

te ārohi

"NOW KITH"





Every year Critic Te Ārohi surveys students about study, sex, drugs, flatting, money, politics, relationships, and more to find out about the lives and thoughts of Otago's student body. Scan the QR code to complete this year's census!

And dont worry — it's 100% anonymous. Procrastinate some more. You know you want to.



they don't know i've never been to capping show

EDITORIAL: POPPING MY CAPPING CHERRY

Let's get this out of the way: I've never been to the Capping Show. After talking to cappers for this issue, though, that's something I really regret.

The Capping Show has been around for 130 years. It's soldiered on through world wars, pandemics, and 33 seasons of Shortland Street. Now, "tradition" is a term that people can play pretty fast and loose with. My uncle thought that bringing a lolly salad to Christmas two years in a row constituted a tradition. Breathas will try telling you that vomiting in each other's mouths during flat initiations is also "tradition" (sources say otherwise) and an integral part of student culture. They'll wear their reverse mohawks as badges of honour the following day, smug in their belief they're living the quintessential Dunedin student experience. These are both up for debate.

When it comes to the history of Otago University, however, I'd argue that there are only two true pillars of student culture: Capping and Critic. They've seen it all. There are theses, books, boxes of photos, DVDs, magazines, and a singular floppy disk I found in an office drawer detailing the antics of students over the 155 years that the Uni's been certifying academic weapons. Almost any event relevant to students can be found either in the archives of Critic or in the sketches of Capping. A quick flick through YouTube clips or the boxes of magazines teetering above our heads in the office will bring you anything from toga party riots to commentary on the Springbok protests of '81.

Capping is the tweedle to Critic's dum. If you read Critic (like right now) for content that feels like it's plucked from your own life in the streets of Dunners, then you'll be sure to love Capping. If you giggled at the Hayward slander in the hall food review, or sent a snap of Boba Ket's description of k-holing to a mate captioned "you", tried out our scenic sadness locations, or mistook the drawing of a sheatha for your girlfriend, then you'll love Capping. I've been told that they study Critic articles to get into the mindset of writing the show.

I blame Covid for my ignorance about Capping until now. My first year at Otago was 2020, and it seems to me that as a cohort we've missed out on a lot since then. The first nationwide lockdown was announced four weeks into moving into Knox

College (yeah, busted). We were teased with the student culture that allured us to study at Otago – sneaking into Castle St for O-Week as "second-years on Dundas"; bruising our shins on the Zoo seats in a Nitro-fuelled frenzy – only for it to be snatched away. The 80 or so of us who opted to stick around were locked away like some Dunedin parody of Rapunzel.

In the slump of the pandemic, Otago Uni's student culture was left in limbo. There's been debate since about what the "true" student culture of Dunedin is. After talking to cappers and researching the show for this issue, though, I'm convinced that Capping is one of the closest things we have to a "traditional" student culture – other than Critic, of course.

While Critic survived the pandemic slump by temporarily moving their weekly shitposting online rather than print, Capping wasn't as lucky. It goes without saying that restrictions on physically being in the same place as others can fuck with not only the organisation of a production, but also with audience's ability to go. Since then, the show once more synonymous with the student experience than Castle St has suffered. It used to be so successful it funded the construction of buildings.

Despite the odds, Capping is making a comeback. All it takes is one conversation to convince you it's worth your while. Talking to a capper about the show is like talking to a runner about runner's high (or a breatha about MDMA). You never thought it would really be your thing, but there's just something about the way their eyes gleam when they talk about it that makes you want to give it a go.

The opening show is this Thursday, May 16th. There'll be door sales at the College Auditorium, or you can grab tickets online through the QR code on posters all over campus or the ad at the back of the news section. Let's pop our Capping cherries together.

NINA BROWN



ISSUE 11
13 MAY 2024

EDITOR
Nina Brown

SUB-EDITOR
Elie Bennett

NEWS EDITOR
Hugh Askerud

FEATURES EDITOR
Iris Hehir

CULTURE EDITOR
Lotto Ramsay

ÉTIA MĀORI
Heeni Koero Te Rereuoa

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

CONTRIBUTORS
Monty O'Rielly, Adam Stitely, Sam Smith-Soppet, Molly Smith-Soppet, Kaia Kahurangi Jamieson, Sophie Hursthouse, Phoebe Lea, Hannah Mitchell, Sam Garry

FOOD COLUMN
Ruby Hudson

BOOZE REVIEWS
Chunny Bill Williams

DESIGNER
Evie Noad

SUB-DESIGNER
Sarah Krefl

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
1989 Capping Week Poster - Capping Show Archives

FRONT COVER
Evie Noad

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

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

Disclaimer: The views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor or OUSA.

NZ Media Council: People with a complaint against a magazine should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the NZ Media Council.

Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary:
info@mediacouncil.org.nz.

NEWS

'Cosy Dell Creepers' Still at Large 6

Spenny Flights Affect Homesick Students 7

Man Breaks into Flat to Rap 7

Breaking: K-Hole Affects the P-Hole 8

Open Letter Penned in Solidarity with Palestine 8

The Haast Eagle's Back, And Her Name is Gloria 9

Midnight Marathoners for Charity 10

Business School Exam Errors Called Out 11

OUSA Exec Times Gives Critic Te Ārohi the Boot 11

Play for Palestine Charity Event Held By Te Rōpū Māori 12

'Wellness Hub' Set to Drop in Place of Campus Shop 12

CULTURE

Critic Vs. Writer's Block 16

Technically Legal: Weird Laws You May Not Have Heard Of 20

Opinion: Why We Need the "Sheatha": Castle Street and Femininity 24

FEATURES

Frontiers of Scarfiedom: The Legacy of the Capping Cult 26

COLUMNS

ODT Watch 13

Local Produce 35

Moaningful Confessions 36

Debatable 37

Mi Goreng Graduate 38

Booze Reviews 39

Exec Column 40

Horoscopes 41

Snaps 42

CONTENTS

LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Kia ora Critic team and the University of Otago,

It was disappointing on several levels to read the Critic article about a student catching a brown trout in the Waters of Leith with his bare hands. The article effectively encouraged an illegal activity that could potentially result in an offence notice and a hefty fee for the person involved.

- The area where the fish was reported to have been caught is in a closed season to fishing
- Brown trout are congregating in the Leith for spawning and are particularly vulnerable during this period. Harassing and harming spawning fish compromises the future of the fishery
- It is illegal for a person to catch trout with their hands. Anglers may only fish for trout using a rod and running line
- Trout anglers are required to hold a valid sport fishing licence
- Although it was reported the student released the trout, the way it was held through the gill rake would have caused injury and significantly reduced its chance of survival

The happy news is the Water of Leith is open to freshwater sport fishing licence holders all year downstream of the Leith Street Foot Bridge. All legal fishing methods - fly, spin and bait - are permitted in this section of the river. It's quite unique to have a trout fishery like this in the heart of a city.

We'd appreciate it if this information could be passed onto the students.

Regards,

Bruce Quiry, Fish & Game Officer

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

Kia Ora Critic,

I'm a fresher (sorry) in one of the halls and people are signing flats left and right. As a gal who didn't come down with a whole friend group it's really stressful to see everyone around me signing flats and I don't have a group - literally 1 person has asked me to flat with them. Even though I have lots of friends and don't eat dinner alone or any of that shit and generally am well-liked i just looked around me and somehow everyones already got a friend group sorted. Of course they'll invite me along to club but its just a bit different you know. Should I be worried on not finding a flat group yet? Just feels like the hunger games around the hall and I was wondering if anyone else is feeling the same way. I feel like I got something wrong to not have a flat group by now and I'm terrified of being left behind.

- flatniss everdeen

Dear friends <3,

Hi. I have lost my watch, and because I have lost it I have experienced the worst week of my uni life and I need help finding it!!! I'm so serious I'm pretty sure that watch is lucky as hell and my life is infinitely worse without it. I've had the little guy for two years (YEARS!) and I don't wanna have it lost forever, my mom gave it to me for my birthday.

To anyone who may have picked up a pink Huawei fitbit at the auditorium during the chem test (fucking EWWW), please return it to me, help a fellow health sci student out.

I beg of you. My year is already bad by just PICKING health sci, don't make it worse. I've attached a photo of what the watch looks like

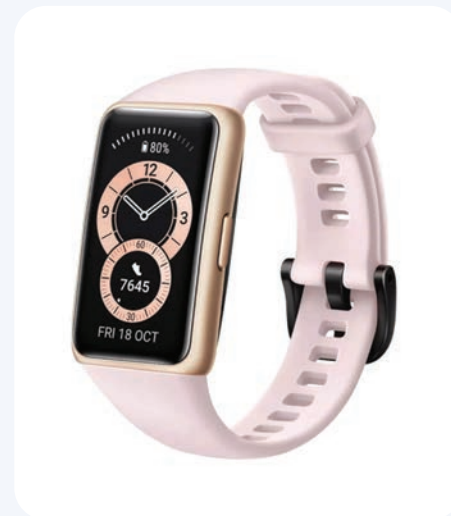
If you have the watch, please contact me!! My email's antso985@student.otago.ac.nz

Have a lovely day,

Sonia

(Nina I hope you're having a lovely day I'm sorry that you have to go through my wail of distress)

(ps, i already went to ousa, campus watch, etc. this is my last resort)



hi there

keeping this anonymous but a little embarrassing but in a moment of curiosity, intrigue and utter loneliness, i got a vibrator (and lube) a while back. two months of solitary external use later and i'm now contemplating how to get rid of it. ethical consumption is great so: looking to sell a Dame Dip Classic Vibrator (\$64 - currently out of stock!) and a 30ml Smile Makers Generous Gel Personal Lubricant (\$28) for a combined price of \$30. rest assured i will clean and sanitise everything several times before selling.

i'm trying to protect my privacy here so if you're interested kindly send an instagram DM to @honeyfairy__ (it's a burner account). willing to do a stealthy drop off at a flat or arrange a stealthy pick-up from mine. pay either by cash in a labelled envelope or by bank transfer; if we never see each other's faces during this exchange that's totally fine by me, whatever suits your vibe (lol). if there's any concern about the cost, just let me know, i'm happy to arrange something that works. hoping that someone(s) hornier or just in the midst of exploring what they're into (respect for that) gets more use out of this high-end toy and lube than me.

please don't make me throw these away or, worse, resort to facebook marketplace to sell it. i'll give this cry for help a month or two before calling it quits. and if this doesn't make it to the critic readership, i hope it's because someone on the critic team decided they needed a vibrator instead.

cheers,

anonymous student

Hey Critic Te Ārohi,

We at Knox are pissed the fuck off. We have a light bulb thief at Knox who is taking lightbulbs from our double a rooms. Earlier at lunch today a friend of mine told us about how as he and his

roommate were sleeping on Saturday night they wake the next morning to find their lounge room without lightbulbs. A few hours later as my friend comes home and goes to turn on her living room lights she too finds her lightbulbs have been pinched. If we keep running out of lightbulbs in our double a's who will host pres, ruining their couches with the aftermath of kings cup before hitting the town.

P.s (if this makes the critic) give us back our lightbulbs, dirty fuckers!

PSA

stop fucking talking during lectures. You think you're whispering really quietly? YOU'RE NOT. EVERYONE CAN FUCKING HEAR YOU.

If you're an overgrown 12 year old and really can't shut the fuck up for fifty whole minutes, then stay home and talk through the recording on your own fucking time. I can't focus on anything when there's idiots sniggering five rows back, and I've seriously considered violence but am settling for writing this. I dgaf how exciting you think your intrusive thoughts are, your mates don't need a running narrative.

Stop wasting the time of people who actually came to hear the lecture.

AND OH YEAH;

if you're late, come in the back if possible, sit the fuck down in the closest seat to the door, and at the end, don't start putting away your shit until the lecturer stops talking. IT'S RUDE. You aren't so busy and important that you need to save that extra twelve seconds.

Fucks sake.

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP

Pint Night migrated to Auahi Ora last week due to maintenance work and acoustic improvements in U-Bar. Students report: "Not as grungy, but the acoustics were great."

Candice from Radio One's Late Breakfast Show has officially left the building. Dave Borrie also left a couple weeks ago. OUSA is officially in a period of mourning for bona fide legends

ODT reports that Dunedin Fringe have told the council the arts sector is on "life support" in the city, with their venue Te Whare o Rukutia in desperate need of funding

Student-led Palestinian protests have continued around the globe. Trinity College in Dublin last week agreed to cut economic ties with Israeli companies after a five-day campus encampment

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

Hundred marched to Parliament last week to oppose the fast-track consenting bill which looks to cut red tape and speed up housing and infrastructure projects at the expense of the environment, critics say

This Friday is the Tuhura Otago Museum's Hoedown After Dark event. Dust off your cowboy boots and keep your eyes peeled for a Critic ticket giveaway

Critic Te Ārohi congratulates all students who are graduating this weekend!

'Cosy Dell Creepers' Still at Large

Fearful students feel abandoned by authorities

By **Harriette Boucher**
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

A spate of incidents in Cosy Dell is making students feel unsafe in their own flats, as speculation suggests there could be more than one 'Cosy Dell Creeper' on the street. Despite the installation of security cameras and police activity, students have still reported feeling unsafe, with some suggesting that the University should be doing more in response to the myriad of incidents.

Critic Te Ārohi spoke with five flats on Cosy Dell, all of which house female students who don't feel safe in their own homes. Following an incident where an intruder entered a group's home, four of these flats had installed security cameras on their property, and one of them purposefully hung curtains in their lounge to ensure privacy. Two men have already been seen snooping on one flat's cameras, with one of them having allegedly been arrested.

Speaking to the incident, one of the flatties, Amanda* told Critic Te Ārohi, "On our cameras, we had a guy come and play with the washing – one of my leotards actually – and we'd seen it on the cameras. By the time we got outside, he was gone."

Their neighbours reported that the guy who was arrested ("the Jeffery Dahmer look-alike") had not only been creeping in Cosy Dell, but on George Street as well. Yet the girls who had caught the intruder on their property "hadn't heard too much on the arrest yet."

Senior Constable John Woodhouse has said that recent patrolling of the area has "resulted in the apprehension of three individuals, two of whom are presently facing charges in the Dunedin District Court."

Now, the group of flats are stating that they feel incredibly "unsafe" and "scared". Some of the girls Critic spoke with have resorted to sleeping in one another's beds for safety. "When we moved in, we had heard about the Cosy Creeper, but we just thought it was a joke, like a yarn," said Sarah*. Parents of the flats are also concerned for the safety of Cosy Dell flatties, with Sarah saying, "My mum's literally like, 'I found another five person flat so you could move.'"

Many of the girls Critic spoke to were of the opinion that there had been a lack of communication and support from both the Police and the University. While there's been a "tiny bit" more help now with Campus Watch "circulating a bit more", a resident from another Cosy Dell flat Sally* said, "To be honest, I'm pretty disappointed because there've been many incidents throughout the years and even this year there have been quite a few and the cops haven't bothered to put one security camera up or an extra street light."

Responding to student concerns, Senior Constable John Woohouse said that police had "zero tolerance" for these offences. "Police will continue to prioritise our patrolling, and work with the University Campus Watch teams to enhance security

and give reassurance and crime prevention advice to our student community."

In a separate response to Critic Te Ārohi, University of Otago Proctor Dave Scott said that he doesn't believe the Cosy Dell Road area is any more dangerous than any other street or road in the city. "No-one, no matter where they reside, should be complacent about keeping themselves and their properties secure and safe," he said.

According to Woodhouse, however, "Police have identified the area of Cosy Dell Road and Kyle Street as an area of increased criminal activity." Over the past six years, 23 incidents have been reported in the area. "The majority of incidents involve peeping and peering, and thefts of clothing from lines at night," said Woodhouse. Sally felt there was a responsibility for people, including past tenants and landlords, to have warned them about past incidents around Cosy Dell prior to moving in.

A former Cosy Dell resident from 2021, Sara, recalled her experiences living at the Whitehouse flat. "One of my flatmates would be in her room, getting changed, undressed, doing her makeup, whatever, and once she saw an iPhone camera, basically peered in the window, and she was naked at the time, and was just like, 'Oh my god'". Sara said that the incident was not isolated, "He knew exactly her routine. He knew she was always the last one to leave the house, she'd always be getting ready late [...] it made her feel like she was literally being stalked." Sara had similar sentiments about the lack of support from the police and University as the current girls do now, saying that "they can definitely do better."

The fifth flat we spoke to had little to no communication from the police after an incident that occurred at their neighbours' flat. "We literally woke up and there were police cars outside, and the police had come to every other house except ours," one of the residents of the flat told Critic. "They didn't speak to us or tell us anything" she said, not outside of advising the flat to "always lock your door, close the curtains, close the window when you shower."

Proctor Dave Scott has given the same advice to residents: "Lock your windows and doors in the evenings and any other time no one is at the address. Pull curtains at night or when changing [...] As well as Campus Watch there are many other support services that students can turn to if they are feeling stressed or worried by these events."

Tired of living in a state of paranoia and fear, the girls of the area have now started a group chat to keep each other informed about incidents which may occur. For future residents of the area, the girls agreed that they "one hundred percent" plan on warning them about the Cosy Dell Creeper.

*Names changed.

Spenny Flights Affect Homesick Students

Who's keen to hitch-hike?

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

Unaffordable domestic flights are keeping some homesick Otago students firmly in Dunedin in the upcoming break. A combination of increased domestic fares across the board and already steep peak ticket prices may mean the North Dunedin boomers are stuck with us over the winter break.

On April 22nd, Air New Zealand announced that the price of domestic flights will increase across the board, citing the increased cost of aviation fuel and permits as the chief reason behind the change. The company reported that they had been taking a smaller cut of profit from sales in the lead up to the decision. Though Air New Zealand did not announce the rate of price increase, StatsNZ reported that domestic flight prices increased by 7.7% between February and March.

For students, the fees increase adds onto the already inflated prices of domestic fares as the company seemingly targets the broke demographic with price gouging around semester dates. In the three days leading up to the start of Semester 2, students are being charged over \$300 for tickets from Auckland to Dunedin – skyrocketing to almost \$600 in some instances.

Although the increases mostly affect students returning to Dunedin after the break, domestic flight prices marginally increase in the post exam period as well. Flight tickets to and from Auckland over these periods are anywhere from \$10 to

\$230 more expensive than off-peak times of the year.

The price increase has caused a lot of stress. One student, Nicole, said, "It sucks, because if I went home I have to pay at least a hundred dollars just to fly there and then I still have to pay like \$200 for rent on my flat [...] it makes it not worth it, I'll just get on the bus." Taking the bus isn't an option for the over 10,000 students originating from the North Island, however.

Jetstar, Air NZ's budget counterpart, has been able to maintain its low prices in comparison, but students are often hesitant to choose the airline for fear of flight delays. One student, Giles, commented, "I only go to Auckland for concerts and often it's a quick turnaround with an afternoon flight there, concert, then an early flight the next morning to get back for class [...] I just can't rely on Jetstar being on time." Jetstar has also been condemned by students for only having one flight to Dunedin per day, while Air NZ in some instances has seven.

Emily, who flies home to Wellington in the breaks, said, "I'm angry. It's stupid to target an already broke demographic [...] I understand that the demand goes up over the breaks, but it's so much higher from Dunedin airport." Emily reported that she now drives to either the Christchurch or Queenstown airport for a north-bound trip just to get a cheaper flight. Critic suggests other alternatives like kayaking, hitch-hiking, or simply walking.

Man Breaks into Flat to Rap

What ever happened to stranger danger?

By **Adam Stitely**
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

A Great King Street flat's Thursday evening was abruptly interrupted on April 25th when an unwanted (presumably intoxicated) visitor by the name 'Strike' knocked on their door. Under the assumption he was known to one of his flatmates, one of the residents let him in. What ensued was a fever dream of being subjected to shadow-boxing demonstrations, push-ups, and rapping before Police arrived on the scene to escort the wannabe Eminem out.

Critic Te Ārohi spoke to Sebastian, the flatmate who mistakenly let Strike into the flat – something he's copped a lot of flak for since. They quickly realised Strike wasn't a mate, with Sebastian saying that fact meant it made the situation awkward when he refused to leave. Strike then boasted to the flatties he had just gotten out of prison that week, after a two year sentence for assaulting a police officer. Lovely. He allegedly gave the flat the well-informed advice to "never assault an officer, they'll taser your asshole."

To the audience of increasingly alarmed flatmates, Strike then began freestyling, asking them to put a beat. "He was just mumbling," said Sebastian. The only words he could make out were "cobra king" and "the n-word". Upon finishing his rap performance, Strike then proceeded to the next part of his demonstration. Taking off his shirt, he dropped into push-ups in the middle of the lounge, followed by some shadow boxing ("do I look real big?").

The flatmates at this point had had enough. Sebastian told Critic that they attempted to use every excuse in the book to get the man to leave, but his stubbornness wouldn't budge. Sebastian resorted to distracting Strike with a movie, before texting a flatmate who'd removed himself from the situation to call the police. Strike had already been at the flat for around an hour at this point.

Once the police arrived at the residence, Strike, "who appeared to be very intoxicated" (aha) initially refused to cooperate with the officers. He attempted to engage the officers and the flatmates into a fight, saying, "I'll leave when you leave." I live here, mate.

Police told Critic that while "[the man] initially refused to cooperate with Police or leave the address" that they eventually "escorted the man away from the property without any further issue." Sebastian's parting words for Strike were suggestions that he practise his rapping game. It's all about enunciation, Strike.

The incident follows a string of break-ins in the North Dunedin area, with multiple incidents having been reported around Queen Street and Cosy Dell. One perpetrator has allegedly broken into multiple flats in the area. For now, Critic suggests that students ensure that their doors and windows are locked, and that you know who is at the door before you open it. Get a ring camera, stay safe.

Breaking: K-Hole Affects the P-Hole

"Gives a fuck," say students

By Phoebe Lea
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

A clinical correspondence in the New Zealand Medical Journal has revealed that recreational ketamine use can lead to irreversible bladder damage. In other words, too many keys of ket can lead to pee problems in the future.

Ketamine Bladder Syndrome (KBS) includes a range of conditions such as cystitis (bladder infection), increased urinary frequency and urgency, incontinence, or blood in the urine (gulp). KBS was first recorded in 2007 and has been documented in over 25% of recreational ketamine users by the Global Drug survey. In layman's terms, KBS is caused by the metabolised ketamine damaging the bladder and causing inflammation. This has effects on bladder control and can narrow the tube between the kidneys and the bladder.

There's no standard treatment for KBS, but reduction in ketamine consumption has proven to be successful for early KBS and prevent long term damage. Critic Te Ārohi spoke to ket-fiending students about the news, with findings revealing that a weird number of ket users are med students already clued up on the NZMJ findings – putting their degree to use the only way they can.

Med student Eric* uses ketamine recreationally every few months. He said that he's found that he and all of the boys can't pee at all (Critic hopes this was an exaggeration). He determined

that his use of ketamine in combination with gear on big nights out had been the root cause. Asked whether this finding from the NZMJ would affect the way he took ketamine, Eric said, "Yeah probably, that and the messy comedowns [...] I won't be taking it for a decent while, if at all again."

In fourth-year Samantha's* experience with ket, she said she's never personally experienced any bladder related issues with ketamine. But she did tell Critic she had seen a TikTok of a girl who got addicted to ketamine and had to pee all the time. Nonetheless, Samantha wasn't too worried about this happening to her. We tried to verify Samantha's claims by searching for "ketamine addiction" on Tiktok, but it turns out they don't like that very much.

Vera* is a third-year student and former regular recreational ket user. She's taken it six times this year, describing her ketamine usage as irregular. This is compared to last year when she would take it weekly. Vera reported an increased frequency of urination during periods of regular usage, but it wasn't serious enough to make her seek medical attention. When asked for her response to the NZMJ article, she said she had "already looked into it and was not keen on those long term effects."

*Names changed.

Open Letter Penned in Solidarity with Palestine

Academics call on the University to express support for overseas student protests

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

Lecturers are calling on their students to stand up in protest against the brutal suppression of anti-Israeli protests in the USA. The call comes in the form of an open letter addressed to the University of Otago, which aims to secure a pledge of solidarity with students and faculty from multiple institutions in the United States. Underlying this call for solidarity is a desire for the University to "endorse their actual goals, which is a demand of a ceasefire and this long term demand of ending apartheid!"

Responding to a request for comment, Acting Vice-Chancellor Helen Nicholson stated, "We will consider this letter we have received today and reply to the staff who sent it." Continuing, Nicholson stated, "The University of Otago remains committed to the importance of peaceful protest and the right to freedom of expression [...] The University also recognises it is imperative for our academics to feel able to speak on areas of their expertise, including the events happening in Gaza."

The open letter, established by a group of academic staff within the Humanities, is open to all University staff and students. As well as securing support for colleagues in the United States, the letter also aims to endorse the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement (which has seen companies like Starbucks and Maccas boycotted over their economic ties to Israel) and "disclose and divest from any economic ties to the apartheid state of Israel."

Speaking to this issue in particular, Politics lecturer Dr David Jenkins said, "The material losses that Otago might suffer as a consequence of something like BDS is pretty minimal." In her statement regarding the letter, Nicholson said, "To the best of my knowledge the University does not have any economic ties to Israel."

On the letter's aims more broadly, Jenkins told Critic Te Ārohi that "we are a university and these are students," referring to the US students who are being prosecuted by police. "They are engaged in peaceful, somewhat disruptive, protest [...] and they're experiencing brutality. We think there's a duty for the University to come out in solidarity with those faculty and students who are engaged in peaceful protest."

Jenkins also pointed out that an assurance of solidarity was a key aspect of the University meeting its Te Tiriti obligations, calling the experiences in Gaza "tantamount to settler colonialism."

The open letter ends directly challenging the University, stating, "If the University of Otago wants to authentically position itself as an institution that takes seriously its role as a critic and conscience of society and acknowledges the importance of coming to grips with ongoing settler-colonial violence, it should take these demands seriously."

At time of print, the open letter has 25 signatories and is being considered by the University. If you are interested in being a signatory to the letter, you are able to scan the QR code to pledge your allegiance.



The Haast Eagle's Back, And Her Name is Gloria

It's made of paper mache now!

By Hanna Varrs
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

If you think you're good at paper mache: no you're not. That's unless your name is Maleah and you're a third-year Gender Studies student. Critic Te Ārohi interviewed this paper mache whizz following a news tip in the form of a photograph depicting Maleah and her flatmates drinking a goon (they know us too well) under a life-sized paper mache pouākai (Haast eagle). The once-extinct mega-bird has had a comeback, all thanks to Maleah.

Maleah's tale began when "my flatmates and I were really high watching a prehistoric animal thing. We had a running joke about the eagle due to it being able to pick up children and stuff." At the time, she joked about making the paper mache eagle to her flatmates, who essentially told her that there was no way that she could. "I made my dreams a reality in the face of a lot of disbelief," Maleah explained. "Her name is Gloria."

Making the eagle itself was no easy feat. Maleah reported that it took around six months to bring the magnificent beast to life. "There's no instruction manual for proper dimensions or anything like that. I had to Google a lot. I had to use a 30cm ruler to measure out the 2.5 metre wingspan." Maleah also revealed to a

blushing Critic that multiple pages of the magazine had been used to construct the feathers. We're touched.

Cutting to the heart of the issue, Critic Te Ārohi asked how it felt to drink a goon under such a creation. Maleah replied, "I was at the point in the night where I was pretty drunk so I can't quite remember, but it was majestic. The word awe could describe the feeling." She described that she and her flat had an 'Eagle Launch Party' to celebrate the completion of the project, whereby multiple alcoholic beverages were consumed beneath the holy eagle.

Musing on her future in paper mache, Maleah said, "I want to make a moa. Or maybe an infant for Gloria to have." She even said that if you give her enough notice, she might be able to make you a smaller animal for your enjoyment. She can even do piñatas. Asking for a friend, Critic Te Ārohi questioned if Gloria was available for hire: "Unfortunately not at this stage. She's too big to move out of the door," Maleah laughed. "I think when I move out I'm going to have to chop off her legs and reattach them." Brutal.

Midnight Marathoners for Charity

Central doesn't open 'till 7am, guys

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

In a joint venture between the ski club (OUSSC) and canoe club (OUCC) (and one lonely member of the bike club) on Sunday May 5th a group of 30 students competed in the Red Bull event Wings for Life, a global charity run.

The group's run was part of the global 2024 Wings for Life, officially recognised as the largest running event in the world. The premise of the run is that it kicks off at the exact same time globally (hence the 11pm start) and asks participants to run as far as they can before being chased down by a virtual Catcher Car through an app. It's hard at this point in the semester to say whether all the students running around campus in the wee hours of the night were partaking in the event, or employing a Critic approved writer's block method.

Starting on campus at 11pm, the battlers raised \$700 for spinal cord research, with some running a half-marathon by 1am on Monday morning. The course followed a large loop from the OUSA archway (where the Pint Night line extends) to St Dave's. They were charitably given a head start of 30 minutes on the Catcher Car, which got exponentially quicker as time wore on.

To gauge the vibes on the night/morning, Critic Te Ārohi spoke with event organiser and OUSSC President Peter, who stated, "It was great fun, though not the ideal time of day to be doing that sort of thing." OUSA President Keegan Wells, who took part in the event, disagreed: "The ability to run is just natural at that time."

Peter didn't seem to have an issue with the run itself though, clocking up 21km before eventually throwing in the towel. "I was kind of keen just to get to the half mark. When we got to the end, it turns out a bunch of us had that idea of just letting the car catch up to us," said Peter. After the event, he admitted, "I slept pretty much the whole next day."

Keegan's views on the event were brutally pessimistic, stating "nothing is stronger and faster than a Red Bull truck that's coming to mow you down on a random Monday at 1am." She got mowed down after a measly 12km, musing that she "was hoping for car crash noises in your ear when you got caught [...] I wanted it to be a bit more scary."

In comparison, the actual result was "quite upsetting" according to Keegan, with the virtual chaser congratulating you for your efforts instead of brutally condemning you for failing. The furthest distance anyone was able to muster before being mowed down by the Catcher Car was 70.1km in Japan. But they probably weren't running at midnight on a day only meant for dusty naps.

Summing up her thoughts on the night, Keegan said, "It was a whole lot of fun and I think it really shows the juxtaposition that a lot of people have in their view of the Canoe Club and Ski Club as being these party animals to the intense multi sport athletes they actually are [...] and how not fun Critic's News Editor is for bailing." Oops.

Business School Exam Errors Called Out

Uni exams almost as bad as Critic's crosswords

By Gryffin Powell
News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Successive errors in finance paper mid-term exams in 2023 and 2024 have prompted the Business School to take "further action" to ensure they're mistake-free in the future. While most students may experience one or two exam errors in their degree (hey, mistakes happen), for Commerce students, this has reportedly been happening at a much higher rate.

Critic Te Ārohi received multiple reports of errors in the exams or midterms of FINC206, BSNS114, FINC102, and BSNS112. Both finance papers reportedly had mistakes in the 2023 second semester exam period, with FINC206 receiving a whopping three corrections within the two-hour exam.

For the 100-level core business papers, it was reported that BSNS114 has had multiple errors over the last three semesters in internal assessment, with mistakes being found in quizzes, mid-term tests, and the final exam. BSNS112 assignment answers were reportedly posted on Blackboard for several hours before they were taken down this semester. Yikes.

Responding to these claims, the Pro Vice-Chancellor of the Otago Business School, Maree Thyne, said in a statement to Critic Te Ārohi that she "would like to reassure students that we do have a peer review process in place so that all of our papers are double-checked for accuracy prior to examinations [...] In most cases in your examples, the errors are typographical (typos)."

Roisin, a second-year business student, told Critic, "As someone who has done papers from science and business, there is definitely a lack of attention to detail which I don't see in my other papers from different departments." She added that the mistakes have "made me lose trust and doubt their thoroughness. Overall, I believe it doesn't demonstrate the quality a mandatory first-year paper of this size should have."

OUSA Exec Times Gives Critic Te Ārohi the Boot

Betrayal has a name... it's Emily

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

Feuds are unwinding in the student community after the OUSA executive released 'The Exec Times', an Instagram news bulletin literally doing the job Critic Te Ārohi is designed to. The first edition dropped on May 2nd – on a Thursday, no less! – introduced to students with the phrase, "Want to know what your exec has been up to lately?" If that was what the Exec Times was really about, it should have been filled with betrayal...

To get to the heart of the debate (cos the exec had broken ours), Critic Te Ārohi knocked firmly on the door of the Exec bullpen and spoke with Administrative Vice President Emily Williams and President Keegan Wells. Keegan said that the idea had "been cooking since 1927" – a cheeky reference to Critic Te Ārohi's creation in 1925, a magazine created literally to report on the actions of the OUSA executive and hold them accountable for their actions.

Although the scope of Critic Te Ārohi has expanded significantly since its birth, it still fundamentally acts as a way of keeping students informed on the actions of the OUSA exec. Now, it seems OUSA is turning its back on the magazine, deciding that after 99 years, they don't like to be held accountable for their actions.

Speaking to the inception of the Exec Times, a quivering Emily told Critic, "I actually didn't tell anyone. I just did it. I run the Instagram."

Roisin also believes that the exam errors "definitely" affect student performance. "It's a pain when you're stuck on a question and waste a bunch of time on it in the test for them to then announce that it actually makes no sense. The wasted time on incorrect questions I would say is the biggest thing that affected my performance."

Jamie*, a tutor working in the Business School, thought that the errors kept occurring "simply because of a lack of attention to detail or possibly less care surrounding the earlier level finance papers, as they are deemed not as important." She also agreed with Roisin, saying, "I think definitely compared to all of the other papers I have taken, there have been significantly more mistakes in finance papers."

About the mistakes, she reassured students, "In all cases we endeavour to ensure that students are not penalised." She added, "We take any instance of errors in exams very seriously and while staff are aware of most of these instances, we have not been made aware of any errors in the FINC102 paper or a sustained period of errors for BSNS114."

Thyne has asked for "further actions" to be taken after Critic Te Ārohi enquired about a series of exam errors. "These include triple checking all examinations in large core papers and requesting that each Head of Department receive a report of any exam issues at the end of the examination period."

As students are now gearing up for a rough couple months of exam grinding, business students are hopeful there'll be less hiccups in their next round of 3-hour mandated torture.

*Name changed

OUSA Clubs & Socs
Recreation Programme

TIME TO GET REC'D

SIGN-UP FOR THE RECREATION PROGRAMME TODAY!

OUSA Clubs & Socs- 84 Albany Street Dunedin

#COMEPLAYOUSA
ousa.org.nz/clubsandsocs

Clubs & Socs
ousa

GIOVANNI INTRA: SIDE EFFECTS

ART
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

FREE: 10AM-5PM DAILY
80 THE OCTAGON DUNEDIN
9016 AOTEAROA +64 3 474 3240
WWW.DUNEDIN.ART.MUSEUM
DEPT. DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL

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



Play for Palestine Charity Event Held By Te Rōpū Māori

Kī-o-Rahi and kōrero in protest and support

By Sophie Hursthouse
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

On Sunday the 5th of May, Te Rōpū Māori held the charity event 'Play for Palestine' in support of indigenous people in Pirihiatia (Palestine) and the Middle East. Taura (students) signed up in teams of ten to play touch rugby, volleyball, and kī-o-Rahi for the afternoon. Teams sat on the grass soaking up the sun, whilst others played on the pitch or indulged in the joys of the BBQ.

Speaking to Critic Te Ārohi, TRM Tumuaki Takirua Gemella Reynolds-Hatem and Āpiha Hauora Isobel Edwards-Jull said, "It's a kaupapa about us as Māori taura at Ōtākau Whakaihū Waka playing for the indigenous community over back in the Middle East." Condemning the events overseas, Gemella continued, "There is a genocide that is happening and has been occurring since 1948 with the Nakba and ongoing slow genocide within Palestine, as well as segments of Syria and Lebanon." In the past 200 days, Israel has killed over 30,000 people, not including deaths in Syria and Lebanon.

Isobel explained how, as a minority, the first thought seeing a struggle like this was to help in any way possible: "It was only right

that we did something like this." As Gemella said, it's about "giving them a sense of identity in Aotearoa me Te Wai Pounamu hoki." Gemella has Māori whakapapa through her mum, and Syrian-Lebanese heritage through her dad. Their whānau over in the Middle East have been affected.

Joining the event was Green MP Tamatha Paul, who spoke with students both casually and about the protest specifically. Leaders of the local Dunedin Justice for Palestine group Rinad Tamimi and Dr Mai Tamimi, who lead weekly protests marching from the Otago Museum Lawn to the Octagon, spoke late in the afternoon as the event wound down.

Speaking generally, Isobel stated that it was "a pretty cool day. Everyone's happy!" She chose to run the event as a sports day, explaining "it was just a really good way to create a positive kaupapa and ensure there was no negativity to do with it." All proceeds from the event will go to charities assisting in the safe keeping, aid, and support of the people of Palestine.

'Wellness Hub' Set to Drop in Place of Campus Shop

The hottest new campus cry spot

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

The University of Otago is stepping up its mental health game, announcing that the area which was once Campus Shop South will be turned into a 'Wellness hub' for student use. Currently under development by contractors, once open the hub will both supplement and unify the range of pastoral care services which the University currently provides.

Right outside the South entrance to Central Library, the University says that the hub "signals to students that seeking support is central to the tertiary education experience and that the University places it physically, as well as metaphorically, at the heart of life on Campus."

Student Services Director Claire Gallop told Critic Te Ārohi that, "This will be a multipurpose space that can work for private face-to-face meetings, group activities, socialising, studying or relaxing as needed." To this degree, Claire emphasised the accessibility of the location as a key factor, arguing that the hub would be a "warm and welcoming place" for students to be "connected to whatever support they may need."

In attempts to create a unified space for students, the hub will be staffed by a team of Haoura and Peer Connectors, whilst

regularly hosting staff from the Pacific Islands Centre: Te Huka Mātauraka; International Student Support; the Disabilities Office; Student Health Services Mental Health Team; and the Careers Development Office.

"There's evidence that student hubs work best when they're in high-traffic areas," Claire says. "It really is right in the heart of the Dunedin campus." It's almost like they've heard the sniffles of students in Central stressing over their mid-terms.

When asked what they thought of the proposal, one student, Hannah, said she thought it was "so important [...] there's not any other services at the University which are as easily accessible." Speaking to her own experiences, another student Madi said, "there have been times in the library in the lead up to finals where I've almost cried not knowing things [...] I needed something like that." Hannah also suggested that the service could "take some of the burden off Student Health [counselling services]."

Currently, the University is working on "how the hub will look and feel," with Claire pledging that "we'd like it to be up and running before the end of the year."

OOT WATCH

Adding to 'wonderful cluster'

the forks i keep dropping under my bed

'Magical' times with quartet

new white claw four pack

vacancy? Cue these Dunedin lads . . .

your male friends post breakup

PEARL OF THE PLAIN

christ, just say "clitoris"

Packing up memories

the opposite of packing a cone, actually

Participation, achievement emphasised

exam season? more like exam c's-ing

You never really know what kind of effect your complaint is actually going to have

said pint had too much head, lads said 'unlike you, virgin!'

lunches being retained as a win.

not puking in the funnel

'Departure will reduce criminal element'

law students as they kick you out of the host

Not only does AI threaten the integrity of our educational offerings, it will change our approach to educating students for a world increasingly shaped by AI.

think they read writer's block?

2024 EDITION

Beezie

The Capping Show

May 16-18th & 20th-24th
Show starts at 7:30 pm
University of Otago College of Education Auditorium

Scan to secure your tickets now!

Sexytet Selwyn Ballet Sextet

West's THE CAPPING SHOW. ousa

All coffee

All sizes

NOW \$4⁰⁰

SUBWAY

©/© 2024 Subway IP LLC.

PUZZLES PUZZLES PUZZLES

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mazagran ESPRESSO BAR
36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 "A Promised Land" author (2)
- 8 Petrol station variety
- 10 Dumbledore, to mates
- 12 Citrus fruit benefit
- 13 Earthquake website
- 14 Folks
- 16 Favourite food of those in 31A
- 17 "Ouch!"
- 19 Skillet (2)
- 20 Dreadful
- 22 A Pink Floyd song
- 23 '80s modern house dance
- 24 Looked after someone's dog (2)
- 26 "Aha!"
- 29 Home of the Bermuda Triangle
- 31 Home to TMNT
- 32 Tape format
- 33 Filled with an exploratory spirit

DOWN

- 2 Spry
- 3 "Got it!"
- 4 Weapon in Cluedo
- 5 Overdue salary (2)
- 6 This week's connecting theme
- 7 Pub order
- 8 Sister
- 9 Writer's handle
- 11 "Dig in!", in Paris (2)
- 15 PhD hurdle (2)
- 18 "How exciting!" (3)
- 19 Piece of protective kit for ice hockey, lacrosse, fencing
- 21 Like most cover letters (2)
- 24 Oven light
- 25 Wordle starting word with four vowels
- 27 Hi-___ graphics
- 28 Parrot
- 30 Neither here ___ there



ISSUE 10 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. SORCERER 5. BREEZE 7. SHOE 9. MAPLE 10. MONK 11. FRUIT NINJA 13. TICK 15. COMETS 18. INTERNET 19. SHERLOCK 22. CRAMPS 24. FRED 25. CAIRO EGYPT 28. OREGO 30. TAHOE 31. LEEK 32. TURBAN 33. ANACONDA
DOWN: 1. OTHER 3. RAMEN 4. RAPANUI 5. BEE 6. ZEN 8. EXILE 10. MOTOR 12. ATTIC 14. CHEAP 16. OCHER 17. STOIC 20. RADIO 21. KRISHNA 23. ANGEL 26. OMEGA 27. PLEAD 29. RYU 30. TEN

SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

EASY

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

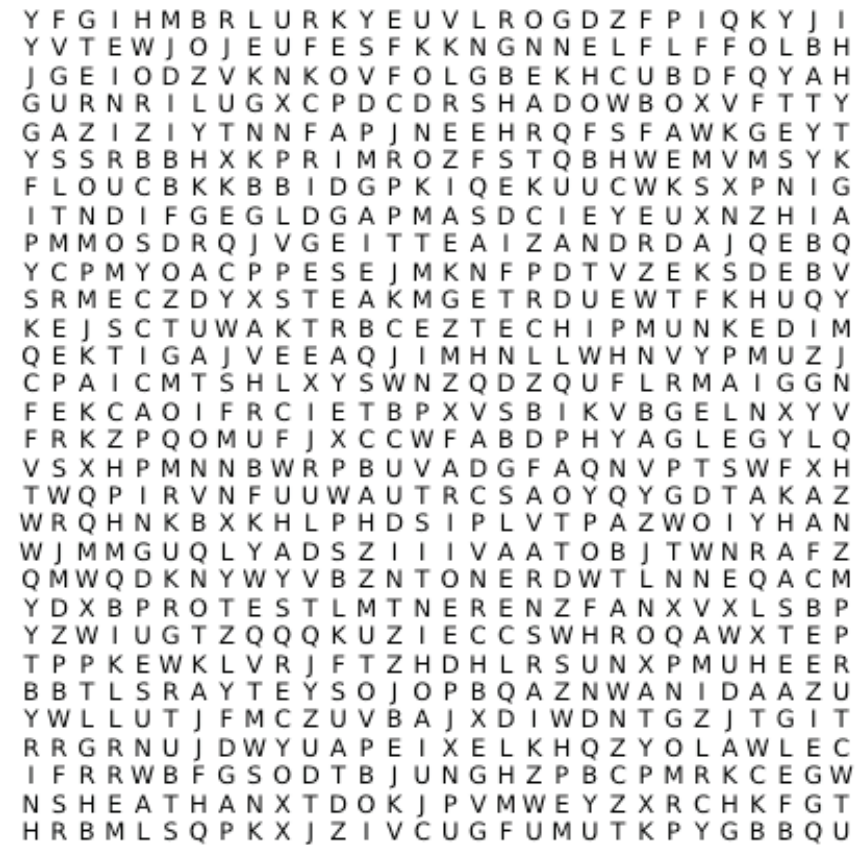
MEDIUM

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

HARD

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

WORDFIND



- CREEPER
- MELTDOWN
- CAPPING
- EXECUTIVE
- GRADUATION
- BUSINESS
- BEEZIE
- FRIDGETTE
- DOMESTIC
- HAAST EAGLE
- HEMINGWAY
- SHEATHA
- WHITE CLAW
- DEFECATE
- CHIPMUNK
- FORESKIN
- PALESTINE
- PROTEST
- ENCAMPMENT
- SHADOW BOX

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images



Critic

vs.

Writer's Block

By Critic Staff
Illustrated by Sarah Kreft

[Subheading]



It's that time of year again: the born-and-bred Southlanders are starting to put on layers, all plans are "soft plans", and everyone's trying to get their shit together so badly that they're ending up constipated. Exams are on the horizon, assignments are piling up and you're running out of extensions when writer's block-

[Intro about the time of the semester and everyone getting writer's block. Here are Critic staff's personal recommendations for how to overcome it.] -fuck it, we're leaving that in. Something something Critic Te Ārohi does something.

Nina - *The Hemingway Method* (red wine, low lighting, and music)

Sam's busting my balls about calling this the Hemingway method, but it's no coincidence that some of the greatest artists and writers in history were also some of the most renowned high-functioning substance abusers known to man (I write with nothing to back that up but it sounds about right). There's also a reason why it's called writer's block - it's like you can physically feel the dam in your brain stemming the creative juices from flowing. Know what'll knock that baby right down? Booze. It's like the study version of a tipsy party confidence boost that only comes after a couple drinks, but you're sweet talking your now not-so-blank page rather than the crush you only think is cute because you work with them. I like to make it feel high-art by pouring myself a glass of red wine, putting on some mellow tunes, and making the room lamp lit. Kick things up a notch by switching to pen and paper to add to the tortured artist of the ye old days vibe and let yourself run down the rabbit holes of random pieces of inspiration. If you end up feeling like Charlie from that scene in *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* yelling about Pepe Silvia, then you know it's working.

- Pros:** It's fucking fun to feel like a crazed art teacher while you write
- Cons:** Reading it back the next morning
- Overall:** 8/10 This method probably only works for Arts majors

Jordan - *Good movie, crappy movie*

As someone who does a lot of creative writing for both English and Theatre, I can often get stuck on what to do and where to take my story. The best way to reignite the fire is to know how to write a narrative. I do this by watching one bad movie (to know what not to do) and one good movie (to know what to do). Most recently I watched *Alvin and the Chipmunks* and *The Silence of the Lambs* (you decide which is which). When you need a likeable protagonist to root for, you make sure their motivations line up with their actions (Dave complains to Ian that "they're just kids" and "need a childhood" but then gets them saving bonds for Christmas??). When you're stuck writing a script for screen and theatre it's easy to forget that it's a visual art form, so it's extra important to see visual storytelling done well, e.g. when Clarice enters Buffalo Bill's home, the audience can see the frame pictured of the moth - but she can't. Music can also help set a scene well and reinforce themes within the text (what does The Kinks 'You Really Got Me' have to do with anything? It wasn't a popular song at the time like 'Hot 'n Cold' by Katy Perry). After watching these films your creativity will surge. Either out of love or spite, but it doesn't matter.

- Pros:** Watching one of the best acting performances of all time (David Cross or Anthony Hopkins?)
- Cons:** Accidentally watching more than two films (those songs were in the Chipmunks Squeakquel)
- Overall:** 6/10. Writing a script with The Witch Doctor stuck in your head is not helpful

Sam - *Edging (The REAL Hemingway Method)*

They say spitters are quitters, so don't be ashamed to quit while you're ahead for the purpose of spitting out some quality content. That's basically the Hemingway Method. Stopping work when you know EXACTLY what is coming next makes it so much easier for Tomorrow You to pick up where you left off and absolutely smash it out of the park. It's basically edging yourself: stop when you get too excited. If you employ this method but accidentally end up stopping at a dead end, try deleting the last hundred or so words and re-writing it. Something will jump out, and once you get that bad boy open-ended, it's pretty much already written itself. Now all you have to do is shoot down to the Bottle-O and pick up the finest goon they carry for use as a writer's aid - oh shit, this has just become the other Hemingway method.

- Pros:** Effective and ego-boosting (superior to Nina's method)
- Cons:** Can lose momentum and might still end up with a hangover
- Overall:** 7/10. The road to hell is paved with adlibs



Hugh - Word Vomit

I'm flipping the switch to say that writer's block is lowkey keeping us in the dumps. You don't really have writer's block because you could effectively write the same two words i.e., "blesh-go, blesh-go" over and over again and there wouldn't be a problem. This being said, the best way to work your way out of a writing slump is to just write your way through it. Whatever you're doing will look like a mess but hell, it'll be worth it when all you have to do afterward is go back and edit out all the sexual euphemisms you worked into your essay on Chinese foreign policy. Save your you-time. [Editor's note: You should see what I have to work with sometimes.]

Pros: Bleshgooooo.

Cons: bleshgo.

Overall: bleshgo/10

Molly - ChatGPT

We all love the bad boy, and what is badder than a sexy wee piece of generative AI that lecturers hate their students using! Delicious forbidden fruit. Whenever I'm feeling a little empty on the creative juices and the stress of looming deadlines is not enough, I like to pull up my friend ChatGPT and they help make all the problems go away. Don't know how to structure an essay on the Great Gatsby? Have no understanding of political theories even though it's your major? Or just don't want to have to put the thousands of dollars worth of "education" you pay for to good use? Just call up ChatGPT. Many of my fellow [redacted degree] friends also find that ChatGPT can explain concepts better than the lecturers can, and can also create in-depth study notes, so really it's a great tool for learning. Only problem is when using it as your personal essay writer you actually have to read through and edit it to make it sound human. But that's where I call up my good old pal Quillbot. Control F some sources, chuck a bibliography in the doc and you're good to go having started less than four hours prior. God I love the internet. I also swear Turnitin can't tell it wasn't written by a human, but don't blame Critic if you get caught xx

Pros: Writing a 4000 word essay in one day with no prior knowledge of the essay topic

Cons: Takes a wee bit of time to get sounding not too smart but not too dumb, but less time than actually writing it yourself

Overall: 4/10. The stress of getting caught almost makes it not worth it, but not really.

Lotto - Full Blown Meltdown

What do you do when you have inflexible deadlines, numerous disabilities, and severe executive functioning issues? Just start smashing your head on things! Sometimes one has to throw an adult tantrum. It's not self-infantilization when you cry more than you did as an actual infant. I can't say it's fun, safe nor anything but degrading, but I often just need to have a quick frustrated sob (read: multi-hour long mental breakdown) before getting the clarity needed to work. It's pretty bullshit, honestly. It often feels like the stars have to align (I don't write the horoscope column) to have an addictive little taste of what it feels like to function normally. It's better than [redacted] I swear to god. Hnnnnngh. Maybe they're meltdowns, maybe it's functioning withdrawals. Either way, when things get really dire it's better than choking it down. Results do vary, however: sometimes you dust yourself off having worked shit out of your system and churn out a task with something akin to post-nut clarity, vape firmly between the teeth, fingers flying more excessively than Taylor Swift; other times you end up with a crygraine and hide in a blanket fort for days. I'm not one for the TAB so maybe this is my form of gambling?

Pros: Melodrama, catharsis, a way to expel excess hydration, I guess. Also incredibly, ultimately humbling

Cons: Forehead bruises, strange looks, internalised ableism

Overall: 1/10. May be exclusive to a specific cocktail of neuroses

Ellie - Stress-induced Blur

You know the saying "diamonds are made under pressure"? Yeah, the best assignments are done the night before (or day after, if you really want). Spend a week looking at a blank document titled 'essay plan' and justify every time you do anything but your assignment (you deserve the break, babes). Putting off your work until the very last moment ensures you have no other choice but to get writing. Hone in on the stress that's been making you feel nauseous - it works wonders. There reaches a point (at about hour six of an all-nighter) where the adrenaline takes over, you black out and emerge with a full piece of written work. A 'Jesus take the wheel' kind of situation, except Jesus is crippling anxiety. Plus, with the right playlist you can live out your tortured genius, movie montage moment fantasies. Will it be an assignment to be proud of? Arguably not. However, any success from this method will have you addicted to the superiority complex of getting a good grade with the literal least amount of effort possible. Be warned.

Pros: If you leave something until the last minute, it only takes a minute to get done. Girl math

Cons: Developing a nervous twitch

Overall: 5/10. Jesus takes the wheel, but with a learner's licence

Monty - Phone a Friend

We've all hit the horrible dead-end of writer's block, the terrifying blank page. Nothing soothes fear quite like community. Drag your friends into your bullshit by calling them and trying to explain the assignment you are failing to write. Ideally one of two things happen: 1. In trying to explain your idea you come to realise that you do know what you wanted to write, and rush off to write it down before the idea leaves you, or 2. Your friend has a fantastic idea, which you can then steal and pass off as your own. Obviously number one is the ideal outcome here, number two suffers as it relies on the quality of your friends. There's no guarantee that they even have ideas worth stealing. This can also only be done a limited amount of times per friend before they get sick of you, so choose the moment to deploy this strategy wisely. But honestly, if you're not worried about the potential ethics of very very mild plagiarism, I really recommend giving this a try. Isn't university about sharing our knowledge anyway?

Pros: Has multiple positive outcomes, works pretty well, strengthens friendship bonds.

Cons: Relies on having reasonable friends. Potential plagiarism issues. You are the most annoying flatmate

Overall: 8/10. Great, but points removed for potential plagiarism

Gryffin - Library Lockdown

Unfortunately, sometimes you need a bitta tough love. We've all had that 11:59pm deadline looming above us as we scroll TikTok without a single idea to write, but sometimes shit gets so bad you've got to deprive yourself of life's luxuries (serotonin) for a little bit to get it done. The best approach to the library lockdown is to buy a sweet treat to have waiting for you when you get home, but the key is to keep it in your flatmate's hands. Tell them not to let you have it until you have proof you've finished whatever you need to write. Heck, if you're feeling that desperate tell them to lock the house and not let you back in until you've finished. And that leaves you, in the library, forced to write, temporarily homeless and treatless. The thought of snacks and being allowed back in your home, coupled with low-key flashbacks to lockdown is plenty to get those fingers typing, fast.

Pros: Makes you actually go to the library (even though you told your friends you'd be going every day by this point in the sem)

Cons: Only works if your flatmates don't take pity on you (may also eat your snacks)

Overall: 7/10. May result in Pavloving yourself

Kaia - Do something else for a bit

I had a Prof last semester who told me that an inability to focus on something suggested you should be doing something else. He suggested I do that 'thought about' thing (let your mind wander and follow it) instead of my work, with the hope that eventually I'd start feeling like doing my work again. Obviously this works to a point, but in my experience it's a great way to justify procrastination until that last minute panic motivation kicks in. He cited a study that found people who thought about what they were doing as they did it were generally happier than those whose minds wandered. Moral of the story: If your mind keeps wandering while you're writing, maybe do that other task you're thinking about instead. Maybe it's time to try a new degree? You've been thinking a lot about food lately. Perhaps your future lies in culinary pursuits!

Pros: Actually works super well sometimes

Cons: Can also be a great way to avoid doing your work and feel good about it

Overall: 6/10. Some people have brains that are allowed free range, others have a child-on-a-leash brain



TECHNICALLY

By Adam Stitley
Illustrated by Jakira Brophy

Otago students generally have a pretty lax view on obeying Big Brother. After spending a few years living in North Dunedin, following the intricacies of the less serious side of the law starts to seem like more of a recommendation than an enforced hard line. Some laws, however, are downright fucking strange, embedded with outdated views rivaling your old PE teacher's monologues on abstinence in that awkward Year 10 sex and drug education class.

Critic Te Ārohi investigates what weird and interesting laws are still technically enforced (we assume they haven't gotten round to updating them yet) after stumbling upon some photos of barristers wearing those 1700s court wigs. Also, no one can convince me that they should still have those wigs, even if it's for ceremonial purposes – at least commit to the gimmick and go full colonial. I want Benjamin fucking Franklin giving me legal counsel.

I'm no law student, let alone a lawyer, but I've been to the law library a couple times and scoured Reddit for an hour or two, so I'm qualified enough. And to those with a superiority complex that study the book of the law or something, this article is going to very shittily paraphrase some legal definitions. Go cry about it.

MISUSE OF A TELEPHONE (TELECOMMUNICATIONS ACT 2001)

This law makes it illegal to use indecent and obscene language, or make a suggestion of profane nature with the purpose to offend, whilst using a phone. I know what this is intended for but still, it's illegal to call someone a cunt over the phone, though perfectly legal to say to their face. In 2022, a Marlborough man was actually sentenced to eight months in prison for this after calling a health services provider and saying, quote: "Go stick your head in an oven, fucking idiot, country full of dickheads, fucking peasant." Side note: this guy definitely deserved jail for other reasons. Also the definition of a telephone is absurd – basically anything that can Google counts as a phone under this act. Getting abused by some twelve year old playing Call of Duty? Fuck it, call the cops, send that little prick to juvy. Maybe this law should be talked about in those shitty cyberbullying and internet safety videos that they show you at intermediate school.

EXCRETING IN PUBLIC PLACE (SUMMARY OFFENCES ACT 1981)

This one seems straightforward: you defecate in public and get a \$200 fine and all that jazz. But if you think no one is watching, then it's apparently perfectly fine. This is an actual defence that will hold up in court. If you happen to find yourself blind drunk and hypothetically unaware of your surroundings: pop that squat, take that leak (they cost the same). Even if someone is watching, I'm not even sure that this law is enforced here. This is Dunedin after all. Walk around any Saturday night, and you'll find breathas pissing everywhere. To be fair, though, they all might think no one can see them since chances are they're dressed in camo.

ADVERTISING REWARD FOR STOLEN OR LOST PROPERTY

The entire premise of the Castle Facebook page is illegal. Anyone who advertises for a reward for the return of property that has been lost or stolen is liable to up to a \$200 fine. That's fucked. Lost something and want it back? You can't offer a reward, and you're apparently not even allowed to say, "No questions asked." Out of pure curiosity, Critic scrolled Castle24 for less than two minutes and found more than ten examples of this. Box on return? \$200 fine on return, you stingy bastard. Some wounder reading this will definitely scroll through Castle24 on a dusty Sunday, filing reports to the court, just out of pure spite and hangxiety. Some people just want to watch the world burn.

ACTING AS A MEDIUM WITH INTENT TO DECEIVE

Anyone that acts as a spiritualistic medium, claiming to possess the powers of telepathy, clairvoyance or any powers similar, with the intent to deceive are liable to fines up to \$1000. Apparently Critic's 2022 feature article on how to do just this wasn't the best idea, actually ('The Online World of Fake Psychics' by Ruby Werry). You can't tell me that anyone pretending to talk to my ancestors has any goal but to deceive me. I wonder how many times this had to happen before it became a law. This is like the Michael Jackson still alive scam – "transfer me \$600 so I can release more music. Hee Hee!" I reckon there's a \$1000 fine incoming for that modern day witch-craft coming from our horoscopes column.

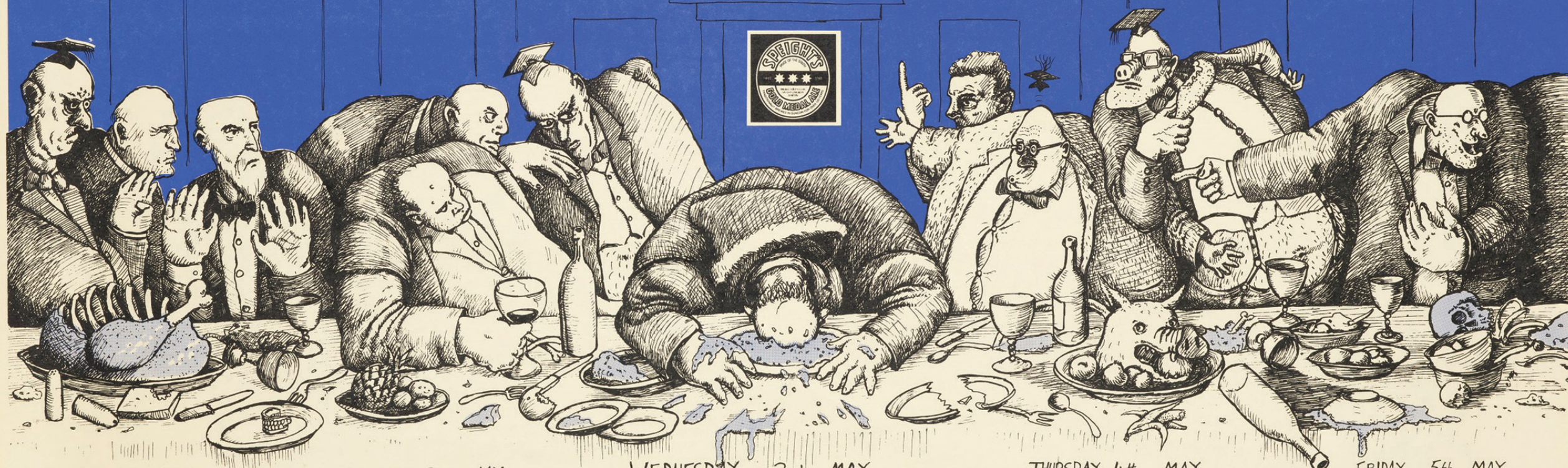
COUSIN MARRIAGE

This one isn't a law, per say, I'm just surprised that this is legal given the cultural connotations surrounding cousin marriage in New Zealand. It's a bit of a social taboo, but it's perfectly legal to marry your first cousin. Cousin marriages are generally frowned upon and are broadly associated with birth defects, but the rates of these are not much higher than normal rates of birth defects and are about the same amount of risk as giving birth over the age of 40. It is, however, illegal to marry more than one person and that is punishable by between two and seven years in prison. So if you're into that thing, you'll have to pick just one cousin. You do you bro, there's nothing stopping you – except maybe some marginal looks at family events but even then, one thing may lead to another (looking at you, Southland).

MĀORI WARDENS

I don't know how this still exists. A Māori Warden has the power to enter any licensed premise and make the vendor stop selling or supplying liquor to anyone Māori, whom in the eye of the Warden is intoxicated, quarrelsome, disorderly or is likely to become so, whether intoxicated or not. Māori Wardens also have the power to confiscate any Māori person's car keys who they believe are incapable of driving a motor vehicle, as well as ordering any Māori person that appears to be intoxicated or partly intoxicated to leave a hotel. John Key described this law as "a bit racist" and we all know that he is unequivocally the best source in determining racism. This law is actually probably one of the only examples of legislation that recognises Māori right to self-governance – but it probably could be worded a bit better.

PORTERHOUSE BLUE CAPPING 89 O.U.S.A.



SUNDAY 30th APRIL
10:30 a.m. RAFT RACE (OTAGO HARBOUR)
3:00 p.m. DRINKING HORN (UNION HALL)

TUESDAY 2nd MAY
8:00 a.m. CHAMPAGNE BREAKFAST &
RELEASE OF CAPPING MAGAZINE (OCTAGON)
12:00 NOON BED RACE (OCTAGON)

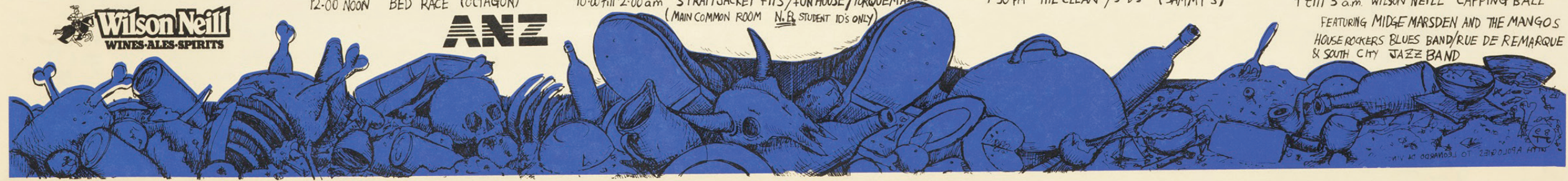
WEDNESDAY 3rd MAY
12:00 NOON POPPA'S PIZZA PIZZA EATING CONTEST (UNION)
1:00 pm BIKE RACE (IN, OUT AND AROUND THE LEITH)
12:30 pm MR. MOON (MAIN COMMON ROOM)
8:00 p.m. OPENING OF CAPPING SHOW (REGENT)
10:00 till 2:00 am STRAITJACKET FITS / FUN HOUSE / TORQUEMADAS
(MAIN COMMON ROOM N.B. STUDENT ID'S ONLY)

THURSDAY 4th MAY
10:30 am CHRISTCHURCH WIZARD'S MYSTERY TOUR (COMMON ROOM)
12:30 pm WAITATI MILITIA WAR (UNION LAWN)
1:30 pm LOST AND FOUND AUCTION (UNION LAWN)
7:30 pm THE CLEAN / 3-D'S (SAMMY'S)

FRIDAY 5th MAY
11:00 am PROCESH
1:00 pm WET LUNCH / DEATH RAY CAFE &
JOHNSON'S SHARK SCREEN (GAZEBO)
9 till 3 am 'WILSON NEILL' CAPPING BALL
FEATURING MIDSE MARSDEN AND THE MANGOS
HOUSE ROCKERS BLUES BAND / RUE DE REMARQUE
& SOUTH CITY JAZZ BAND

Wilson Neill
WINES-ALES-SPIRITS

ANZ



OPINION. WHY WE NEED THE "SHEATHA" FEMININITY ON CASTLE STREET



With the approach of the 130th Capping Show 'Beezie', it got the team at Critic Te Ārohi thinking. Every time we reference the stereotypical Otago student, we reach for the term "breatha". And for good reason: they're an easy mark with a well-established culture, and even easier to draw with their year-round uniform of Birks, jorts, t-shirt, and cap – even in the depths of Dunedin winter. Just add socks.

Breathas are always at the scene of some story, whether that's accidentally pressing another 'O' on a \$10 gambling bet and landing \$27k in winnings, buying dirt from Facebook Marketplace and mud-wrestling one another, or hosting viral video tours of their decrepit flats ("There's two toilets in here for some reason, so you can shit and hold hands if you want"). Critic may playfully take the piss out of these gremlins, but we also kinda love them. The breatha audacity is endearing and endlessly quotable.

But there's another species of student who are criminally overlooked: the Castle girl (or Leith, Hyde, Dundas, etc.). You know the one: North Face puffer jacket, Lululemon flared tights, white Adidas sambas, half-fallen out lash extensions and grown out roots (same, girl) hoisted up in a messy bun by a claw clip, clutching a Frank Green water bottle. Well, that's if you haven't caught them after a big night out. Then you might see them shuffling to the Marsh in a dressing gown with smeared slept-in makeup, and Uggs crunching on fragments of the Long Whites downed the night before. Some aspire for glistening glass skin, while these girls are known for the glistening glass shards that adorn their streets. Perhaps there's a certain femininity to it – it's North D's glitter, if you squint hard enough.

The Castle girl loves the piss as much as the breatha (and ket, so we're told). They also possess intimidating confidence, a carefree recklessness, and the ability to seemingly procure a vape from thin air at any given moment. Their presence is as intoxicating as their vices. Yet Castle girls are massively overlooked in the role they play in Dunedin student culture.

Castle Street has various twin sets of brother and sister flats: Fridge and Fridgette, Smackdown and Raw, Beehive and Honeypot, to name a few; reminiscent of a slightly less cringe version of American Greek life. However, much like fraternities, the boy flats rule the roost when it comes to parties. Breathadom remains at the centre of the language we use around Castle Street culture (Critic guilty as charged). The sister flats, on the other hand, are relegated to – well, nothing. Unlike breathas, Castle girls don't even have an established stereotype or label. Next to the "man or bear" debate and the hurdles women face in the education system, is the lack of identity given to Castle girls North D's most pressing feminist issue?

Critic Te Ārohi says yes, eliciting an intense debate at the office. While everyone agreed that discussion around Dunedin student culture is (perhaps unfairly) male-centric and symbolised by breathadom, we disagreed on the next step. That is, how does one define a Castle Street girl? And what name should they be awarded? We came up with three options: 1) make breatha

gender neutral, 2) reclaim the word "beezy", 3) introduce a new word altogether: "sheatha" [Culture Editor's note: I've been trying to make this happen for years now]. Although Critic has previously made reference to the sheatha phenomenon, we've never documented it as we have the breatha, let alone asked sheathas what they think. Until now.

Critic Te Ārohi went straight to the source for answers, asking the girls of North Dunedin to define themselves. We spoke to three all-girls flats on Castle and Leith: Haunted, Dolls House, and Lashville* to hear thoughts on piss-ups, hook ups, and how misogyny gets them down.

On the Sunday following the May 4th Deathstar host, we began our research at Castle Street's pristine academic and literary hub: the Marsh Center. Seven seconds upon arriving, we located a stray breatha and asked him: "What defines a Castle girl?" He answered: "Loves ket, aggressive, dusty, clout chaser, stank attitude." Rough, especially when we found out his definition of "clout chasing" was "breatha-chasing". Critic Te Ārohi didn't reckon this sounded very feminist, so we continued our research by heading out to the girls' flats.

The investigation began two doors down from the Marsh at Raw, who were unfortunately "too dusty" to talk. So we tried Haunted. Far from a "stank attitude", the girls at Haunted were friendly and, without hesitation, invited us into their lounge to discuss the intricacies of Castle Street feminism. We asked them whether the term "breatha" could encompass this stereotype. "No, I think it's a compliment to not be called a breatha," came the reply. "[Castle girls] are pretty diverse and can't really be stereotyped." However, a confronting moment of self-awareness swept over the flat as we read a physical description of the stereotypical Castle girl aloud. Re-enacting the Spiderman doppelganger meme with every item listed, the girls North Faced (ha) the fact that Critic might be onto something.

The Marsh Breatha, however, apparently wasn't. Upon hearing his scathing accusations of dating infamous boy flats to acquire clout, the girls somewhat defended themselves: "That's a shout [...]. But [the girls] don't do it for clout, it just happens. Most couples have been together since high school." It appears that the particular breed of student that lives on Castle Street finds their people long before their flat-wrecking exploits.

Then again, even if it were for the clout, there's a good reason for it. The unspoken social hierarchy on Castle Street suggests a structural clout-inequality exists. Similar to girls marrying for prosperity in 1924, perhaps girls date into Castle clout in 2024 because their flats aren't permitted to generate the same notoriety for themselves? Even if this is the case, Haunted didn't seem to find it to be an issue. They don't want a stereotype, and consider having no "prominent label" as a good thing.

Up next was Leith Street's Dolls House. The girls at Dolls House believed that "breatha" couldn't possibly become a

gender-neutral term. In fact, they considered its application to girls slightly offensive, calling the term "dirty". One of the girls told Critic, "I've always thought [breathas'] rooms are dark and dingy, and there's probably mould growing in the corner with some random chick's underwear lying on the floor. The sheets haven't been washed since their mum came down to move them in. My sheets are clean, I haven't got mould!"

Dolls House also didn't think the general focus on the dudes of Castle Street was a feminist issue. According to them, the boys have earned their claim to fame as "breathas" through the hard mahi they do ensuring their hosts are as delinquent as humanly possible. "The boys do it well. I think because they don't care as much about their flat getting absolutely trashed, and they're actually quite inclusive to everyone."

Apparently, the girls aren't: "We were talking about [this issue] with a couple of the other girl [flats]. The girls need to start becoming more inclusive and like just inviting everyone. They're more likely to invite [just] their little clique." High school beef and a disdain for girls who "run into walls unprovoked" were attributed as the main reasons. When asked why it is okay – encouraged, even – for breathas to run into walls amongst other janky shit, Dolls House explained they are held to a lower standard of etiquette: "I think that's the thing. If a girl does that, it's icky. But if a guy does it, it's funny and normal!"

So why is this the case? Perhaps something patriarchal is at play. Girls are expected to behave more sensibly and "feminine" to gain approval from not only the boys but, in some backwards way, the girls themselves. Has the social structure of Castle Street pitted the girls against one another? United or divided, Dolls House agreed that the girls who populate North D's party streets deserve a term, and unanimously voted for "sheatha".

Dolls House then directed an enlightened Critic to Lashville as the greatest example of "sheathas" in North Dunedin. Greeted with trampled Cruiser boxes and glass shards upon arrival, we knew we'd come to the right place. Lashville is the only girls' flat around Castle to have held a spontaneous open host party this year. However, the host didn't come without its doubters: "When we said we were hosting, we got so much shit." To the girls' annoyance, there was apparently talk of, "Oh nah, your flat's not big enough."

As it turns out, the doubters were threatened boy flats wanting to hoard all the Castle clout for themselves. Both Haunted, Dolls House, and Lashville lamented to Critic that breathas' egos are as large as the bond they'll owe their landlords at the end of the year. However, the flat's party was just as large (with around 300 people showing up), and went off without a hitch. When asked whether they'd like to see more girl flats follow suit, Lashville responded with a resounding: "Fuck yeah!"

It's time for the Castle girl Messenger group chat to rise up and prove the boys wrong, but what should they rename themselves? Although they admitted that the current popularly used term "beezy" is reductive and male-centric (i.e, a hot girl associated with a breatha, and seldom a standalone identity), Lashville reckoned they should reclaim the word as a symbol of the Castle girl.

Over our day of research, Critic learned of the many interesting gender dynamics that plague Castle Street and, more broadly, North Dunedin. While it's undeniable that girls are less inclined to do cooked shit than boys, perhaps there's a double standard preventing them from achieving similar heights of delinquency. But why should there be? Girls should be allowed to run into walls and destroy their flats just as much as the breatha (this is a metaphor, Critic does not endorse flat destruction). From now on, Critic Te Ārohi pledges to use "sheatha" as a term of alliance and endearment for all the cooked girls out there. Here's hoping the Capping Show will spawn a new wave of representation for sheathas in North Dunedin (despite being called 'Beezie').

*Name changed.

I THINK THAT'S THE THING. IF A GIRL DOES THAT, IT'S ICKY. BUT IF A GUY DOES IT, IT'S FUNNY AND NORMAL.



By Nina Brown

FRONTIERS OF



Now in its 130th year, the Capping Show is a time capsule of the ever-evolving Otago University student culture. To recap Capping – and reuse a joke that Critic has made time and again in our 99 years writing about it – what began as a 19th century flash mob of sorts during graduation ceremonies is now a two hour production of epic proportions.

The Capping Show follows the structure of a main sketch based on what's hot in popular culture, supplemented by the now-traditional side sketches of the Selwyn Ballet, Sextet, and the recently formed Sexytet – Otago's infamous acapella groups whose naughty parody songs aim to shock and delight. 'Beezie', this year's main sketch, is based on *Barbie*, the Oscar-nominated, proudly pink movie that took the world by storm last year with feminist themes that draw eerie parallels to Capping women's history.

The legacy of Capping is legendary – sometimes for the wrong reasons. Critic Te Ārohi reflects on the role of Capping as a frontier of Scarfie culture, the evolving role of women in the show, whether Capping is a cult or community, and the legacy of former cappers. To quote a TikTok influencer salivating over a Crumbl cookie: "Let's get into it."

SCARFIEDOM

The Legacy of the Capping Cult

CAPPERS OF YORE

Any capper will proudly tell you that Otago's Capping Show is the longest running student revue in the world. They'll then sheepishly clarify that it's the longest continuous show, beating Cambridge University's Footlights for the sole reason that they didn't produce shows during the two world wars. Dunedin breeds 'em tough – and really fucking far from the action. The students of yore who pioneered Capping didn't have the glitz and glam of the modern theatre kid. They simply donned costumes and poked fun at the Uni's big wigs with improvised sketches to popular show tunes of the time.

Its early evolution after the 19th century saw a (rather drunk) procession from the University to Logan Park on the Monday of Capping Week dubbed 'Procesh'. They had "magnificent floats" manned by dudes dressed as clowns drinking from barrels of beer. Shops and offices closed when thousands of people lined the streets, and students collected money for charity as they worked their way down the street. At the end of a week of festivities rivaling O-Week was the official Capping ceremony (still occasionally disrupted) after which students put on the 'Capping Carnival'. All that remains of Capping Week is the show that we have today.

Dane Oates is the Otago University Students' Association event coordinator and producer of the show. He explains that, in its current form, the show is an assemblage of sketches. The main sketch is based on what's hot in pop culture at the time, using it to platform students' stories. Past themes have included 'Back to the Flat', 'Larry Thotter and the Chambers of the Bong', and 'Flatatouille' – this year, it's 'Beezie'.

This year's 'Beezie' theme was drummed up between Dane and the four student directors (two stage, two video) and written by recent grads Rāhiri Wharerau, Bronson Toghill, and Mila McHardy. "Barbie had a massive cultural impact last year," explains Dane. "It was very prominent in the public psyche, and the concept that the main sketch writers put forward for it was just a really compelling story and very funny. We thought there were a lot of ways that we could make that really visually interesting. [...] For all those reasons we ended up going with Beezie."

MIRROR OF SCARFIE CULTURE

"Capping Show is a mirror into student culture more than a driver of student culture," says Dane. "As a revue show, it sort of sums up [...] the current state of Dunedin culture. And so there's a lot of cultural references that maybe wouldn't make any sense to people outside of Dunedin." Think of the typical blank stares Dunedin-based humour will elicit from hometown friends when you call "buffalo" at pres, or having to explain what "breatha" means after dropping it casually in a family call.

"There's always a joke about the Proctor stealing bongs every year, which I'm sure less and less people understand as time goes by," Dane laughs. The incident Dane refers to is what Critic Te Arohi affectionately dubbed as 'BongShell'. In 2018, the Proctor visited a student flat on his annual rounds distributing warnings about holding flat initiations. Spotting "water bongs" on a table in a flat, he went inside and seized them, followed by a whirlwind of media attention and social commentary – spearheaded giddily by yours truly, Critic Te Arohi.

BongShell is just one example of local gossip that both the Capping Show and Critic Te Arohi have mercilessly joked about over their histories. "I would say that the Capping Show is the Critic of theatre shows. It's a similar kind of energy," says Dane. They're entwined to the point where when the crew goes on a writer's retreat to write the show, they're given old Critic articles to read and find inspiration from – worryingly, Moaningful Confessions are among them. Perhaps that explains the 49 assorted sex, dick and tit jokes Critic counted last year.

"The show is very much about student stories, whether that's a silly story or something more serious, which is what Critic does as well. There's an extent to which there's really serious, quite

important journalism. And there's also, like, really taking the piss and having a lot of fun. And Capping Show does both of those things as well," Dane tells Critic. "It feels very of its place, which is one of the things that makes it so special. When I was a student here, Critic and Capping Show were by far my two favourite things about OUSA and the University."

POLITICAL INCORRECTNESS

In its current form, the show's theatricality and lighthearted entertainment counters the glass throwing, bong ripping, and general debauchery often associated with students of the University of Otago. Over the course of its existence, Capping has challenged the views and boundaries of what the audience will find funny. Some have aged like fine wine, such as the (eventual) inclusion of women into the show, while other of-its-time humour has aged like the flaccid carrot in the back of your fridge. "God knows the kind of humour that they were using in those days," says Dane. "I've definitely heard some stories about old Capping Show that wouldn't fly today!"

Sextet were originally called 'The C**ns' in 1903 – an egregious anti-black slur. They caught on quickly, though (thank FUCK) changing their name to Sextet in 1912. They sang racist parodies of popular show tunes, fitting right at home to the controversial but 'funny-at-the-time' values of the revue and their audience. We don't get it, either.

Speaking for Capping Show today, Dane says that there's a "very strong emphasis on the directionality of our jokes. So no topic is off the table, but the way that those topics are approached is done in a delicate way, to some extent. The important thing is that if you're gonna have a joke that involves, you know, homophobia or sexism or racism, that it's a joke at the expense of the sexist and the racist and the homophobes – then we're punching up rather than punching down. So we really focus on prioritising jokes that, you know, target those in power rather than those who don't have any power."

SEXTET

Sextet is a lot more wholesome these days – well, in comparison. They still almost exclusively sing about sex and drugs, low hanging fruit Critic Te Arohi is only too familiar with. We spoke to Jack Archibald, Sextet member and stage director this year. Jack speaks of the group in glowing terms: "Sextet is so much fun. It's all the fun parts of the show, like writing, but we're entirely self-contained. So we write everything, we arrange everything and we rehearse everything ourselves and perform it. And it's phenomenal. There's nothing like it."

Capping was Jack's introduction to Dunedin student culture. After struggling to click with his peers in his residential college, and as the only first-year in the show in 2021, he says, "I was very much taken under everyone's wing. Almost everyone in their own way wanted to help this little fresher [...] I've never felt more accepted and wanted in a show!"

Jack's been in the main cast of the Capping Show since 2021, but he only became involved with Sextet last year after other musical theatre commitments outside of Capping meant he couldn't make rehearsals for the show. Two friends convinced him to don the clown costume, and he couldn't be happier: "Putting on a clown face is one of the most fun things to do."

The close-knit group of boys all have nicknames that they're only allowed to call each other when they're in costume. Jack's is 'My Wife' (a Borat reference, in case you missed it) with others including Spooner, Golden Star, Scooter Boy, and Spirit Fingers – named after one member's tendency to wiggle his fingers at people on the piss. "You don't think you're gonna get a nickname and then you do something stupid on a night out and then they go, 'Cool, you're stuck with that for the rest of the time you're in Sextet,'" Jack says.

IT'S A BEEZIE WORLD

As with anything older than the invention of the pill or the notion of women wearing pants, Capping hasn't always boasted the beezies of campus. Both Sextet and the Selwyn Ballet were formed at the beginning of the 20th century. Women, however, were nowhere to be seen – not in the spotlight, anyway.

Women were relegated to the audience or the backstage kitchens of Capping Show until 1948 – 54 years after the show began. Critic's dusty office copy of *Ritual Song of Defiance: A Social History of Students at the University of Otago* details the struggle for inclusion and the historical moment when the Student Council (old speak for OUSA exec) passed a motion to allow women into "that bastion of male student culture – the Capping concert."

Equality between the sexes began to shift after the social upheaval of the First World War – but it wasn't without pushback. During the 1920s, men began to feel threatened and "undermined by the intrusion of women." A strongly male culture based around dick-swinging contests in men's colleges (before residential halls became co-ed) and their initiation ceremonies, Capping, and barrels of beer was strongly enforced. It was during this time that Knox College formed the Misogynists' Society which "flourished" during the 1930s. The self-proclaimed misogynists were "shaken by the apparent assertion of women's rights and the decline of the traditional male order" and were "a movement to resist the feminist movement."

In World War II, government conscription meant an exodus of men from the University grounds (would it be wrong to call this a rare win for the 20th century woman?). Taking the saying "when life gives you lemons" and running with it, women made their move into the previously male-dominated spaces. The proportion of women students grew, and with the growth in number came a growth in status, taking up positions they'd previously been barred from, such as OUSA exec positions. They even began to wear pants, and took up smoking, swearing, and drinking – the OG sheathas.

Men, in their outrage, sent letters to the (woman) Critic Editor against "feminist cliques and gangs," urging men to unite and show that "they, and they alone, wear the trousers at the University of Otago." As the recently appointed editor of the magazine, Diana Shaw used her new platform to respond in turn: "Our ire can no longer be restrained. It is the pettiness and the stupidity and the narrow mindedness of men of your ilk which have caused women to be relegated for so long to the subordinate position from which they are slowly emerging."

The Student Council had carried a motion in 1938 allowing women to take part in the Capping Show, but nothing had changed and the motion was forgotten. In March 1947, however, women took action. A petition circulating among women students calling for their inclusion in the concert was signed by 150 women, 40 of whom said they personally wanted to take part. After a kerfuffle over bureaucracy, even more misogynistic comments, and a "tumultuous" special meeting of the council that saw "howls of rage" from both sides, the council approved the inclusion of women in the concert.

In time, not only was the door to the show finally opened to women, but a female equivalent of the Sextet called Sexytet arrived on the scene at the turn of the century – the culmination of decades of social progress and multiple waves of feminism.

SEXYTET

The Barden Bellas to the Sextet's Treblemakers, Sexytet are a testament to the efforts of beezies past to nudge their way into the male-dominated spaces on campus. The group of six girls dress as '50s housewives and perform cheeky, provocative, and innuendo-based comedic songs in a six-part harmony, much of which "acknowledges that women are sexual beings who deserve orgasms too," as Critic wrote in 2016.

Sexytet's exact origins are contested. Co-convenors Samantha Elliott and Isa de Vries say they're "trying to work out when it was" based on video footage and news articles pointing to 2000. The first whisprings of a female equivalent to the Sextet, however, was a group of six girls who performed under the name 'Sextette' in the '60s.

True to the times, the Otago Daily Times reported of the Sextette, "Year by year the male domination of the Capping Concert has been whittled away. This year comes the final blow to the tradition. The most exclusive of institutions, the all-male Varsity Sextet, has been joined by Sextette. The girls do a good job, but their voices are not strong enough and most of their words are lost." Commenting on this, Samantha says, "Yeah, they got pretty ridiculed. So technically there was one but then not, which is so sad. But yeah, this is kind of like our 25th year." Just 88 years later than the boys!

Contrary to popular belief, the "sex" part of their name means "six". Their repertoire has evolved with the times, with the group writing new songs each year. Songs have included jokes about anal sex, menstruation, constipation, IBS (cos hot girls have stomach issues), and one recently about a love-crazed person hiding in their ex's basement. According to Isa, it's the sort of humour that "let's say, historically speaking, you wouldn't want women to talk about because it's very R-rated [...] I feel like our whole idea is that we look really sweet, so you don't expect when some really foul things come out of our mouths." Samantha laughs, adding, "Surprise!"

The crass content of the show can make for an interesting experience if you're not the target audience. The girls laugh as they recall the delicacies of inviting relatives along. Samantha originally tried to bar her parents from watching, but her mum came the second year and "loved it". Regrettably, Isa didn't boast a similar success story: "My parents came once and they never came again. They're quite conservative, so when they saw me on stage singing about sex and drugs they were like, 'What?'"

For one couple last year, the Sexytet's so-called "wholesome" anal sex song 'Here Comes My Bum' (a 'Here Comes the Sun' parody) ruined date night. "It was not the worst joke but they were like, 'Oh, girls singing about anal, that's not acceptable,'" Samantha says. But parents aren't the target audience: it always has been, and always will be, students. "Dunedin targeted, very Dunedin targeted," says Samantha – from shit student flats to Countdown rats.

Samantha and Isa agree that *Pitch Perfect* is a common reference both they and the Sextet have played off since the movie came out. In a classic *Pitch Perfect* Barden Bella parody last year, the Sexytet began their performance with the iconic 'The Sign' – adjusted for the modern situation:

*I got a new guy, and I swear he's better looking than his pics
Nobody's perfect (but he's really really far from it)
Only one pillow, and his mattress is on the floor
Ew ew ew ew ew – is enough enough?
I saw the signs
But I may as well be blind
Cause all his red flags are around me
But they look so pretty!
I saw the signs
Always drinking Billy Mavs, and flats on Hyde!
(No one's gonna tell you but
We also knew that he's a dick)
I saw the signs
(We know he's gonna fuck you up
Don't try to be his therapist)
But I study Psych!*

The movie's parallels extend beyond the fact that it's about varsity a capella groups, however. For Sexytet, *Pitch Perfect*'s social commentary on inequality between the Bellas and the Treblemakers hits close to home. Samantha says that they especially relate in moments where the Barden Bellas would need to work harder than the boy group to earn the same recognition. She points to the example of when the judges would talk about the female voices not having the same tone: "Like, they'll never be as good. And we're like that's just not true." Isa adds, "It's the same as how we have to work harder to show what we can do."

"I feel like the Barden Bellas also got ridiculed or judged based [on] their appearance and the way they sing," says Isa. "That's the big one," says Sam. "No one talks about what the boys look like." Isa says that no matter how "ugly" the boys can look – something Jack says they're "self-aware" about in their clown kit – or if they have an off night "it wouldn't matter 'cos they're guys singing on stage so it's like, super cool [...]" So in that sense we completely relate to [the Bellas] 'cause they also had that with the boys. The boys were so cool and then they had to work so hard to be valued just as much."

Although part of the Sexytet's "bit is housewife spoofing" in an adorable get-up, Sam finds it strange when their costumes can pull more focus than the singing itself: "[You want] to own your costume, you want to own the femininity that you put on stage. So then to have people focus on that more than the singing or like the actual performance is kind of such an anti-feminist thing to do." Their words echo America Farera's widely applauded *Barbie* monologue: "It is literally impossible to be a woman [...] Like, we have to always be extraordinary, but somehow we're always doing it wrong."

The relationship between Sextet and Sexytet apparently had rocky beginnings. "It sounded like it was more of a rivalry to begin with, or like, Sexytet was the counterpart of Sextet," says Isa. "Like the budget Sextet," says Sam. Now they'd consider themselves to be "partners", working together a lot of the time as a "big cohort".

Sextet are still given more opportunities to perform, according to the girls, but Samantha says they're "really grateful and quite lucky that now they're willing to include us or pass along our information if they get asked to do something [...]" We very rarely get people coming directly to us, but we're really glad that the boys are happy to [pass along] opportunities." In saying that, the girls are "hoping that eventually the group gets to a point where we're standalone as well."

Speaking to Critic in the week prior to opening night, the Sexytet girls are "nervous" but feeling "pretty good". They've sought a lot of feedback from past members who the girls were incredibly grateful for: "They're so eager to come and listen to us and help us and give us feedback." "It's easy to overthink about it – like, is it funny?" says Sam. "I know, which is such a girl thing to do," laughs Isa. "When I feel like guys wouldn't even blink twice at those things."

OUR WHOLE IDEA IS
THAT WE LOOK REALLY
SWEET, SO YOU DON'T
EXPECT WHEN SOME
REALLY FOUL THINGS
COME OUT OF OUR
MOUTHS



CULT OR COMMUNITY?

Without fail, the cappers who Critic Te Ārohi spoke to enthused about the intensely tight-knit community of Capping – extending beyond the show itself. In the past, Critic has speculated at the “cultish” aspects of the show, with multiple articles titled as some variation of the ‘Capping Cult’. Naturally, it came up in conversation (we asked).

As the current producer of the show, Dane has a diplomatic answer prepared. Preparation for the Capping Show happens in quite a short timeframe, according to Dane. Auditions begin after Orientation, giving the crew about four weeks of writing, four evenings a week down at College Auditorium, followed by four weeks of rehearsals before a run of eight shows back to back.

“It’s a very intense schedule,” says Dane. “So I think if you take any group of 20 somethings and put them in a room four nights a week for an extended period where the focus is being silly and creative, you’re gonna end up with some awesome experiences [...] And so I think that naturally lends itself towards a really strong commitment to the show and also like a sort of forming of identity around it to a certain extent.”

Jack wasn’t such a hard egg to crack: “It’s definitely a cult. People are very passionate about the Capping Show when they’re in it. It kind of becomes your entire life – some people for six months, some people four years” – referring to his long-standing involvement in the show since 2021. “I hate to say it, but the drinking aspect of Capping Show in my first-year really made it [...] When you come to Dunedin you hear all the stories about [how] people are forced to do all these initiations which are so horrible, but Capping has none of that.”

Unlike Sextet, Sexytet were hesitant to attach the “cult” label to the community of Capping. “I personally wouldn’t call it a cult, but I can see how other people would think that,” says Isa. “It is kind of cool because you make friends with people who you would’ve never met before. Like all the new girls that have come in this year, we wouldn’t have met them if it wasn’t for Sexytet [...] There’s so many talented, amazing, beautiful girls who we wouldn’t have ever crossed paths with [...] We’ve just got singing in common, and now we’re best friends.”

THE LEGACY OF CAPPING

Cambridge University’s revue show Footlights produced UK stars like Emma Thompson and Stephen Fry. Capping Show’s own success stories include legendary playwright Sir Roger Leighton Hall, ex-mayor Aaron Hawkins, and New Zealand comedian and TV writer Sam Smith. While Sam doesn’t have a hyperlink under ‘notable former members’ on the Capping Show’s Wikipedia page, he’s done some pretty cool stuff since his Capping five year tenure from 2006, writing for shows like 7 Days and Taskmaster.

Sam was more than happy to reminisce on his time as a capper with Critic Te Ārohi. He was involved in Capping Show from 2006, where he played William Shakespeare in the main skit ‘2 Crass 2 Humorous’. “You got to be on all of the posters and things, so it immediately became part of my identity,” he laughs. He moved through the ranks of Capping over his time, progressing from actor, to stage director, and finally writing the main sketch in 2010: ‘Alice in Capping Land’.

While he was technically studying Dentistry, Sam says he was unofficially studying theatre and comedy writing. He would spend “all day in the first half of the year thinking up sketches when I was sitting in lectures to write for Capping Show [...] I lived and breathed it.” His obsession with Capping edged out study, spending most of his time writing sketches for both Capping and the Dent Revue and studying a thick book about Saturday Night Live he’d found. While he completed his degree, Sam says, “I definitely got my comedy training while I was there.”

One of the best things about Capping, according to Sam, is the legacy of former cappers – as well as OUSA associated people in general. Sam reckons OUSA is a “great training ground” for creatives: “Comedy for me. Journalism for [Critic] [...] we slowly

take over the world without bragging about it.” While he was working at TV3, Sam found common ground with anchor woman Samantha Hayes who used to work for Radio One. “We had that connection of working in the same building [...] her eyes lit up just reminiscing about it.”

The legacy of Capping is something Jack, Samantha, and Isa mention as well. Jack tells Critic that he loves automatically becoming part of the network spanning back over a century. Sextet will regularly perform shows outside of Capping throughout the year, such as a 50th Law School reunion last year. At these events, he says that they’ll have alumni approaching them to share stories of when they were part of the group. “It’s a really cool feeling,” says Jack. “Especially seeing how much it’s impacted other people in their lives.”

Both Samantha and Isa are incredibly passionate about continuing the legacy of Sexytet. They had a woman reach out to them, after seeing a video of the girls performing, who’d been involved with Sexytet over 20 years ago and was “stoked” to see that it was still going. “She said that [they] had such a rough time when they started it with people not respecting them.” The original Sexytets even struggled to gain the respect of their boyfriends who told them they weren’t funny, this woman told the girls. “So she was really happy that it was still going,” Samantha says. Just like cellulite can’t stop Margot Robbie’s Barbie, misogyny can’t stop the Sexytets.

Spanning over a century, the legacy of the Capping Show has undoubtedly woven itself into the fabric of the University’s culture, seeping into the far reaches of the creative world. Historical change has shaped the evolution of the show over its course, most prominently in this year’s show with the spotlighting of women’s role. In ‘Beezie’, Dane says, “Our story is definitely a very empowering story for the Beezies of Scarfieland and definitely touches on those [feminist] narratives in the same way that the Barbie movie does [...] of the oppression that women have faced over the last couple of thousand years of human history.” Dane said that it also celebrates women like the first women to study at Otago Uni. Unlike the *Barbie* movie, however, Dane said that there was “no fake tan budget”.

The popularity of Capping has ebbed and flowed over its history. In 1929, it was said to be the most important event in the University calendar (a title that’s been replaced by Hyde St Party and St Patty’s Day). Critic wrote in 1966: “Capping is a glorious time. It is a sort of annually recurring twenty-first birthday, when you feel like drinking a thousand beers and kissing a thousand girls and laughing a thousand times a day.” In 1922, tickets for the show were going to be sold on a Monday morning, so students wanting tickets arrived at 2pm on the Sunday to camp overnight at the venue. At 8am, the tickets began selling and the performances were sold out by the afternoon.

But while the Capping Show was once huge, at one point being the largest source of income for OUSA (with profits funding the construction of buildings), they’ve been lucky to break even since the pandemic. Dane says that, much like other OUSA events such as the Hyde Street Party, the success of the show is driven by word of mouth. “We took a really massive hit over Covid,” says Dane. “We still managed to do a show every year and somehow managed to squeeze around lockdowns – which was amazing so we can keep that continuous title, and we’ve been slowly regrowing since Covid.”

Given his enduring passion for the show, it comes as no surprise that Sam would enthusiastically encourage anyone to go to Capping. “It’s literally about your everyday life in North Dunedin and making lots of fun of other people [...] It’s just watching yourself be reflected a lot more than randos you see on TikTok who are from all around the world. It’s a proper local comedy about your everyday life.”

Whether you identify as a sheatha, breatha, or beezy, there’s sure to be something for any and all North Dunedin dwelling students. Pay tribute to a legacy that only we can call ours by taking your frozen, fabulous asses to Capping Show. This Barbie will be.

OUSA PRESENTS
SHAKESPEARE'S
**2 CRASS
2 HUMOROUS**
THE CAPPING
SHOW 2006

CASTLE STREET LECTURE THEATRE. 8PM START
WED 10TH - SUN 21ST & TUE 16TH - SUN 21ST MAY.
TICKETS \$15. A GRADE RESERVED SEATING \$20. @ OUSA. DOOR SALES FROM 7PM.

OUSA
Walt Disney

PRODUCERS ARIE MIZANIN. DIRECTORS MARK SCOTT AND KIM TAYLOR. WRITTEN BY PAUL DEAN-JACSON. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR BLAIR GRANVILLE. ASSISTANT PRODUCERS JEN STOKES & ERIN HARRIS. MUSIC DIRECTION ANTON HANDBERG. COSTUME DESIGNER TACELI CAMPBELL. HAIR AND MAKEUP LINDSEY SARTON. SET DESIGNER STEPHEN WHEAT. EDITORS JI. DAN AND PHIL. STAGE LIGHT PHOX. MAKEUP CHARLOTTE MIZANIN. SET DESIGNER MICHAEL METZGER. PROP STYLING REBEKAH. MAKEUP MICHELLE FIDDES. PRODUCTION LARA COLE. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER VANESSA HEDDY. DESIGN AND DESIGN AND CAROLINE JACKSON WITH THE SKETCH. SCRIPT. BOOK FARGE AND SHAWN DALL.

RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

**TUESDAY
14 MAY**

MICHIGAN TECH CONCERT CHOIR - SONGS ACROSS THE PACIFIC: FROM AMERICA TO NEW ZEALAND
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
6.30pm. Koha entry with proceeds going to the Dunedin Night Shelter. All ages.

**FRIDAY
17 MAY**

REGGAE VIBES
THE CROWN HOTEL
Featuring Junglefari, T Selekta, The Yemenite, Laafta and Thief. 9pm. \$5.

HASZARI, TEXTURE TIME, AND SHARKWEEK
INCH BAR
Koha entry.

**SATURDAY
18 MAY**

SURE BOY - THE 'TESTING IF YOU LIKE THIS' TOUR
YOURS
w/ IVY and Keira Wallace. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

MOTA, BEFORE THE SNOOZE, AND SOL WYATT
MOONS
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

DUNEDIN DEATHFEST 2
THE CROWN HOTEL
Featuring Imperial Slave, Autonomy, Methchrist, and Blood Cauldron. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 7pm.

PAIGE JULIA & TRUANT (UK)
U BAR
w/ Cressi, Meek, and Mudmonkey. Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz. 9pm.

**SUNDAY
19 MAY**

TESS LIAUTAUD - GOLD DIGGER TOUR
DUNEDIN FOLK CLUB
w/ Jessie Shanks. 7pm. \$20. All ages.

NEW KERBSIDE BINS

From 1 July 2024, we're improving your tertiary area kerbside recycling and rubbish service.

BETWEEN MAY AND MID-JUNE YOU'LL RECEIVE:

a 23L green-lidded food scraps and garden waste bin; **and**

a 140L red-lidded rubbish bin.

Keep using your existing recycling bins as usual.

Look inside your new bins for an information booklet and a benchtop food scraps bin.

Remember - only put your new bins out for collection from 1 July 2024.

While some only see it as a jumping off point for Shayne Carter's career, many people in the Dunedin music scene now recognise Bored Games as a pioneer when they formed at Kaikorai Valley High School in 1978. Often playing in Battle of the Bands/talent show type competitions, the original five members (Shayne Carter, Wayne Elsey, Fraser Batts, Jonathan Moore and Jeff Harford) never managed to record anything while active. In 1982, after the band had split up, they released 'Who Killed Colonel Mustard' from Flying Nun; with Elsey having left to form The Stones, Terry Moore joined the band to play bass on the EP. Many have noted that the EP does not truly reflect Bored Games' sound, but it's all we have. To learn what Bored Games was truly about, Critic Te Ārohi interviewed drummer Jeff Harford about his time in the important Dunedin band.

Jeff acknowledges that Bored Games' sound is not typically considered to be included in the 'Dunedin Sound'. There aren't a lot of "jangly guitars", mainly "power pop and punk like The Sex Pistols and The Buzzcocks." He says "it's a lot of power chords and bar chords". In Ian Chapman's book 'The Dunedin Sound', he describes Bored Games as "raucous new-wave". The recording of the EP was a "back-catching" of the sound the band had created in their 18 month history. Roger Sheppard, co-founder of Flying Nun, wanted to back the band and have evidence of its existence. "I think it's a pretty cool EP and it still holds up," says Jeff. "Having something tangible for us was quite important and a lot of fun. We left on good enough terms so it wasn't a problem to come back and do it."

The EP managed to get a re-release in 2014 and managed to shift enough units. "No royalty checks have come my way - I'm a drummer, I don't get any writing credits," he says (clarifying later that he doesn't give a shit). Jeff has remained in music but not in the way a lot of his former bandmates have. He played for The Rip, The Weeds, Valve and more. Most notably, he now works for OAR FM and plays in the band OMMU: "I couldn't imagine life without music, original music or radio."

Jeff also spent time in print media: "I worked in print for the ODT and did reviews but I always thought of it being a fraudulent position because no matter how much I liked or disliked the music, I knew there was blood, sweat, tears, and other bodily fluids put into the music. I felt better about a series I did about what I thought were important albums." Asking if this reviewer's perspective has changed how he felt about Bored Games, Jeff says, "I probably take Bored Games more seriously now than I did then. I can look at it now and know it was filling a spot in the scene."

Bored Games recently reunited to play their first show in 43 years. "The two guitarists didn't even own a guitar and hadn't played in years but once we played we sounded like Bored Games, which was great." Their legacy continues to live on through their EP 'Who Killed Colonel Mustard' which is streaming on Apple Music and Spotify as well as on vinyl from Flying Nun.

To read more about Bored Games, head to www.audioculture.co.nz.



By Jordan Irvine
For New Zealand Music Month and for the 40th anniversary of Radio One, Local Produce will cover four iconic Dunedin bands by way of interviewing a member of each selected band and asking them about their legacy.

BORED GAMES

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





Moaningful Confessions

THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

Going to the doctor about sex-related stuff can be scary, and quite embarrassing sometimes. But do not fret, I have a story to share in solidarity to encourage you all to go get your genitals checked if they are exhibiting strange symptoms.

I was experiencing bleeding with penetration for a few years (the Dunedin dating scene is dry as fuck, so my recent boyfriend has been neon pink and from the Adult Toy Mega Store). After one particularly steamy session with him, I looked at my bed sheet. It looked like the parting of the red sea, so I hesitantly booked an appointment with Student Health. The doctor was incredibly polite and reassuring and talked me through the potential causes of post-coital bleeding as I lay down on the bed, legs splayed, to find the root of my problem. He took a few swabs for STD testing, and then opened up the speculum slightly more to see my cervix. Upon doing this, he let out a small (but audible) exclamation: "You seem to have a foreign body in here."

Brilliant.

The doctor left the room to equip himself with the necessary tools to remove this "foreign body". The very kind lady who was chaperoning the exam asked me whether I thought it was a condom or a tampon, to which I regretfully said that I didn't really use either of those things. The doctor then came back with a pair of forceps and told me to brace myself for the extraction. While he pulled it out, he told me to prepare myself for the potential odor the object may carry when it resurfaced. At that very moment, I had a desire to die

on the table there and then. A few moments later, I gave birth to a beautiful baby (small plastic object). It was dropped into a dish and me, the doctor, and the chaperone all gathered round to have a closer look.

"What do you think it is?" the doctor quizzed. "Mmm, not sure," I mumbled. Unfortunately, this was a lie. The object did seem familiar to me, and although it took a few seconds for me to click, I realised it was a small ring from a hairbrush that I had used during Covid lockdown in a particularly desperate moment of horniness. It had made a one way trip into my vagina and became embedded in my vaginal vault (quite literally the term he used in the clinician's notes – luckily he didn't have to speak parseltongue to get it out). It was in there for nearly three years. He noted that the object was quite sharp, and any – uh – penetration had been disrupting the object and basically stabbing me in the vagina repeatedly, hence the red sea in my bed a few days before.

"Have you been sexually active with men in the past few years?" the doctor asked. "Yes," I replied. "They could probably feel this. It is quite sharp." I would like to think that is the reason they didn't ever text me back. He also asked if I would want the object washed and returned to me. The New Zealand health system is already underfunded and understaffed, so although I actually did really want to keep it as a memento, I decided to let my vagina-marinated hairbrush piece end its turbulent life in the biohazard bin at Student Health. Thank you for your service.



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

DEBATABLE

FOR:

Animal testing dates back to BC times, and has led to numerous medical and biological advancements, many of them life-saving. But last I checked, it was the 21st Century and with all the technology we have now, it's time to leave animal testing in the past.

It's a common misconception that one of the main reasons animal testing still takes place is because it's cheaper and faster; in fact, it's entirely the opposite. Drug development is bloody slow and expensive, taking up to 20 years and 4 billion dollars from compound to finalised product. A vast majority of that is spent on perfecting a drug through animal testing before it can be tested on the precious homo sapien species.

If you are thinking, "I don't give a shit about the animals" (though I don't know why you would), just think that the money and time spent on animal testing could instead be put towards ensuring medication can be in your hands (whether prescription or recreational) faster and cheaper. More importantly, even if you're not the world's biggest animal lover, it's easy to recognise that animal testing is just plain cruel. Just because they're not human, it doesn't minimise the harm and pain they go through for anthropocentric research.

Imagine you are subject to being deprived of food and water for hours on end and constantly being afflicted with diseases, burns, chemicals, and toxic vapours. And once you have finally served your purpose and think you are going to be freed, you just get massacred so your tissues and organs can be examined. That happens most of the time after an animal has been sentenced to being tested.

Surely getting rid of animal testing means getting rid of medical research and new medications, right? That's actually not true, and there are a number of alternatives that have arisen in recent years.

These alternatives include vitro technology, which uses human cells and tissues, and in silico testing, based on computer modelling techniques. While new, they have the potential to be cheaper, more time efficient, and more accurate than animal tests. And all without any pain or suffering. It seems like a no-brainer.

AGAINST:

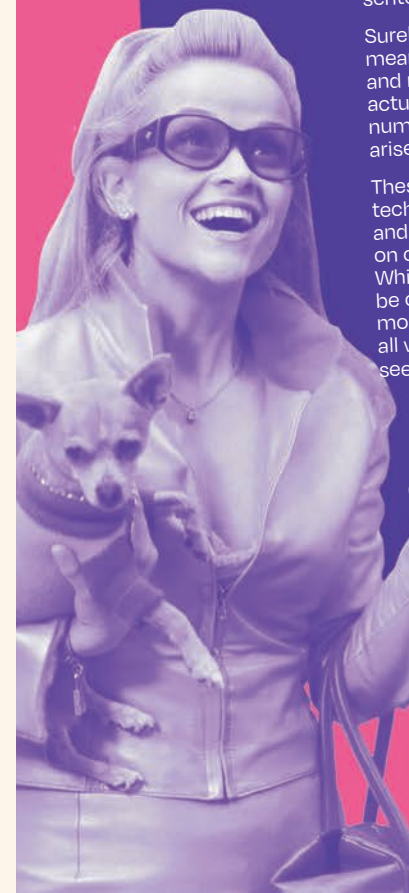
Arguments against animal testing stem down to one simple idea: that animals should have the same rights as humans. Okay then, let's abolish the farming industry or throw away the entire animal kingdom while you're at it. And say goodbye to your beloved family pet. Why eliminate a system that has provided so many vital answers and cures to diseases and genetic conditions?

Say we do end animal testing – throwing those animals into the wild will be a death sentence. They have been bred for science and have zero survival instincts. Is it sad? Yes. Is it also just nature? 100%

Animals may not be physiological replicas of humans, but come very close. The term lab rat is used for a reason, so let's inspect rats. Humans and rats may not look alike, but they are both mammals, and all mammals are closely genetically related. We have the same kinds of organs and similar circulatory, reproductive, digestive, hormonal, and nervous systems. We inherit traits the same way and are susceptible to diseases, making rats and other mammals perfect for scientists to research the effects of new medications. And it can be fast; look how quickly the COVID-19 vaccine came around.

And despite my pessimistic attitude towards animals so far, you can still test on animals while making it humane. Most countries around the world have laws restricting the ways animals can be treated and tested in experiments, meaning the conditions they work in ensure they are as happy and healthy as their lives can be.

About 50 new drugs are introduced into society each year and nearly every medical breakthrough in the last 100 years has directly resulted from animal testing. Without this research, we wouldn't have the information needed to find cures to help humans (and animals) living with illnesses or diseases. Just think how different life would be without penicillin, insulin or cancer treatment.



SHOULD ANIMAL TESTING BE BANNED?



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

MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 onion (diced)
- 3 garlic cloves (finely chopped)
- 2 Tbsp plain flour
- 250 mL cream
- ¼ cup milk
- 120 g baby spinach
- 250 g pesto
- 1 tsp chilli flakes
- 1 Tbsp lemon juice
- 500g pasta
- Bread crumbs
- Cheese for topping
- Salt
- Pepper
- Oil

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Step 1.** Bring a large pot of water to the boil and cook the pasta as per packet instructions.
- Step 2.** In a separate pan, pour a dash of oil on a medium heat. Once heated, add your diced onion. Cook for 5 mins until softened.
- Step 3.** Add the garlic and cook for a further 3 mins until fragrant.
- Step 4.** Sprinkle your flour in with the onions and garlic. Cook for 2 mins, stirring frequently. You should have a kind of paste at this stage.
- Step 5.** Pour in the cream and milk. Stir for a couple of minutes and bring to a simmer.
- Step 6.** Once the creamy sauce is bubbling and starting to thicken, stir through the pesto, spinach, chilli flakes, lemon juice, and ½ cup of pasta water. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook for 5 mins.
- Step 7.** Drain the pasta and mix through the sauce in an oven proof dish.
- Step 8.** Sprinkle as much cheese as you'd like on top, followed by a thin layer of bread crumbs.
- Step 9.** Cook in the oven at 180 degrees for 25 mins or until the top is golden and crispy.
- Step 10.** Cool for 5 mins and enjoy!

any size you buy that is close to this would work, pesto can be on the pricey side so scale the recipe up or down if you need

I opted for a mix of parmesan and regular cheese

PESTO PASTA BAKE

Serves: 4
Time: 1 hr
Price: \$\$\$
Difficulty: 2/5

Ideal company: A stolen restaurant parmesan shaker ;)

Add bacon, chicken, or any other protein of choice to bulk out the meal a little! Just cook before the onions with any seasonings of choice.

Pesto pasta is a tried and true fan favourite. She's basil-y, garlic-y, saucy, and delish! This pasta bake recipe is the love child of pesto and mac and cheese. The creamy pasta sauce and banging pesto flavour is sure to earn you some brownie points with the flatties! While cheese and pesto is a bit on the steep side, I can safely say it's worth every fucking penny.



The world's most patriotic drink is now in Ōtepoti Dunedin, meaning the common breathers will be turning their hats backwards, putting on the loudest tech house, and getting absolutely frat-boy wasted.

For booze reviews, this is like your first child being born, marrying the love of your life, and Crate Day all in one. Finally we have our sticky little mitts on some White Claws, America's finest RTD. After years of drinking lolly water, we can finally drink some real American alcohol until we see stars (and stripes).

White Claw clocks in at a steep \$15.99 for a box of four making them \$3 a standard, limiting how fucked you can get – but boy, that does not matter. White Claws are kinda like that one kid from primary school who used to chew on crayons: we love him, he's a bit insane, and for some reason he's gonna go places. White Claws rocked my world and I've never felt more patriotic in my life.

I began by sampling the 'Natural Lime' flavour, and this drink made me feel like I was a Cali girl in 2017 whose only goal is to join a Youtuber hype house. Its lime tinge is real fitspo coded, limiting the alcohol taste. It's like if La Croix had an older sister who did lines in the family bathroom at Christmas. Admittedly, the delicate, far too drinkable lime tinge comes with a cost: a massive fucking hangover.

Making for an extremely funnelable drink, White Claw went down rapidly and didn't stop – like good head or our shit GDP depending on your intentions for the night. Its citrus flavour with little or no aftertaste was godlike, but it did give sparkling water. Like if a mason jar with a handle got crunk. Unless you're a pussy, the carbonation is a good thing: bubbles aren't gonna hurt you, bro.

White Claws have plenty of flavours to choose from, though my personal recommendation is the raspberry one. Much like the lime, the raspberry White Claw is revolutionary and puts other RTDs to shame harder than a fresher caught on Castle24. They must be putting some shit in the water in the US (aside from the gay frog thing), because man, it tasted like the first sip of Coke on a hot Dunedin summer day. Go drink White Claws if you want to have a party in the USA. However, the hangover will leave you unable to nod your head like "Yeaah".

PAIRS WELL WITH: Dom Dolla & flat parties

X FACTOR: Land of the Free

CHUGABILITY: 9/10 straight down the gullet

TASTE RATING: 7/10 forgive the sparkling water vibes

HE WHAKAPAPA MĀORI, HE MĀORI KOE



Nau mai ki Ōtākou Whakaihu Waka!

Kia Ora e te whānau,

He uri tēnei nō ngāi Tahu, Ngāi Tahu poutini, waitaha, ngāti Mamoe, syria me lebanon anō hoki

Ko au te tumuaki takirua o Te Rōpū Māori i tēnei tau!

Hey everyone, my name is Gemella and alongside Distance Takamori I am one of the presidents for Te Rōpū Māori. If you have a tohu on your ID and whakapapa māori, you are a part of the Te Rōpū Māori!

The student association is a mean place, with heaps of kaupapa on throughout the week, from study nights, te reo classes every Thursday at the TRM Whare from 5-7pm, and Māori hour. Throughout the year, there's also

events such as our infamous mystery bus and te hōkai!

So if you want to be part of our whānau and hang out in our kainga rua, nau mai ki 523 Castle to the TRM whare! We are always here to support our people and help our people in any way, shape or form, no matter where you are in your Māori journey. If you have been brought up in Te Ao Māori, and went to kura kaupapa or if you are finding your way as Māori and beginning your journey within Te Ao Māori, we gotchu!

Because,

He Whakapapa Māori,

He Māori koe!

E mihi ana nui,

Gemella
Te Rōpū Māori Tumuaki



2023 sellers made on average \$12,941 (before tax and business expenses) and the top seller earned \$50,463 (before tax and business expenses).



**APPLY
ONLINE**

SUMMERBIZ.CHRISTMASCOOKIES.NZ

**APPLICATIONS CLOSE
19 JULY 2024**

AQUARIUS
Aquarius, this week you will reconnect with someone you haven't thought about for a long time. This person will be the Tom to your Jerry, even if just for a night. Remember to just go with the flow and you won't be led astray.
Scent of the week: Dior Sauvage mixed with 3-day-old sweat

PISCES
You're losing your grip on reality. The weeks have been floating by; can you remember what you had for breakfast or the last time you showered? Take some time to reconnect with yourself but remember that letting your second-year psychology friend diagnose you is not a great idea.
Scent of the week: Yeasty bread

ARIES
CALL YOUR MUM. She misses you and will send you money if you ask nicely and lie and say it's for textbooks!!!!!!!
Scent of the week: The Smiggle store

TAURUS
Spend some time in the communal areas of your flat. It's starting to stink in your room and your flatmates haven't seen you in weeks. Get involved in the flat activities and maybe even suggest a few yourself (everyone loves a good laser tag + Emerson's trip).
Scent of the week: Toilet cleaner

GEMINI
You've been getting invited to so many interesting events and may have double-booked yourself. Gemini, you've got to realise that you can't be everywhere at once. No one will notice if you don't make it to the function, no matter how much you think they will.
Scent of the week: Strawberry lube

CANCER
This week you are going to be seeing some crazy things and they're the sign you have been looking for. Let the universe guide you to what you already know you should do. It's no coincidence that birds have been pooping on you – it all means something.
Scent of the week: Freshly baked cookies

LEO
Conspiracy theories will be your bread and butter this week. You will not rest until you have convinced all your friends that the moon landing was faked and that Taylor Swift has been writing Harry Potter fanfiction for years.
Scent of the week: The Gregg's factory stench

VIRGO
Bro, your flat is in dire need of a deep clean. Bleach those floors, wipe the top of the fridge and force your flatmates to do their chores. You can't continue living in piles of dirty tea towels and mould. Just try not to make mustard gas in your journey to a clean flat xx
Scent of the week: New Coconut Sex Wax air freshener

LIBRA
It's time to invest in a backpack. Hip and shoulder problems at 25 is not cute and backpacks are trendy again – promise you won't look like you're trying to cosplay your 11-year-old self. Just please for the love of god use both straps.
Scent of the week: Kmart candles

SCORPIO
Everything feels overwhelming this week, and that's ok. Uni is technically a full-time job and no one blames you for crying most nights. But don't take it out on the people around you, they're going through their own shit and don't deserve to be called names just because you can't regulate your own emotions.
Scent of the week: Beach bonfire

SAGITTARIUS
Give a man a book and he will learn to read. Give a man a hook and he will learn to fish. Give a Sagittarius a phone and they will take nudes. Lots of nudes.
Scent of the week: Fresh laundry

CAPRICORN
Sometimes you struggle to get into a routine but, with a little effort, you could excel this week. Reward an early wakeup with a yummy coffee or fun cereal. Buy your lunch if you go to all of your lectures. Train yourself like a dog and you will stop being a lazy slob (for the week at least).
Scent of the week: Great King St cattle trucks

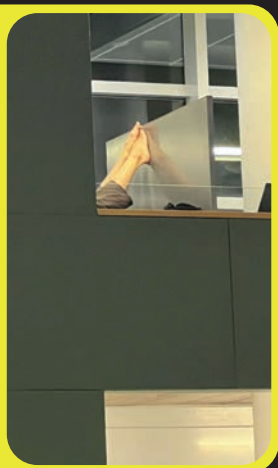
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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



They fucking did it those crazy bastards they did it

They finished the road



castle popping off



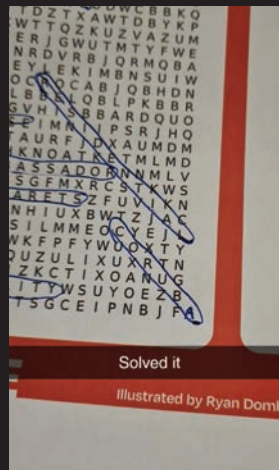
pint night and critic, also yall are making ur noodles wrong and i'm glad they're calling y'all out



I still love you more Critic, it's for your personality of course x



pov ur flat doesn't have insulation



Solved it

Illustrated by Ryan Dombn



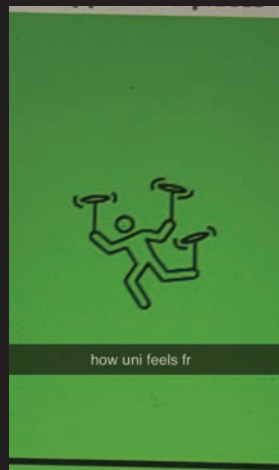
UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
Dunedin, New Zealand



It's K time



Law students once again breaking the law



how uni feels fr



lunch in north d

ARTWEEK!

embracing creativity

GET INVOLVED AND SHOW OFF YOUR ARTISTIC SKILLS



ELECTRONIC ART COMP

POETRY COMP



The Annual PHOTO COMP

SUBMIT NOW!

ART WEEK 2024
12TH - 16TH AUGUST

ALL SUBMISSIONS CLOSE FRIDAY 2ND AUGUST

Clubs & Socs
ousa

AFTER
DARK



★ ★ ★
HOEDOWN
★ ★ ★

**MECHANICAL BULL
DJ ★ COCKTAILS
COWBOY-HAT-BEDAZZLING
BRACELET-MAKING ★ LINE DANCING
KARAOKE ★ FOOD TRUCKS**

**7PM - 10PM ★ R18
FRIDAY 17 MAY
\$20 STUDENT, \$25 ADULT
TICKETS FROM OTAGOMUSEUM.NZ**

ousa

TŪHURA
Otago Museum