUSA president (2)
- 2 Unearthing a dead body
- 3 A sacrilegious violation
- 4 American enforcers of tax laws (acr.)
- 5 Fascinated, captivated
- 7 Being without clothes
- 9 British slang, essentially meaning "am I right?"
- 12 A fixed or limited amount of something
- 15 Forced out of a position or place
- 16 Challenge, resist
- 17 Young folks
- 18 Sarcastic expression that mimics crying
- 20 Sometimes pulled by huskies
- 21 Outdated dance move, popularized in 2016
- 22 Special forces unit of the British Army (acr.)

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FIND ANSWERS ON [CRITIC.CO.NZ](http://CRITIC.CO.NZ)



[www.sudokuoftheday.com](http://www.sudokuoftheday.com)

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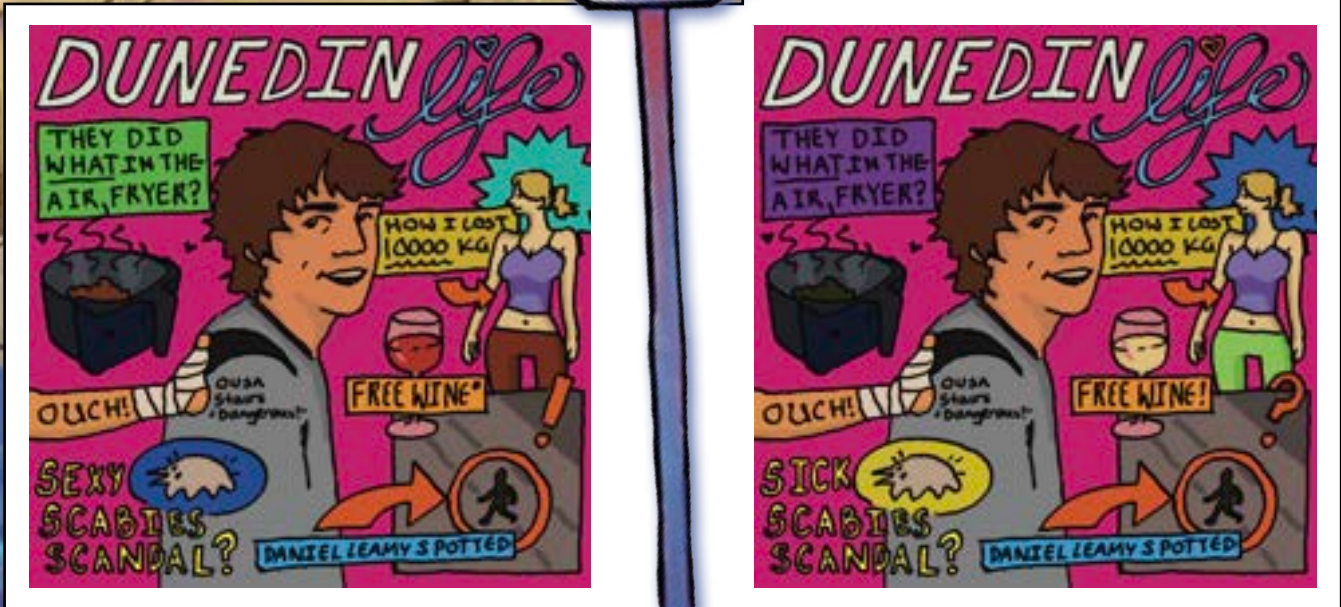
SCANDAL  
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 UWU  
 BATHTUB  
 EYELINER  
 GYMSHARK  
 GOSSIP  
 DIVA

Tune into  
 movie review  
 11am Mondays  
 on 91FM

BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
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 ESPRESSO BAR  
 36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN



There are 10 differences between the two images  
 Illustrated by Jimmy Tannock



# HOT OR NOT:

## Trends of Otagooooo

By Molly Smith Soppet

*Student culture changes fast. One week, everyone's in jorts and shotgunning Cody's in their mates flat. Next, they're wearing quarter zips, training for a half marathon, and spending \$14 on a strawberry matcha because it's "better for cortisol."*

*Somewhere between economic collapse, gym culture, LinkedIn posting, and collective social and academic fatigue, student life shifts. The nights are quieter, the outfits darker, and everyone suddenly owns a water bottle bigger than their biceps.*

*So, for those struggling to keep up – here's what's hot and what's absolutely not on Otago's campus.*

### Hot: Looking Like You Tramp

Fashion has officially entered its practical but chic era.

Gone are the patterns and cute festi fits. The new uniform of Otago students is dark tones, oversized t-shirts with a long sleeve underneath, fleece pull overs, and headphones (not ear buds!) permanently attached to your head. Everyone looks like they're either:

- On the way to 'cafe-study' with a group of mates
- Be the lead in an early 2000s skater flick
- Tramp the Routeburn Track

Patagonia-esque fleeces are huge. Funnel necks are back. Glassons sweaters continue their hostile takeover of every lecture theatre across the motu. Even denim trends are changing – the slow migration from jorts to jeans is underway, though that has probably got more to do with the weather than anything else.

Perhaps the most shocking development of all: shaving your legs for the 'aerodynamics'. Largely, this is thanks to the impending Dunedin marathon, which has turned run clubs and workout classes into the hottest social scene in town.

**"Legumes are having a moment"**



### Hot: Tiny Comforts

Everyone's broke, tired, and hanging on by a thread – so naturally the trend cycle has shifted towards the little joys of life.

Soup is in. Mashed potatoes with anything and everything? Revolutionary. Poke bowls are still hanging on for when there's a bit more money in the bank account, and Biscoff continues its streak as the flavour of economic decline.

Matcha, boba, and energy drinks are doing a full rotation. Recycling bins in the libraries seem to be spilling with Red Bulls of all flavours, sugar free Monsters galore and sometimes the occasional Blue V. Never the green flavour.

At the same time, people seem to have started thinking that lentils are exciting (?). Fibre is the new protein: legumes are having a moment, and everyone seems to be locked into their gut microbiome and hormones (whatever that means).

Coffee culture has changed too. Buying coffee everyday is out. Making coffee at home or at uni is in. Whether you're surviving off sachets or blessed with a flatmate whose parents sent down an ancient espresso machine, nobody seems to be buying flat whites anymore. Cozzie livs have claimed the life of a pre-lecture brew.

MILKRUN also deserves an honourable mention for being the great middle ground of actually doing a grocery shop and getting Uber Eats. So hot.

### Hot: Being A Nerd

Nonchalance is out. Being a fan of things is back in.

People are way more willing to openly enjoy dorky stuff again. Pokémon cards are back. Blind boxes and everywhere. Physical media is making a comeback, just like Kim coz I think she got cum on her back in that one video.

**PERFORMATIVE?**



Gaming is huge again too – everyone seems to either be grinding Overwatch, Dead by Daylight, or prioritising the needs of their Animal Crossing villagers before their own.

TV trends have even shifted. Superhero shows are creeping back in with Invincible and The Boys, docu-series are everywhere, and suddenly everyone is excited about the Darth Maul show.

Libraries are also weirdly hot right now. Mostly because everyone wants somewhere warm to sit while they play on their laptops.

**Hot: Hyperpop And Other Electronic Music**

Playing in our wireless headphones, we all seem to have the same genre of slightly stressful electronic music.

Whether Ninajirachi is your poison or you're still emotionally attached to Avicii, everyone seems to be marching to the same hyperpop-techno beat. Other hot artists include 1tbsp and Slayyyter.

Country music, however, finally seems to be dying out. Not if you're my mum though.

**Not: Big Nights Out**

People still go out, but the era of absolutely feral nights seems to have disappeared as quickly as the warm weather.

Clubs are out, pubs are in. Everyone would rather sit in a dimly lit booth with six mates than scream over shitty DnB remixes in a room that smells like vodka Red Bulls and unchecked masculinity.

Even as a cornerstone of student culture, drinking habits are seeing changes too. People aren't fully sober, but fewer students are "just drinking." There's usually another substance mixed in there somewhere. Weed is definitely up, and bags are still going strong. Ket is rising higher than a horsie in surgery, and gear is having a pretty bad comedown in popularity. Hangouts to just get high and do drugs are basically their own social category.

Student bars and the hope of us getting on is lowkey washed as fuck. RIP.

**Not: Trying Too Hard Online**

We are so insanely aware of our own online presence that social media has looped back around into embarrassment.

Instagram captions are basically gone, because no one has the attention span to read them. Reposting your own birthday stories is public humiliation. Instagram Reels are no longer embarrassing to watch, slowly coming for TikTok's crown.

And yet everyone is still online constantly.

BeReal has been missing in action since 2022. Snapchat is on life support. LinkedIn has become the new 'in' app, which is terrifying and likely has something to do with our neoliberal economy. And as we get older, our peers are now posting things like:

"Thrilled to announce..."

Read the room. Nobody is thrilled in this job market.



**Country music is DEAD!?**

**Not: Being A Snob About Other People's Joys**

I'm happy to announce that reading fanfic isn't something we need to do in the dark and on an incognito tab anymore. We can proudly list it on our GoodReads 'read' list. That goes for TV too - long live MAFS, Love Island, and maybe even Survivor.

Being a hater of these things is just dry. As the world around us is kinda crumbling, sometimes it's nice to turn your brain off for a little and consume the stuff your mum left as reading material in the family toilet. Not everything needs to prompt you to have a deeper reflection.

**Not: Multiple Cables For Your Devices**

I think we can probably thank the EU for this one. As they slowly force everyone towards USB-C, society may finally know peace.

Lightning cables are out. USB-C is in. Suddenly your phone, headphones, vape, Kindle, laptop, and vibrator can all charge with the same cord. Beautiful stuff. But USB-C shouldn't enjoy their rein for too long, with wireless charging adored by its early adopters. ★



**HONOURABLE MENTIONS**

**HOT**

- Facebook Marketplace – grail finds always
- Making an effort to get the plans out of the groupchat
- Being aware of incoming weather cycles
- Freebies
- Being early – on time is late and don't you forget it

**NOT**

- Empty flat fridges - get yo grocery game up
- Owning a car in North D
- Uni wifi – we have all been victimised by eduroam
- Wordle – controversial, I know
- Al 'art' – a real bruh moment

By Matilda Rumball-Smith & Molly Smith Soppet

# TRIPLE TROUBLE

## STUDENT PRESIDENTS CAUGHT LIVING **DOUBLE LIVES** IN BOMBSHELL INVESTIGATION

In a shocking display of coordinated corruption, OUSA President Daniel Leamy and Te Rōpū Māori Tumuaki Takirua Jarna Flintoff and Sami Harrison Dunn have allegedly fooled and deceived the hard-working student body. Critic Te Ārohi would say this is the biggest scandal to hit campus, but someone probably stole a road cone while you were reading this.

Critic first caught wind of their misgivings while perusing Facebook Marketplace for a new couch at the start of the semester (#RIP). Nestled between "Flat couch (smoker household)" and "Free mattress. No questions please," we stumbled across an advertisement displaying the president's faces.

**"WANTED: SOMEONE THAT LOOKS LIKE US."**

With a caption like that, tickle us intrigued. The role offered a generous pay package, boasting an hourly rate that was eight dollars below minimum wage (similar to what Politics Rep Flynn Nisbett gets per hour) plus a "taxable monthly income", which is either a real phrase or something invented by someone who failed BSNS111. Sources close to Critic confirm President Leamy has taken the paper before, adding to the shocking evidence uncovered.



**EXPOSED??**

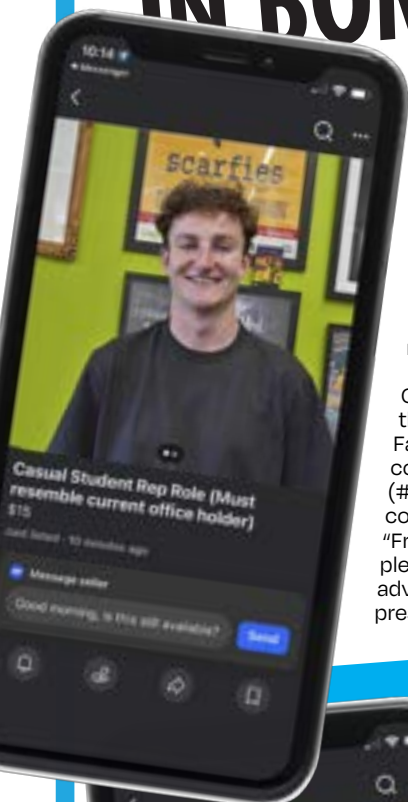


Dumbfounded, Critic put on our investigative hat, auto-responded with "Hey, is this available?" and waited – all in the name of justice for students.

Sixty-seven gruelling minutes later, the account responded with a bombshell of a generic reply. Successful applicants would be required to attend meetings, take notes, respond to emails, give media comments, and handle all administrative tasks the student representatives "couldn't be stuffed doing." In their words: "We're looking for someone to do our jobs while we keep the clout. And some profit."

At first, Critic assumed this was the work of one rogue president. But as our investigation continued, it became clear this was bigger than Leamy. This was a coordinated OUSA-TRM operation, taking advantage of the good will (and desperation for money) of studious Otago taurira. A student leadership Ponzi scheme (whatever that means, Ponzi just sounds cool). A body-double bureaucracy. Watergate, but with popularity at stake.

Shockingly, the job description did not require the lookalike to attend University Council meetings in Leamy's place. After talking with OUSA Association Secretary and Corporate Support Manager Donna Jones, Critic believes this is because Leamy "enjoys bro-ing out" with his fellow University Council



members. These members are likely Chancellor Trish Oakley and former Labour Party MP Hon Dr David Clark, whom Leamy is connected with on LinkedIn. What could they possibly be talking about behind the closed doors of the clock tower? Before Critic could enquire further, the account initiated a Facebook Messenger video call. Critic caught a split second of someone in an Oodie, a poorly lit bedroom, and what appeared to be three Google Calendars open at once before the call abruptly ended.

Moments later, Critic received a message insisting the listing was “just a joke” and that we should “not deep it.” Naturally, we got critical. That is literally our whole thing. The following day, Leamy stopped by the Critic office to remind us that OUSA controls all the funding for Critic — and how lovely it is that he is the President of OUSA. Critic designer (and Executive mole) Ash McFarlane agreed, nodding in the way people do when their best friend is spitting straight cap.

Afraid of the repercussions, (rumour has it the presidents have the power to ban students from \$5 lunch), Critic Te Ārohi did what any principled publication would do: we briefly relinquished our journalistic integrity and kept our mouths shut. For now.

These threats didn't stop Critic from ruthlessly pursuing this investigation. We've lawyered up, watched a TED Talk on power poses, and read the first three sentences of the Wikipedia page for defamation. Nothing can stop us, except maybe defamation, because we couldn't be fucked reading the whole article. What Critic is sure of is the irrefutable evidence we uncovered.

On Saint Patrick's Day, Leamy was spotted by Critic video operation members at both Lakehouse and Transit — at the same time. These exclusive photographs captured him at 8:45 am at Transit, and again at 8:49 am at Lakehouse. Unless Deceitful Daniel is hiding something bigger that would break the fabric of time and space, the President has successfully hired a doppelgänger. Or he can teleport, which would explain how he gets to so many meetings and still has the energy to go to Pint Night.



Jarna and Sami have proven even harder to pin down. Critic has received reports of them appearing at the Māori Centre, Union Lawn, the Link, an OUSA meeting, and three separate hui within the same hour. At first, we assumed this was possible because of coffee and an e-scooter. Until we realised they were way too cool to ever be seen on an e-scooter (unlike Leamy).

Our suspicions grew after an anonymous source sent Critic a screenshot of a shared calendar titled “Definitely Not A Doppelgänger Roster”. The calendar allegedly contained entries such as “attend meeting”, “attend \$5 lunch in a perusing the options kinda way”, “reply before 5pm”, and “Daniel backup: wear quarter-zip”.

Critic cannot verify the authenticity of the screenshot. But it was colour-coded, and frankly, that feels incriminating. Colour-coding is what people do when they have either nothing to hide or far too much to hide.

We are not saying Daniel, Jarna, and Sami created a shadow executive of lookalikes to preserve their public image while any semblance of work they promised to do when elected. Critic firmly believes that no student ‘politician’ should be able to attend that many meetings, answer emails before 5pm, appear in that many photos, and still remember where they put the keys to their offices.

Draw your own conclusions.

Critic Te Ārohi will continue investigating this matter as it develops. If you have any leads, sightings, or photographic evidence of additional duplicates, please get in touch with TickleMonster1979 on the Castle26 Facebook page. The future of student democracy is at stake. ★



# WHY WINE, CIGS AND MAGS ARE BETTER THAN BOTOX!

"I love to be fully submerged in other people's business!"





# PEOPLE WATCHING

## BACKSTAGE AT THE CAPPING SHOW DRESS REHEARSAL



BEN, PART OF THE BAND

"CAPPING ENDORSES BUSH!"

— LOGAN (THE LORAX)



SEXTET, "NOT IN OUR FULL OUTFITS!"

JANELLE EVA LEXIE SELINA JESS AMERA

CAMPUS WATCH: PARANORMAL DIVISION

MADDY GRACE



HARRIET (CAMP GOD)

"THIS IS PROBABLY MY FAVORITE COSTUME"



"I WANT MY FRESH BODY"

JACK & TUCK, IN CHARACTER



SAM, AKA "CUMMY HANDS", OF THE SEXTET

"WE'RE ALL MASSIVE NARCISSISTS"



"BACKSTAGE BADDIES," GRACE & SAMSAM



"I LET THESE GUYS HANDLE THE INDUSTRY STUFF"

MADS, EXEC PRODUCER



IZZI, DOING AUSTIN'S STAGE MAKEUP



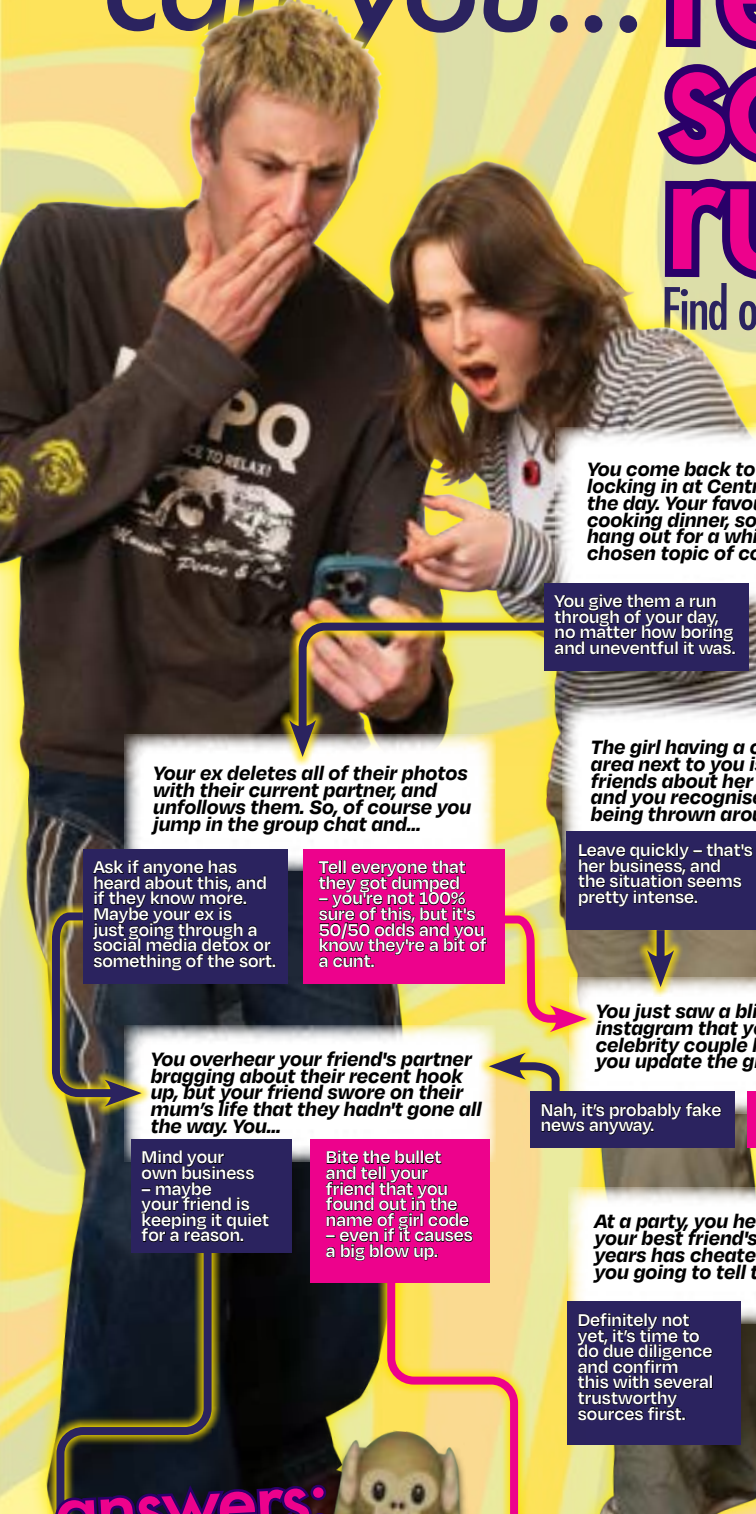
GHOSTED FACE!

GEMMA MCKINNEY IN THE STYLE OF TOBY MORRIS!

# can you... resist a scandalous rumour?

Find out if you're trustworthy or a blabbermouth!

By Molly Smith Soppet



**You come back to your flat after locking in at Central for most of the day. Your favourite flatmate is cooking dinner, so you decide to hang out for a while. What is your chosen topic of conversation?**

You give them a run through of your day, no matter how boring and uneventful it was.

You are bursting to tell them about the gossip you overheard in the Link at lunchtime.

**The girl having a cig in the smokers area next to you is bawling to her friends about her boy problems, and you recognise a few names being thrown around. You...**

Leave quickly – that's her business, and the situation seems pretty intense.

Light up another dart and nonchalantly-eavesdrop. You might find out some juicy stuff...

**Your ex deletes all of their photos with their current partner, and unfollows them. So, of course you jump in the group chat and...**

Ask if anyone has heard about this, and if they know more. Maybe your ex is just going through a social media detox or something of the sort.

Tell everyone that they got dumped – you're not 100% sure of this, but it's 50/50 odds and you know they're a bit of a cunt.

**At a party, the host pulls you aside and says that they heard your friend chatting shit about you. What do you do?**

Ask your friend if it's true. You trust your friend, but honestly wouldn't be surprised if they were getting lippy.

Leave your so-called 'friend' on open and ignore them for a bit, hoping they pick up the hints that they've fucked the friendship – big time.

**When someone tells you "don't tell anyone", you...**

Keep those lips zipped.

Ofc you tell your closest friend, but swear them to secrecy afterwards

**You overhear your friend's partner bragging about their recent hook up, but your friend swore on their mum's life that they hadn't gone all the way. You...**

Mind your own business – maybe your friend is keeping it quiet for a reason.

Bite the bullet and tell your friend that you found out in the name of girl code – even if it causes a big blow up.

**You just saw a blind item on instagram that your favourite celebrity couple has broken up! Do you update the group chat?**

Nah, it's probably fake news anyway.

Of course! If I care, then they must too.

**Your flatmate confides in you that they're thinking of moving home – uni just isn't going well, and they want some of the comforts that only a mother can bring. You...**

Keep it quiet until they tell the rest of the flat – it's not your story, and there is probably something underlying going on too.

Tell the rest of the flaties once they're asleep, but make them swear to keep it quiet until they have 'officially' been told.

**At a party, you hear a rumour that your best friend's partner of 2 years has cheated on them. Are you going to tell them?**

Definitely not yet, it's time to do due diligence and confirm this with several trustworthy sources first.

You tell them, but preface that you aren't certain, and that it's "just what I've heard". Surely it's better hearing this from a friend first?

## answers:

### You don't listen

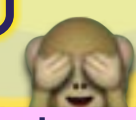
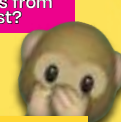
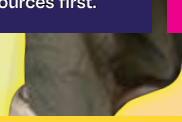
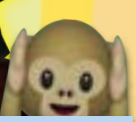
If it's not coming from the horse's mouth, you don't want it. Your hesitancy is one of your best qualities, but sometimes it is ok to trust a secondary source! Because you know how to zip your lips, your friends often find comfort in explaining their problems to you. You're super well versed, and your advice is immaculate.

### You wait it out

Okay, so you're not tuning it out when someone is blabbing to you, but you're not exactly the first one in a game of whispers. At the end of the day, you know it's not your news, so you're not in a rush to spread it. Your preferred course of action is waiting until things have spread through the grapevine a bit before you throw your two cents in.

### Mouth moving faster than Usain Bolt

It's no secret that your three favourite words are "did you hear...?" Whether it's a potential campus celeb break up, or your flatmate's spicy hook up, you're there – ready to listen and share. Be warned that spreading too many rumours can hurt your credibility, or worse. If you wanna keep being in the know, be selective!



TELL ALL



# WITH DUNEDIN'S HOTTEST INFLUENCER: SAVANNAH BLEWDEN

## Sav Spills All! Dating, Drama and Brand Deals

By Stella Weston & Hanna Varrs

Savannah Blewden, ("call me Sav!"), is Dunedin's hottest influencer right now. On TikTok, her biggest platform, she sports nearly 40k followers and 4.5 million likes. Being online, making videos, and portraying her life so openly and visually is just something she's "always kinda done", she explained to Critic Te Ārohi. Before TikTok, it was random vlogs in her childhood, or a 'Sustainable Sav' Instagram account in year nine and ten. Sav's heart has always beat in time with the blink of that red recording light.

Sav aims to post once a day on TikTok and Instagram. She constantly films throughout the day, spending over an hour focused on perfecting each and every video – editing and doing voice overs. She posts her YouTube videos less often, given they're even more time consuming. Despite her success now, she's only been in the influencer game for a couple years at this point. "It hasn't been long at all when I think about it," she reflected. "It's crazy how much has changed."

### "Gaf" Mindset

When COVID-19 shut the world down, TikTok was beginning to blow up. Sav had always been "quite a sharer", so it was natural that her and her friends would find shooting vlogs and editing them together an entertaining way to get through lockdown – stuck in their physical bubbles, but united in the digital. She just thought it was good fun to post about her life, and that's pretty much what she did. It's what she'd always done – but by time it was her final year at high school, Sav explained that she'd proudly embraced the "gaf" mindset. Given she was jetting off to university soon, Sav reckoned she was just going to post whatever she wanted – on her own terms.

"Everyone was very supportive and they thought it was cool," Sav recalled, speaking to the initial reactions she received as she began to do more content creation. Her whānau, especially her mum, always championed her drive to make content. She can't actually recall any nasty comments from anyone – including her peers. At the time though, nothing had really taken off. "It was never like, there were these crazy changes

happening," she revealed. Instead, everyone just assumed it was Sav off "doing her thing." Being an "influencer" was never something she did on purpose – she never made an effort to go viral. To her, it was all just "fun".

However, the more fun she had with content creation, the more seriously others took her online presence. Sav dipped her toes in the water with a few user generated content deals first – paid partnerships where a brand hires a content creator to produce authentic, relatable content for marketing purposes. She spent her final summer before moving to uni developing her content skills, pretty elated with how things were organically developing until she opened her emails on an average day in December 2024 and had her "craziest moment ever". There, buried among all the other random messages and requests filling her inbox, was an offer for her very own athlete code with Gymshark. "It was mindblowing for me," she shared. "I've always been Gymshark obsessed [...] ever since I started going to the gym, it was like my brand – everyone knew." At first, Sav could only believe that it was a scam. She had less than ten thousand followers at the time, and was a small New Zealander creator being contacted by a multi-million dollar UK company. "There was a full week where I couldn't figure out if it was real," she laughed. "I was emailing them back and forth, but because of the time difference I would [have to] wake up in the middle of the night to try and get a moment where we could talk." The Gymshark deal was a "big one" for Sav – one of her first moments when she would have one of those "what is this life sorta thing" realisations.

*"People have started to understand that this is a job for me, and everyone needs to make money."*

Her following has been steadily increasing since this pivotal moment. Now, social media is her main form of income. Despite working throughout high school in cafes, pajama stores and as a math tutor, she just doesn't have "time to do another job" these days. Admitting that she probably spends more time working on her content than uni (about a "65/35 split"), she shared that social media is the same commitment as a full-time job for her. To make it work, she often skips





**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW!**

lectures to make time for pressing social media and brand deal deadlines, reckoning it's more efficient to just watch them back on 2x speed later. "People may not get my schedule, but it's what works for me," she concluded.

## Sav Meets Selwyn and A Lack Of Sad Cowboys

Armed with a Gymshark code in her Insta bio and her accounts gaining traction, it was time for Sav to take the leap down South for uni. It was the content she made during her move that saw a "big and rapid increase" to her followership, and she attributed this to students at other universities being "intrigued about what it's like being in Dunedin [...] and also lots of year thirteens wanna see what it's gonna be like next year." She'd certainly found her niche.

Sav attended Selwyn College, opting to study a Bachelor of Commerce, majoring in Finance and a Bachelor of Science. She's "always loved maths," "especially calculus", being a STEM girl pretty much her whole life. While she continues to adore Finance, Sav decided to scrap the Science degree, pretty keen on the idea of shortening her degree by an extra year. Initially in some denial that anyone already knew of her, that quickly melted away when she started "whipping the phone out in the dining hall." She laughed when talking about comparing the usual stalk of someone's Insta that might extend to their tagged photos to her own online presence. "Like, someone could stalk me for three days and still be there finding out more information about me. People could find out whatever they wanted."

Despite Selwyn having a "bad reputation of being cultish [and] very up themselves", Sav had nothing bad to say about her time there. She got a "really nice vibe from it" and the location was a massive plus. "I honestly didn't know if I would get into it, it's very competitive to get into," she said. "But I got in and I was very happy." Sav revealed that not many people from her high school came down to Dunedin, so she ended up needing to put herself out there once again – something that came naturally to her.

After a while at Selwyn, despite her friends being too polite to mention it sooner, they admitted they'd known who she was all along. Pretty meta. Sav's friendships are undoubtedly a cornerstone of her life down in Ōtepoti. She feels "very lucky" to have her close friends and her circle. "They get in videos and it's just so casual," she shared. "I'm so grateful". Sav did ponder how her time in halls would have gone if she wasn't so transparent about her life, especially as a flourishing influencer. Sav understands if people resented her for it as well, adding that she "would be jealous if I was looking at this girl getting sent free makeup and stuff"

With her follower count growing exponentially due to her uni content, more brands began approaching her. "I was feeling a little out of my depth," she admitted to Critic – all while bearing the weight of adjusting to university life at the time. She was living in a hall miles away from home, "trying to make friends, trying to be social, trying to learn how uni works", and brands were beginning to ask her questions that she "didn't know how to answer". Sav was faced with navigating this whole process herself, which she described as very "foreign". Brands would ask her to send a concept, and Sav described herself Googling it all "I was like, 'what is that?' [...] It was very much learn as you go." Questions of rates, concepts and timelines began to inundate her, and she described a trip back home to Auckland during her first midsem break where she and her mum realised that her socials had become much more than a hobby. She needed a helping hand in the influencing world.

It was at this point that Sav ended up in a meeting with her current agency, No Sad Cowboys. No Sad Cowboys manage the likes of Rachael Taylor (another prominent Otago-based influencer), Win Wolf and Kylee De Thier. Sav had already been approached by a few agencies that had been scouting influencers, but she hadn't really gelled with any before. However, Sav "really liked the vibe" at No Sad Cowboys, and ended up signing with them. Nowadays, most brands that want to work with Sav approach her manager first, who then passes on the brief to Sav. She then writes up a concept explaining her plan for the video, even down to the specifics of what exact shots will be in her videos, and any claims made about the product. Once Sav sends through her concept for the video, it'll either be accepted, or the brand will come back with changes. "Sometimes you go back and forth quite a bit," she laughed. Once the concept is accepted, Sav will film and edit the video, send through a draft, and the brand will either accept it or request changes. When the video is finally good to go, the brand will tell Sav their expectations for the posting timeframe, and up it will go.

Despite all the work she does hands on, Sav described herself as feeling "lucky" that her agency does the "admin backside", signing contracts and understanding the legality of advertising

– it's one less thing to worry about when so much of her time is already spent handling emails, invoices and taxes. On top of that, she also works directly with some brands without her agency's management if she feels it's easier. Plus – there's a full time degree on top of that. Gone are the days of a spontaneous post to socials.

**Dunedin is a "bubble":  
"I do notice a lot of  
looks or whispers..."**

Describing Dunedin as a "bubble", Sav isn't blind (or deaf) to the fact that most people know who she is, given the University is basically her target demographic online. "I'm aware that most people walking down the road have probably seen my face before, and I do notice a lot of looks or whispers," she recalled. But Sav doesn't feel that the visibility is something that really gets to her head – "I post my life online, what else can I expect? Of course people are going to do a double take. I would too."

However, despite feeling people watching her, not many people tend to come up to her on the day-to-day. Sav estimated that about 85% of the in person interactions she has with people who know of her are when people are drunk and "lose their filter". Despite this, she "obviously" still goes out and has fun. "I get drunk. I mean, I am in Dunedin," she continued. She doesn't want her job taking away from her uni experience, but she does admit that she has to keep in mind

**EMPTY MUG!**



**SPOTTED  
CANDID AS FUCK**



the optics of her conduct in public. "Like, I can't be out here doing astronomical things in public," she explained. It can be difficult sometimes, and she reckoned that her nights out are "quite different to the average person", but she also endeavors to "not to deep it that much." That's especially true when considering the prevalent drinking and party culture in Dunners, a fact that Sav is well aware of. "No one can blame me because everyone's probably doing it tenfold," she exclaimed, smiling slyly. To Sav, a social life is just as important as essential as going to the gym or lectures.

When she's out and about at night, people often come up to her asking for photos. She gets a lot of "TikTok Girl", but she doesn't mind. "That's my slogan around Dunedin," she laughed. "I always think it's so funny, and my friends are kinda used to it by now," she revealed. In fact, her friends are so in step with Sav's life that they even offer to hold the phone for the pictures. "It's like a routine," she recognised, smiling to Critic as she explained her answer.

Sav reckoned that the vast majority of in person interactions are positive. "People are very, very nice – I've had such beautiful conversations with people." While she's "sure people are saying what they want behind my back and all that stuff", she focuses on the people in front of her. She attributed the general positivity she receives as at least in part being due to being "quite realistic online [...] It's not like I'm always posting myself at the peak of everything, always put together. I think I'm always honest," she said. "People can relate, so they like to come up and chat [...] people think I'm not that scary to approach."

During the day (and without liquid courage), the public aren't always so forward. "It's more looks or whispers," she described. "Or, if there's a group of people walking towards me having a conversation, they'll stop talking." Again, it's not something that bothers her – she isn't the type to get in her head about things. "Everyone who exposes themselves online this much has to take everything with a pinch of salt and know that there is going to be backlash," she said openly, shrugging. She's aware that she's no doubt circulating in group chats, being well aware of the share count on her posts. However, she's not in the business of "trying to please everyone", and there's just "nothing you can do about what people will say."

Even in the online sphere, Sav described herself as "quite lucky" and that "it's not that bad" in terms of the negativity she has been faced with. While Sav does get the odd mean or weird comment, she thought that she's got it fairly easy compared to some other creators. She has also occasionally graced the infamous Castle26 Facebook page – from people asking where she lived, to anon accounts claiming that they'd found a breatha's ID in Savannah Blewden's bedroom – and of course wanted a box on return. "Such a lie," she said, shaking her head. It's just "students being dumb."

She puts the minimal number of hate comments down to being a "physical person in Dunedin". It's a lot easier to post a mean comment if you don't have Sav sitting in front of you in your Finance lecture the next day. She added that "95% of the hate comments come from faceless accounts with no names and no followers". For the haters putting in that much effort, "the onus is on them". "They've gone out of their way to spread negativity."

*"I'm lucky that I don't really let things get to me much."*



## Relationships, Relationships, Relationships!

**"Like, what dating life?"**

"I was going through these questions with my friends and we were laughing," she admitted to Critic, smiling. Having a boyfriend is not really on the cards for Sav. Dating is something that she reckoned is impacted by her social media presence, but she "can't speak for other people" in terms of how it affects their perception of her. Sav does think it must impact "expectations" people have, given she shares so much of her life online. "They kind of know who I am [already]," she explained. While guys still do approach her, she thinks that the motivation is more "haha, there's TikTok Girl" and to grab a photo, as opposed to wanting to genuinely spin a yarn. "Like, it's more of a joke," she explained, not seeming phased.

Sav also admitted that she does wonder how her uni experience would have been different if she wasn't an influencer, but concluded that she "genuinely just wouldn't have time for a boyfriend", and that it's simply not something she's after right now anyways. "No part of me needs that in my life [...] I'm pretty content with my friends."

Even if she was looking for love, Sav is a hard woman to get in comms with. She hasn't added anyone on Snapchat in over a year, despite her friends worrying that there may be "hotties in there". She also can't see who likes her stories, which ruins a D1 flirting strategy. Sav has "always been adamant" that she doesn't want to meet someone online anyways, dissing Snapchat smalltalk and DM convos. "Everyone falls into that, and it's such a routine [...] I think there should be more, and it should be more exciting," she justified. If Sav were to meet anyone, she reckoned it'd definitely be face-to-face. However, given how many people know of her already, Sav thinks it slims the chances of a meet cute "down even further."

## Online Versus Reality! “I can just whip out my phone and film, it's not a production!”

Authenticity is front-of-mind for Sav, and she thinks it can get to the point where she is actually “too honest”. She wondered if sometimes she shares a “bit too much” about herself, but she hoped that people who know her personally would say she’s the same as how she presents herself online. “It makes it so much easier to keep this thing up when you’re not putting on a show,” she admitted. “I can just whip out my phone and film, and it’s not a production [...] It’s me documenting my life.”

Being a “sharer” does have its worries though, and she had many people last year when she was in halls asking where she lived. Even though she thought it was “extremely obvious”, she never outwardly said that she went to Selwyn. While it’s been drilled into her not to post outside her flat or places she frequents, Sav thought that it’s “unique” that every aspect of her life is known. Her gym, papers and schedule is all public knowledge for her followers. She also knew that people must see her walking into her flat, so some people are aware of where she lives. She can’t really do anything about the fact that she’ll be seen walking into her flat. “I can’t be naive about that,” she said calmly. Occasionally, people will yell out of their cars when they drive past too – reminding her how watchful eyes are on her, all while she’s living her normal routine. While she tries not to let it rattle her, “it is something that weighs on my mind in terms of safety”.

Despite her resilience, Sav did reveal that there will be days where it’s “all really getting to me” and that she “really can’t face it right now”. She’s just accepted that’s the way her life is: “I can’t just go to the supermarket, and get my stuff, and go home,” she said matter-of-factly. For Sav, there is always an extra element of who she will see, and more importantly, who will see her. She does feel like she’s accepted that people might see her on a bad day, since they’re looking “no matter what I do, or where I go.” Despite that, she’s not afraid to stroll out of the house “looking like a wreck” – “dirty hair, in trackpants, I don’t care,” she laughed.

*“No matter how bad I feel, I have to just keep going.”*

Sometimes it’s also hard for Sav to not compare herself to those around her, hearing that uni is meant to be the “best” time of your life, or the most relaxing. Her experience has been “quite different”. Instead, her days are practically scheduled to the half-hour. While Sav’s “never been good at relaxing”, she loves managing her time and feeling busy with this level of pressure, plus she also has dusty Sundays where she wants to “just hang around and lie in bed with my friends”. But she has to be up and editing, or in the library. “No matter how bad I feel, I have to just keep going.”

Her job is a constant. She doesn’t just get to “sit down and work for eight hours” and then clock off. Instead, she never really switches off – if she’s not filming or editing, she’s thinking and planning. “It’s a very constant thing playing on my mind,” she explained to Critic, causing her a “bit of stress” on top of her full-time course load. But, ever the optimist, Sav thought that it’s a “very small thing to give” for the life she leads. Day after day, she marvels at the fact that making a living off of content creation is her reality, thanks to her hard mahi. It’s something she could “never complain about”.

“I’ll just see where  
and ride whatever”



Sav doesn't want to give up anything in her life, and doesn't think that's necessary. "Yes, I'm very busy, but I'm managing with it," she assured. In fact, she liked that social media gives her an out from the North D bubble, not putting "110%" of her life only into Dunedin, uni and lectures. "I have this other part of me," she said. "This other part of my life that feels more removed." She reckoned that she would "go crazy" without having social media to pour her focus into.

She also acknowledged that social media may not be a permanent part of her life – understanding that it can be very "volatile" as a career choice. "No one knows what'll happen, and things are always changing, so you can't really plan," she said calmly. Despite that, Sav hoped to continue down this path for as long as possible – even if that's just so she can look back on the different phases of her life visually. She revealed that she often rewatches her vlogs of moving into halls, or travelling videos with her family.

Beyond that, Sav never really planned on any of it, so she hasn't really figured out exactly what she'll end up doing post-uni. In her own words, "I don't know what I want to do with my life. I don't know where I want to live, I don't know anything," she admitted. Instead, she tried to take every day as it comes.

Despite the lack of solid plans for social media, Sav also exclusively revealed to Critic that she'll be heading over to Germany for an exchange next semester. She's looking forward to getting out of Dunedin for a bit, and is excited to just be another face in the crowd – not the "TikTok Girl". She's always loved travelling, and is taking extra papers so she has more time to make the most of the exchange and travel beforehand. While she knows that second-year tends to be the "peak partying year", she is unphased about missing half of it. She actually reckoned that the idea of being able to get out of

the Dunedin bubble has helped her "compartmentalise" some of the struggles she had felt, describing that spending three years in Dunedin felt daunting, and hopes that people will have "calmed down a bit" when she returns back for her third year of uni.

Sav is motivated to complete her degree and get out into the real world – that's one thing she knows for sure. Even though her agent told her she was doing more content creation than some people who do it as their full-time job, studies come first – always. Doing content creation full-time would "put additional pressure on it", and take away some of the creativity she felt – "especially if it was 100% of my income." She wasn't really sold on the idea of "climbing the corporate ladder my whole life" either, but she does know "you have to be realistic." She understands that the finance industry often demands "crazy hours, and a crazy work-life balance", but she does want to hopefully end up using her degree – and, somewhat surprisingly – keep that "separate to social media at all times". Considering herself a very driven person, Sav just knows that she wants to use her mind – possibly integrating some of the practical knowledge and experience she's gained through her online hustle. "A lot of uni degrees wouldn't offer that sort of thing," she said.

Sav understands that while she is someone who likes organisation and planning, you can't always plan and control life. "Things change and you can't do anything about it," she said simply. Even comparing her life now to a year ago, Sav couldn't believe how quickly things change, and in such unexpected ways. For now though, Sav enjoys every aspect of being an influencer. There are "so many opportunities within it," she said earnestly. ★

ere it takes me,  
r crazy wave it is." ★

CHECK OUT MORE OF SAV'S LIFE!



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### BREAKING NEWS!!!

## Zac Hoffman Is Done :/

Yeah, you read that right. Zac Hoffman, who just celebrated his two year anniversary as R1's Breakfast host, is goneburgers (sad!)

Zac is beloved far & wide, and while we're devastated to see him go, at least our airwaves won't have so many brainrot sound effects. As he gears up to move up to the capital, we await to tell you who will be taking his place - **make sure you tune in for his last day on-air (June 19th)**



## SINGLE REVIEW

### boy racer [NZ] - God is the DJ/OUTFIT

It seems counterintuitive, but electronic music in Aotearoa has a tendency to be a little caught up in the past rather than the future. We like our dub, we like our deep house, and we like our drum and bass. It's been like that as long as I can remember, and admittedly we do make some fantastic stuff within those genres.

It makes it all the more sweet, though, when an artist reaches outside of those staples to transport some au courant international flavour to our shores. boy racer are an electronic duo out of Tamaki Makarau, who on their debut singles *God is the DJ* and *OUTFIT* take a good dose of inspiration from what's going on in the club scenes of New York and Berlin and twist it with a local affect to create something novel, something that pushes the bounds of what we've come to consider 'kiwi music'.

by Jack Knowles

The sassy and disaffected vocal delivery and the unwillingness to lean on any instrumental passage for longer than a handful of bars will be divisive, but what fun is appealing to everyone's taste? I'm just ecstatic that there's stuff coming out of this country that can be wedged between *Sega Bodega* and *Ninajirachi* on a playlist and fit right in. May boy racer keep broadening the definition of local electronic on future singles.

## TOP 11

Phaedra Love (Dn) Placeholder 1

Emily Eapin (Dn) EAT ME ALIVE 2

Bunchy's Big Score (Dn) You are a Camera 3

Samantha Josephine (NZ) How to be in love 4

Logan Edwards (NZ) Isla 5

TAKATAPUNANI (NZ) ONLY GIRL 6

Vera Ellen (NZ) thaw 7

The Mentalist Collective (Dn) E Rara 8

Fables (NZ) Eyes Closed 9

Katherious (Dn) What I Would Say (The Hospital Song) 10

Sauln (NZ) Māhāreii 11



## STUFF HAPPENING

### Wed 27th

Stand up Comedy  
Inch Bar - 7.30pm

### Friday 29th

NOCTURE  
(Artemiza, Ella Mental, Sarah Tonen, Ruinz, Evo)  
Pearl Diver - 8.30pm

R1 PRESENTS!  
ŌTEPOTI  
HARDCORE  
(RAM-RAID, SEEK HELP!, Dudge, Fastplant)  
The Crown - 8pm

Palomina  
Inch Bar - 7.30pm  
koha entry

### Sat 30th

Mim Jensen  
Pearl Diver - 8pm  
Waitati Music Fest  
Arc Brewing Co - 3pm

Sentient Mud  
(w/ Space Bats, Attack! & Uno-Juno)  
The Crown - 8pm

Dunedin Jazz Orchestra  
Bouncing with Benji  
Hanover Hall - 7.30pm

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# Moaningful Confessions

By Chapell Moan

## EMO BOY: A NIGHT TO FORGET

One fateful night in 2025, I had the worst sex of my life.

I was just beginning my third year of uni (my first one single), and had finally decided I was ready to get back out there. I'd been snapping this guy from Tinder for a few weeks, and was out in town when he messaged me asking to meet up. "Today's the day!" I thought. "I'm going to have my first uni one night stand!"

He found me in town and I was pleased by the first impression – cybersigil jeans, black crop top, studded belt, plenty of piercings, and hands crammed full of rings. An alty man is just my type. We bonded over both having navel piercings, he bought me a drink and we started making out. The kissing was... fine. Not great, not terrible, just fine – until he picked me up (with ease), which was hot. We made out with my legs around his waist at the back of the dancefloor for a bit, then danced until we had finished our drinks. "Do you want to come back to mine?" he asked, a sly look in his eye. When I looked down at his open phone, I could see the Uber was already booked. I, of course, said yes. This was my first mistake.

When we arrived at his place, it was straight to the bedroom for about two minutes of awkward small talk, before getting busy. Lips were locked and clothes were off in record time. The kissing had not improved, but I was already there, and I hadn't slept with anyone since my breakup – so I was going to stick it out. This was my second mistake.

The second I took my top off, I noticed something was different about him, he didn't lunge for my tits. He just stared, before reaching out, pinching my nipples – hard – and commenting, "You have nipple piercings! That's so cool!" A fairly normal statement, sure, but that was the last time he touched (or even acknowledged) my boobs for the rest of the night.

Not soon after, my pants were off and he was getting to work with his hands. I didn't think he even thought to look for the clit, instead just jackhammered his hand into me like a fucking massage gun (not the good kind). I was so relieved when he stopped to take his pants off, thinking oh finally, we can just fuck and get it over with. I'll be out of here in the next hour. WRONG.

He slid his pants off, and I had to fight to conceal my disappointment – I couldn't justify leaving because his dick was tiny, that felt too mean for something the guy can't control. Sticking it out, I let him fuck me. The position of his choice was to start in missionary and then put my legs up by my head – "Oh, you're flexible," he said.

He was putting in the effort, I'll give him that, but you can't even buy dildos that small for a reason, you know? Not only could I barely feel a thing, but in total, we were fucking for – brace yourself – three whole hours. In that same position. I've been to shifts at work shorter than that. Unfortunately, this was not the worst part.

During all the action he started playing a bunch of System of a Down songs, which is not really my thing, but if it gets you going, all power to you. I was fine with it, until he started singing the lyrics mid thrust. I'm lying there, legs by my head, barely feeling a thing, with this guy literally singing to me while he fucks me.

But wait, there's more. Whenever he would get tired, he would take a break and go back to the jabby fingering. At one point, he was doing his finger thing, and stopped very suddenly. I asked what was up, and he said "there's something in there." I'm sorry, what?! "There's something in there, do you want me to fish it out?" I was gagged. What could possibly be in me right now? And why is he *fishing it out*? I told him to pull it out, and what emerged in his grip was – to my horror – the condom we had just been using.

How he didn't notice it come off, I'll never know. We sat there in silence for a second and he informed me that he was clean, because he'd been tested (slay). Slightly dumfounded, he just grabbed another condom and went back to it. After the three hours of extremely unsuccessful sex, no one came, my legs were shaking from being up by my fucking head the whole time, and I was so bored I had just been staring at the wall waiting for it to be over. He then kneels down to give me head, but he starts licking me like a fucking cat. Because I had already had too many jarring experiences with this man, I gave him two minutes of cat time. Then, I sat up, said "I'm going to head out", booked my Uber, and left.

Getting home, I wasn't sure if I was hungover or still drunk. But my adventure didn't stop there. I then had to go to the airport at 8am (on no sleep), and try not to throw up on the plane. My legs were sore for three days after, and my pelvis was literally bruised from the fingering. It hurt to walk, it hurt to sit down – but not even for a good reason.

Now all my friends know the legend of my night with Emo Boy, and I am constantly reminded of it. Not by them, but by the fact that this man is EVERYWHERE. I see him in the club, I see him on campus, I see him on the street. He may be haunting me, as a constant reminder of the three hour root that was so bad that I went celibate for six months after. All because I didn't want to experience sex that bad again. ★

# BOOZE REVIEWS

By Swig60

## PURPLE GOANNAS

This week, we take you back in time to a prehistoric land. When reptiles ruled, Pint Night pints cost \$5, and the first-year was fees free. You know something's been around forever when you get a nod of approval from some bloke's dad while carrying two boxes home. That's heritage.

Before even tucking into the box of Purple Goanna – or as everyone fondly calls them, Purple G's – morale was high. Grog Robertson got so excited he dyed his dinner purple ("honestly, no regrets"). There's something about that deep, radioactive colour that feels unnatural in a way only Cruisers can match. It looks like it should stain your insides permanently. We're sad to report it did not.

### TASTING NOTES

First impressions? Crack the cap and you're hit with a wave of nostalgia – Year 9 boys' change rooms, minus the Lynx Africa. There's a definite note of a BO-adjacent aroma we can taste in our well-trained palettes. Not offensively bad, just... intimate. Not quite the kinda thing you expect to be experiencing with your flatmates on a Friday night. Honestly, in reflection, maybe the smell was like pheromones – getting us extra horny to get the Purple G's down our throats.

Taste-wise, it lands a lot better than the smell suggests. If you're a fan of the lolly waters (as your dad would call 'em), you'll have no complaints. Sweet, punchy, and easy to get down the guzzle. There's no complexity or layering here – just pure, sugary chaos taking your hand and leading you down the path of a night spent in the Octagon.

At 4.8%, it's not exactly a heavy hitter, but it's not pretending to be. You're here for a good night, not a quick one with these bad boys.

### VALUE AND EXPERIENCE

At \$32 a box, and only available from one liquor store in all of Dunedin (shout out Cumberland St Bottle-O and the super friendly bro behind the counter), the scarcity makes it reserved only for special occasions.

Think of it less like your daily driver, more like taking a supercar for a spin. They're fun, a bit ridiculous, and best enjoyed as part of a theme – these went particularly well with our Red Card set up. The caffeine helped stretch the night out too, which felt like a blessing during the function (however, we did all head to bed shaking). Unsure if that was from the cold, the caffeine, or both.

Morning-after damage was surprisingly minimal. Speight Shepherd reckons it ran through him quicker than an Aquinas butter chicken. Disclaimer: none of us have ever been to Aquinas, know anyone from Aquinas, or would even consider it. Don't get confused and think we went to Aquinas for even a second. That shit would be so embarrassing.

### MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT

Mate visiting from Aussie throwing up out the window. He has since confirmed he will not be exporting a box home. Weak prick.

### SWIG 60 VERDICT

Purple G's are loud, colourful, and lowkey just a fucking joke. They smell questionable, taste great, and would probably kill a kid whose parents didn't let them consume Red 40 and shit like that. It's not refined, nor subtle, and it is definitely not an all-nighter solution – but it's fun. And sometimes that's all you need for a frosty night in Duffers when there's better shit to do than sit around and study.

Pairs well with getting your own lizard out.

As always,

Drink responsibly. Or at least tactically. ★





# PROCTOLOGY

By **Hanna Varrs**

Critic Te Ārohi hasn't met with Proctor Dave Scott in a while now, but he certainly hasn't forgotten about us. With the recent snap in the weather, we were more than happy to go and pay him a visit to get out of the kind of cold that chills you to the bone.

Upon arrival, we were waved quickly through and greeted by name by one of the Proctor's colleagues upstairs, further proving our successful infiltration. The Proctor himself expressed his approval of the last couple of editions of Proctology: "Well, you're back for a third time. So they can't be too bad."

If you're new here, Proctology is the branch of medicine concerned with the anus and rectum. And, apparently, student life.

## **THIS MONTH IN THE CLINIC**

So what's been going on in the student body? The Proctor's been trawling through his mind palace to try and find us a real zinger of a story, and he has succeeded once more.

Once upon a time, in a land a few blocks away, a young man "quite affected by alcohol" decided he would burgle a flat. But what does a burglar wear? The young man owned no striped onesies, or black beanies. After this confronting realisation, the young man undoubtedly gave up and basically eeny, meeny, miny, moe'd his wardrobe. He ended up settling on a "fairly distinctive sports jersey" with a number on the back to pull up over his head – effectively evading CCTV detection.

All went without a hitch. His face was obscured by the jersey, and huff and puff as the Proctor might, there was no evidence to connect the young man to the scene of the burglary. Through the usual enquiries, the Proctor asked to meet with the man – to which

he swore black and blue that he had no idea about what the Proctor was accusing him of. "You've got the wrong guy," he said with gusto.

Critic can only imagine what came next. As the Proctor was swallowing the bitter pill that he may have hit a dead end, the young man got up to leave, briefly turning his back to the Proctor. His eyes widened – he recognised that number on the back of the shirt. "He was wearing the same rugby jersey," the Proctor said, relishing in his investigative prowess. In a display of clinical expertise, the Proctor subsequently diagnosed the young man as having the same level of sentience as a plant. "To go into the meeting and say 'who's that?'..." he continued, looking incredulous. "These are the stories that I've got!"

## **PROCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION**

It's the time of year where students switch from socialising to studying. The weather's switched up on us too – it's dark when you get to the library, and dark when you leave. "We're a big place with lots of weird and wonderful things going on," the Proctor says sternly. "Often it ends up with us to try and help fix it."

With all of this going on, the Proctor gets it ("I've done a few papers in my time"). He understands the pressure our tauira are under, some for the first time. The Proctor and Critic recommend breaking up your study – go for a walk, connect with nature, and sit in the sun if it decides to make an appearance. Eat, hydrate and sleep. Most importantly – don't be an island. Everyone's under stress, and supporting each other by sharing what's going on can make all the difference. Give your exams due time, and don't leave things until the last minute.

It's okay to feel worried, scared or overwhelmed. You're not letting yourself or others down if you change your mind about your studies, take a break, say no, ask for help or put yourself first. Careers can help you find the pathway that will work for you. "Don't give up," the Proctor says. "It's a huge step to come from high school to university."

It certainly is – and we're happy that you're here. ★

# Horoscopes



**PISCES**

It's time to pamper yourself! I'm not talking about a small sweet treat or something – no no no. For the amount of stress you're about to be in, you deserve a full makeover. Play an early 2000's movie montage playlist, start spending, and get fabulous!

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Adidas Campus 00's



**ARIES**

This week you're going to be itching for a night out! Begging your friends to go out with you even when exams are a few weeks away may be a tad bit cheeky, but hey – a wee bit of vodka and dancing never hurt anyone... Right?

**The shoe you'd be:** Barefoot shoes (specifically the kind look like gloves)



**VIRGO**

With more hours of unwatched lectures than time left in the semester, you're going to regret the "chill" approach you took to uni this year. I advise selling your soul to the Otago ghosts that roam the halls of the library to scrape by.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
DIY custom Converse



**GEMINI**

Usually, you're the first person to be up for a DIY home project. However, a leaking pipe may be better handled by a qualified plumber – even if your mend has some wabi-sabi to it. Time to put down your duct tape and TikTok tutorial, and call in the pros.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Nike Air Jordans



**AQUARIUS**

Your heart is yearning for some time with furry friends – pics of the family critter isn't cutting it anymore. Unfortunately, the spider that's been lurking in the corner of your lounge just isn't as loveable. Maybe upgrade the flat pet to something that the flatties don't live in fear of.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Nike Air Force Ones



**SCORPIO**

This week, Tinder seems to be the home of every fine single individual who has ever graced the streets of this great city. Update those pics and put yourself out there. It's not often that not every viable option for a night of fun is totes chopped.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Boat shoes



**TAURUS**

If you had a penny for every time your friends tried to guilt trip you into coming out, you'd be able to pay off your student loan. Alas, you'll keep racking it up – although your heart yearns for the clubs, your GPA yearns for a study sesh.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Vintage Mary Janes



**CAPRICORN**

You've been running on feet that are one step away from giving out from beneath you, and everyone's concerned with the amount of caffeine you have been downing lately. Paired with your "I'll sleep after my exams" attitude, you should be careful and sleep off the burn out.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Puma Wildcats



**LEO**

Your hormones are running rampant, and emotions are bubbling up like a messy volcano. Your phone minutes are going to take a hit when you cry your heart out to your best mate and your mum, even if you're probably in the wrong.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Uggs



**CANCER**

Your room has been collecting more than just dust recently – you're a total hoarder. The best method is to get rid of anything which doesn't bring you joy anymore – Marie Kondo that shit. A bonus is that you'll have less stuff to get infested with mould this winter!

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Vans Sk-8 Hi



**LIBRA**

Scurvy should be something that is obsolete in the modern age. Unfortunately, you are living proof that it's still kicking about in the big '26. Get your 5+ a day and some sun on your face – even if the rest of you is bundled up.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Dr Marten Sandals



**SAGITTARIUS**

I sense that you may be awaiting a very important email. As nervous anticipation eats at you and time feels like it's ticking slower, hold steady and don't spam them. You're too nonchalant for people to think you're desperate.

**The shoe you'd be:**  
Birkenstock Bostons

# SNAP OF THE WEEK



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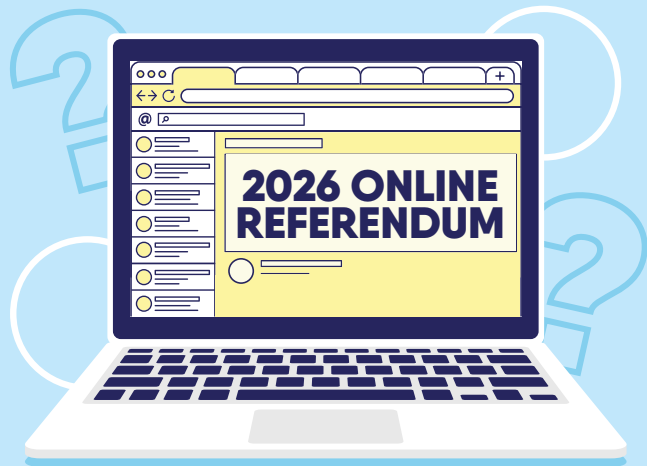
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# CRITIC TE ĀROHI 2026 CENSUS



# VOTING

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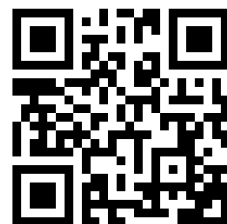
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