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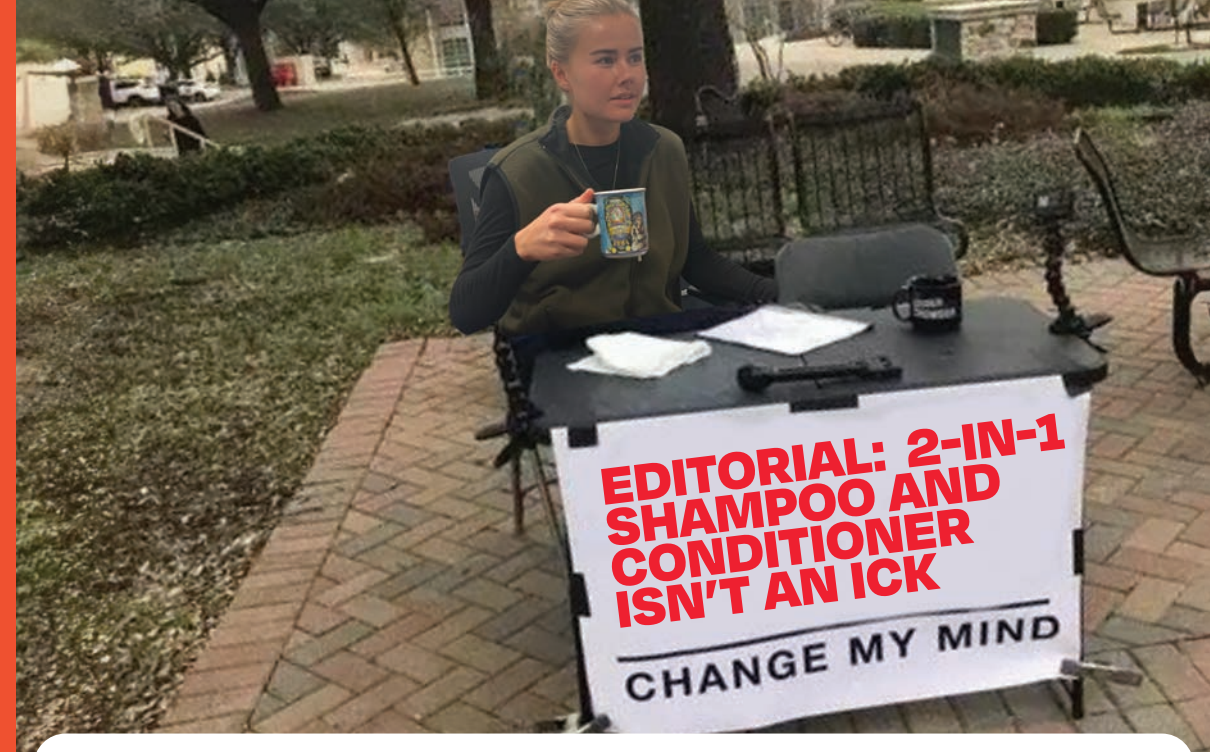
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This could end up being a shit yarn, but you're lucky – all five of you who read the editorial – that there's one at all given it was written through post-Hyde fog. Anyway, here's why 2-in-1 shampoo and conditioner isn't an ick.

Last year, for Anna's article 'How To Know If You've Got the Ick', her "preliminary research" was asking everyone at the weekly writer's meeting what our icks were. It was like the floodgates opened. Chaos ensued. She was inundated with content – we didn't get much else done that meeting. It goes without saying that not all of them could make the cut, but a small (huge) part of me was bothered that the one I shouted the loudest wasn't among them: "2-in-1 shampoo and conditioner!"

Among my circle of gal pals, 2-in-1 has always been one of those immediate icks – up there with chasing the ball during beer pong or a frameless bed. When I came home from my first sleepover with a boyfriend in third-year, the first thing I said to my flatmates was, "He uses 2-in-1," to a chorus of groans.

But I've been thinking: What is it about 2-in-1 that we're so put off by? "Grow up is why," was the reply from my board of advisers (girls' group chat). "Pure laziness." They couldn't give me much more beyond that, though. Looking for anything to do other than work (but this counts, right?), I continued my consultation. Hugh threw a curveball from across the office, saying he didn't reckon guys use 2-in-1 – they only use shampoo: "Who uses conditioner?" Um.

I'd need to go further afield. OUSA Prez Keegan somehow brought algebra into the equation (don't ask), before saying that while she could get behind 2-in-1, 3-in-1 was where she drew the line: "Conditioner and body wash just don't go together." Across the hall, Lily at Radio One was a staunch 2-in-1 hater. Meanwhile, Iris

says she can tell if a guy uses 2-in-1 and has bought every one of her exes conditioner. The standards are high.

My wandering continued to New World Central. Looking for the product with the highest ratio of product type to bottle – thought I'd hit the god-tier with a 5-in-1 before it turned out to be "benefits" not product – I realised that probably 99% of the aisle was marketed towards women.

Please don't get the impression that I think this is a new discovery, but it really sunk in as I squinted at the hundreds of products for women marketed toward every square inch of our skin. Meanwhile, the handful of men's products (that frankly looked like car wash) boasted their efficiency in terms of how many types of product they'd fit into the bottle.

I'm aware I'm talking in very binary terms about men and women's products – soap is soap, regardless of the bits you're washing with it. You'd think, anyway. But if you're standing in the beauty aisle of a supermarket, it's hard to deny how aggressively marketing targets women compared to men.

So what I'm wondering is, if women hadn't been brought up in a world where the norm is a seven-step skincare regimen, a different conditioner depending on the occasion, and mothers who gift us night cream for our 21st, wouldn't we also indulge in the convenience of 2-in-1? 3-in-1 is diabolical, though.

NINA BROWN



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EDITOR
Nina Brown

SUB-EDITOR
Elie Bennett

NEWS EDITOR
Hugh Askerud

FEATURES EDITOR
Iris Hehir

CULTURE EDITOR
Lotto Ramsay

ÉTTA MĀORI
Heeni Koero Te Rerehua

STAFF WRITERS
Harriette Boucher, Jodie Evans,
Jordan Irvine, Gryffin Powell,
Angus Rees

CONTRIBUTORS
Monty O'Rielly, Adam Stitely, Sam
Smith-Soppet, Molly Smith-Soppet,
Hanna Varrs, Lily Stoddart, Annabel
Rhodes, Abby Bowmar, Abbie Williams,
Daniel Strang

FOOD COLUMN
Ruby Hudson

BOOZE REVIEWS
Chunny Bill Swilliams

DESIGNER
Evie Noad

SUB-DESIGNER
Sarah Kreft

ILLUSTRATION
Mikey Clayton @itsspikeymikey
Aria Tomlinson
Jakira Brophy @jakira.art
Lucia Brown @labfolia_

PHOTOGRAPHER
Sophia Niblock @fairmaidphotography

VIDEO EDITORS
Hunter Jolly, Ryan Dombroski

VIDEOGRAPHY
Sam Smith-Soppet, Hugh Askerud

CENTREFOLD
Aria Tomlinson

FRONT COVER
Nina Brown, Daniel Strang

ONLINE
Will Wray

DISTRIBUTION
Pedals Dunedin

ADVERTISING SALES
Nicholas Hanover
Jess Lake
sales@planetmedia.co.nz
03 479 5361

READ ONLINE
critic.co.nz
Issuu.com/critic_te_arohi

GET IN TOUCH
critic@critic.co.nz
Facebook/CriticTeArohi
Tweet/CriticTeArohi
03 479 5335
P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin

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NEWS

Massive Organisational Effort Keeps Hyde Out of the Headlines 7

Theology Students Miffed at "Rigged" Exam Timetable 8

There's a St Daves Insta Hate Account 9

Changes to DCC Waste Management Loading 10

Trojan Cafe Locks Their Toilet to Students 10

Re-O Comes to Queen St 11

Students Not Convinced By Government's 'Pet-Bond' Policy 11

Disabled Community Protests Against 'Minister's Biases' 12

CULTURE

Littlest Hall Pets: The Pets of Campus 16

Hyde Photos 20

FEATURES

Castle Capitalism: Is Castle Street the new Times Square? 28

COLUMNS

Takeaways 36

ChatGOTH 38

Local Produce 39

Moaningful Confessions 40

Debatable 41

Mi Goreng Graduate 42

Booze Reviews 43

Exec Column 44

Horoscopes 45

Snaps 46

CONTENTS

LETTERS



UNIVERSITY
BOOK SHOP
For all booklovers, everywhere.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

An open letter to all students, young and old.

I am a tutor and have been for several years. In all my years of tutoring, I have a consistent experience, and that is that students, you do not take enough of office hours, for either lecturers or tutors.

Office hours are a really great time to discuss all aspects of your paper. If you are lost on the content, we can break it down. If you are confused with referencing, we can show you. If you are anxious about grades, we can break it down to you as to why a certain grade was why it was, and what we are looking for. Heck, odds are that you will be able to have us for an extended period with us. I had four hours of office hours this week and had one student come to them.

They are great opportunity, and many of you do not do yourself a favour by not using them.

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

Kia Ora Critic,

This is an open letter to the guy/gal who was kicking in toilets on Hyde Street as the party was wrapping up. After you (somehow) kicked our entire toilet out of the ground, off its screws and drop-kicked the plumbing so our flat floor flooded, our flat managed to get food poisoning a day later. Put two and two together and you'll see the trouble of our situation.

Thanks boss

-3rd year fighting for my life rn

Editor's response: *That's a bit shit.*

All these letters (three, felt like more) to the editor whinging about the crossword clue being misprinted need to take your advice and go outside and touch some grass.

If anything, it enhanced the crossword experience.

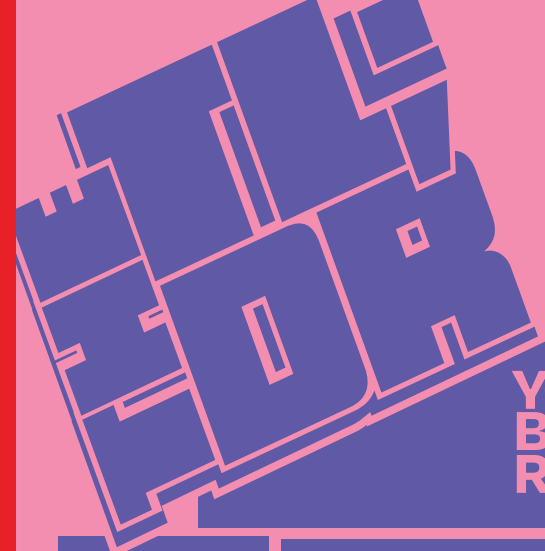
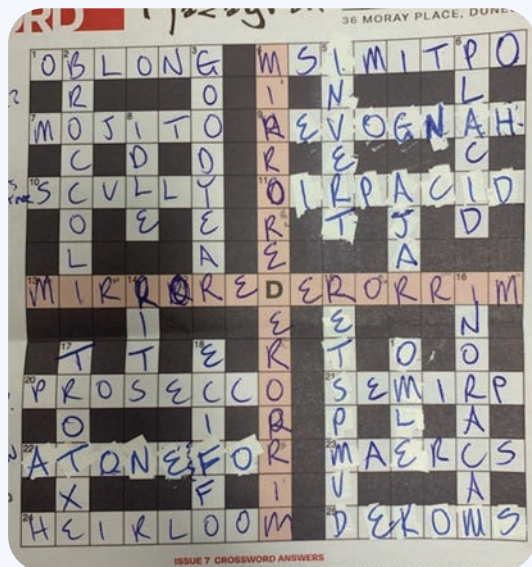
Thanks for the crossword every week, makes Monday less shit.

Kia ora Critic,

Good crossword. There was a lot of hype so I thought I'd give it a try. I think the below has solved it - if so, does this mean I win the championship (assuming noone's got in before me)? Also, any chance of a cryptic crossword for the puzzles page? Normal crosswords are OK, but cryptics are the best.

Cryptic crossword fan

Editor's response: *We're so proud! Surprisingly, you weren't the first, but come into the office anytime for a crisp high five.*



YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

AUT's student mag Craccum reports that students are protesting rising student accommodation fees, planning to stop paying rent on May 1st

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

Critic spotted a massive seesaw being installed on George St – for the ultimate drunk pilgrimage

Unipol has a group fitness challenge coming up in May with themed classes and weekly prizes

The Good Mahi volunteer day is this Friday! Check out the ad on the inside back cover of this issue and scan the QR code to sign up if you're keen to get amongst

Got a tip? Seen a curry grenade thrown through a window on castle street? Send news tips to news@critic.co.nz!

Send your sports results or notices of upcoming competitions to news@critic.co.nz

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GOOD
TIME

PUT IN THE
MAHI

ousa



Massive Organisational Effort Keeps Hyde Out of the Headlines

Well, except this one

By **Hanna Varrs & Hugh Askerud**
Contributor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

A combination of food and security supply created a Hyde St Party on Saturday April 20th (4/20 Ieshgo) that went “relatively smooth” according to residents. Critic Te Ārohi takes their word for it, having opted for the gonzo journalistic approach that landed us in the thick of the party forgetting why we were there in the first place.

The event was structured around 33 different themes corresponding to each flat. One of the flats even hosted a (fake) gender reveal at 3pm, announcing to the tripped out world that a baby girl would be entering a grungy Hyde St flat in the coming months. Whether you were a black cat or plague rat, a concrete jungle explorer or a Y2K baddie, Critic Te Ārohi saw you and loved you. If you got a picture with our Critic glasses, we love you a little bit extra.

Among the bands that played were recent breakouts Ani Saafa and Albatross, swiftly followed by a mix of DnB and House once people had warmed up. Speaking to the musical array, Emelia said, “I got cronk, and it’s always lovely hearing DnB at 11 in the morning.” A student, Jean, also commented that their highlight of the day was getting behind Concrete Jungle’s decks, which felt like “being at the top of the food chain.”

Part of OUSA’s safety plan for attendees involved three food tents, with the help of Red Frogs and The Dumpling Lady. In total, the tents distributed 4,500 hash browns, 4,500 sausages, 400 loaves of bread, 800 meat patties, 1,000 steamed buns, 40 bags of biscuits, and 5.2kg of Red Frogs. “At the conclusion of the event,

there was only a tray and a bit of bread left,” Critic was told by an OUSA spokesperson. Good effort, team. Red Frog’s Shannon Thomson told Critic Te Ārohi, “We love that we can be part of looking after students at events such as Hyde St.”

The second prong of the safety plan involved security and Police presence, which attendees said was “notable”. Sixty-four security manned the streets during the event, with residents reporting that each flat was afforded at least one security guard. One resident, Zaki, told Critic Te Ārohi that “we got to know our security guard pretty well.” Wholesome. Victor added, “Security was really into it [...] we’re happy with how it turned out.”

On the day, Critic chatted to student Elise who complained that her “bicep hurts from carrying around [her] box all day.” Regardless, she mused that “pretty much everyone seems to be in good form [...] but I heard that someone got arrested for getting into a fight.” Police confirmed via their Instagram that “two people were arrested for assault and both individuals received a warning.” However, with little trouble to keep them occupied, Police said they were able to “enjoy the day, engage with partygoers, and admire the weird and wonderful outfits on display.”

An OUSA spokesperson said, “It was largely a very successful event [...] Events of this type and scale will always have incidents that require managing, but all things considered these incidents were very low key, and on the whole it would seem that the majority of attendees came to have a good time, and hopefully did.”

Theology Students Miffed at "Rigged" Exam Timetable

University shadow government of satanists inflict punishment

By Hugh Askerud

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The recently released first semester exam timetable has sparked controversy after Religious Studies students noticed that none of their papers would escape a 6:30pm start time, constituting 72% of the exams in that time slot overall. To say they're "miffed" would be an understatement.

Three papers within the Theology department are set to have 6:30pm starts. The other three papers with 6:30pm exams are two 700-level distance papers based in Christchurch, and a 200-level paper on human sexuality. This staggering coincidence led students to question the motives of the University's timetables team, with one student posing, "Does the University hate religion?"

Well, no. The University's Director of Student Experience, Jo Gibson, told Critic Te Ārohi "RELS papers are predominantly distance-taught papers with an on-campus cohort." To this degree, she argued that it meant "exams have to be scheduled either on a Wednesday evening or Saturday morning to cater for the large number of students likely to be working full-time." Gibson also suggested that paper size could be a key determinant in some cases: "The number of students in a paper will determine room allocation, which in turn can determine timing."

The University's proposal that Religious Studies students are predominantly full-time grinders with the subject as their side-hustle was questioned by several students within the department. Stroking her chin, one Religious Studies student,

Rata, told Critic Te Ārohi that the timetabling coincidence "definitely is suspicious."

Head of the Otago Uni Religious Studies programme, Ben Schonthal, was also confused by the coincidence, diplomatically stating, "I would hate to think there is any convention that would disadvantage our students."

Other students speculated that the coincidence was largely a bi-product of other departments getting involved to secure the prime time-slots first. After the question was posed, Gibson confirmed, "Yes. There are examples of this, including for pedagogical reasons outlined by departments, which include complexity of marking requirements, staff research commitments, and interactions with practicum dates."

Students also complained about the spacings of exams, with several of the more time-intensive subjects being rather close together. BSci student Andrew said, "It's sort of bad for cramming, especially when you have them the day after the other."

Others, whose courses are more multidisciplinary, are left out to dry in terms of their course spacings, creating "single weeks from Hell." One notable example is the combination of Science and Arts, BASci student Nevan told Critic. On the other hand though, some students looked at it from a different perspective, such as second-year Allaistair, who said, "I don't like it for the reason that my exams get super clumped together, but also know that it helps coordinate exams to avoid schedule conflicts."



Liked by [REDACTED] and others

stdavidsbuildinghate WORST building in all of otago. Whoever designed this "building" is sick in the head.

#otagouniversity #hate

There's a St Daves Insta Hate Account

But like, have you seen Richardson?

By Hanna Varrs

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

St David Lecture Theatre has been suffering under the tirade of an Instagram account dedicated purely to chatting shit about the building. Boasting a current total of 19 followers and 9 posts, @stdavidsbuildinghate is true to their handle. The page's bio states: "I HATE st davids literally the worst building [in] New Zealand."

In its attempts to take-down the building behemoth, the page posted multiple images of the lecture theatre alongside derogatory comments such as "dreadful", saying that whoever designed the building is "sick in the head." The page says that they hate the exterior of the complex as much as the inside, with photos depicting "the drab interior of an already miserable building." Brutally, the owner mused, "were they not allowed to put joy into this building?" Another post depicts a red cross over St Daves "mark[ing] the spot" before they suggested that the true treasure would be removing the St David complex entirely. Sick burn.

The mysterious hater told Critic Te Ārohi that, "It began the moment I was born [...] St David himself was the doctor aiding in my delivery [...] I had fulfilled his prophecy by enrolling into this university." In a three paragraph DM resembling a message from your ex wanting to meet for coffee, they detailed how they had thought nothing of the building at first before being confronted by the interior which was "the most terrifying thing I had ever seen."

What was terrifying was the next part of the sordid tale, with claims (which Critic assumes were hallucinogen-induced) that

the personified St David emerged from the "red" carpet and began repeatedly stabbing them before he managed to evade the figure and sneak into their lecture "getting blood everywhere." Summarising their spiel, the figure simply said, "I made the Instagram page because St Davids is a pretty shit building."

To understand the true impact of the Instagram page, Critic Te Ārohi approached staff working at the St David Cafe who (surprisingly) had not heard of the page. Caitlin, a barista at the cafe, told Critic that the page was "so random and weird." She also mused that it was "a strange thing to put your energy into," with co-workers Emma and Kirsten agreeing. Defending the building, Emma said, "I like coming to work here, it's nice and warm. Plus, we have big windows." However, Kirsten did express that she thought a colourful mural on one of the walls wouldn't do the complex any harm. Summarising her position, Emma stated, "I'm just glad they're not hating on lecturers or the cafe. If they're having fun, do what you gotta do."

Despite comments from staff that St Daves was undeserving of hate, students came out in support of the page's admin, with one student Shaked telling Critic that "they have the worst lecture theatres." Another student, Beth, commented that there are "quite a lot of leaves on the ground". St Dave's sole defender, Zhiheng, said, "I like the cafe, not many lecture theatres have one of those." Zhiheng is studying the right kind of way, king.

If you're reading this @stdavidsbuildinghate, reveal yourself. You can't hide forever.



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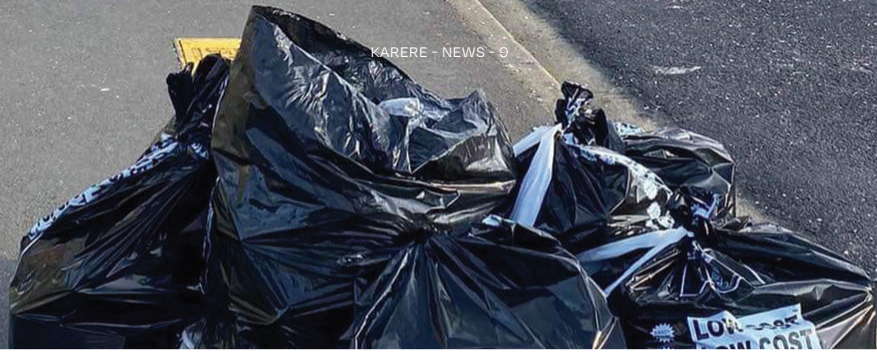
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CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATES!



WHY NOT CELEBRATE WITH SOME TACOS AND MARGS?





Changes to DCC Waste Management Loading

Critic's still looking for the 80% of students

By **Abbie Williams**

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

A Critic Te Ārohi investigation into waste management has uncovered that unlicensed rubbish bags are being taken by collectors. This comes after we sniffed around allegations that students have been storing piles of rubbish in wait of July 1st when DCC will be rolling out their new rubbish collection system to the entire city.

Though rubbish management is currently a student responsibility, the DCC's new rubbish collection system – regarded by the council as “the most advanced” waste collection system nationwide – will be included in the rates of property owners. This means landlords will pay for rubbish collection, not you.

In the new changes, all properties will get a wheelie bin for general waste plus a food scraps bin, alongside the existing mixed recycling bin and glass recycling bins. All bins will be collected weekly in the tertiary area. A DCC spokesperson told Critic Te Ārohi, “We hope that this will encourage students to separate their recycling properly, and that it will also make it easier to dispose of general waste. The new bins won't be subject to attacks by dogs, cats, or seagulls, unlike the current black rubbish bags.”

The current options in the meantime involve a DCC licensed rubbish bag which ranges in price from \$3-5, or a range of Waste Management bins which work out at around \$40 a month. Yet, it has been reported to Critic that some students have foregone traditional waste management techniques, either piling up a collection of unlicensed black bags at their flat or dumping these bags in, uh, *unique* locations. One anonymous group said they got so desperate they dumped some of their rubbish at a nearby

school. Sorry kids, not the mysterious midnight man with a sack you wrote to at Christmas.

The closure of the Dunedin Wickliffe Street Transfer Station has limited options even further, preventing flatties from taking advantage of a Campus Watch trailer which would allow students to ship out a mound of rubbish for free. Responding to the cheeky strategy of forgoing rubbish collection, DCC have allegedly responded by picking up low-cost bin bags to keep Studentville clean. Low-cost regular bin bags cost only \$1.79 for a 5-pack from Woolworths.

Critic Te Ārohi questioned a Howe Street flat if they purchased and used the official, DCC bags (bet they were enthralled by these juicy questions). They replied, “We were, but then we noticed nobody else was,” therefore deciding to save a cheeky buck by chucking their unwanted in a low-cost bin bag, which was picked up by rubbish collection just the same. Several other flats whistled the same tune – including a Leith Street flat saying they just pop the “normal ones” out as opposed to the DCC-approved bags, which are successfully collected. This is despite the DCC claiming that “about 80% of students use official DCC rubbish bags.”

This leads to a certain degree of what the fuck. The Council's website asserts “pre-paid black plastic rubbish bags are the only type of rubbish bags the DCC kerbside collection team picks up.” Even the University makes students aware of the claim, reporting on their website that “other bags won't be collected.”

Trojan Cafe Locks Their Toilet to Students

They're not taking any of our shit (ha)

By **Angus Rees**

Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

Everyone's favourite post-town one-stop-kebab-shop Trojan Cafe has broken hearts (and bladders) after students noticed a questionable policy preventing customers from using its bathrooms. It's almost like they want us to piss in public.

The problem was outlined in a UoO Meaningful Confessions post from someone who “ordered [their] kebab at 2:30am and headed to the toilet, only to be refused use of the bathroom.” In her complaint, the confesser said she was “pretty fucked off that they happily took my money for a kebab but wouldn't let a girl pee.”

A Trojan employee, Zander, told Critic Te Ārohi that, “During normal working hours, our bathrooms remain open for everyone, paying customers or not [...] but the toilets remain closed during those late weekend nights” when the business is not operating in its usual operating hours. Students frequent Trojan most

commonly during these unusual operating hours because, well, why the fuck would you spend \$20 on a kebab sober?

Critic Te Ārohi asked around for thoughts on the policy. One student, Dave* reckoned it was “crooked. I mean, it's not that much of a hassle.” Nick, a third-year and retired fast food worker, commented that Trojan's policy was common within the hospitality industry. Defending the policy, he stated, “Sure, it's an inconvenience but I don't think it's illegal [...] When I worked in fast food we had to close the toilets at 10:30pm. We needed time to sanitise and clean the mess that was left during the day.”

Another student, Hunter, agreed, stating, “There's honestly a McDonalds just down the road, surely just walk over there [...] You've got to, at some point, respect the business's rules.”

*Name changed

Re-O Comes to Queen St

“Going to Castle Street as a third-year is embarrassing”

By **Hugh Askerud**

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Re-O could see a Queen St spin-off after an announcement on the QUEEN/GEORGE 24 Facebook group was met with fierce support from the University's third-year community. The admin of the page stated that it would be “an awesome opportunity for us [...] to send off those leaving this year! The idea is to host our own Re-O away from Castle (and freshers).” Luckily freshers don't read Critic, so the secret is safe for now.

In a rare media appearance, the mysterious administrator of the page known simply as QUEEN GEORGE told Critic Te Ārohi that the event would hopefully “start a community for third-years without freshers.” QUEEN GEORGE confirmed there had been “decent interest” but failed to mention whether of the six possible spots had been filled, only stating that the lineup would be released to frothing third-years “before exams.”

The Facebook page was created on March 27th in opposition to the now bot-ridden Castle24. Now bolstering 1.1k members, the QUEEN/GEORGE 24 Facebook page is looking at putting its following into action in attempts to wrestle some of the party hegemony from Castle St.

The admin of the page, QUEEN GEORGE, took direct aim at the party culture on Castle street, with the bold claim that “second-years don't know how to host.” Continuing their tirade, they suggested that “going to Castle Street as a third-year is

embarrassing,” and the hosts were filled with “mainstream Aucklanders as per!”

The anonymous admin's call for Queen St's rise seems to have been met with support from the wider community. Forty-eight people initially reacted to the Re-O post, and within 24 hours of the page's release, 3/6 of the host spots had been taken. The admin's removal of the post suggests that the line-up is now completely full. Flats rumoured to be involved in the week are Alcatraz and the Bunker, both of whom had St Paddy's day hisses prior to the Lake House event.

Speaking to the proposal, one third-year Cooper said he thought it was a “pretty good idea.” On the Castle St stigma he said, “You can't really go down there now, so this is a good opportunity.” Zayna, a third-year who admits to being a Castle St breather last year, told Critic that she thought it was a “really good thing.” She suggested that “There's a real old student stigma at the University [...] there's first-years, then second-years, and then basically you're nothing.” I'm nothing?

With strong backing from a resurgent third-year community, and what we assume is a full line-up, Queen St's Re-O promises to meet expectations of those cast off from the Castle St mainstream. Unfortunately freshers, that's not you.

Students Not Convinced By Government's 'Pet-Bond' Policy

Let a man have his ducks

By **Gryffin Powell**

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

In a spate of new changes to renting legislation, the National coalition Government announced a new pet bond policy which claims that it will make rentals easier to find for pet owners. The pet bond of two weeks rent aims to make landlords more accepting of the risk of letting a pet live at their property.

Minister of Housing, Chris Bishop (the Chris from National that isn't the Prime Minister), David Seymour, and Chris' dog 'Ladyhawke Bishop' fronted a press conference announcing the changes to the nation. Though Seymour and Bishop each got a few licks in, it was the 'Minister of Snuggles' who dominated the press conference. Classic barking politicians.

Some students have expressed their doubts over the supposed “benefits” of the policy to renters, having dealt with numerous pet-related battles with landlords in the past. Several students reported to Critic Te Ārohi that Dunedin flats are decidedly anti-pet, with many detailing incidents of landlord freakouts in response to pet ownership.

Jamiema told Critic that she had to hide her cat during inspections in what was described as a “fairly anxiety inducing” experience. She added that “as the student experience isn't linear, there are a lot of older students/postgrads who are more settled in their flats and are willing to take risks with having illegal pets or are actually allowed pets.”

Despite her struggles, Jamiema critiqued the pet bond, saying, “Honestly, I can't see the pet bond helping pet owners in my demographic.” In critiquing the policy, she spoke directly to the cost inflicted on renters: “A six-week bond as a student is a crazy amount of money! Modelling off my current rent situation, I'd be paying \$900 in bond, which is crazy – even working full-time now.”

Cat-owner and student, Sarah, said that she “went to a [flat] viewing and, at the time, the listing said the flat was cat friendly, which was the reason we wanted to apply.” After getting the cat-friendly flat, Sarah and her flatties “went to sign and saw that the tenancy agreement was marked ‘no pets.’” The flat were initially told they could amend the tenancy agreement with “no problem,” until a month later when they found that the tenancy agreement was marked “no pets” and that discussions would be had between the property manager and landlord to see if the cat was allowed. “Thankfully there was no push back and they kept their word,” she said, but the affair was a “stressful” one.

Though the government has highlighted the benefits of the policy for renters, it will also make tenants fully liable for any damage their pets do in their property beyond general wear-and-tear. Even accidental damage (big yikes if your dog loves to tear everything apart) could incur significant cost to renters. Landlords will now only be able to withhold consent for having a pet on “reasonable grounds,” taking away a landlord's ability to just chuck a “no pets” on their TradeMe property listing for no specific reason.



Photo Credit: Mark McGuire

Disabled Community Protests Against 'Minister's Biases'

"By far the most emotional protest I have ever been to"

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

Dunedin's disabled community hosted a 100-strong protest on Friday, March 19, against the government's changes to the structure of Whaikaha, the Ministry of Disabled People, announcing new limits on support services and what disabled individuals can purchase with funding.

The event began with a march into the Octagon, followed by an hour of speeches from key leaders within the community, including Chris Ford, Cr Christine Garey, Cr Mandy Mayhem-Bullock, Amy Taylor, and other members of the local disabled community – including children. The group called on the government to reverse the funding cuts, give disabled people workable funding, extend support in the upcoming budget, and provide disability support for all disabled people regardless of cause of disability.

One attendee, Lotto, told Critic Te Ārohi that the event was "a good show of solidarity in the face of all the fucked shit that the government is putting out." They said that "it was heartbreaking that the main themes coming out of the speech was just, like, we are human and we're just not being treated like that."

One of the protest organisers, Alfie Smeele, told Critic Te Ārohi that the "changes impact all ages, stages, and regions of disabled communities. From children who need AAC devices to be able to speak [...] to students who need funding for Continual Glucose Monitors to protect their health while they study."

Alfie pointed to the dangerous precedent the changes set for the government's relations with the disabled community, arguing that the changes were "so much more than just cuts to Whaikaha service provisions." Lotto also suggested that the changes were a bad omen: "The sheer audacity of the cuts that are happening now set a tone for things getting a lot worse for disabled people."

Speaking to the reaction of the community, Alfie said, "Between us all there's been a solid mix of horror, grief, shock, despair, and anger across the weeks and months of these cuts [...] We're all impacted in different ways, we're a pretty diverse lot in age, ability/disability, socioeconomic status, and stage in life."

Alfie's concerns were also directed at current disability funding which can be extremely limited. Alfie stated to Critic Te Ārohi that, "Disability support has always been really divided and designed in a way to pit us against each other, and we're choosing to say no. Every single disabled person has the right to appropriate and adequate support services without going bankrupt to get it." The protest outlined this range of problems to "a big group of disabled people and people who cared, which was really heartwarming," according to Lotto. In their words it was "by far the most emotional protest I have ever been to."

ODT WATCH

Water in 20 sites mostly clear of toxic chemicals
landlords promoting flat signing season

No consistent correlation between price and consumption
my acc after an night out

Being a bit more strategic with our procrastination

All work and play in George St

fluoride move with applause

Critic doing ODT Watch cos articles fell through

checking your email in the club

depressed friend finally brushed their teeth

Objection to classification

Anyone lose a horse?

mate on ket went wondering

Objection to pet dog being classified as 'dangerous'

beezys really defensive of the boyfriend all her friends hate

Firefighters battle blaze in laundromat

Breathas when you call them "Breathas"

Tail damage draws \$4800 fine

furries have mad cash, apparently

Raising concerns fine, but not the right target

walking durry of a mate telling you off for vaping

freshers found a new cone spot ig

Bus fares are changing for 13 to 24-year-olds from 1 May

The government subsidy for half-price fares will end on 30 April.

Register and top up your Bee Card for discounted fares* now.

Find your fare at orc.govt.nz/fares or scan the QR code.



*Fares are higher without a Bee Card. There are no changes to fares for Community Services and SuperGold card holders.



0800 672 8736

PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

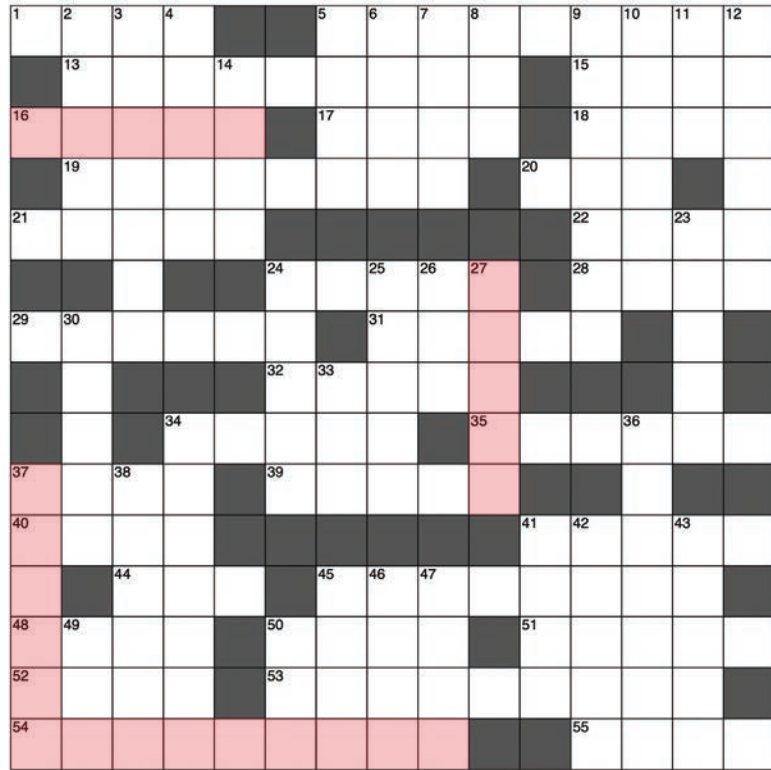
BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mazagran ESPRESSO BAR
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Yearly meetings
- 5 Didn't leave a note, say (3)
- 13 Snitched on (2)
- 15 Camera setting
- 16 Audio-limiting tool, or a car engine part
- 17 Silent
- 18 Wedding attire
- 19 Monet or Degas style
- 20 Moving image
- 21 Make into law
- 22 " ___ said"
- 24 Shoulder gesture
- 28 Blood blockage
- 29 Help out
- 31 Video game pioneer
- 32 Sigourney Weaver film
- 34 Part of the ear
- 35 Melancholy
- 37 Control+Z
- 39 Medicinal amounts
- 40 "No" as an Australian
- 41 Green spread
- 44 Computer plug-in
- 45 Part of your thesis
- 48 NYC museum
- 50 Bat an eye
- 51 Clean, as a bird would
- 52 New Plymouth river as it was originally misspelled (no "h")
- 53 Housing expansions
- 54 Like many a postgrad, and a hint as to what's been done to this week's connecting clues
- 55 Coral formation



- 33 Philosopher ___ Tzu
- 34 Barbary Coast pirate
- 36 Like foul language
- 37 Reacts with "meh", or a 24A
- 38 Raise, as support (2)
- 41 Hispanic daddy
- 42 Mistake
- 43 "One of ___ days..."
- 45 Clears (of)
- 46 *The Neverending Story* author
- 47 Lose traction
- 49 Unified
- 50 Used to be

DOWN

- 2 Bad thing to pull
- 3 Bats and cats
- 4 Impassive
- 5 Cable that connects to a TV
- 6 Promissory notes
- 7 Disappointed noise
- 8 Consumed
- 9 "Mona Lisa" painter (2)
- 10 Feeling regret
- 11 Bladder affliction
- 12 Street sign, " ___ Turn" (2)
- 14 Horse's gait
- 23 Discussion venue
- 24 Get up
- 25 Tracks
- 26 Work truck
- 27 Britain's forceful maritime recruiters
- 30 Steam bath

ISSUE 8 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

KEY: Some of the answers are mirrored

ACROSS: 1. OBLONG 4. MSIMITPO 7. MOJITO 9. REVOGNAH 10. SCULLY 11. OIRPACID 13. MIRRORREDORRIM 20. PROSECCO 21. SEMIRP 22. ATONE FOR 23. MAERCS 24. HEIRLOOM 25. DEKOMIS

DOWN: 2. BROCCOLI 3. GOODYEAR 4. MIRRORREDORRIM 5. INVERT 6. PLACID 8. IDLE 12. AJAR 14. RITS 15. RETSPMUD 16. INORACAM 17. TROTXE 18. ECIFFO 19. OMLE

SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

EASY

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

MEDIUM

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

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| | | | 3 | | 1 | | | | |
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| 7 | | 5 | | | | | | | |
| 2 | 8 | 6 | | | | | | 1 | |

WORDFIND

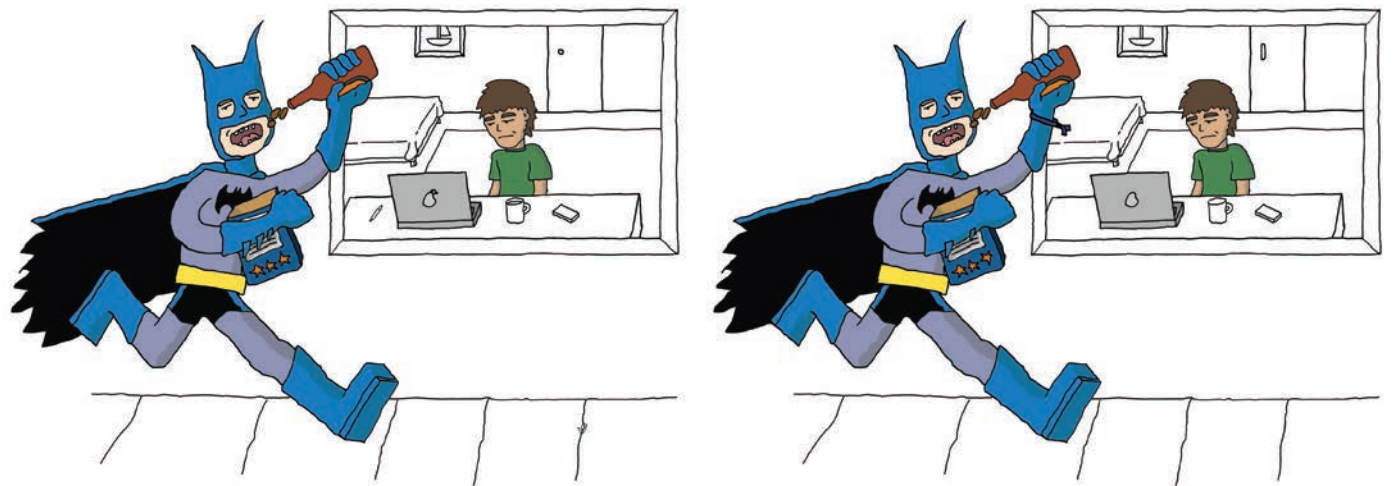
- LAKEHOUSE
- BANANA
- HYDE
- ST MARGARETS
- VAGINA DRY
- CAPITALISM
- FRUGALITY
- TROJAN
- BUNNY
- CORUBA
- SEESAW
- SMURF
- RESIDENTIAL
- TAURUS
- AMBASSADOR

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

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images



Littlest Hall Pets

By Monty O'Rielly

The Pets of Campus: No, not the OUSA exec. Actual animals.

Disclaimer: I know these are not all of the animals around! These are the ones we managed to get permission to include, and had time to visit. If there are more I missed, feel free to tell me where to find them, monty@critic.co.nz.

Missing your dog back home? Mid-terms getting you down? Need someone fluffy to cry into? It's easy to become animal-starved at Uni - you can go months without seeing a pet, and the closest thing you'll get to a fluffy critter in North D is a passing pair of Uggs. Luckily, Otago is filled with very important animal staff members who work hard to improve morale. Critic Te Ārohi has taken up the extremely difficult task of meeting various University-affiliated animals for your enjoyment. We also discovered there are way more than we knew about, and even more out there for you to meet.

Kinko



"It's Kinko's world and we're just living in it"

Kinko is Caroline Freeman College's ever-demanding cat. Whether she's screaming to be let in because she's too small to open the motion-sensor doors or waking up residents by climbing on their faces, Kinko makes her presence known as queen of CFC.

Place of residence: Caroline Freeman College
Rating: 10/10

Caroline Freeman College East is home to a variety of fish. While they are all wonderful, the real star of the show is the zebrafish. Known for his stupidity (dumbass didn't even tell me his name), he can be found swimming backwards through a fake tunnel back and forth all day - a truly Sisyphian existence. Relatable.

Place of Residence: Caroline Freeman College
Rating: 10/10



Buddy

Kindly old man

Buddy is a cross between a Löwchen and a Jack Russell, giving him the appearance of a small, scruffy old man. He is very well behaved, knowing exactly where he is not allowed to go (into the dining hall) and where he is (in the corridor to greet students). After living his entire life in various student halls, Buddy adores pats and will jump up onto your legs to get them.

Place of Residence: Cumberland College
Rating: 10/10



Fish!!!

Fish

Ace



St Marg's Secret Breatha

St Margaret's, known for their good behaviour, has a secret true Dunedinite in their mix. After being caught too many times running away to Castle Street to eat the rubbish, good boy Ace had to have a tracker placed on him. Let my man free to party, Critic Te Ārohi says. Ace works hard every day cheering up students, dutifully wagging his tail when they walk through the door. He deserves to play hard.

Place of Residence: St Marg's
Rating: 10/10

Sumo



The Miracle Dog

If you've ever lost anything on campus and gone to OUSA to pick it up, you have probably seen Sumo. He got his miracle dog status after he technically died last year when his gallbladder exploded, but was brought back to life by adrenaline. After this more-than-near-death experience, he spends his days being a "slut for attention," and is more than happy to be visited in the office while working.

Place of Residence: OUSA Office
Rating: 10/10

Flopsy



The sweetest and hungriest girl

Flopsy is St Marg's bunny, and she is more than happy to play with students as long as she also has the opportunity to eat the garden in the process. A miniature lop-eared rabbit, she's incredibly friendly and soft - but not very fast, so you don't have to worry about her running away. The pot next to her cage once contained flowers, but in order to have no competition as the sweetest thing on the St Marg's lawn, she has desecrated them.

Place of Residence: St Marg's
Rating: 10/10

Stuka



Knox has a pet magpie??

Stuka the magpie is rarely seen by Knox residents anymore, but often heard. While some magpies are incredible mimics, Stuka isn't as great with human speech, instead opting for whistling noises. Her whistle is an adaptation of your classic tradie wolf-whistle, which she learnt when she was young from construction workers across the road. Her whistle is curious sounding but fortunately not heard in the early morning, as she is taken in doors at night so as not to disturb students.

Place of Residence: Knox College
Rating: 10/10

"The one and only"



Maverick

Maverick is an incredibly friendly Border Collie who frequents Salmond College. He is extremely excitable and will reflect the energy of the room, whether that be barking as people cheer for rugby games, or running around the room during the Salmond Ball. Maverick is "handsome and knows it," and regularly tries to sneak into the dining hall to steal food (despite a very clear sign prohibiting him).

Place of Residence: Salmond
Rating: 10/10

Pippi and Blue



Knox College Dog in Training

Senior Knox College Dog

Pippi is Knox's newest pet, a six-month-old black lab. She loves attention and pats (much to the chagrin of her brother), becoming incredibly socialised from all the people around. Turns out halls are good places to socialise dogs: between parties and Health Sci meltdowns, there are plenty of new experiences for her to get used to.

Blue would like everyone to know that he loves cuddles and affection just as much as his little sister! Even if he doesn't quite have her baby cute factor, it makes him mope when she gets more love than he does. Bred to be a hunting dog, he has lots of energy and loves to just be around people. A hall dog through and through.

Place of Residence: Knox College
Rating: 10/10

Tui has spent two and half years living on Otago campus. She is supposed to live at Te Rangī, but prefers to wander back to her old home at Arana. She enjoys manspreading in order to get her tan in, puree cat treats, and chasing birds by the St Dave's bridge. We all wish we were as relaxed as her.

Place of Residence: Te Rangihīroa/Arana
Rating: 10/10

Runty



Not actually a runt!

Runty was found abandoned and given to a nursing mother who had older kittens, giving her her name as she appeared far smaller than her littermates. She is now far from abandoned, getting love from Knox students when she chooses to grace their presence. She is very friendly, and will happily flop into your arms if you give her pats.

Place of Residence: Knox College
Rating: 10/10

Tui



Pussy out!

Stevie

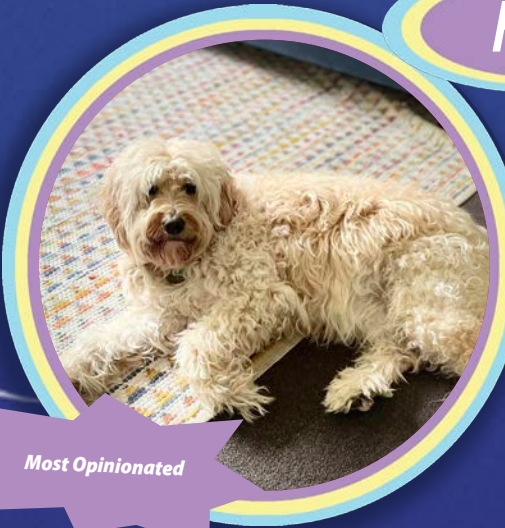


Best girl

Stevie is the University's most fashionable pet. Sporting everything from cowboy hats to Swandri sweaters, she lives up to her namesake Stevie Nicks (not Stevie Wonder, as I had guessed). She loves Taylor Swift (like her mum) and her enemy-turned-best-friend Freo. She is incredibly happy to get even a shred of attention, and is so spoiled that she sometimes refuses to eat unless hand fed each biscuit individually. Follow her @stevie_carringtoncavoodle

Place of Residence: Carrington
Rating: 10/10

Freo



Most Opinionated

If you go to Carrington and hear barking, that's probably Freo: a white Groodle (Golden Retriever x Poodle) hailing from Australia, she makes her voice heard at any opportunity. For example, since becoming a big sister to a (human) brother last year, she likes to let everyone know when the baby starts crying, just in case we didn't hear. She can be found staring longingly at her favourite food during lunch (boiled eggs and ham) or running around with her best friend Stevie.

Place of Residence: Carrington
Rating: 10/10

Charlie



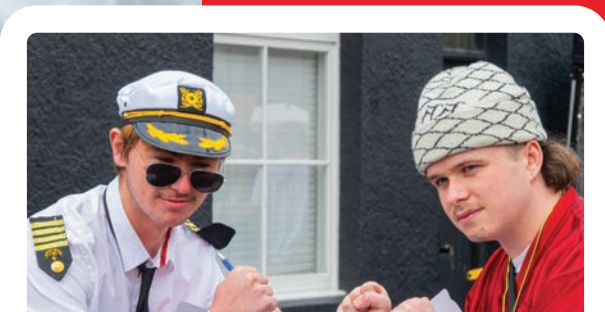
Undercover Agent

Charlie is Radio One's resident dog. Often seen wandering around the office, we at Critic Te Ārohi are very familiar with Charlie, who loves to wander in during meetings and work. She has a sweet face, and loves to try and climb into people's laps (as I discovered in trying to photograph her). However, I can't help but suspect her of subterfuge on behalf of Radio One, stealing Critic Te Ārohi's staff members one cute look at a time.

Place of Residence: Radio One
Rating: 10/10

HAVE

Photos by Sophia Niblock







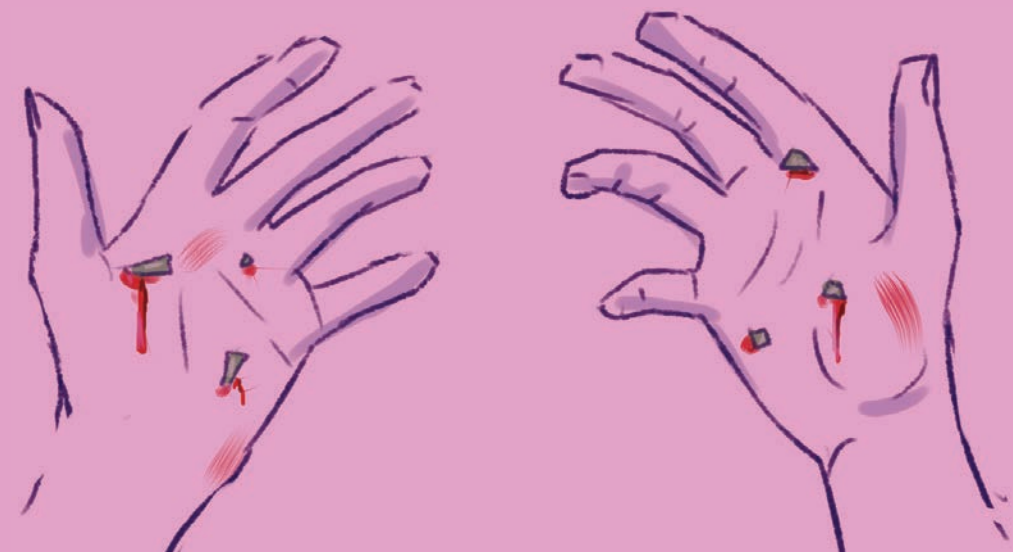
YOURS

By Lily Stoddart Illustrated by Aria Tomlinson



To whom it may concern,
 I think I am the perfect candidate for this part-time job because I am reliable,
 I will always show up on time,
 and if my car breaks down I will walk.
 And if my legs break off I will elbow crawl
 concrete grazes, beer glass abrasions, and all.
 And if the ground becomes ocean I will paddle all night,
 To man the counter by morning.
 I will even bring towels from home to make sure the angry ocean doesn't wet the
 customer's feet.
 I will give them all the dry socks,
 that the legless person no longer needs.

I am as hard-working as a sheepdog,
 and I need only bones as tips.
 I am an amiable girl, always,
 I won't give creepy customers any lip.
 You can count on me to mop,
 you can count on me to use the microwave cover.



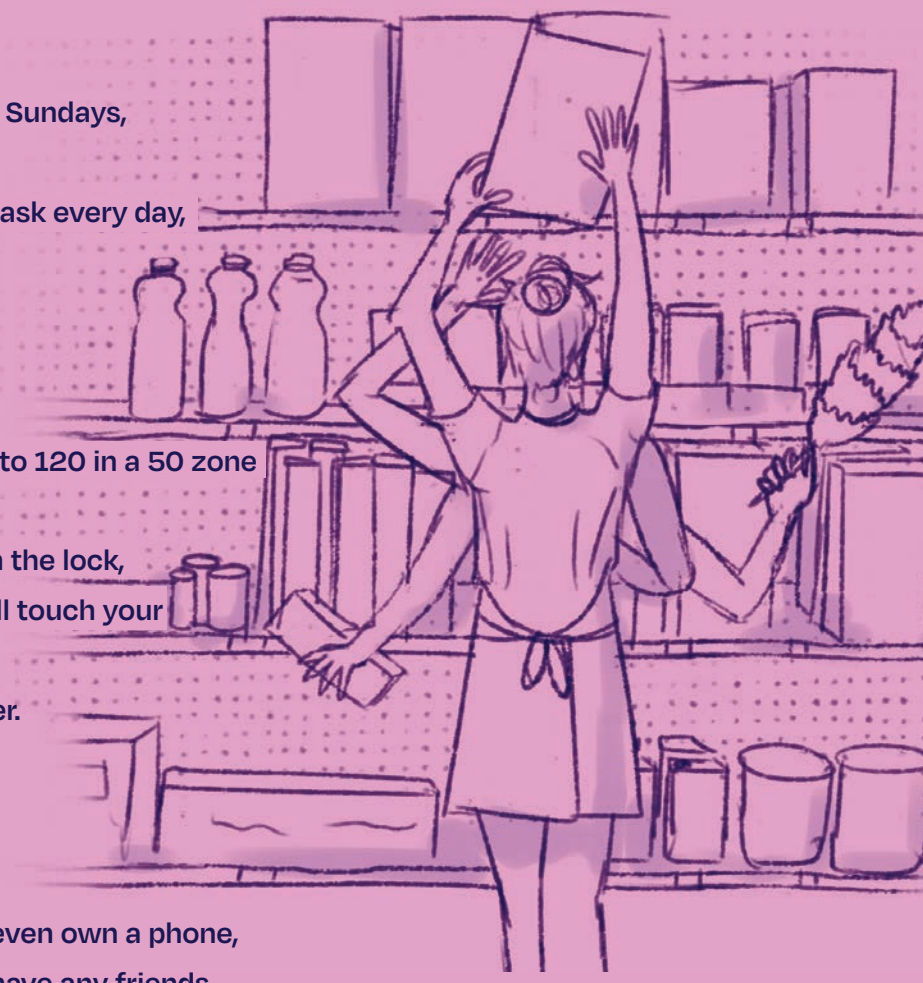
You can count on me to come in on Sundays,
 even when I'm hungover.
 You can count on me to wear my mask every day,
 and never take a lover.
 And if I catch Covid or love,
 by will, I will recover.

You can count on me to accelerate to 120 in a 50 zone
 when I am running late.
 And if it's closing time, you just turn the lock,
 then, if you ask me nicely, be sure I'll touch your
 stock-taking folder
 and count every dollar in the register.

I don't even own a phone,
 I don't have any friends,
 and I have hypohidrosis, so I never even sweat.
 I don't get a bad period, but if it gets in the way
 I'll scoop out all my lower stomach bits, and be back without delay.
 I love to talk to people, I'm friendly as can be.
 I don't know any curse words, I never need to pee.
 I really have five hands, to quickly stock the shelves.
 I'm the best fit for the job, you see – I even have two mouths,
 so should I ever fail you, I can scold myself.
 Thank you for considering my application, I hope I see you soon.

Yours sincerely,
 Yours gratefully,
 Yours obediently,
 Yours kindly,

Yours,
 Ms Perfect Applicant



IS CASTLE STREET THE NEW TIMES SQUARE?

CASTLE CAPITALISM

By Angus Rees & Iris Hehir
Illustrated by Jakira Brophy

It's no secret that university students are short on money. Between tuition fees, the rising cost of living, and an academic workload that makes part-time work sparse, students are under a lot of financial pressure. But thanks to social media and consumer culture, a new 21st century job has emerged: student ambassador. Nowadays, students are an Instagram DM away from being paid to promote local festivals, hand out free stuff for radio stations, and simply party.

Working closely with various companies such as tertiary education providers, media outlets, festivals, alcohol brands, and furniture brands, the job of a student ambassador is to sell products to their peers. If you sleep on a Flatpack Company mattress, drink Nitro, or nabbed a Baseline ticket off a breather's Instagram story, you've been influenced.

These marketing tactics utilise the student demographic living in Dunedin to promote the latest RTD, discount code or music gig. In return, student ambassadors are given money, free entry to events and/or free products.

Being a student ambassador is an easy way to earn a quick buck (or avoid spending what bucks you have left after rent). But can everyone be an ambassador? Or is the job reserved for a select 'type' of student? Is this marketing tactic hurting Dunedin culture or enhancing the student experience? Does covertly selling products to peers complicate student relationships? And finally, is all of it legal? Critic Te Ārohi investigates the phenomenon we've dubbed 'Castle Capitalism'.



BESTIES OR BUSINESS?

Castle Capitalism starts early at modern day Otago Uni. Freshers' capacity to influence their peers in halls of residences make them optimal ambassadors for The Flatpack Company, despite having no experience with flatting (bless their panel heaters and catered food). Flatpack beds are a popular choice for new flatters. The convenience of delivery on move-in day makes them a stand-out option over that 45-year-old South Dunedin man selling a mattress on Facebook marketplace.

Flatpack's service is especially compelling in the midst of flat-panic, an annual epidemic where freshers must choose which friends will be promoted to flatmates and attempt to convince landlords of their "studious" credentials. Perhaps it's Flatpack's "admin-free" service or "affordable" costs that explain the company's chokehold over freshers, or perhaps it's the effectiveness of their ambassador marketing.

We all know that one person in the hall who spammed the floor groupchat with Flatpack codes and slid pamphlets under your door (get your bag, girl). While to Critic's knowledge these 'influencing' methods are still being used by Flatpack ambassadors, their tactics have become more overt in recent years. One source tells Critic they saw an ambassador bring mattresses onto Union Lawn where lines of students were invited to lay on them before being handed free RedBull (not a bad deal after that soul-sucking 8am).

Otago business graduate and Flatpack co-founder Angus Syme tells Critic that the company receives "hundreds of applications each year" from freshers vying to become the Tarayummy of mattresses. Only a select few ("around 20") are selected to carry out "a really important part" of Flatpack's marketing strategy.

Third-year Christy* recalls a "charming" neighbour she had at her hall who'd "constantly" stop her in the hallway to talk about Flatpack

mattresses and slip discount codes under her door. "I thought it was really weird she was so obsessed with mattresses. I remember telling my mate she'd make a great salesperson," Christy laughs. "Well, that makes more sense in retrospect."

While advertising on Instagram now requires #ad, word of mouth doesn't. Looking back, Christy finds it "strange" that most of their conversations were actually part of a marketing strategy: "She never disclosed that she was an ambassador, at least not that I can remember."

Flatpack ambassadors have made the company popular with the student dollar. Third-year Hanna tells Critic she "didn't even know there were other alternatives to Flatpack," saying she was "heavily influenced" by the student ambassadors in her hall.

Hanna is critical of the impact of student ambassador marketing, deriding the "scare tactics" Flatpack reportedly uses when promoting their beds and delivery service; including pushing their prices up throughout the year to nab panicked purchases. "It particularly got [to] me," Hanna says, describing how she scrambled to buy a bed despite not even having signed a flat yet.

While Hanna's flatmates tell Critic they weren't influenced to the same degree, they call student ambassadors "a little scammy [...] They're hyping it up on social media, doing scare tactics, giving away RedBull, acting all buddy buddy but in reality they're actually just profiting off [their peers]."

AMBASSADOR A-LISTERS

The Flatpack Co. is far from the only company to employ student ambassadors. Like Flatpack, Baseline Festival was cooked up by two Otago business graduates Hamish Todd and Angus Tylee. Seven years later, Baseline has become Dunedin's "premier musical festival," bringing in thousands of punters to experience the best of Drum 'n Bass. Otago tertiary students make up the majority of attendees at Baseline, whose marketing involves recruiting student ambassadors.

Marketing lead Jasper Shand told Critic that student ambassadors are "extremely important" for the festival's success. "We look for their support to share our content and encourage them to share their own ideas." So whose

ideas get to be heard? Co-founder Hamish says that the process of ambassador recruitment starts on good ol' Instagram stories. "We only advertise our ambassador programme with a couple Instagram stories, the idea being that the algorithm will make sure our true ambassadors see it."

What constitutes a "true" ambassador (of which there are only 25) appears to be a mix of genuine appreciation for electronic music and, well, popularity. Critic was shown the groupchat of ambassadors, who tended to have two things in common: thousands of followers and a flat on Castle or its adjacent party streets.

Third-year Dom was one of the few selected to be a Baseline ambassador, having done it for the last three years. Although Dom (a DnB enthusiast who lived on Leith Street) is the perfect fit to promote Baseline, he tells Critic he'd rather pass the torch than do student ambassador work again.

"Other than the free ticket, you don't really gain anything else apart from the few that maybe got a free hoodie," Dom says. He feels there should "definitely be better incentives to make you actually want to promote the festival, as leading up to the date [...] I noticed that most ambassadors weren't really posting much apart from the very odd story, including myself."

"PLEASE SIR, I WANT SOME BOOZE"

So why do students engage in Castle Capitalism? Not everyone thinks the treats are worth the mahi, but the pros are obvious: flexible income, free tickets, and – perhaps more controversially – free alcohol. North Dunedin's affinity for booze is unrivalled. Alcohol companies take advantage of this market of infamous partiers (or "problem drinkers" if those texts from Student Health are anything to go by). Earlier this year,

The Dairy – a now-derelict Castle Street flat – was given a fresh coat of paint as an advertising billboard for the RTD Kirin Hyoketsu, making the connection between Studentville and sponsorships hard to miss. Critic Te Arohi took to Castle Street to further investigate the relationship between alcohol companies and North D's most notorious student flats.

Jackson from the Dog Box flat tells Critic his flatmates "hustled" a sponsorship with Greenhill Seltzers through Instagram DMs, and were dropped off boxes during O-Week, as well as a big tapestry flag, phone accessories, branded hoodies, and dressing gowns (Jackson complains his was the wrong size). "The girls have also got a TikTok going now," he says. Jackson tells Critic that if Dog Box's account reached a certain number of followers and views, Greenhill Seltzers would award the flat vouchers "for piss."

"Anyone that lives on Castle is trying to hustle something and [uses] this street as a bit of leverage. I guess [residents have] built up [its] reputation over years and that works for the companies and stuff. You might as well use it to your advantage," Jackson says.

Flat sponsorships with alcohol brands have been a facet of life on Castle Street for years. Critic understands these sponsorships are typically initiated by residents reaching out to companies over social media (a trick handed down from generations of tenants). But this isn't always the case.

The Deathstar flat's infamous breathaism makes them an obvious choice for alcohol companies to sponsor, including Greenhill Seltzers. Deathstar residents Jack and Fergus tell Critic that, unlike their neighbour Dog Box, Greenhill was the one to hit Deathstar up ahead of their O-Week host. In exchange for wearing branded clothing, putting up a "big inflatable" ad in their living room, and "word of mouth" marketing, Deathstar was promised free

ANYONE THAT LIVES ON CASTLE STREET IS TRYING TO HUSTLE SOMETHING

boxes. However, the flat tells Critic the arrangement fell through after a visit from Police following the Fridgette fiasco.

In February, the Fridgette flat made national headlines for their gone-awry sponsorship with Bee Alcoholic Lemonade. Resident Stella tells Critic the flat DMed multiple alcohol companies ahead of their wedding themed Flo-Week host. "Heaps replied [...] some big ones. But we wanted to go with someone more New Zealand," and so the girls were dropped off 280 1.25 litre bottles of Bee by "some dude in a van."

Stella tells Critic they were instructed to put up a light-up branded sign and hand out the drink "ice-cold" at the street host. However, patrolling Police caught wind of the "illegal" arrangement. "We brought all the drinks inside [...] Police came around the next day and talked to us more about it [...] then [another] guy came and talked to us about [alcohol harm]." Both parties were at fault, but while the girls were in trouble for breaching the University Student Code of Conduct, Bee was in more serious trouble for breaching the law. Stella says that the "Bee dude" gave the flat a call following the incident: "He was quite upset I think."

The Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act prohibits the "irresponsible promotion of alcohol," stating it's an offence to promote or advertise alcohol "that is free of charge" or do "anything that encourages people, or is likely to encourage people, to consume alcohol to an excessive extent."

While the sponsorship went south, Stella believes the media made a bigger fuss than the situation deserved: "It was a bit overdramatic. I guess there's a bad side to it, like promoting drinking culture [...] but we just thought we were being harmless. Which we were in the end. No drinks were given out." Fridgette kept all the drinks, and has yet to get through their supply. "Not everyone likes the Bee taste," laughs Stella. Two months after the fact, Bee stays catching strays.

While Stella insists the entire ordeal was "really chill," many flats Critic spoke to, including Deathstar, say the scandal has "scared off" alcohol companies – dampening the street's ability to nab sponsorships. "[Police] came and talked to us and said we can't give out any free piss," say Jack and Fergus. The boys claim while the Police did not explicitly say it was okay to accept free alcohol for personal consumption, it wasn't specifically prohibited in the conversation either.

IS IT LEGAL?

Critic Te Ārohi set out to uncover whether these sponsorships are legal or illegal, beginning with contacting New Zealand Police. While Police were "unable to comment on the legality of specific instances without further investigation," they revealed they have "instigated proceedings" against an unspecified licensee for "breaching the law following an incident in February" where free alcohol was provided to a flat party; emphasising they "do not endorse this behaviour."

Commenting to Critic on the topic of RTD marketing to students last year, Alcohol Harm Prevention officer Sergeant Stephen Jones told Critic that Castle Street is

one of the most high risk and vulnerable communities for alcohol harm in New Zealand: "Previously, some alcohol manufacturers and suppliers have attempted to exploit this community by providing sponsorship through money, product, and advertising. They have done this in order to promote their brands, focusing specifically on periods when this community is at its most vulnerable," referring to Flo/O-Week and the Hyde Street Party.

In a comment to Critic, Greenhill Seltzers acknowledged they've "dealt with a few student flats in Dunedin," claiming that their general rule is to offer merch rather than drinks. "We're careful to avoid directly offering alcohol to flats so as not to promote binge drinking." Greenhill says in the cases of Deathstar and Dog Box, the company "gifted some of our product as a thank-you for their efforts and engagement."

While everyone loves a free t-shirt, residents aren't exactly DMing these brands to do free-promotion. Castle Street flats have allegedly received "thank-you gifts" of alcohol from Jägermeister, Better Beer, Clean Collective, Nitro, Cheeky, Flame, H2yo, and more over the last three years alone.

Greenhill Seltzer confirmed to Critic that they checked both flat's IDs (a claim corroborated by the residents). To our understanding, however, this isn't always the case – at least pre-Bee drama. Former Castlers that Critic spoke to laughed off the notion they were made to show IDs by alcohol companies with emphatic "no's."

Liz Gordon, a lawyer for Communities Against Alcohol Harm, tells Critic that while there is "significant regulation of licences" (i.e Leith Liquor), there is "virtually none at all" for alcohol companies themselves. "Big Alcohol has completely freed itself from regulation [...] it is free to promote alcohol in the streets and in the places where students like to live and drink. In Studentville, all of these competitive and market pressures play out in everyday life."

Jackson from Dog Box reckons "it's pretty loose how [alcohol] just kind of gets given out willy-nilly. I understand why the police aren't happy. But the culture is already built here [on Castle Street] so it's not really changing anything [...] people are gonna be [binge] drinking regardless."

Liz, however, disagrees that these sponsorships have had no impact on the culture. What seems like a "promotion-enhanced choice by students of what to drink" is, according to Liz, "the determination of where the valuable alcohol dollar will flow and who will profit [...] This kind of promotion work pays off big dividends. Alcohol is an addictive substance and creating a lifelong dependence, whether physical, psychological or social, maintains the market for the next generation."

LAKE HOUSE GETS A MAKEOVER

While Castle Capitalism is most prevalent on this infamous street, the phenomenon extends throughout Studentville. Lake House, hidden behind Logan Park over a kilometre away from Castle Street, remains one of Dunedin's biggest party flats, earning its reputation from their notorious annual St Paddy's Day host. The Lake House host was once an organic mega-party at the heart of student culture; a time where green-donned students could run feral (with

IN NORTH DUNEDIN'S ECONOMY, IT SEEMS ALCOHOL IS THE NEW NZD.



smashed windows, climbing roofs, and couch fires all par for the course). However, in recent years, the host has attracted the attention of RTD brands and nightclubs who've transformed the once-grassroots piss up into a marketing hotspot.

This year, Lake House made news for their partnership with Catacombs Nightclub. The partnership would help to "promote a safe drinking environment" as told to the Otago Daily Times. Lake House tenant Alex, tells Critic that the partnership came about from being contacted by "one of the bros" who does the nightclub's PR. "They wanted to take a more of a responsible drinking angle," he says. "[We were] helping them look a bit better"

While Catacombs' branded water bottles and port-a-loos made local news, their supply of alcohol to the Lake House residents didn't. Alex tells Critic that the boys were given ten bottles of Fireball whiskey and three 24 boxes of Speights in total from Catacombs. But there was a catch — Alex claims that the "more work you did, the more drinks you would get." This resulted in the Lake House residents earning differing amounts of alcohol from the nightclub. "If you did heaps of work, you'd get Fireball, but if you didn't do much, you'd just get the Speights." In North Dunedin's economy, it seems alcohol is the new NZD.

Despite the influx of alcohol marketing from student flats, Alex reckons these sponsorships shouldn't be held responsible for promoting North Dunedin's binge-drinking culture; claiming it's a matter of personal responsibility. "[Students] are gonna drink anyways, it just depends on how they [choose to] go about it."

However, as a liquor licensee, Catacombs is held to a higher standard than 'Big Alcohol'. In Liz Gordon's opinion, Catacombs may have breached the Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act on multiple grounds relating to the discounting and promotion of alcohol, acting off-licence (providing alcohol outside of their premises), and acting "unsuitably" to the object of the Act. Liz explains that during Catacombs' liquor licence renewal process, the owners may be judged unsuitable to hold a licence in light of this information, which would see the nightclub potentially meeting the same fate as Eleven Bar last year.

"The promo of the nightclub with water bottles is not a problem. A gift of large amounts of alcohol by a licensed premises to the flat for doing promo work is definitely of concern." Catacombs did not respond to Critic Te Ārohi's request for comment in time for print.

DUNEDIN'S NEW CULTURE: PARTIES OR PROFIT?

Lake House was reported to have spent around \$2.9k on this year's St Paddy's Day host, including hiring a brand new sound system and security for the flat. It was a massive cost for a flat party in Dunedin which, with the help of sponsorships, increasingly involved PR strategies and high-maintenance planning.

Long gone are the parties with a shitty JBL and some breatha on DDJ-400 decks, it seems. Third-year Harrison* tells Critic that while he feels it's natural for the scene to be evolving, he's "nostalgic" for the days before there was corporate interest in student partying. "It's only a matter of time before these street hisses start getting ticketed. We've seen it with Hyde Street. I get it was a safety thing and OUSA does an awesome job, but all it takes is some

company with the wrong intentions and then we'll be cooked. The whole thing is kinda predatory!"

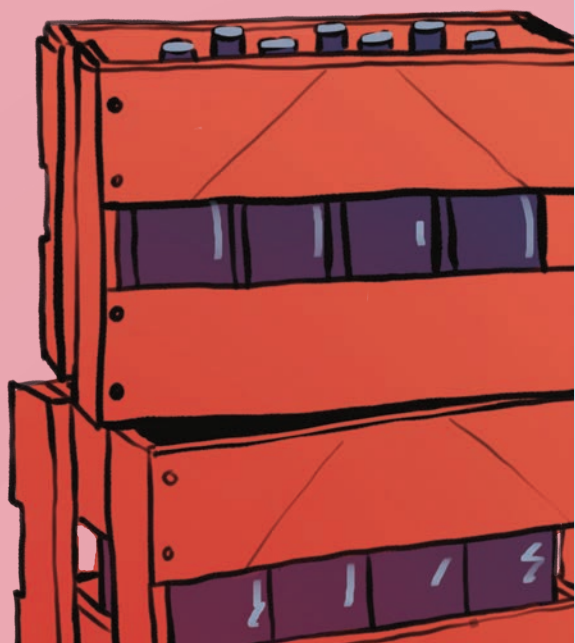
However, Deathstar resident Jack rejects the notion that Castle Capitalism is bad for students, telling Critic "it's not anything too deep [...] The news had a skitz about, like, vulnerable youth. But I don't actually think the marketing does anything. People are gonna buy what they like [regardless]. Seeing posters on flats like Deathstar and Thirsty [advertising] Baseline isn't actually gonna make anyone go. Like, people will go if they want to, or not." Flatmate Fergus added he thinks that "it's kinda cool there's companies reaching out. I don't think it's actually doing any net negative."

Second-year Sam, on the other hand, reckons student life in Dunedin has "definitely" changed for the worse: "These companies drain the life out of [partying]. Telling students what to do, how to be, how to act. They're glamourising [student] culture, making it seem like [these] parties are spontaneous, but it's not. There's so much organisation and effort that goes into them now." Sam predicts that Dunedin student culture will eventually meet the same commercialised fate other subcultures have fallen victim to. "It's like what happened to the hippie culture in the '60s. They found a way to label it, put a price tag on it, commercialise and monopolise."

While breathas are a dime a dozen around campus, Sam fears a corporate takeover of Studentville could result in a "homogenised" image of all Dunedin students as Castle breathas. "There's way more variants of students than that," says Sam, who gave "St Clair and Kilda surf bros", "Glassons girlies," "indie Radio One volunteers" and "law school wankers" honourable mentions.

Whether Castle Capitalism is harmful or harmless is up for debate. The intersection of student culture and corporate marketing remains a moral and legal grey area. Student ambassadors walk a fine line between making an easy profit and having to commodify themselves, their social life, and their university experience. Depending on who you ask, Castle Capitalism is either a simple trick to spare the \$25 on a box or the beginning of a Bezos-level takeover of Studentville. While we can't say what the consequences of Castle Capitalism will be, we can say: if your laptop has a Critic sticker on it, thanks for doing our influencing for us.

*Names changed.



YOUR 2024 OUSA EXECUTIVE



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Emma Jackson



POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE

Hanna Friedlander



INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE

Ibuki Nishida



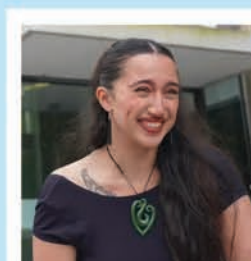
RESIDENTIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Stella McCurdy



PACIFIC ISLAND STUDENTS' PRESIDENT

Telekalafi Likiliki



TUMUAKI OF TE RŌPŪ MĀORI

Gemella Reynolds-Hatem



Takeaways

weekly specials

SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



RNZ's 'The Detail' Spotify podcast

Don't want to listen to the actual news but want to sound smart? Peep game and lock in to this absolute banger, which will take up about twenty minutes of your time on the walk to campus, covering one topic and going on a daily deep dive. Absolutely worth doing the day you plan on ringing the olds so you have something to discuss that their news watching selves will be aware of (for brownie points etc.).

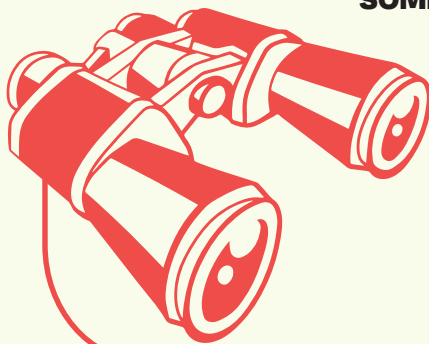
SOMETHING TO GO TO



Mid-week pub crawl

Yeah it's just that. You hit U-Bar for the first act, then branch out towards your flat, stopping at every pub, brewery, hole in the wall, and any other word for licensed premises that aren't on that short list. Bonus points if you have a drink at all of them. Critic recommends U-Bar>Woof>Craic>U-Bar for the best experience.

SOMETHING TO WATCH



Scarfies film

Arguably the film that took the cult from Dunedin student culture and put it next to classic, Scarfies encompasses the student experience: a shithouse flat, copious alcohol consumption, drugs, kidnappings (maybe not this one but shit happens yk), and rounds it out with a chase scene backdropped by a beautiful Dunedin winter skyline (AKA grey and fucking miserable looking).

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



The homies

It's that time of year again: the beginning of winter and miserable weather, cold damp days and all that gloominess, so check in on the bros. Have a movie night, an early morning DMC, or a group study sesh. Just be a certified Good Citizen and make sure you are all thriving.

SOMETHING TO READ



Last Thursdayism

The idea goes that the universe was created last Thursday with the appearance of being a lot older. But if it just appears to be older, who's to say it isn't younger? Last Thursdayism is also the ultimate excuse for doing naught shy of fuck all: you can't prove that the whole world wasn't created last Thursday, so don't do that assignment, skip that lecture, turn off your alarm and roll over – the odds are good enough for me.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



One week mid-sem breaks

Why can't they be two? Little kids who eat crayons and have nap times get a two week break for their term break, why don't we get one when we are doing strenuous study, late nights doing assignments you forgot, hungover in the middle of the week, and all sorts of other dumb shit. God forbid a motherfucker have time off.

RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

**FRIDAY
3 MAY**

HŌHĀ, SPLINTER, AND PESK
THE CROWN HOTEL
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8.30pm.

TGIF LIVE IN THE COURTYARD
OMBRELLOS KITCHEN & BAR
Featuring Callum Hampton. 5pm. Free entry.

**SATURDAY
4 MAY**

INDIGO BLUE JAZZ SESSIONS
INDIGO ROOM
9.30pm. Koha entry.

EMILY ALICE - HINDSIGHT TOUR
U BAR
w/ IVY and Keira Wallace. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

GRVDGGR, KERIAN VARAINE, PERRY BUOY, AND SSAND YOURS
YOURS
6pm. All ages.

SAURIAN - SINGLE RELEASE AND TOUR FUNDRAISER
THE CROWN HOTEL
w/ Bunchy's Big Score and Before the Snooze. 8pm. \$15

**SATURDAY
4 MAY**

SOUTHERN CONSORT OF VOICES - SACRED SEASONS
ST JOSEPH'S CHAPEL
2pm. \$25 waged / \$20 unwaged / \$10 students.



By Jordan Irvine

Vagina Dry are the new leaders of Ōtepoti Riot Grrrl music. Fronted by El (she/they) on vocals and guitar, she spits forth a political and intersectional feminist message in their lyrics. Backed by Caleb (he/him) on drums and Reef (he/him) on bass, in a short amount of time they have become one of the most recognisable names in the Dunedin punk scene due to a passionate sound and memorable name. Critic Te Ārohi talked to the band about a new album, opening for Dartz, and the political importance of their music.

Vagina Dry has only been together for a short time, but after a consistent run of gigs they have managed to find their sound and style of feminist punk. "We started around early November last year," says Caleb. El is a big fan of the Riot Grrrl bands, especially Bikini Kill, which inspired them to start a similar band. "I look up to Kathleen Hana a lot," says El. "I wanted to have the same powerful lyrics." Vagina Dry wants to normalise women in the Dunedin music scene, minority voices in music, and intersectionality. "There's often the token women bass player which somehow makes the band diverse, but the lead voice is a cis het man. It doesn't represent the struggle women, trans, and non-binary people have to go through to make music."

The band manages to stick out due to their use of a provocative word. The name came from Caleb trying to be involved with current lingo, particularly the saying "vagina slay". "I'm very oblivious to all the lingo, and I saw something that was lame and said that was vagina dry. Reef said that should be the band name." While provocative, El hopes to normalise the word vagina, saying, "When people refer to our band, they're saying the word vagina and it's not a big issue. Everyone treats it as such a dirty word but it's just normal. People need to stop tearing down our posters because they say vagina." It has, however, made marketing and booking gigs more difficult. Caleb mentions how he managed to book a gig on the Interislander: "They said we couldn't use that name and we had to be family friendly. I said our name was 'Dunedin Riot Grrrl Band'. The name is good for shock value."

But Vagina Dry is far more than just a name, snagging a spot opening for one of New Zealand's biggest alternative bands DARTZ. "The experience was actually horrible for me," says El. "I was talking about pretty important issues like the Palestine conflict, reproductive rights, the problems with white feminism and it was dead silence with men just staring at me. They didn't want me to speak. It was hard to get through that." El did not worry too hard about "beer punk" (a term they define as people who just want to get drunk and not hear the message behind the music) because earlier in the day the band had started to record an album. "It was stressful because we were recording live so if someone messed up we had to start again," says El. Caleb adds, "We spent an hour and a half on one song but it's all done now, post production stuff is just needed."

Vagina Dry has upcoming gigs on May 10th at Inch Bar for Drag! Music! You can follow Vagina Dry on Instagram @thevaginadryband to keep up to date with gigs and music releases.

Photo Credit: @dunedinsound

Chat

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

Oh ChatGoth,
How can it be that Duffers has Black Friday (Goth queen of NZ) in residence AND Australasia's best synth pop band Robots in Love and still we have no goth nights to dance til dawn in our stompy boots! Whatever shall we do?
穴

Hi 穴
I understand why you're gravely concerned (scuse the pun) about the lack of goth events in Ōtepoti. However, it's people like you who are helping to keep the goth scene alive. It's actually a great time to be goth in Duffers - I've been seeing more and more baby bats strolling around George Street, and every time I watch them awkwardly rearrange their ripped tights (y'know, when they get too frayed and the threads tangle your legs together, or when you decide they're not ripped enough and tear into them, lest you be mistaken for some sort of prude), my blackened heart temporarily shifts to a shade of dark grey. I love to see Demonias tearing up Central Lawn, even though I have a personal gripe with Demonias (I don't believe in foam platforms). I have a deeper gripe with grass, though. Fuck it, trample away.

It goes deeper than aesthetics, of course - the best part is that there's more goth music here than ever. There are regular goth nights at Yours on Moray Place, where Ann Arkii puts on deathrock and darkwave (versus the touring 'Goth Nights' that just blast The Smiths) and we all have a weird spooky boogie. Next one is May 17th, even. The Crown can yield some amazing goth cover bands, and if you go to punk or metal gigs too they're often full of goths too.

Basically, the scene is popping off here, and gets better year after year. It's just a matter of supporting goth events and meeting other goths in the wild. We're all secretly friendly and approachable as fuck. A simple compliment on a harness can start a whole infodump on creepy shit. Goths are quite solitary, but we get chances to come together - so take them!

It's a blessing and a curse to find fellow goths in Dunedin, but don't we just love feeling cursed?

Darkly yours,

ChatGOTH

PS: If I ever saw Black Friday in person I'd fully lose my shit and combust into a pile of strange-smelling ashes. Love her.

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



TŪHURA
Otago Museum
f i t
@otagomuseum



40

Mr. Daringful Confessions

THE RUBBER RAXXER

I had been talking to Latin (easiest decoded code name ever) for maybe a month before my return to the glorious city of Auckland, but nothing had come of it – at least not yet. Upon landing, I promptly received a text from a high school friend inviting me to go with her to town. Lo and behold, Latin was celebrating his birthday by club hopping.

Doing what we all do best, he realised I was back and out on the town by stalking my Snap maps. I get the usually dreaded, "What club are you in?" snap and the wild goose chase begins! Drunk and sloppy, we continued to miss each other all night and then my friend told me it's time to go home.

With little to no recollection of the events that lead to this, I get into bed alone – but not for long. Latin snaps me and tells me he's coming over if I still want to see him. The drinks had turned me from young and turned, to deprived and horny. I say yes. He Uber's to my family home (sorry Mum) and we have a little kōrero about nothing in particular, interrupted by a "oh my God, you made me miss Love Island!" We begin to watch the most recent episode of what is the greatest dating show of all time, his head on my chest.

Now we all know the look a guy gives you when he wants to make his move, and this was it. Every time I speak, he lifts his head up to look up at me as if he was hard of hearing and needed to lip read. I guess he's blind too, because he's reading my lips as if they're written in braille. We start making out, sort of aggressively – so much so that my laptop falls off the bed, but we still enjoy the sensual sounds of chavvy British accents gracing our ears with phrases such as "that was quite muggy!" "my type on paper," and "I'm not going to put all my eggs in one basket."

His hands head south, and honestly props to him, he's pretty good at DJing, especially for a man. After rejecting his multiple offers of cunnilingus, the romance is turned up a notch with the question of, "You wanna?" He wraps it before he taps it, we are in missionary (again, romantic) for maybe a minute before he begrudgingly alerts me he has concluded his journey inside me.

He frantically explains the reason for this is he hasn't had sex in two years. I reply with giggles and that I'm flattered. We make small talk over my shared water bottle and cuddles. We say goodnight, and he falls asleep quite easily while I toss and turn whilst listening to his snoring.

Several sleepless hours pass by (for me) before he wakes up to phone calls wishing him a happy birthday, with his sister berating him for having a one-night stand. He says his goodbyes, but not before forcing the awkward post-hook-up hug upon me.

I decide that now is as good a time as any to begin to tidy my bedroom and unpack. I toss an empty vape pod in my empty rubbish bin... why the fuck is it empty? I search my room, high and low for the used condom. If it is not correctly disposed of, there's a chance of my mother finding it, and I'd rather have a (treatable) STI. I spend half an hour searching before I swallow my pride and break the rule of no contact I gave myself.

"Hey, this might be a silly question, but do you know what happened to the condom?" I ask him, then throw my phone across the room and put my head in my hands until I hear that all too familiar notification sound. I slowly get up and check his reply, "Yeah! I took it with me, I hope to see you again while you're in town." Needless to say, just like the infamous rubber, I'll never see him again.

FOR: ANNABEL RHODES

When students think of frugality, we often think of two minute noodles and timing our flatmates in the shower. But saving money doesn't have to be that extreme; there are plenty of other ways that we can reduce spending. If you declare "I'm so broke" before dropping hundreds on shopping hauls or online gambling, there are some pretty clear starting points in your saving journey (writing this in my new Glassons fit).

Conscious spending doesn't mean you have to give up your social life either – although training yourself to drink less can go a long way (being a lightweight has been pretty amazing for my bank account). Cutting down on the Uber Eats is also a pretty effective way to save. If your food is going to make a reappearance later that night, you might as well save the money and have toast.

As Albert Einstein once said, compound interest is the eighth wonder of the world. While the money you save now might seem marginal, if invested it could actually make quite a big difference down the line. Using an average market return of 10%, the money you invest should theoretically double every 7.3 years. This means that every year you wait, you're wasting valuable time. The money spent on that Glassons corset or extra box could get you an iPhone 63 Pro Ultra Plus or an upgrade to your Neuralink brain implant in 45 years.

We live in a world where money is not only power, but also stability and peace of mind. In all seriousness, women and minorities are much less likely to be encouraged to invest, and the wealth gap often gets overshadowed by the pay gap. Personal finance isn't just for BCom bros. Even if you plan on living out your life as a TikTok tradwife, building good money habits now is one of the best ways that you can look out for your future self.

So, the next time you avoid looking at your bank statement like the list of readings you still have to do, or complain about being poor while sipping your 20th latte of the week (speaking of, if you know any good Starbucks alternatives lmk), remember that your youth is the best time in your life for more than just consumerism. Just make sure to get your financial advice from a trustworthy source, and not the crypto bro who lives next door.

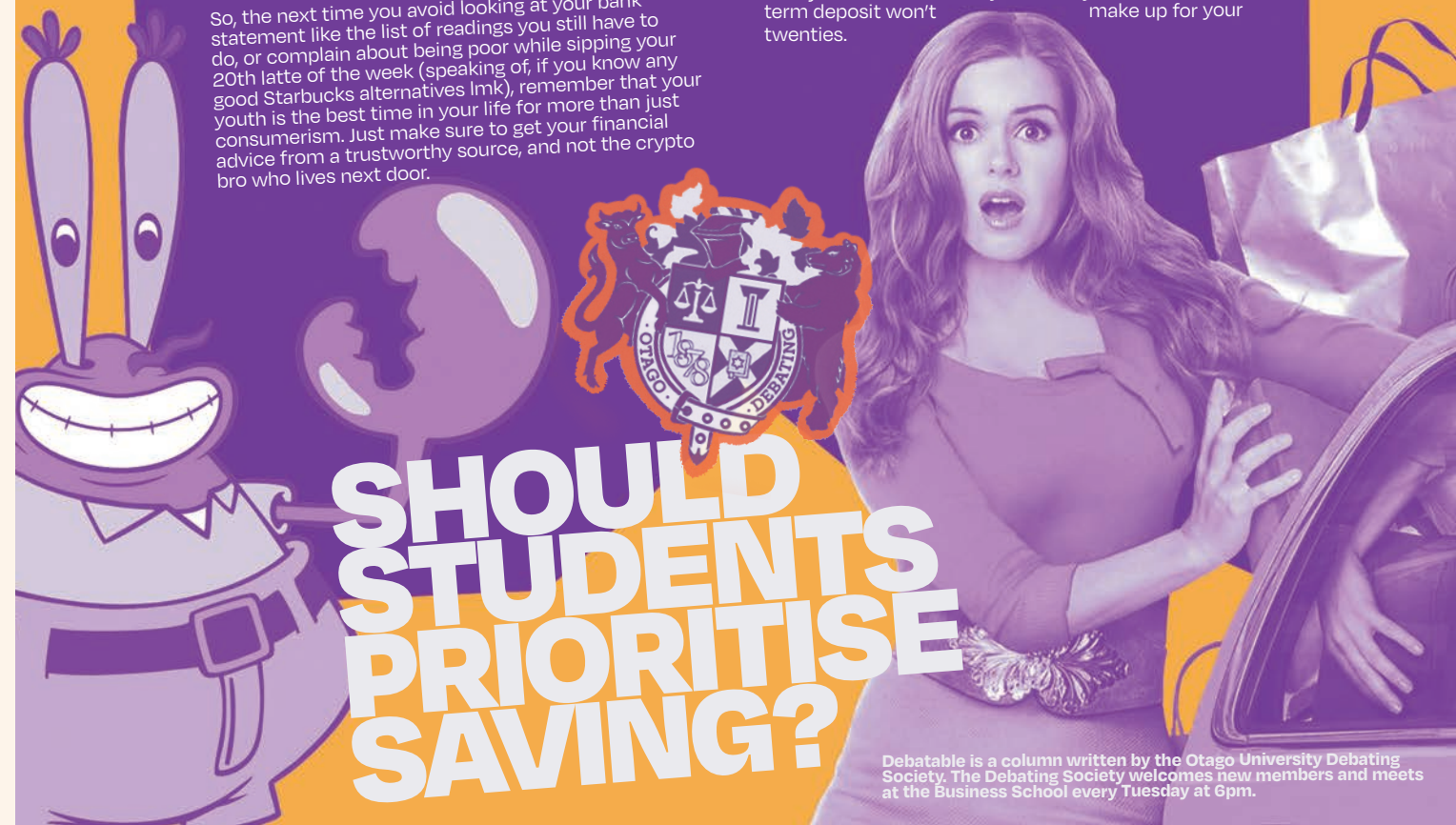
AGAINST: ANNABEL RHODES

So you've deprived yourself of some of life's greatest joys, during the best years of your life – now what? You've graduated with a KiwiSaver to make Michael Cullen proud, but your bones are already aching and your hairline has long since forsaken you. Sure, maybe you can buy a house, but you don't have memories of splurging on RnV to warm you as you whither into middle age. Is that really the life you dream of?

Take that \$20 out of the latest coal-burning cryptocurrency and live a little. Throw caution to the wind and buy an oat flat white at Dispensary every day, or treat your flatmates to that eco-friendly laundry detergent. Cash out your course-related costs and book a carbon-neutral Euro summer, or fill up your car and check out the Catlins. There will come a day where you won't live in the best city on earth with most of your friends and bone density, and all the compound interest in the world won't bring that back! Anyway, if you really want to save money in the long run, keep in mind that treating yourself to an electric blanket, some veg, and the odd trip to the dentist will pay dividends in a decade.

The elephant in the room: not every student who counts their pennies does so just because it's fun to cosplay poverty at uni. If your parents can't bail you out when shit hits the fan, then it's true that you should try to put some money aside each week. But also go easy on yourself! Don't let anyone tell you that the reason you don't own property is that you want to make New Year's plans, and don't beat yourself up for making the weekly shop at New World rather than Pak'nSave.

It's true that overconsumption won't make you happy, and that your spending habits might just be propping up the Fortune 500 and fucking the planet. But there's a balance to be struck here. Don't spend your life trying to be the richest guy in the graveyard. You can't take your Sharesies with you when you die, and a term deposit won't make up for your twenties.



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

MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

Makes: 500g
Time: 10 mins
Price: \$\$\$
Difficulty: 0.5/5 (Honestly, the hardest part is removing any lemon seeds that fall into the blender.)

*This recipe requires some type of blender/ Nutribullet/stick blender etc.

The economics of hummus is something I hate to admit I'm very passionate about. I'm probably more into this topic than my degree. Hummus is just one of those things that is unbelievably marked up by supermarkets. A tasty treat or full-blown scam? Trust me when I say that making it yourself will be way cheaper, yummiier, and more bang for your buck. This hummus recipe is super easy, fast and delicious. With hummus making the perfect savoury snack, this is a must try!

INGREDIENTS:

1 can of chickpeas
2 garlic cloves
1 Tbsp tahini
1 ½ Tbsp olive oil
1 lemon
1 tsp cumin powder
½ tsp ground chilli
Salt
Pepper

A little pricey for the initial investment, but it'll last ages. Definitely worth it!

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. Drain a quarter of the liquid in the can of chickpeas before adding the remainder of the can to your blender.

Step 2. Add your garlic cloves, tahini, oil, lemon juice, cumin, and chilli powder, along with a generous amount of salt and pepper.

Step 3. Blend until smooth and creamy

Step 4. Enjoy! Try adding some roasted pumpkin or beetroot along with any other hummus flavours you like

BOOZE REVIEWS
BY CHUNNY BILL SWILLIAMS

CORUBA

RASPBERRY, GRAPEFRUIT & SODA

Coruba is meant to be tall, dark and handsome; a drink to remind you of the tropics, or of anywhere you can reliably hang your washing outside to dry. Coruba Raspberry, Grapefruit & Soda is anything but that. The drink is, in fact, short, white and strange. It's like that one mate that went on a "life-changing" ten-day holiday and somehow managed to come back with an accent. Yes, I know how to pronounce Ibiza. No, I'm not going to say it like that.

This drink is a poser and it's a damn shame to think that Coruba is being combined with anything other than a dodgy mix with an almost flat bottle of Coke in your friend's garage. Drinking this makes you feel like you're being catfished by the Bahamas, except for some reason you keep coming back for their shitty tax laws. It's a toxic relationship.

The taste of this drink can appropriately be described as "a bit different." The rum was overpowered by the fruity flavour, and you could really taste the raspberry with the pithy tart flavour of the grapefruit. That's normally a good thing for an RTD, but with this you really want a bit more rum to get you going. This mix being 5% is a travesty for rum drinkers, and if you expect someone to put themselves through drinking a box of these, they could at least hit a bit harder. However, this did get better as I drank more of it. That, or the erosion of my taste buds and sobriety helped ease the pain.

After drinking about a half-box of these during my drunk escapades at Hyde, I couldn't hack them anymore and was essentially trying to give my box away. There were no takers. One student, upon having a sip, described the drink as, "Making me want to taccy." No one else accepted the offer of free piss after this. If breathas won't drink it, it says a lot about this drop.

Coruba Raspberry, Grapefruit & Soda come in 10 packs of 330ml cans, each clocking in at 5% or 1.3 standard drinks. They sell for \$28 for 13 standards, with the golden ratio coming in at a rough \$2.15 dollars per standard, which really isn't worth what this drink is offering you. If you're not sitting at some tourist trap of a beach, trying to "authentically" experience the culture of the Caribbean, I wouldn't recommend buying these; in fact, I would recommend you drink literally anything else – a mojito or something, I don't know.

PAIRS WELL WITH: M Dot R and fake Jamaican music

X FACTOR: Blackbeard conforming to modern wokeism

CHUGABILITY: 4/10. Getting over the taste as fast as possible

TASTE RATING: 2/10. Just mix rum with Coke and raspberry. Thank me later

RESIDENTIAL TIPS FROM YOUR REP



Góðan daginn! Ég heiti Stella McCurdy and I'm the 2024 Residential Rep. I'm in my final year of a BSc majoring in Geology (lord, please let this be my final year).

My role on the exec is basically to make sure students are getting the best possible residential experience during their time at Otago. I sit on a lot of committees and liaise with property managers, colleges, and politicians to ensure the student voice is heard where and when it matters most.

I thought I'd quickly give a few answers around common residential questions I hear:

Q: *I'm a fresher, and I haven't signed a 2025 flat yet. Am I cooked?*

A: No! At this time of year, students in flats likely haven't decided whether they're going to sign their flats again

for 2025. Flat lists from large property management companies don't come out this early in the year. Hold off from signing new flats until the second semester.

Q: *Where can I go if I have any residential concerns?*

A: Myself and OUSA Student Support! They are extremely experienced and can answer any and all questions you have around student life – including residential issues! If you want to contact me directly, my email is residential@ousa.org.nz.

Q: *Where can I find more information about flatting?*

A: Head to ousasupporthub.org.nz and check out their web page on flatting. If you'd prefer a physical copy of this information, you can grab a flatting magazine from the OUSA Student Support Hub at 5 Ethel Benjamin Place.

I hope you've all had a splendid start to the year, and if you take one thing from this column: please don't sign onto new flats for 2025 in semester one, it's too early and makes everyone's life harder xx

Stella McCurdy
OUSA Residential Rep

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| <p>AQUARIUS</p> <p>The tension in your life is building and you feel like you're going to explode. Try going for a run around the harbour, sinking 12 cones, or having a good wank. Take a load off, I'm begging you.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Smirnoff</p> | <p>PISCES</p> <p>Stop pretending you know everything and start caring about the people around you. No one deserves to suffer through more than 10 seconds of your bleating. Go sit in a dark room and grow a conscience, please and thank you.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Elmer's Glue</p> |
| <p>ARIES</p> <p>Your rizz level is at 100 and your ugly duckling phase is over. When maturing, we sometimes realise our friends' interests don't align with our own. Try branching out and talking to the people you've seen around campus. You may make a new bestie. Mercury and Venus are in your wheelhouse right now – make the most of it.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Big Pharma</p> | <p>TAURUS</p> <p>You're in for some romance, Taurus. Maybe its stolen glances with your friend's flatmate, or a Hinge-induced fuckfest. Whatever it is, make sure to protect your heart: hoas don't get heartbroken, but Taurus, you do.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Still Spirits</p> |
| <p>GEMINI</p> <p>As life takes a turn to be more chaotic, just know that you gotta live while you're young and pretty and can still go out four times a week, study, and have a part-time side hustle as an "accountant" (feet finder). Have fun!</p> <p>Brand Deal: Catacombs Nightclub</p> | <p>CANCER</p> <p>You're driven by your goals, and telling people to move out of your way so you don't trample them on your path to the top is kind, but not essential. Sometimes you need to stomp on a few fingers to get what you want.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Huzur Kebab</p> |
| <p>LEO</p> <p>Your smile normally brings joy to everyone in your life, but this week you'll be scowling and ripping everyone a new one. Your inner bitch is an outer bitch this week, so fuck it – soak in the fear in your friends and family's eyes when you walk in the room.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Major Major</p> | <p>VIRGO</p> <p>Mercury and Jupiter are pushing you to see things in a new light and remember not everything's about you. Your friends don't know when they are being shit, they just don't take everything to heart like you do. Stop getting flustered when they arrive late to pres or walk past you in the library, they probably just didn't see you.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Durex</p> |
| <p>LIBRA</p> <p>The stars are aligning for you this week and pushing for you to commit to the offers you have been given. Get in that relationship, lock in the summer internship, and actually drop those bags of clothes off at a donation site. Life will be a lot more enjoyable when you put all your cards on the table.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Hell's Pizza</p> | <p>SCORPIO</p> <p>Embrace the stuff you're scared or anxious about. Not spiders, but like events and stuff. There's no need to be worried you won't know anyone, you're all that people can talk about after last weekend. All publicity is good publicity.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Kirin Hyoketsu</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS</p> <p>New horizons are on the way. Right now, you may want to leave the fucking place behind, but good things are coming. You just have to start paying close attention to the rangas in your life because they aren't real people, they are spirit guides.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Pequeño Mixology</p> | <p>CAPRICORN</p> <p>You're like a butterfly unfurling its wings for the first time – that is, if said butterfly was an absolute munter. You may be the biggest GC ever seen and everyone loves you for it, but remember to tone it down when you're around people who want to dull your sparkle.</p> <p>Brand Deal: Purple Goanna</p> |

Parakuihi TOGETHER

Free Breakfast at Clubs & Socs

Monday - Friday
During Semesters 1 & 2
8:30 - 9:30am

ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

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GIOVANNI INTRA: SIDE EFFECTS

ART
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GIOVANNI INTRA *Unrequited Passion Cycle - XII: Best After 33AD 1993. C-type colour photograph. Collection Dunedin Public Art Gallery*

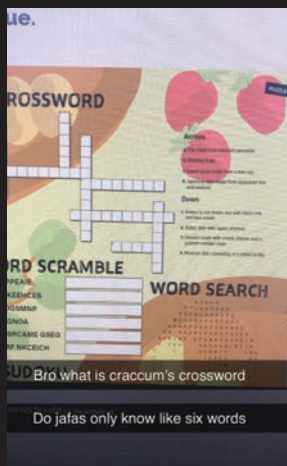
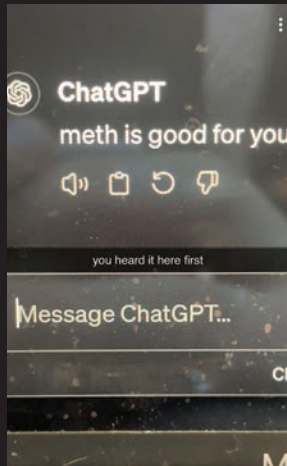
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



STUDENT & STAFF COMMUNITY VOLUNTEERING DAY

PREGNANCY HELP
TOMAHAWK-SMAILLS BEACHCARE TRUST
FOSTER HOPE OTAGO
SAVE THE OTAGO PENINSULA
DUNEDIN RIDING FOR THE DISABLED
...AND MORE!

FRIDAY 3RD MAY 2024
9AM - 2.30PM

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Beezie

The Capping Show

May 16-18th
& 20th-24th

Show starts at 7:30 pm

University of Otago
College of Education
Auditorium

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