



YOUR 2024 OUSA EXECUTIVE



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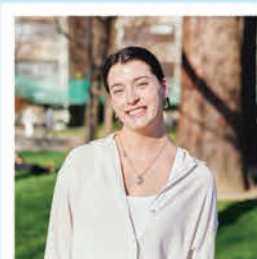
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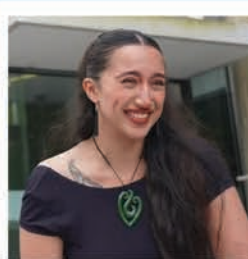
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Stella McCurdy



PACIFIC ISLAND STUDENTS' PRESIDENT

Telekalafi Likiliki



TUMUAKI OF TE RŌPŪ MĀORI

Gemella Reynolds-Hatem

ousa



EDITORIAL: HOOK-UP CULTURE IS THE NEW COOL GIRL

Dunedin hook-up culture has gaslighted us all into prioritising male pleasure over female pleasure, and just accepting this as the norm. Women's sexual enjoyment is swept aside, and being okay with this is added to the criteria of Cool Girl. You're a Cool Girl if you have mediocre one night stands where the guy gets off (if he doesn't have whiskey dick) and leaves your vagina drier than the breath's chat who's snoring beside you.

As a clitoris-owner, I've grown accustomed to separating the idea of having sex with a man and cumming. The two just don't seem to be compatible. They belong in separate files within the folder of my sex life. In my first relationship, I faked it for two years; I couldn't have told you why at the time. I was taught nothing about sexual pleasure at school, only how to insert a tampon, that STDs are bad (without many specifics beyond this), and the anatomically correct terms for genitals.

It was about a year into my high school relationship when the thought even occurred to either of us that an orgasm might be something I could enjoy too. This wasn't either of our fault. Our ignorance was the product of a sub-par sex education system in Aotearoa (and the fact that we both went to single-sex Catholic high schools), combined with the internet age where most of our early exposure to sex was through porn.

I've since learned that there is a huge variety of factors that contribute towards achieving orgasm for vag-owners. The Journal of Sexual Medicine says that reaching orgasm is harder with a vagina than a penis. Not only does our anatomy make it more of a mission — compared to penis-owners, as well as other clitorises of all different shapes and sizes — but our mindset contributes hugely to being able to achieve the big O. It takes a hot minute to connect with our bodies and get in the mood when being intimate. So, for me, having that complete separation in my head has become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

And the sad thing is, I know I'm not alone. I can't claim to speak to the universal experience of all vag-owners, but any time I've confided in female friends over my personal struggles, I've been met with a chorus of agreement over the weird guilt and laziness with which I now tend to approach my own sexual pleasure when having sex with

a man. If the sex is a one-off with a guy, I don't even bother. One time I had to argue against a guy trying to make me cum because I genuinely was so jaded from successive failures that I wanted to just have a lazy fuck that meant a sure-thing orgasm for at least one of us.

I was lucky enough to experience all my firsts within a relationship, and even we didn't get it right. I can't begin to imagine what it would have been like for those who dived straight into the Dunedin hook-up culture — a culture that saw my dinner proposal to a Tinder guy last year shot down with a, "No can do sorry. I'm a pump and dump kinda guy." Not kidding.

We're being coerced in Dunedin to think that this "pump and dump" culture should be celebrated as some sort of sexual liberation for all. If that were the case, women would be having more orgasms. Of course, casual sex is more diverse and complicated than my experiences of it. But casual sex doesn't mean viewing your sexual partner as just a hole to fuck. It doesn't mean that you shouldn't do everything in your power to make sure they feel safe and comfortable, and that their pleasure, as well as yours, is important.

You don't have to be in a committed relationship to learn how to pleasure the person you are having sex with. Even better, if you have sex with vag-owners, buy a vibrator. If you're having sex with someone with female anatomy, why wouldn't you own a toy meant to maximise their pleasure? According to Wikipedia (lame, I know), they're recommended by sex therapists for women who have difficulty reaching orgasm through masturbation or intercourse.

Casual sex is fun and is nothing to be ashamed of. But dear penis-owners: please stop "pumping and dumping" for a quick jizz and leaving me and my fellow vag-owners high and (quite literally) dry.

NINA BROWN



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LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Hey Critic,

Just wanted to chat real quick about your recent article on the return of free breakfast to five days a week. Great stuff - but, there's a little something that caught my eye. Now, full disclosure, I'm a fellow OUSA staff member, and personally, I couldn't care less, however, as I'm dedicated to my job here at OUSA, I feel the need to clarify things.

After the first paragraph, you mentioned the "Evision lounge." Now, I get it, eVision is everywhere, but the spot you're talking about is actually the Evison Lounge. Yeah, I know, easy mix-up. But do you really think the \$4 lunch / Free Breakfast place is called after a software?

It's named after Harry Evison, a former Activities Manager at Otago Uni. He's kind of a big deal around here, with a plaque and photo in the lounge to prove it - he became the first manager of the Clubs and Societies building as the centre itself literally 'was the brainchild of Harry Evison' (quote from Adeamus! We dare - OUSA history book). But despite our best efforts, everyone— even some of our own staff— keeps calling it the "Evision Lounge."

To clear things up, we've recently redone the signage in the centre, changing it from Evison Lounge to "HARRY Evison Lounge"

So, dear Critic, how about we team up to set the record straight? Let's give Harry the shout-out he deserves and finally put an end to the "Evision" mix-up.

A Fellow Advocate for Evison's Legacy

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

Kia ora,

I don't have a long ass letter to write. Just one question, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SNAP OF THE WEK REDBALL? The only thing I had to look forward to.

Sincerely,

A student thirsty for free redbull.

Editor's response: We're just as devastated

To Otago students on St Paddy's Day,

Good job guys for looking great, having fun - all without incident, especially at party HQ.

Also, a big bouquet to the people who cleaned up Bracken Lookout so promptly.

Donna Jones (OUSA Secretary)

Why can't truck drivers stop engine braking at night on cumby street - like my entire room just shook as they braked past my house - is there a law - can there be a law - I don't think my earplugs are that strong?

Hi critic,

There is a free speech statement being developed by the uni and us students need to care more about it.

The uni is developing a statement and policy on what counts as free speech and what is protected on campus. This affects what your lecturer can say to you, what racist shitbags can preach about on campus, and where those limits are. While it feels super american (spoiler alert it is), it's going to affect your relationship with professors and general well being on the campus. There is a seminar being put on by James Maclaurin Thursday March 28th 1-2pm @ the

moot court saying how students can get involved with this project. If we don't want to hear or see the bad people TM on this campus its in our best interest to show up and give feedback.

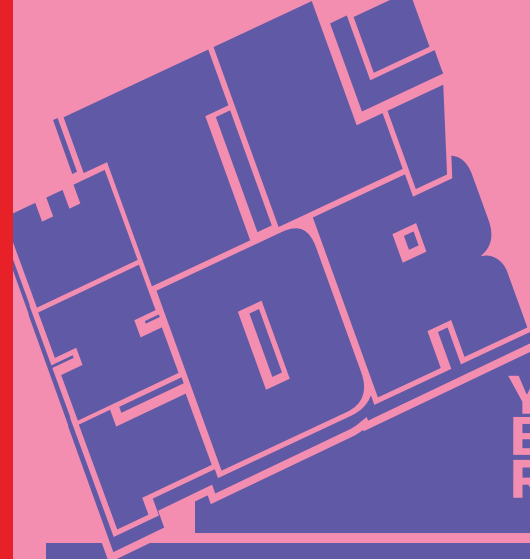
Yours truly,

Hater of ACT policy

Hi reader,

Got thoughts on porn? Are you a student at Otago University? Then I would LOVE your input on my research project for GLBL303. It will look at how porn can act as an influence on sexual violence, specifically for students at Otago. Please let rip with your thoughts and feelings here. It's totally anonymous but you will need to be on your university account because it's students only xx TW: Mentions of sexual violence.

Hattie



YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

The Highlanders are playing the Hurricanes this week. Up the 'Landers!

NZ is officially in recession

The Govt has announced a ban on all disposable vapes. Didn't they do that already?

Scientists have found South Islanders consume more alcohol than North Islanders. Surprisingly, Dunedin wasn't the top boozing city

The OUSA exec passes on their condolences after the David Richardson passed away, former director of student services for 14 years.

Chumbawamba was threatening to sue Winston Peters over his use of their song

Someone is trying to recruit sex workers on Vic Uni's Kelburn campus

This week's top OUSA morning notices meme is:

Craccum reports that rent rising in Auckland halls while quality lags behind

A guy getting arrested on St Patty's Day got chucked in a police van and then ran straight out of it, lol

A weka was spotted on campus last week, with the nearest populations in Wānaka and Canterbury. Rumour has it he was there for a secret rendezvous with the Easter bunny



'Student Rag's is the new Aotearoa Student Press Association newsletter on Substack, summarising the best of student mag's content each week

OUSA First Quarter Reports

Critic forced to keep promise of journalistic integrity

By Hugh Askerud & Nina Brown
News Editor & Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

Every quarter, each OUSA exec member submits a report to prove they've actually been doing the job they were elected to do. The exec then meets to vote on whether each member should be paid their honorarium (like a salary for elected positions, paid only on the basis that members are actually doing their jobs). The TL;DR is it was all "aye" (me hearty) this time.

At the exec meeting discussing the reports, each exec member took turns leaving the office for the rest of them to give feedback (opportunity to bitch) in a quasi Wink Murder game. They were STRESSING. Keegan was cackling. Critic was on the edge of our seat for tea - only for the spiciest to be some exec accidentally including confidential information in their reports and repeated complaints about formatting errors. One thing about this year's exec? They're all just fucking lovely. It's sickening.

As promised, Critic Te Ārohi read and summarised the OUSA quarterly reports so you don't have to. If anything sounds fishy, you're invited to go up to the exec bull-pen (upstairs in the main OUSA building next to the Link) and give them all a right rollicking. We don't know what more could have been done, but goddammit we want action!



Finance & Strategy Officer: Abby Clayton

Critic feels for Abby. It sounds as if she's spent the first quarter of her tenure as Finance and Strategy Officer simply attending meetings. It's hard to say how much she really achieved in doing so. She attends regular meetings with OUSA CEO Debbie Downs for guidance on the approval of the association's invoices as they come about. Though she hasn't had a meeting with the exec yet explaining the budget to them (which we don't believe yet exists) and how to use money, she did admit to being in "constant communication" with the crew, hopping on a "group chat in which we discuss business as well as a little bit of fun." Wholesome. Abby had a bit of a blunder writing the report, and we had to delete the first copy (or did we) since it included confidential information. Between sips of a Monster energy drink, she admitted to being "confused" writing the report, and there were comments from other exec members about "weird" and "whack" formatting.



Clubs & Socs Rep: Emma Jackson

Emma gets to fuck around at OUSA club events, which is a pretty sick job to have if you ask us. She's had time to do this as most of the meetings relevant to her role haven't happened this quarter (either that or she's telling us porkies). Nonetheless, Emma has done a bit by continuing the weekly newsletter sent out to all clubs and socs started by her predecessor. She intends to begin workshops for incoming executive members, seeking to ask how our clubs can be better. Emma has also been in cahoots with the OUSA marketing team about funnelling club TikToks into the mainstream, and has even endeavoured to "broaden the reach of this promotion to include the Critic, given its higher engagement rate with the student population." We're blushing (with rage at being called "the" Critic).



Admin Vice President: Emily Williams

Emily has been the face of OUSA over the summer, diligently attending each event with bells on. As you can probably tell, Emily is pretty keen — so much so that the most used word in her report was "yup" with one or two following exclamation points and left the comment on her own report: "Amazing, I've never seen a better one before." Yet Emily failed to work her contracted 20 hours a week in the quarter!! She blamed this on a number of things but briefly mentioned "that it has been difficult to manage uni and AVP work." Errr c'mon girl, you can do it. One of Emily's goals for the year is improving OUSA's "abysmal" student engagement record through exec drop-in sessions at the Link, social media, and (you guessed it) through Critic. She said that "Critic is such an important tool for student engagement, and I personally love the Critic myself so I hope that the exec can do some good things with them this year." It's almost like the exec knew we would be writing about them.



Postgraduate Rep: Hanna Friedlander

Hanna's report was a damn fine piece of writing, she will be copping her PhD in no time. She has been very active this quarter, clocking up 15 hours a week (5 hours over her contracted amount), stating that she feels like "Emily Blunt in that one scene from *The Devil Wears Prada*." Her main initiative this quarter has been inaugurating the Society for Postgraduate students on February the 21st. In developing the wider postgrad community, Hanna looks to provide expert resources for writing, as well as establishing things like a podcast and 'imposter hour' so people can get things off their chests. Hanna may have also inadvertently created an infinite coffee glitch for students, ending the report stating, "On the real though, if there is any student that is reading this, please know that I exist and that I am here to represent and advocate for you and I am more than happy to have a chat over a coffee (my treat) about anything!" Catch us spamming this glitch daily at Auahi Ora.



International Rep: Ibuki Nishida

Ibuki's boundless enthusiasm has not gone wasted in a role which has seen him advocate strongly for the international community here at Otago — and potentially a comedian judging by the round of chuckles that went around the table at the mention of his report. Chief amongst his goals is developing a lecture recordings policy that includes closed captions, rallying alongside Academic Officer Stella and Welfare Officer Tara to make this happen. Ibuki also wants to see more events catered for long-term international students, arguing that there is a bit of a divide between those in the community right now. Seems like Ibuki has been making mad moves and has even offered to sponsor the exec's scheduled Beyblade tournament. Boy is putting in the yards. But he spelt Dwaine from Student Support's name wrong, so boo him when you see him.



President: Keegan Wells

It's pretty clear from these reports that while everyone else is playing checkers, Keegan's playing chess (makes sense seeing as she at least doubles the amount of work of the other roles). Although she did argue that it was like "standing on the shoulders of giants," admitting that she had called previous president Quintin Jane a few too many times for comfort. Her ability to have a yarn with pretty much everyone is astounding. It's hard to say if these yarns are positive or negative though as she stated somewhat suspiciously, "I have a good working relationship with everyone! Right? Right! Right...?"

Keegan's main goal for the year is to install a comprehensive network of homing pigeons around campus, but she also hopes to make significant progress on developing a strong and supportive environment for international students. In terms of the old student bar chestnut, Keegan stated that "the progress is commercially sensitive. Progress is being made." How mysterious! Generally, Keegan summarised her approach by stating, "I just try to bring maybe a bit of optimism and unseriousness that I hope is well received in the role." Rest assured that your bona fide Big Chungus continues to work hard and not shy away from asking the hard questions (as a former Critic employee): regularly asking U-Bar if students can pretty please skip the pint night line.



Academic Rep: Stella Lynch

In her report Stella admitted to reading the ODT, a move which has us questioning whether she's actually a student. She's kept up to date with all of her meetings and even proposed getting in contact with class reps! This is probably not the news class reps want to hear, as we would wager most are content on sending one email a semester in exchange for a pizza lunch. Stella has her gripes with the role though, proposing that "the hours I didn't get paid for can be my voluntary service to the local community. I did read 500+ pages of academic proposals for free." Cry us a river, Stella. Some exec members commented that they agreed she should be paid more, but aren't willing to bank transfer her. She's also starting up a "one-stop-shop" where students can go and easily see which of their papers are being cut by the University. Stella is making the most un-fun job on the executive even less fun. Be on your guard student reps and language students who want to remain willfully ignorant, Stella is coming for you.



Political Rep: Liam White

Liam is the guy constantly sliding into your DMs, having sent letters to pretty much everyone with any vestige of political power in the country. He only reinforced this by admitting to being tempted to give the exec "puppy-dog eyes" from the other side of the glass door while they discussed his report. But Liam has been alert so far in his tenure, daring anyone who read his report to test his email response time. And we did: it came in at a cool seven minutes. Granted, it was the middle of the day and right before the OUSA exec meeting, but seven minutes means there's no question that the kid's good. In terms of his goals for the year, Liam has successfully advocated for student interests to wider political bodies, but said he had made limited progress on advocating for the students themselves — worrisome. But with that response time, you just know Liam would bring you straight to Parliament himself, even if it were to advocate for universal access to Nutella.



Residential Rep: Stella McCurdy

Stella's report was curt and spoke of resistance to her cause, as she has battled against halls and wardens to find justice for the community. Keegan herself admitted that being Residential Rep is an "uphill battle". Critic wouldn't know why since she also apparently had to exclude confidential information from her report. Supposedly as a result of the battle being waged, her report was also the least fun to read. But who said politicians had to be fun? Stella has stepped up to protest the currently available flattening information for freshers, which in her view is simply "not good enough" as the second OUSA staff to stand up against the tyranny of wardens in 2024 (the other was us lol). Moving forward, Stella is attempting to give further support to the Locals programme, and advocate for an OUSA life membership newsletter.



Te Rōpū Māori Tumuaki Takirua: Gemella Reynolds-Hatem

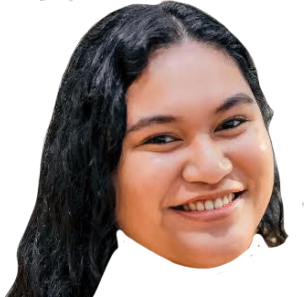
Gemella sadly couldn't make the exec meeting, but she had the OUSA P.O. box in her report, so you know she's serious. Her work this semester has mainly involved interacting with taura at several meetings, with her key focus for the year being to develop strong relationships with taura, providing a kainga rua for the student community, and revamping the current University whare. Basically: killing it.

Welfare and Equity: Tara Shepherd

Tara brings a lot to the role, having seen the direct importance of welfare with the communities she has been involved in as a former Unicol subbie. Alongside Ibuki and Stella, Tara is looking to widen access to lecture recordings, as well as making the cogs turn speedily in the other key student services around campus. She is also looking at establishing a "look after your mates" programme aimed at taking some of the student welfare burden off subbies, and at providing more support for those battlers who may not be having the best time out on the piss. Though Tara's report was generally pretty dry (and fucking long), she spoke directly to students at the end of her sermon (as if anyone else will read it, let alone make it that far), saying, "I am here for YOU, please send issues my way as I am willing to fight for YOU, (when legally permits, I do not want to get into a physical altercation please)." Can't wait to report on Tara's brawls as the year goes on.

UOPISA: Telekalafi Likiliki

Telekalafi's report was short and to the point – it's probably all she had time to write given the insane workload of the girl. The report mainly outlined the meetings she had attended as head of UOPISA. Of interest were her key goals for the year, which mainly centred on establishing an office space for UOPISA and advocating for a Pacific student seat on the University of Otago council. Watch this space we reckon. At the exec meeting she described an entire week's itinerary of UOPISA events that left Critic tired to even listen to. Props to Tele. The other exec members murmured shared agreement that she's "busy as fuck." Keep up the good mahi.



Pint Night Pox Strikes!

Patient zero speaks out, has very little remorse

By Jodie Evans
Staff Writer // critic@critic.co.nz

Chickenpox's 'patient zero' has come forth after students received an email on Thursday March 14 alerting them to an outbreak of chickenpox (or varicella-zoster) within the student community. The email warned that the virus is "highly infectious" and the "risk of spread is high," telling students with symptoms to seek medical support and isolate themselves immediately. Critic Te Ārohi spoke with the student who sheepishly believes they may be at the root of the problem.

Patient zero reports enjoying a glass of rosé in WOOF! on a Saturday two weeks prior to the email, when they noticed an intense pain under their arm. They told Critic that it was "like a punch in the boob at the same time as a bee sting," and was followed by the sudden appearance of a blistering rash.

A nurse at Student Health quickly identified it as a classic case of shingles (or herpes zoster) — the reactivation of the chickenpox virus that can rear its nasty head much later in life. You can't get shingles if you haven't had chickenpox, but the fluid from shingles blisters can spread chickenpox to those who've never had the virus before. When patient zero was given this information, they recall deciding, "If I cover them up, then it's all g." Afterward, they made the crucial decision to head along to Pint Night that Wednesday.

They admitted that after a number of pints (the exact amount was unconfirmed), the heat of U-Bar overcame them, and they removed their jacket. Patient zero estimates there was around 20 minutes of potential blister-to-skin contact with strangers in what they described as "a mess of sweaty bodies" in the drinks line. They later added, "Me having an itch and then sharing a vape outside might have also had something to do with it too." It was only when they received the welfare notice the following week, that they realised that they'd potentially spread the virus.

Patient zero has since finished their course of antivirals and fully recovered. When asked if they felt any remorse, they answered, "Honestly, if you haven't had chickenpox before university, grow the fuck up [...] Did you not stick Lego in your mouth or eat sand out of the sandbox as a kid like everybody else?" They followed these comments with a considered request for better air conditioning at U-Bar.

Critic Te Ārohi doesn't condone this behaviour and would like to reiterate the University's welfare notice. If you are unwell, see a medical professional and perhaps avoid Pint Night for the next wee while.

Student Health: 0800 479 821
Healthline: 0800 611 116

Citizens Advice Bureau Launch Youth-Focused Website

Cos it's time to stop texting Mum for help

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

Nobody ever seems to be truly prepared for the shit show that is moving out of home, which is why the Citizens Advice Bureau (CAB) have created a tool to help. Launched with the knowledge that there's no 100-level paper on bullshitting through life, the Bureau announced the 'Youth Tool Kete' on March 13th to provide a one-stop-shop for solutions to all of the most common issues under-25s have.

For those not in the know, CAB is a volunteer-run organisation that provides free advice to navigate the bureaucracy-ridden hellscape here at the University. They offer things like legal advice, budgeting tips, and help with benefits.

According to their Youth Engagement Report, "young people" (yo) went to CAB with problems relating to rental issues and conditions of work at much higher rates than the rest of the population. With just under 5,000 inquiries for help from "young people" in 2023, it's clear many of us don't know what to do when shit hits the fan.

That's where CAB steps in, ready to provide legal advice quicker than your first-year law school mate who reckons they'll be able to defend you in court. While the term "legal advice" may sound daunting (or boring), it actually encompasses a wide range of potential issues you may run into.

On Kete, some of the youth-focused issues you can learn about include how to not get fucked over by your landlord, rights at your minimum wage job, and how to make sure the Facebook Marketplace car you bought for \$750 is legit.

Anika Green, CAB's Youth Engagement Advisor, said, "It was great to see fellow rangatahi at the launch using our new youth website and finding answers to their questions. We are so pleased to have the site go live because we know it will be a valuable, go-to online information resource for young people all around Aotearoa."

This new website was launched to coincide with CAB's 'Youth Week' – coincidentally the same week as St Patty's. It's almost like they knew our antics were about to get questionable.

To understand when services like this may be useful, Critic had a yarn with Tiana, a second-year student who had a traumatic driving experience as a fresher. She said, "I was a 17 year old punter fresh out of home, armed with nothing but a Studylink contract and the mistaken notion that laundry somehow does itself."

Continuing, she said, "Despite my ignorance [...] we ramped up the Mazda Demio, ignored the flashing fuel light, and headed for the beach. Two kilometres down Cumberland, we were left stunned and stranded with nothing more than our bare feet, togs, and boogie boards staring at the remainder of my car which now bore more resemblance to the Hindenburg."

"After looking over this website [CAB] my first thought was 'well this is all just common sense, isn't it?' However, what I could have used most in that spellbinding moment was probably just a little bit of common sense. Although it seems obvious, having a step by step of what to do would have saved me a lot of grief and prevented me from navigating the situation worse than a headless chicken with its feathers on fire."

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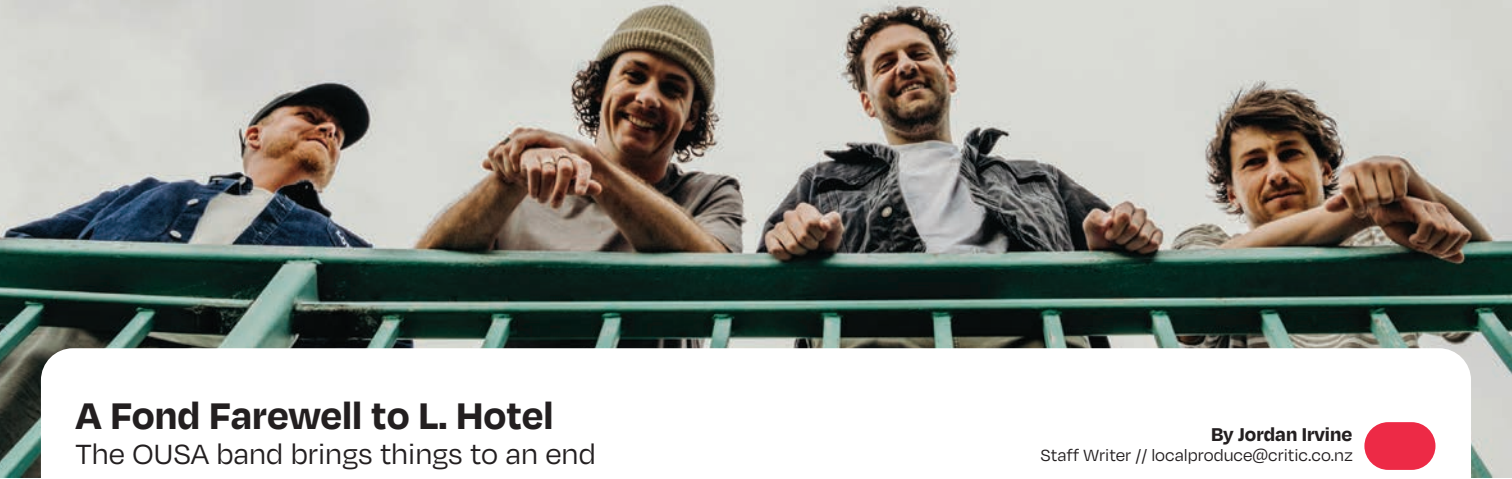
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A Fond Farewell to L. Hotel

The OUSA band brings things to an end

By **Jordan Irvine**

Staff Writer // localproduce@critic.co.nz

On Thursday, March 14th, we all received a gutting post notification (we have ours on at least) from L. Hotel announcing a 'CYA L8TER NZ Tour'. The tour marks the last chance for fans and haters (kidding, everyone loves them) to say goodbye to the "tax-evading, gluten-free idiots."

L. Hotel — previously called 'The Shitz' — are unique in the sense that they are almost entirely formed of OUSA staff, aside from front man Jono Everts. Bassist Dave Borrie works as R1's programme director, drummer Angus Cleland for the OUSA events team, and guitarist Mitchell Sizemore as OUSA's digital marketing coordinator. L. Hotel pretty much live and breathe each other.

To discuss why the band are calling it quits, Critic Te Ārohi walked across the hall to have a yarn with Dave Borrie about the move. He told us, "It's been a good run, but I'm moving to Melbourne. We could keep going [...] but when you're doing live shows without one of the members, it's better to burn out than fade away." Although admitting he knew it was coming, Borrie still loves the times he has spent with his bandmates and, more importantly, his friends. Cue chorus of "awwws".

The band's last ever Ōtepoti show will be on April 5th at The

Crown, with Emily Alice and Ani Saafa. "They are awesome bands we love playing with every time," said Dave. Their last ever show will be in Queenstown, April 27th. Dave clarifies that, while there won't be any more shows after this, there will be an EP. "It won't be the last you hear of us."

Dave is very thankful to every fan who has ever been to one of their shows, even if it was "shit" (pun intended). "We have so much fun playing, we are going to miss playing. I'm going to miss Dunedin, there will always be a massive L. Hotel shaped hole in my heart." Although never employed by OUSA, Dave attributed much of the band's success to lead singer and songwriter Jono Everts: "He is the most incredible songwriter and incredible guy. It wouldn't be possible without him. If you see him in the streets, tell him thanks."

Critic Te Ārohi also approached students to ask how they feel about L. Hotel disbanding. A student named Nick replied with "I don't know who that is honestly." Well, you do now.

"Nut Free" Carrington College Serves Nuts

Right after our food review smh

By **Angus Rees**

News Reporter // news@critic.co.nz

Carrington College found themselves in a tricky situation last week, after a resident allergic to peanuts unknowingly consumed a biscuit containing nuts. The student ate said sweet treat with faith in the fact that Carrington kitchen had become nut free. Yikes.

A student associated with Carrington told Critic Te Ārohi that the nut situation was "just an unfortunate mistake." He reported that "one of Carrington's chefs thought it was a good idea to put nuts in these cookies that were given out after dinner, despite Carrington kitchen being a nut free zone." A nice end of week treat, for some maybe.

Concerning the issue, a University of Otago spokesperson told Critic, "I can confirm there was an incident on March 14 where a resident at Carrington College — a dedicated nut-free college — consumed food made by our caterers which included nuts and subsequently suffered an allergic reaction." Apparently "the student became aware they were undergoing a reaction while

eating the food and quickly self-treated using an EpiPen."

A member of kitchen staff at the college, Callum, told Critic he had "no idea that it occurred." Yet he did suggest that "the college only went nut free recently," which may have led to the mix-up. The University is currently investigating the incident "to prevent such incidents from happening in the future."

After the event occurred, college staff were immediately on the scene, "assisting the resident to access all support necessary." In the aftermath, "Carrington College has apologised to the resident and their whanau and will continue to provide support." Following this, they stated they are "dedicated to creating a safe and inclusive environment for all our students and are committed to implementing any necessary measures."

The only question Critic is left with is whether the cookies are good or not. Too soon?

Uni Football Rising Out of the Pits

People still play sports here?

By **Hugh Askerud**

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

University football has pulled itself out of a hole after slashing through both men's and women's University of Canterbury teams in a pre-season derby. Now the club is talking a big game, with men's captain Ben Campbell telling Critic Te Ārohi, "Anything short of the top of the table is considered a failure." Big words from a man who finished 7th out of 10 teams last season.

The OUAFC women's team won their game 3-1 after a few "tactical fouls to stop the score progressing," Uni sport spokesperson Terry Kerr told Critic. This result was not surprising considering the women were in the Southern league last year, a competition which covers the entire South Island. The men, on the other hand, were in the Dunedin league, and at the bottom of it for that matter. Only four years ago, the club had the chance at joining the women in the league when it was first established, bailing out after realising that their coach didn't have the proper licence — oop. Sinking to the slums of the Dunedin league and then slumping even further to the bottom of that league, the boys have not been humming.

That is, until Saturday March 16th, when OUAFC men's beat UC 3-1 (eerily the same score as the women's), downing a team an entire league above them. In true David vs Goliath fashion, OUAFC scored three in the first half and held out doggedly until the final whistle blew. After the game ended, Critic Te Ārohi witnessed team members exiting the changing rooms, holding only 9-12

Speights as opposed to the 24 they had upon entering. The rate at which those Speights were downed shows you the pure froth coming out of camp OUAFC at the moment.

Now the men's team is talking a big game, hoping to match the women's team with a Southern league promotion. Ben told Critic, "UC are a really tough team, so it was great to grab a result for both the women's and men's team."

Coyle, he added that "it's hard to say where we'll finish considering we have both a new coach and a handful of new players". While the team "have only just begun playing together," Ben said he thought "this is the strongest team we've had in years."

But it's not going to be easy. Whispers have it that Northern AFC, another staunch student associated football club, also have their eyes on the prize, bringing in a number of imported players to achieve the goal. Critic Te Ārohi also noticed that there were three BMWs at Northern's most recent game, inciting speculation from local pundits that some team members may be on triple figure salaries.

On the potential brewing tension, Ben said, "I wouldn't say [it's a] rivalry, but Northern are a very consistent side who seem to be in good form at the moment. They got the best of us both times last season, so hopefully we can bounce back this year!"

'Let's talk about Drugs' Turns To 'Let's Talk Shit'

Chlöe was lucky to leave when she had the chance

By **Hugh Askerud**

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Sparks flew at an otherwise underwhelming 'Let's talk about Drugs' event where panellists and the handful of attendees squabbled over who can prevent drug harm the best. At its peak, 15 people were at the event, including its four panellists: Max Phillips (president of Students for Sensible Drug Policy), Green Party Co-Leader Chlöe Swarbrick, Dr Brin Ryder (Drug Checking Lead for Te Waipounamu), and Sergeant Steve "Jonesy" Jones (Alcohol Harm Prevention Dunedin).

Of chief concern in the Q+A session was drug reform in Aotearoa. As usual, Chlöe's knowledge on the matter blew the others out of the water, with Jonesy even referring to her as "Mum" at one stage. Chlöe was clear in her concern that little would happen under a National-led coalition government, saying that "they're not even aware of the fact that we have legal drug checking." To this she stated, "Our drug law reform is your gateway to anti-capitalism," to the delight of the Marxists in the crowd. This supported Max's assertions that legalised drugs "shouldn't be for profit."

The night was pretty tame at this point, with Chlöe turning her camera off every once in a while to grab a snack (we see you chewing girl). This tameness didn't last, though, as Chlöe got off the Zoom and chaos unleashed when Lachlan, a student in the crowd (also the Otago co-regional manager of KnowYourStuffNZ), asked the panel: "What would you do if you saw me on the street smoking a joint?" Sergeant Steve

Jones had a bit of time to brood, while the others took a stab at answering the question, before stating, "I wouldn't throw you to the ground and put you in handcuffs, but I would likely suggest that you leave the area."

Lachlan also posited to the panel a "thought experiment" in which drugs could be legal only at festivals — which was shut down pretty quickly. Jonesy promptly replied, "Ah, no." In turn, Chlöe tore the idea a new one, saying that something that had been "upsetting" to her in the six years of drug law reform work she's done was that "when drugs are killing poor people there isn't much concern, but when it threatens kids of middle class backgrounds at festivals that's when there's most buy-in and concern," pointing out that drug-checking services have been made available at festivals but not vulnerable communities who experience the most harm. "It's not limited to festivals," she said.

There were other questions asked and a particularly long monologue from an audience member at the last minute who chirped up right when Critic was hoping to make it home for bed. She killed the last of our dwindling attention span. All in all, it was a fairly quiet affair but a solid opportunity to get some people in the room (virtually or otherwise) to continue the ever-important conversation of how best to protect our communities from drug and alcohol harm.



Otago Regional Councillor Calls Student "Entitled" Over Bus Fares

Someone media train this man

By Nina Brown
Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Last week, the Otago Regional Council (ORC) voted 5-7 not to extend the half price bus fares. In what would normally be a one-liner headline in the TL;DR, Critic sniffed a story when we were forwarded an email chain between law student Grace and Councillor Michael Laws, who attacked her character after she expressed support for the half price fares to continue. Local council tea, hot and steaming.

Grace wrote to Laws that she had "deep concerns regarding the upcoming decision [...] regarding the potential discontinuation of the half-price fares policy." She said that she was among "many who heavily rely on the public bus services for various aspects of daily life, including academic pursuits, employment, and social engagements," and that without the lower fares, "my ability to travel to university daily, and actively participate in my education will be significantly impeded. [...] Like many students, driving into campus is not an option for me, and I am greatly indebted to public transport to enable me to get to university."

Laws responded that, "Dunedin ratepayers are already subsidising public bus transport when 90% of them don't use it and don't want to, and good on them. To ask them to subsidise it even more - and deliver you a tangible financial gain - seems like sponging to me [...] I'm sure after you graduate you will charging [sic] the maximum hourly rate to these so-called vulnerable. That's the profession you've entered, so cry me a river."

Grace told Critic Te Ārohi that she was "really shocked that he responded the way he did. You'd think it's basic knowledge that an elected councillor shouldn't speak to the public that way. Then I looked him up, and wasn't that surprised. And I found it pretty funny that he cares about bus fares so much as to attack me."

Receiving similar community feedback, Councillor Elliot Weir (and former Critic Feature Editor) responded to another student, writing, "Thanks for emailing. I'm stoked there's some attention on this because too often these big changes go unchallenged. I'm frustrated by this government cutting transport funding in so many different ways, and leaving us to fill in the gaps. I'm also a regular bus user though, and I would hate to sit back and allow our buses to become less affordable for those who need them most.

You can be sure I'll be fighting for maintaining cheap bus fares." Elliot even included his phone number with the offer to discuss the matter further. Bless.

After OUSA Politics Rep Liam White's attention was brought to the email chain between Laws and Grace (having received similarly snarky responses himself), he said that his initial reaction was to "read it again, because I thought I had misread it and I read it three times because I was so shocked by his response. I was really disappointed to be honest, that somebody from the community reaching out is met with that response in an earnest attempt to be listened to about an issue that they care about and for an elected official to immediately come back with, I disagree with you, I don't wanna listen to your response, here is why you are wrong. To me, that almost doesn't feel like his role. I understand that he has an opinion, but that didn't feel like the way [to do it] or the message he should have purported."

Critic reached out to Laws to get his side of the story - and the bro just dug deeper. "I stand by every word and every sentiment expressed. Dislike selfishness in others esp those asking for a special reward by robbing the pockets of others. And it was the entitled law student who took offence after first delivering it." And the cherry on top of this lovely exchange? "I could have been much harsher," said Laws.

He got back in touch following the ORC meeting last Wednesday to say, "I am delighted to report that today the Council voted NOT to provide half-price bus fares sought by union students, and that they will revert to \$2 per trip (on Bee Card) and \$3 casual. Still heavily subsidised by the Dunedin ratepayer." Critic could feel the glee radiating through the keyboard.

In a Facebook post about the decision, Elliot said they were "gutted [...] Ultimately, this was a decision not to fill in gaps left by central government ending the Community Connect extension scheme. Nevertheless, as a council we had a choice to fix the problem and we decided not to. Thankfully, we voted to keep the free fares for under-13s, and government funding still covers Community Service Card holders getting half price fares."



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DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

MARILYNN WEBB Cloud Landscape Central Otago 8 1974 (detail).
Hocken Collections - Uare Taoka o Hākēna, University of Otago

DON'T JUST HEAR ABOUT IT

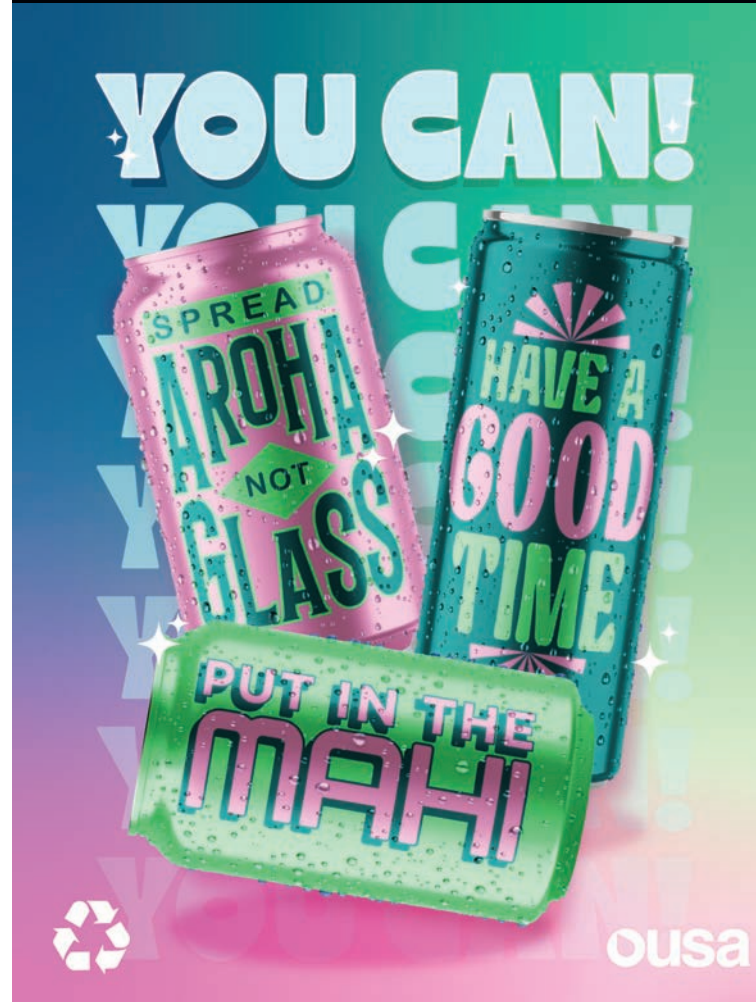


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CROSSWORD

Crossword rules:

Multi-word answers are indicated by a (*)

If a clue contains a period-noted abbreviation, the answer will also be an abbreviation

If a word is in the clue, it cannot be the answer

Quotation marks around a phrase mean that the answer is a similar phrase

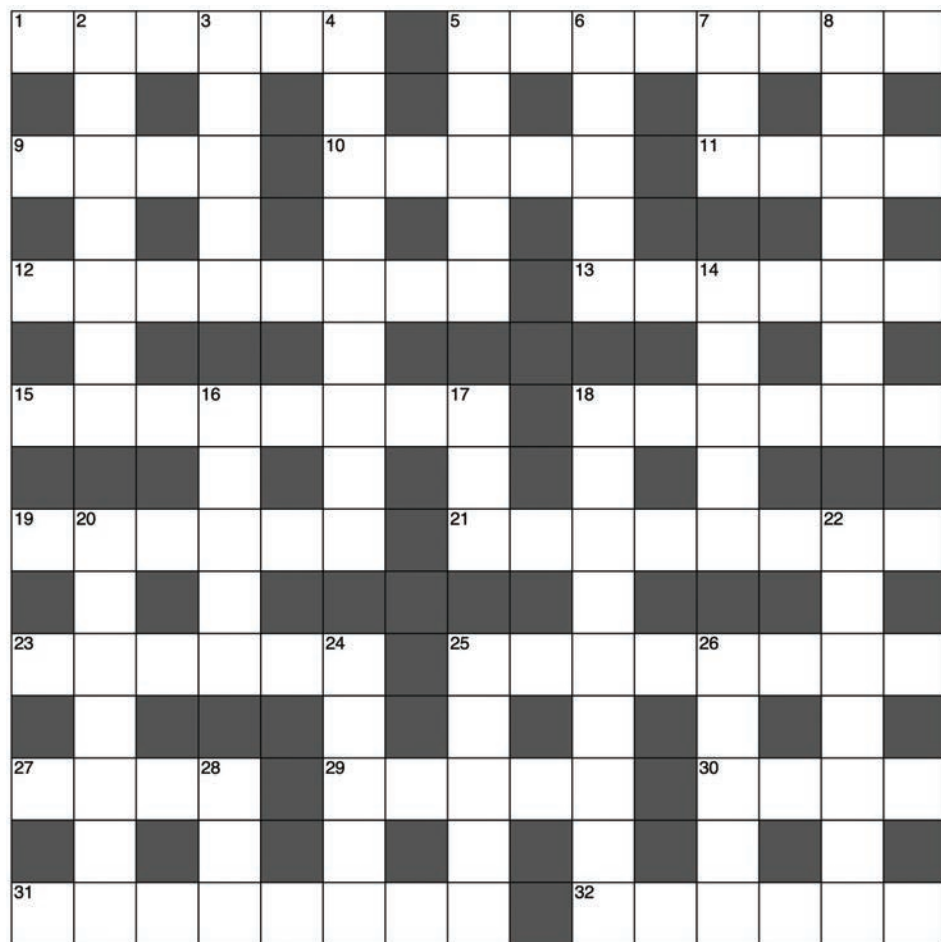
Pluralised clues = pluralised answers. Same for past and present tenses (-ed, -ing).

ACROSS

- 1 *Punkish hairdo
- 5 Practice
- 9 Chad's foil
- 10 "Shock Doctrine" author Klein
- 11 *Mercedes' other half
- 12 About to happen
- 13 *Hit Cranberries song
- 15 *Fender-bender
- 18 Turkey noise
- 19 Climb
- 21 Destroy, as a building
- 23 Netminder
- 25 24D is 2 _____ (2)
- 27 File type
- 29 Assemblage
- 30 Part of the eye
- 31 *Opens in Word
- 32 Skimpy swimware

DOWN

- 2 Like some bar nights (2)
- 3 Japanese beer
- 4 About whom Obama said "He is a jackass. But he's talented." (2)
- 5 24D might build one
- 6 *Big name in ketchup
- 7 Letters on certain eftpos cards
- 8 Solar clock
- 14 Some petrol stations
- 16 Best
- 17 Stuffed bear of Hollywood



18 *The start or end of all this week's conct. words are... (2)

- 20 Horoscope option
- 22 *1976 Alessi Brothers hit (2)
- 24 Bird of prey
- 25 German submarine
- 26 Requested by employees
- 28 Minion boss

ISSUE 4 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. ASSEMBLE 6. STRICT 8. OVER 9. ARGON 10. PERU 11. SONATA 12. SCRANTON 13. KRAKATOA 14. PICKLE 15. SEGWAY 18. DISTASTE 21. COWARDLY 23. EGGSAC 24. DICE 25. SHRUG 27. LEFT 28. SNOOPY 29. DIRECTLY

DOWN: 2. SAVIOUR 3. EARMARK 4. BLATANTLY 5. EGG 6. SONAR 7. CARPOOL 10. PANIC 12. STAND BY 14. PASSENGER 16. EROSION 17. WHALE 19. ANGELIC 20. TEARFUL 22. DUSKY 26. RED

SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

EASY

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

MEDIUM

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

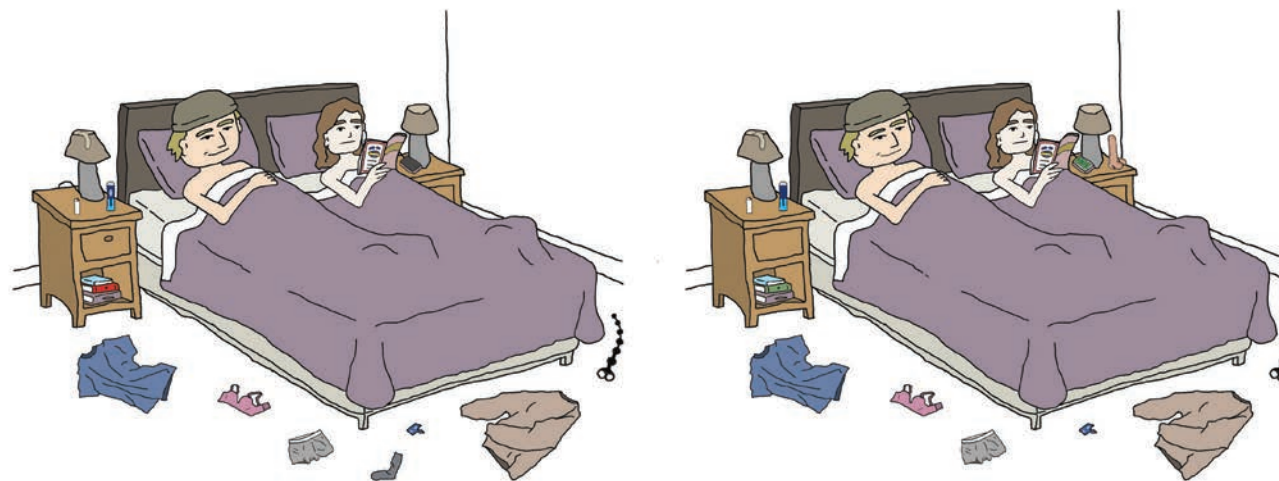
HARD

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

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images



Animated Affairs

It's ok that you fancy the tiger from Ice Age

Illustrated by Sarah Kreft

By Jodie Evans

Let's talk about the legendary sexual awakening. There are the classics you always hear of: Katy Perry's 'I Kissed a Girl' music video or Joe Jonas emerging, glistening, from the water in Camp Rock. A good number of people recall the moment Miss Honey from Matilda pulls down her glasses as the birth of their libido. Freud would have a field day.

Regrettably, my earliest memory of burning lust was ignited by none other than the lead character of DreamWorks' 2002 *Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron*. Yes, you read that correctly. Spirit, the cartoon horse voiced by Matt Damon. Perhaps it was his chiselled physique, unflinching bravery, or the Bryan Adams ballad blaring as he galloped across the American plains. Either way, my chubby little fingers found the VHS's rewind button. Over and over again.

Only recently, when I was invited to a 'dress as a fictional character you find attractive' party, I realised this wasn't an uncommon experience. Friends and classmates reminisced over Aladdin's broad shoulders and the curve of Jessica Rabbit's hips. Drink in hand, I found my mind drifting from Robin Hood's (the 1973 fox version of course) masculine agility to the very question of why this seemed to be a universal encounter. Naturally, I needed answers. I took one for the team and risked adding that to my search history. You're welcome.

It didn't take me long to find 'toonophilia', a sexual identity that involves physical attraction to cartoon characters. The internet is rife with stories of twenty-somethings who believe they are in committed relationships with anime characters. Imagination working overtime, they share deep conversations, dinner dates, and vacations with their cartoon companions. Somewhat understandable, as it's no secret that anime has been sexualising characters to appeal to audiences for decades. Still, this felt different to my innocent childhood crush on Mustang Matt Damon.

I approached Research Psychologist and Sexologist Professor Jesse Bering for some consolation. Luckily, there's a key distinction between being a 'toonophile' and thinking Gill from Finding Nemo is a complete daddy, as Professor Bering explained. "Those are two completely different things. A true diagnostic disorder [of toonophilia] would mean that you only get aroused by this particular erotic stimulus." That is, unless you ONLY get turned on by a sexy Pixar fish, you're not a toonophile. Thankfully, Spirit and I were never exclusive.

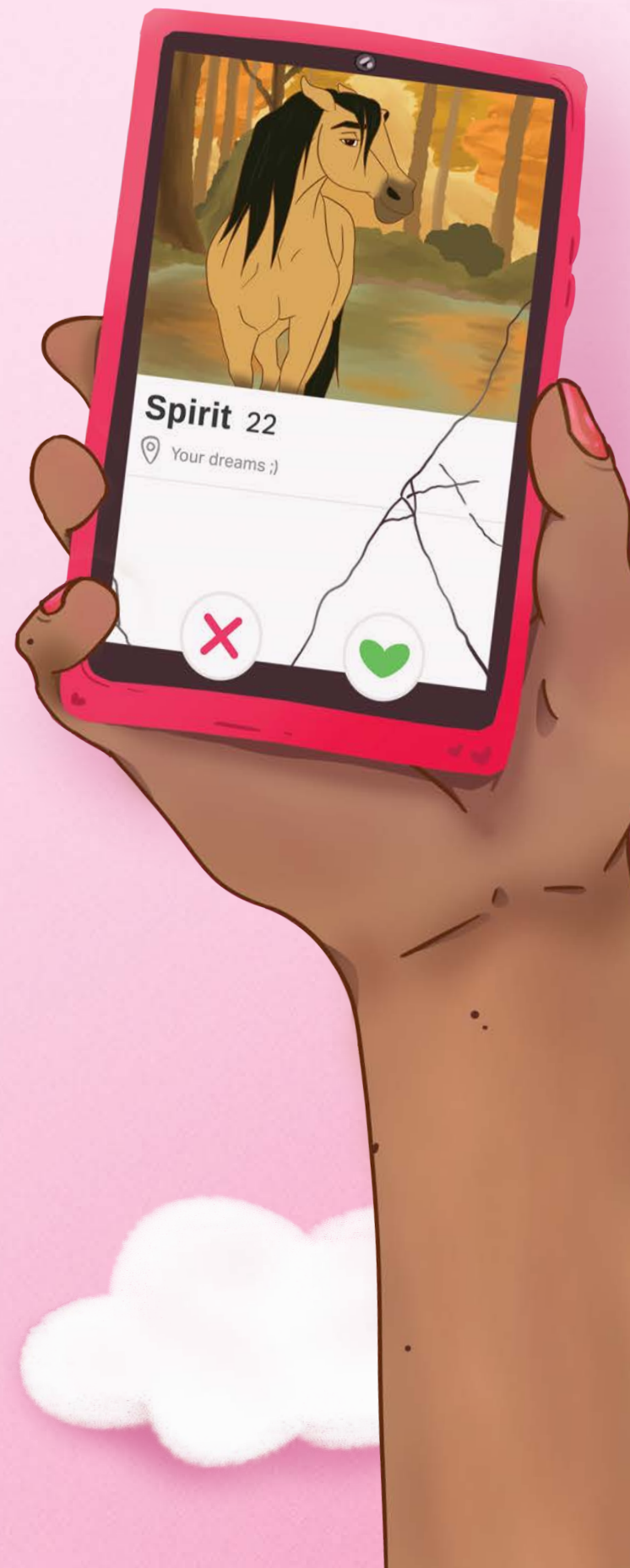
If you've ever questioned the reasoning behind Disney making all these cartoon animals so damn sexy, you're not the only one. As Professor Bering pointed out, "These characters are highly anthropomorphised, there's a tinge of sexuality oftentimes laden on them." Attraction plays a huge role in how children's characters are received by audiences, and with children's television raking in billions of dollars annually, designers use our innate desires to their advantage. We love attractive characters, and the industry knows it. The result is idealised half-humans with exaggerated features— symmetrical faces, large eyes, tiny noses, and shiny, flowing hair. All the features society typically associates with beauty.

Even their personalities typically embody socially desired traits. In Western cultures, this is most commonly self-expression, individualism, and freedom. This way we connect with them on an emotional level, and they become more engaging and memorable. Robin Hood was daring yet compassionate; Spirit was a devoted and protective leader of his herd, and Jessica Rabbit was uhhh... manipulative. Even the way they move is designed to captivate you, every gesture and expression is made with supernatural grace. They knew exactly what they were doing when they made Nala slink around and collapse into the grass to the tune of 'Can You Feel the Love Tonight'.

Professor Bering explained that this sexualisation is hard to ignore. "It's normal and natural for people to notice that, especially children who are curious." In short, it's not your fault — your pre-pubescent self was bound to find them a little sexy, and that's okay. Even nostalgia may explain your lasting attraction. Precious childhood memories can bring a sense of comfort, safety, and stability. Maybe deep down, I just want Spirit to do my taxes and run me a bubble bath (not sure how this works with hooves but I'm optimistic).

Above all, it's important to think of attraction as a complex and free-flowing concept: one that sometimes holds sense, and sometimes does not. Any number of qualities and factors may influence your attraction to someone or something, from your physical senses to your immune system. There is a whole world of theories out there, some that I'd rather go without seeing. However, having random crushes during those formative years appears to be a normal part of developing a sense of self. As Professor Bering pointed out, "If we all ask ourselves honestly what has turned us on over the course of our lives, there are lots of little things that we may be uncomfortable with, and that's probably quite normal." The point is — as long as it's not negatively impacting your health and well-being — don't take it too seriously. Do my nonsensical childhood fantasies mean that adult me wants to fuck a horse? Professor Bering reassured me, "That is definitely not the case" (pew).

On that note, you might wonder if this is all just an elaborate attempt to justify my own equine eroticism. Could be. But if you, too, felt something when Li Shang from Mulan said he'd "make a man out of you," just know that you aren't alone. It seems the cartoon crush is natural. A rite of passage, if you will.

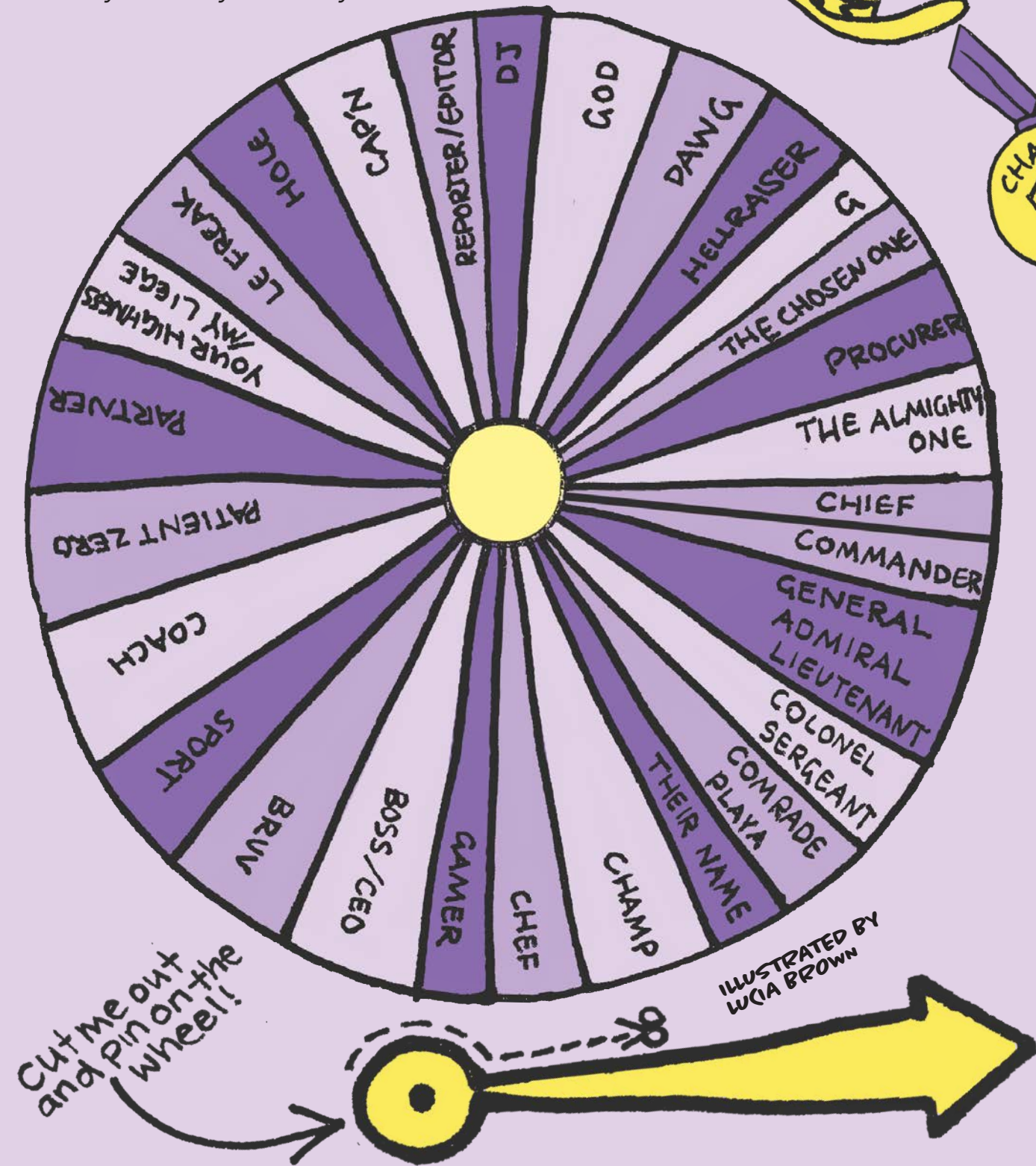


25 FREAKY GENDERLESS
NAUGHTY NICKNAMES
GENDER IS OUT, BUT "THE
DOCTOR" IS IN... YOU.
BY JORDAN IRVINE

When you're genderqueer and don't use gendered terms, it can be hard to include good dirty talk in your sex life. Sex is fun, intimate, and it should be sexy, right? Dirty talk can quickly become awkward Mad Libs from hell when trying to remove gender from your lexicon ("baby girl" to "baby... person?"), but there's no reason to remove the sexiness too. "Love" and "darling" are sweet and ungendered, but it's not hot. We want to feel hot. The all too popular "daddy" and "mommy" definitely can't be used (should they be though? That's a different conversation). So what options are there for our they/thems? Critic Te Ārohi has you sorted with 25 hot unisex pet names.

- 1. Champ:** Starting off strong because you are a winner and you should be treated as such. "Nice backshot, Champ."
- 2. Chef:** Bonus points if you have a tea towel over your shoulder. "Yes, Chef"; "Needs more salt, Chef!"
- 3. Gamer:** Poggers, AFK (away from knob).
- 4. Comrade:** Fist each other to achieve comrades in arms, and arms in comrades.
- 5. Boss:** Something is gonna get a raise. "On it, Boss."
- 6. Bruv:** "Oi, you like drill? Cos I need one, Bruv."
- 7. Sport:** "You knocked that one out of the park, Sport" (while wiping cum off you).
- 8. Coach:** "Put me in, Coach," am I right?
- 9. Patient Zero:** This specifically applies to those in halls. Bacteria are genderless, anyway.
- 10. Partner (cowboy inflection):** When you're in the depths of the Taieri Plains riding some lil' hottie. "Broke this back, Partner!"
- 11. Your Highness/My Liege:** Pull that one out for when Chuck dies. "Buttplug? As you wish, My Liege."
- 12. Le Freak:** C'est Chic. On that Le Freak shit.
- 13. Hole:** We all got one. At least one, Critic hopes.
- 14. Cap'n:** If they are lying about how much they're packn'. "Aye aye, Cap'n."
- 15. Reporter/Editor:** Personal favourites of the Critic staff. Maybe the death of journalism is good, actually. "Editor, I'll have it E.O.D. (end of dick)."
- 16. DJ:** Favourite of our Radio One neighbours. "DJ, hit it."
- 17. God:** Praise be. Dunno about the father, but I will suck the sons and holy spirit out of you. "God."
- 18. Dawg:** Woof. Genderless (even though all dogs are boys). "Downwards, Dawg."
- 19. Hellraiser:** If they have a lot of piercings. Putting the "whore" in "horror".
- 20. G:** Ain't 'nuttin' but a G thang, baby. Guiding it in: "I got you, G."
- 21. The Chosen one:** JK Rowling can't do anything to stop us using this one. "Kneel, Chosen One."
- 22. Procurer:** Nothing is sexier than an extensive vocabulary.

- 23. Playa:** As in, they have game. Not as in an area of flat, dried-up land, especially a desert basin from which water evaporates quickly.
- 24. Chief:** "Sure thing, Chief." Military titles yield a bounty of sexy pet names, like Commander, Lieutenant, Sergeant, and Colonel. Finger lickin' good.
- 25. Their name:** You should feel sexy saying each other's name because you are sexy. Believe in yourself.



HELLO
MY NAME IS:

Cut me out
and pin on the
wheel!

TRANS SEX FOR DUMMIES

BY MONTY O'RIELLY & LOTTO RAMSAY

TRANS SHIT 101

To provide a (not so quick) overview for the non-art majors out there: transgender people are those whose gender identity doesn't align with their binary sex assigned at birth. Gender is a combination of how you feel internally and how you choose to present to the world, loosely sorted into a spectrum of 'male' and 'female'. It's important to note, though, that gender isn't binary, and nonbinary people (those who do not wholly identify as male or female) also fall under the transgender umbrella. This guide mainly focuses on binary trans people, i.e. FTM (female to male) and MTF (male to female), though we've have tried to use inclusive language. Not every transition is binary: gender is complicated, and personal.

Many (but not all) trans people experience gender dysphoria – deep-seated aversive feelings that arise when you feel your gender does not match your body. Transitioning helps to alleviate this dysphoria.

The process of transitioning to live in a way that authenticates your gender encompasses many social and physical aspects, such as name and pronoun changes, dressing more feminine or masculine, voice coaching, hair removal, and gender-affirming healthcare. Each person's transition is different, with different goals in mind. Some trans people seek gender-affirming healthcare (medical interventions) which can include hormonal replacement therapy (HRT) and surgical procedures – referred to as “top surgery” (mastectomy or breast augmentation) and “bottom surgery” (genital reconstruction).

Sex can be dysphoric for a lot of trans folk, but it can also be euphoric to have your gender affirmed in intimate moments – to be correctly seen as who you are, and fucked as who you are.

JUST ASK!

If you take anything away from this article, make sure it's this: Just ask! Just ask your partner what they are comfortable with. It's really that simple! This goes for anyone, but is particularly important with trans folk. Trans people have a more complicated relationship with their bodies than most cis people, and certain areas may cause them physical discomfort or dysphoria. **This is why it's essential to ask whether they want certain areas to be touched, how they want to be touched, and how they want to be referred to.**

For example, does your partner want you to refer to their breasts as tits? Or just call it their chest? Some people might not want you to acknowledge their chest whatsoever. Every trans person is different. When in doubt, just ask, but if you need some pointers of what to watch out for, I'd recommend asking how to refer to their chest and genitalia, and whether there are any areas that are absolute no-go zones (and if so, accept it without question).

While sex should be an ongoing dialogue, getting these questions out of the way before sex is preferred. It's a good chance to contribute your own preferences, too, even if you're cis – you've probably got opinions on the word “hooha”, for example.

Disclaimer: This article includes discussion and description of transgender bodies, with anatomical and occasionally gendered language. It mainly focuses on personal experiences of pre-op trans people on HRT, but a lot of this can be applied to trans people at other stages of their transition.

Is that trans masculine barista at your favourite cafe looking particularly cute these days? Has your friend transitioned into a woman and now she's starting to catch your eye? Or are you just generally wanting to hit up some gender-non-conforming cuties but worried about making them uncomfortable? Critic Te Ārohi has you sorted! From the years of experience Monty has as a trans fuckboy, we've have compiled a non-judgemental guide to avoid being a chaser, and make sure you have the most fun possible with your desired trans hook-up.

HRT AND SEX

HRT is pretty magic. It can completely change your life – and this includes your junk. When having sex with a trans person on HRT, their genitalia might look and act a bit different from your bog standard. That being said, the clitoris and penis aren't as different as you'd think: both are developed from the same erectile tissue, full of feel-good nerve endings, and HRT helps develop gender-affirming secondary sex characteristics: testosterone (T) for masculinising effects, and oestrogen (E) for feminising. Keep reading for some of the cool and sexy things HRT can do.

LIBIDO AND FERTILITY

Changes to libido: Sex drive can change a lot in general (and also through the self-discovery process of transition), and HRT can make this even more variable. Your partner might change how they feel about sex and different aspects of sex as they figure things out during transition. Generally, testosterone tends to increase libido, while oestrogen can lower direct libido, but increase desire for sex and intimacy in different ways.

Fertility: HRT does limit your fertility, but this does not mean you're in the clear to raw-dog! As a rule of thumb, assume pregnancy is always possible if you don't want to get pregnant.

FEMINISING (OESTROGEN) HRT CHANGES

Lack of erections: Feminizing HRT can soften the penis and it may struggle to get as erect. Some transfeminine people enjoy using their penis for penetration, others don't. See below for ideas on how to have fun with the feminine penis.

More sensitive tip of penis: The glans (head) of the penis becomes more sensitive and may produce more lubrication.

More sensitive nipples: Particularly in the early stages of MTF HRT, the nipples can become incredibly sensitive. This can be a lot of fun, but be aware that the line between extreme pain and pleasure can sometimes be thin. Treat overly sensitive nipples like the clitoris or penis tip.

Cum: Oestrogen can give the cum a clearer appearance, and reduce the overall volume. It can also change the taste (to being much nicer, in my humble opinion).

MASCULINISING (TESTOSTERONE) HRT CHANGES

Bottom growth: On masculinizing HRT, the clitoris and clitoral hood enlarge to become more similar to a penis (referred to as 'bottom growth' or 't-dick'). Bottom growth behaves differently to a cisgender clitoris and can come with increased arousal, different sensitivity, and increased erectile activity.

Vaginal dryness: Testosterone can mean that the vagina gets less wet, so invest in good lube (something better than that overly sweet Countdown stuff, please) to avoid friction and tearing. Plus, lube is great.

More hair in certain areas: Contrary to media representations, not all trans



Bottom growth/Tdick: The enlargement of the clitoris on testosterone

Girdick/girlcock: Used to refer to a transfeminine persons penis

guys are waifish, androgynous femboys – we have hair, goddamnit! So a trans guy vag might have some more hair than what you're used to.

[SOME] TRANS SEX ACTS

Having a sexual partner who's trans might mean that you have to experiment beyond good old missionary sex (though I am sure there are some trans missionary fans out there). HRT can make some of these more fun, but can absolutely be applied to non-HRT taking trans people as well. Here's some suggestions for alternate things you can try for all parties to enjoy. Sometimes penetration is not possible, or desirable. Luckily, sex isn't defined by penetration.

Frotting: Rubbing two dicks together. 'Dick' here is a pretty loose term.

Muffing: Penetrating in the space above the testicles (inguinal canal) with your fingers. The free pdf of the zine 'Fucking Trans Women' by Mira Bellwether is a great resource here.

Tribbing: Grinding vulvas against thighs, knees, genitals, anywhere.

BDSM: Kink is genderless and can help dismantle dysphoria inducing roles – just communicate properly, first. Safe, sane, consensual.

Mutual masturbation: Fun for everyone! Everyone knows what they enjoy, and may be more comfortable handling their own junk. Mutual masturbation can offer an alternative way to have a sexy time, and make sure everyone feels safe around their own bodies.

Keeping lights off or clothes on: Not being able to see parts of your body that make you uncomfortable can really help. Just try dry humping!

Changing positions: If you and partner are able to have penetrative sex, trying slightly less conventional positions can offer a refreshing change in roles and dynamics. There's a position for everyone! You could even try cowgirl (or boy, or person – I hope you asked beforehand).

SEX TOYS AND TRANS SEX

Trans sex opens the doors for plenty of experimentation, and we happen to be in the golden age of sex toys. Plus, sex toy brands are using increasingly ungendered language.

Strap-ons: Can be worn by any gender. Great for transfem tops who can't, or don't, penetrate with their penis. Boxer-style strap harnesses can be fun for transmascs. There's a strap for everyone!

Play packers: Packers (silicone prosthetic penises) aren't typically sex toys, but can be used as such (with a condom if it's your regular one). Pack and play packers are trickier to find, but are hyper realistic and include a flexible rod for penetration

Vibrators: Vibrators are also very enjoyed by all people, not just people with vulvas. Ask your partners where's most sensitive for them and have fun playing around with a vibrator's setting! Wand and clitoral suction vibes are awesome for sensitive girdicks. Bottom growth can also love suction vibes – look for ones with a larger opening and good suction to mimic a blowjob.

NZ SEX TOY SUGGESTIONS

Magic Wand Rechargeable Massager (a fav of transfems)

Silicone Nipple Suckers (for super-sensitive nipples)

Womanizer Liberty Rechargeable Travel Clitoral Suction Stimulator (large opening for bottom growth)

Desire Luxury Rechargeable Strapless Strap-On Dildo Vibrator (on the pricier side, but great for trans mascs who also want some stimulation while penetrating)

Hot Octopuss Pulse Solo (unfortunately named 'guybrator', but works very well to stimulate penises)

Lovehoney Beginner's Unisex Strap-On Harness Kit with 5 Inch Pegging Dildo (good for a first time, with the strap being made from softer material than most cheaper ones)

TREATING GENITALIA IN A GENDER AFFIRMING MANNER

It can be gender affirming for trans people to treat their genitalia how you would typically treat genitalia of the opposite sex. Expand your mind beyond the traditional ways of playing with genitalia with some of these suggestions:

1. Use the clitoral hood like foreskin on a penis to give a handjob: rub it back and forth like one would jerk a dick off.
2. Use the head of the penis like a clitoris, using one finger to touch it (with lubrication, for the love of God).
3. Massage the perineum (“taint”, or in this case the area between the anus and the testicles) as if you were rubbing a vulva – the perineum has plenty of pleasurable nerve endings. Similarly, try muffing: penetrating the inguinal canals (see above). Use a good lube.
4. Focus more on sucking trans vulvas like you are giving them a blowjob.
5. Bottom growth can also be used for penetration (some trans mascs may choose to use penis pumps to make theirs bigger for sex). Holes have a lot of nerve endings near the entrance, and it also just feels pretty great to be thrust into.

EVERY TRANS PERSON'S FEELINGS AROUND SEX ARE DIFFERENT. ONE MORE TIME: JUST ASK!

By Jodie Evans & Ruby Werry

Illustrated by Jakira Brophy

YOUR FIRST TIME... ACCORDING TO



When your total bitch of a mother throws your things in a suitcase and tells you to meet your new owners (One Direction, a band you've literally never even heard of), the prospect of your emerging sexuality can be daunting, especially when you're a fictional self-insert who doesn't know about Oranga Tamariki. We've all been there, right? Luckily, Critic Te Ārohi has scoured a reliable source full of sex expertise for tips: Wattpad. A platform that was arguably more successful at getting teens to write than any English teacher, with the advantage that no one could stop you from writing sex scenes in all their inaccurate, smutty, filthy-demure glory. Here are all the ingredients needed for your perfect first time (y/n), according to Wattpad.

w
wattpad

YOU'RE NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS

If you're worried that the motorcycle-riding bad boy of the neighbourhood won't be into you, never fear. Quite simply, you're just not like those other girls who are all into make-up and boys. You're also an orphan, or something. Clumsy, quirky, and shy, he is going to be JUST SO obsessed with YOU that you won't even need to pursue any man you're interested in! Boys love girls who don't know how to talk to boys, or at all. So when it comes time to get down to business, throw your hair into that messy bun, bat your eye-coloured orbs, and just be yourself (or the idealised version!)

The bad boy

Tall, dark, and handsome, meet your brooding bad boy who doesn't believe in therapy. His main forms of communication are smirks, lip bites and calling you kitten (or baby doll or sweetheart). Don't be intimidated by his player reputation, casual misogyny, or the fact that he's an asshole to you. It's only a matter of time before he sees how unique you are and changes his ways forever. And if you think he's insufferable, that's perfect. Enemies to lovers is of course very realistic and happens all the time.

KISSING IS THE MAIN EVENT

Worried you're moving too fast? Rest assured, you've got approximately twelve chapters of hungry makeout scenes before you will get to any lovemaking. Meekly glancing in the direction of your Gary Stu's mouth is as much communication as you are permitted. As your lips collide in a passionate collision of mouthparts, his tongue explores your mouth like an old-timey coloniser. A violent melding of faces, lips, tongues, and teeth (ouch) will have your core quivering and that brooding bad boy growling in your ear (?!). Don't be turned off when you're constantly interrupted by the boy's best friend (who looks like him, but funny), as it's all part of the extended foreplay. Making out to the point of life-threatening dehydration and asphyxiation is your new normal. The kissing will, without a doubt, last much longer than the sex.

MOOD-RING NIPS

Now, your first time could be very confusing (given how overwhelmed with pleasure you'll be.) But not to worry, you'll have a litmus test in the form of the tips of your breasts. Whether your nipples are stiffening in aroused anticipation, hard enough to cut paper, peaking as they are exposed, or just pressing visibly against your top, it'll be no problem for your sexy man to know exactly how you're feeling.

Forget the prep

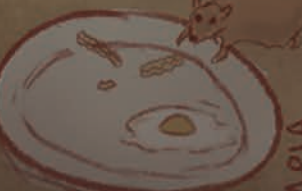
Don't be foolish enough to think that you actually need to prepare for intercourse. Foreplay can be foregone, depending on the reading from your omniscient nips. Wattpad will tell you that absolutely nothing should take your attention away from acting uninterested in (but secretly totally into) the man of your dreams. Lube? Nope. Protection? Never. That's right, skip the pharmacy and cancel that doctor's appointment (too much research needed to write). All you need to get down and dirty with your boy-band man is a wallflower demeanour and a lack of parental supervision. And if you do have an accidental pregnancy, it'll do wonders for the plot.

"COCK" IS BLOCKED

For your first time as a grown woman, you obviously will be too embarrassed to even think the word penis, never mind cock! But Wattpad has you covered with classy alternatives, so feel free to insert as needed: manhood, length, girth, pillar of flesh, hard steel, shaft, organ, phallus, appendage, hardness, column, rod, winky eye, third eye, wang, meat. Combine with "twitching" or "erect" as needed. Oh, and we can't forget the classiest of terms: his throbbing member.

The first time is the best time

Virgin who? You're not just any novice, you're a natural-born seductress. No awkward fumbling in the dark here, and definitely no smells ever. Expect a symphony of sensation, an intoxicating blend of full-body pleasure and passion. The right caress of your elbow alone will have you moments from climax. Undulating waves of pleasure will crash over you, without so much as a mention of the clitoris. Lucky for you, your brooding bad boy is a sex guru. After all, if there's anything teenage boys are good at, it's sex.



LESBIAN SEX

EXPECTATION VS REALITY

By Madeline O'Leary
Illustrated by Evie Noad



Disclaimer: This article is based on the personal experience of one individual. In this article, lesbian sex is referred to in the context of being between two AFAB (assigned female at birth) partners. Trans lesbians, we love you too.

Hello there, queer/questioning/closeted Critic reader! You know exactly who you are. Flicking through the pages of the Critic Sex Issue wondering if you'll actually find anything relevant, and finally spotting The L Word (fantastic cultural reference there). Maybe you're reading this alone in your room in halls, drawn in by the queer label and out of sight of any cis-het peers. This might be your first year embracing your gay side despite the scariness that can bring (trust me, I was a fresher in St Margs). If this is you, think of me as an elder gay, cutting through the jungle of sapphic mystique to break it down for you. Is this good advice? Maybe, maybe not. Either way it's probably more useful than your high school sex-ed class.

SCISSORING (TRIBBING)

Scissoring, the ye olde faithful in depictions of lesbian sex. No other topic may be more divisive than this in the world of lady-on-lady loving. On one side of the fence, the scissoring nay-sayers claim it is not real and merely a product of porn. On the other side are its proponents claiming scissoring as a God-tier fucking method. In truth, the answer lies somewhere down the middle. Scissoring falls under the umbrella of 'tribbing', the act of partners rubbing their genitals against different parts of each others' bodies. This could be thighs, knees, torsos, or — in the case of scissoring — another vulva. Think of it like rectangles and squares; not every trib is a scissor, but every scissor is a trib. If you spoke to an elder gay, they'd tell you that scissoring lies somewhat low on the list of tribbing positions. It still has its place — by all means give it a go, but don't feel like a failure if it's not for you. Besides, the thigh is right there.

PORN

This one stings a little. The vast — emphasis on VAST — majority of "lesbian porn" is made solely for men. Whether it's the over-reliance on scissoring, long fingernails, stiletto-licking, or general uninterest from the actresses, it's not hard to tell that sapphics were not in mind in its production. Sadly, the two terms are so inextricably linked online that even Youtube kills any search with "lesbian" in it because of its ties to porn (a fantastic message to send to any closeted queers trying to find solace online, I might add). Keywords like "authentic" and "sapphic" may help yield more favourable results on larger porn sites but, overall, it's depressing as fuck. Highly recommend seeking out smaller, private queer content creators if you can afford it.

SEX TOYS

If there were a lesbian version of the Statue of Liberty, she would hold 'Am I a Lesbian? Master doc - free online pdf' in one hand and a vibrator in the other. The beauty of lesbian sex is that it lies outside conventional heterosexual norms, thereby opening up a world of sexy sapphic possibilities. Sex toys are fun to use on yourself but even more fun to use on each other — just make sure to sanitise them properly. Highly recommend investing in some, shipping is 100% discrete from websites like Adult Toy Mega Store (so discrete I successfully got multiple packages delivered into St Margs). That being said, porn and the heteronormative worldview can sometimes present sex toys, specifically strap-ons, as the one way to have lesbian sex, which is blatantly untrue. Some just can't comprehend sex without imagining a P going in a V. However, strapless strap-ons are good fun, and we're truly in the golden age of couples sex toys. Fantastic sex can be had with or without sex toys, just make it work for you.

SAFE SEX

I'm gonna be real with you: if safe lesbian sex was a test, I'd probably get a B-. What the fuck is a dental dam? And why the hell is it called that? (Guess they couldn't call it the Pussy Gladwrapper 9000). Gay, virginal, teenage me thought dental dams were gonna be a way bigger deal than they actually are — a bit like quicksand or the hole in the ozone layer. Personally, I've never seen nor used one, and have never met anyone else who has either. But that's not to say they're unimportant. A lot of sapphics seem to think that just because our rates of STI transmission are supposedly lower than our straight counterparts, it means all bets are off when it comes to getting down. This is a misconception — STI rates are higher in queer women than straight women. We're less careful, but we also didn't get sex ed. Safe sex practices are important regardless of who you sleep with. Trim those nails, wash those hands, clean and lubricate your sex toys (check out Critic's Safe Vulva Sex guide from Issue 5, 2023 for more). If you have access to a dental dam somehow, fucking use it. The lack of dental dams around likely reflects more on a heteronormative society than a sexually unsafe one. You can even five-minute craft your own with a pair of scissors and a condom. Nothing more erotic and sapphic than DIY, right?

ACTUALLY DOING IT

Surprise surprise, lesbian sex is not what it's like in the movies. I honestly thought that losing my virginity to another woman would be a lot smoother, owing to some divinely intrinsic feminine bond between us. That was not the case. Vulvas can be a bit confronting the first time around; there were vivid flashbacks to my HUBS textbook. Sure, having one of your own helps with understanding the basic layout, but communication is key at the end of the day (nothing can prepare you for your ex-girlfriend being unable to find the clit). Don't be afraid to ask your sexual partner what feels good or what they want you to do to them. The reality is, you're both there for one main reason. Smash your way through the patriarchy, one sapphic orgasm at a time.

Finally, just embrace that sex is always a little gross. Let's be real — fishing out a pubic hair from the back of your throat would be hideous in all other circumstances besides sex, but that's also what makes it so fun. Prepare yourself for some awkward noises, tentative sexual exploration, and dirty talk that sometimes just doesn't land. You can always laugh about it later. Baby sapphics — get out there and go to town, I believe in you. And if it goes poorly, blame Critic, I guess.





THE BEST OF

Moaningful Confessions

It's only appropriate that the sex issue pays homage to everyone's favourite sexscapade column: Moaningful Confessions. The column was born in 2020 out of the ashes of the seedy and often marginal Blind Date column. We've ranked the sauciest, most salacious, tit-lickin', finger-fucking good submissions from Otago's horniest over the years (fine, we just searched the archives and included the ones that sounded the horniest at first glance. They're pretty good, though). This feature is for your pure enjoyment, humble sex-deprived student — and inspiration. If you read this smiling smugly to yourself like a punter viewing abstract art thinking, "I could top that", send it to moaningful@critic.co.nz (please, we beg).

Note: We've edited these for clarity cos some were hard to read without having an aneurysm. You're welcome.

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



#10 FEELIN' FUCKIN NORTY (ISSUE 19, 2023)

So, it's 2019, DnB artist Mr Traumatik is coming to Auckland, how good. The story begins around 10pm at the concert. I had lost all my mates and could feel the party favours kicking in so I was absolutely wildin' in the mosh and clearly sending out a vibe. A man puts his arm around me, he's cute, we immediately click. Mr Traumatik comes on stage with his saucy ass lyrics and apparently that really set the mood. Three songs in, me and the boy are making out. By the fifth song, we had wandered out into the city to find a spot to continue this vibe that was brewing between us. We find an alleyway that seems pretty deserted and get down to business. It's fine, it's fun, it's casual, we finish up and I stand up to leave — and I hear cheering and applause above me. No. It cannot be. Apparently our 'deserted' alleyway was right below an apartment building, and about 15 men were out on their terrace looking down directly at us. Listen, I live to perform, so I stood up, dusted off the knees, and took a bow, then walked away and got in the Uber. Never spoke to that boy again but hope he's thriving. Only regret is missing the rest of the show tbh.

Raunch-level: Your mum walking in on you jerking off to 'Rollin' by Limp Bizkit

#9 CAMPUS WATCH FANFIC (ISSUE 22, 2023)

Before you ask: no, this fantasy never happened nor have I abused Campus services just to see them. I respect their power way too much. But I can dream, and if it were to happen, I think it would go something like this.

It all began on the first Saturday of O-Week. Mind you, this was a few years ago and I've grown up a lot since then. I got to the house party on Clyde. Within 5 minutes of arriving, I had a scrumpy taped to my hand. Luude was blasting from the speakers, and my worries started to fade away. As the night tapered on, I was sobering up. That was, until I was put into a dizzy spin when Campus Watch showed up.

Campus Watch arrived at the flat and said there was a noise complaint, so everyone had to go. Tommy, one of the Campus Watch men, came up to me and laughed. "Need a hand getting that tape off you?" I must've blushed so hard, responding, "Yes, please." After grabbing my hand and gently removing the tape, I looked around and everyone else had left the party. Before I could even ask, Tommy read my mind. "Do you need a ride home?"

I'm not sure if this was me reading into a situation that wasn't there, but for some reason his Campus Watch partner had to go back to the office so it was just me and him. As we got to my flat, he parked the car. We sat in silence before I got the nerve to invite him in, and he accepted. My heart pounded as we headed to my room. Tommy's gentle touch glided down my waist as he closed the door behind me. "How about we get your wrists taped again, this time to your bed," he whispered. I nodded as I felt myself getting more wet.

The red lights of my room reflected off his high vis jacket as I threw it on to the floor. His firm hands grabbed my

#8 A COCKTOWER CONFESSION (ISSUE 4, 2022)

Once upon a time, in a place not too far away, your girl did something a lil' bit nasty on University grounds. I had been going to some Uni events which I shall not name for the sake of protecting my identity and, well, my ego. While I was at this event, I met a pretty cute boy whom I shall call [redacted].

I had noticed him from afar but didn't venture off to have a chat since I was feeling quite shy. He seemed way out of my league. But we ended up talking. After a couple of weeks of continuous flirting, we had a big BYO. During this BYO, I may have gotten a bit silly and started to feel that dutch courage working its magic. On the walk home, the boy and I started chatting and man, the way he looked at me gave me those good ol' fanny flutters.

Fast forward to the kick-ons, and I was even more drunk and doing a lot of seductive dancing around him. I'm no Shakira but I'm not your drunk dad at a BBQ, either. This is when it started to get good. He grabbed me and took me into the bathroom at this flat and we started passionately making out, he grabbed my ass and put me on top of the sink pressing himself closer. I hopped off the sink and proceeded to rip my favourite pair of jeans so badly that my bum was sticking out. This only fuelled the fire.

I gave him head, both of us so turned on that we realised

wrists and taped me to the bed as he slowly ate me out. I was shaking, about to finish when he stopped, looked up and said, "I'm here to ensure that student behaviour is at a reasonable level, and it seems you're about to be out of control".

He stood up and got undressed, looming over me. To say the least, he was built like the fucking Clocktower. Or should I say, cocktower? Hard, sturdy, and wanting to be punished. "But wait —" I gasped for breath, "can you keep the boots on?"

Tommy entered me slowly with the care only Campus Watch could provide. I felt as if I could ascend into another dimension. Everything in my body felt right, as if I was melting into the sheets. He knew exactly what to do and within a few minutes I had finished multiple times. But he wasn't stopping.

He put my legs up behind my head, and placed his standard issue boot next to my head. I knew I was about to cum again. I whimpered, knowing this was the last one I could handle, and Tommy knew as well. He winked at me before saying, "You know, we're always here to help," before we finished at the same time in complete ecstasy.

He untaped me for the second time that night, and then helped with post-sex care. After cuddles and cleaning up, he said he needed to get back to work. "Just know I'm here 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. If you ever want me again, just call," he said through a smile and left. He may have broken up the party, but I'm so glad he blew out my back.

Raunch-level: Giving your neighbours a strip tease through the window as the neighbour that's always naked

we needed to leave this bathroom. We sheepishly and conspicuously left the flat party, him with a boner on and me with my bum out, like God intended. The trek to my flat included a walk through campus so we decided to make the most of it. We walked through the archway towards the Quad lecture buildings and he pulled me down these dodgy dark stairs that led only to a concrete wall.

Not a bad spot, so I turned around and he slipped it in. Pretty proud of this, we carried on, but there was this giant, tall building, all lit up, that caught our eye. It was a building that would make a great backdrop for, say, grad photos. You know the one. It was the Clocktower. We excitedly walked over and I assumed my position. Pressed against the entrance to the clocktower building I admired the scenery of campus while he thrust it in and out. Finished, we made ourselves as presentable as possible (with my ass hanging out) and continued the walk home.

Now, if nothing else, I'll bet you anything that this story will make your future grad photos hit different. There's like a 99% chance that you're gonna take your grad shots in the same place I stood while I took his cumshots. And I hope that cursed knowledge sticks with you forever.

Raunch-level: Getting a hand-job in the back of a lecture theatre

#7 SHARK TALE (ISSUE 26, 2023)

As an avid Moaningful Confessions reader, I have been recently disappointed with the lack of jaw-dropping, juicy stories; so, against my better judgement, I have sacrificed the last shred of my dignity to provide the worst, most entertaining of sex stories.

To set the scene, I had just turned 19 while he was in his mid-20s (and still living with his parents, might I add). We had been coworkers for a while before I came down to university. Before that, we had somewhat broken things off because I was too "immature" for him, which I will admit broke my fragile heart. So when he came running back to me, I wasn't really taking whatever we had seriously. While at university, he would message me and tell me how much he missed me (and all that gross romantic shit), saying he hoped I wasn't seeing anyone else because we were together (ummmm.... Excuse me, what? I was not aware of this arrangement) — so I stopped talking to him.

It was the holidays and I was home for the summer, and after not talking to him for months, he decided to slide into my DMs asking for the ol' classic 'Netflix and chill'. To no one's surprise, before I knew it I was in my car driving out to his house. Apparently I ignore all walking red flags.

We shared a bit of small talk before getting right down to business. I was horny, had failed to pull anyone else all year because I have zero rizz. Basically, I was long overdue for some action. He put on his 'sex playlist' which consisted of Daft Punk, Weezer, and Arctic Monkeys. Now, I'm not stupid. I did pay attention in sex ed (mostly) and made sure he was wrapped up. The bedroom rodeo was getting hot and heavy as I rode him cowgirl style, before everything came to a screeching (literally and figuratively) halt when he said, "Stop, it feels weird." I hopped off his high horse (pun very much intended, hehe).

The condom was NOWHERE to be found, that shit had disappeared to Narnia, vanished like when dads go to get some milk, evaporated into thin air. There was only one explanation: it had to be still inside me. So I use my trusty fingers to go fishing, but no luck. Well. We couldn't just leave it up there, so this man takes a turn at trying to fish the missing condom out, and succeeds (thank god)! He then proceeds to say, and I quote, "Damn, your pussy is like a shark... nom, nom, nom."

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK WAS HE THINKING?!?!?! And before I have even a moment to process the tomfoolery

that just escaped his mouth, he starts singing the well-known and universally hated song known as 'Baby Shark'. So there I was, lying butt-naked on this man's bed after having the sex scare of a lifetime, just having a loose condom fished out of my womanhood, and he's singing "Baby Shark do-do-do-do-do, Baby Shark do-do-do-do-do, Baby Shark do-do-do-do-do, BABY SHARK!"

My mind was blown (and not in the way I'd hoped). Needless to say, after that we decided to just go out for some food. But this is not where the story ends... no, you have been mistaken. This is where the story gets worse. We decided to go to this beachside bar. It's sunset, we ordered our food (he paid, how chivalrous) and found a nice seat to sit down and chat.

And I know what you're probably thinking: why didn't I run off while I still had some dignity intact (I don't have any dignity left obviously because I'm recounting my awful sex life to a widely read university magazine... duh)? Essentially, I'm completely delulu and enjoy torturing myself by willingly ignoring red flags because I think "I can fix him."

Anyway, while we're waiting for our food, he takes my hands in his and looks me deep in my eyes. He starts to get all gushy and romantic about how I'm the only one he has felt comfortable with, blah blah blah... "If things were different, you would be my fiancé right now, I love you."

What. The. Fuck. I have just turned 19, I am a university student, I am just starting out my life and he thinks I'm going to pause all that for HIM. This is coming from a man who has already lived his teen years, and just sang Baby Shark to me. I politely (and VERY awkwardly) explain that I thought we were just a 'friends with benefits' situation, which, needless to say, he was very upset about. I drop him back at his parents' house, and upon arriving back home, I proceed to block him on everything and I haven't spoken a word to him since (yes, I know it's toxic, but what else was I supposed to do?!?!).

Moral of the story: Do NOT get involved with walking red flags, and stay toxic. And I will never listen to Baby Shark the same way again.

Raunch-level: Having a quickie with someone else sleeping in the room



#6 UNFUCKING MY BRAIN: ONE MONTH WITHOUT PORN (ISSUE 9, 2020)

Porn has undeniably screwed with my brain. There is no questioning that. It has changed how I think about and approach sex. It continues to burn holes through my dopamine receptors. It's changed how I think about both women and men. I'm in my twenties, and looking at how I consume porn now makes me scared of how bored I'll be of everything when I'm thirty.

I had always planned to cut out porn once I was in a relationship and had a sexual outlet, but it seemed like waiting that long could be dangerous. So I decided it was time to unfuck my brain. If those anti-porn stickers around town and those r/nofap dudes on Reddit are right, every e-girl I beat my meat to was causing long term damage to my brain.

It may seem ridiculous that it would be hard to masturbate without porn, but an overwhelming amount of men grew up watching this shit every single time we need a nut. I have no problem masturbating without porn if I'm already horny as hell, but to remove it completely is a whole other challenge. Listen, I don't like that it's a challenge. It shouldn't be a challenge. But my horny teenage self has wrecked my brain, so no more porn for me. Follow me on my journey, Critic.

Week One - Masturbation and Observation

It didn't take long before I noticed how my body was reacting to the detox. On the first day I realised that without porn as an option I didn't really feel like masturbating. On the second day I'd adjust the ol' foreskin and then consider breaking the prohibition. One measly tiddy couldn't hurt. I resisted.

#5 HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF (ISSUE 2, 2022)

So this one's a bit of a doozy. I was coming out of a long relationship and looking to get back out there. I had this sort of mutual friend, and I could tell for a while that there were some definite vibes kicking off between us. One night on the couch I was squatting we got down to it.

I'm not a fan of being a squatter, and those days of being homeless ended pretty soon after. But I kept things going with this girl, partly because I was enjoying the rebound, and partly because she had a great vape plus a bedroom and shower. I was going through my own things, she was going through her own things, it was all very mutual and we understood what we had wasn't anything serious.

Which is a good thing, because some weird stuff started happening pretty quickly. The first incident happened about a week into the fling: we were laying in bed and, with no provocation, she got up, walked to the bathroom, and shaved half her head into an undercut. No real concern from me, I thought it looked good enough, and it was her hair, anyway. It was just weird that she got up, shaved, and came back without saying a word. So that was strange.

The other thing I noticed was the wolves. This girl's bed was a sort of bunk-bed setup, it had a sort of roof over it and walls, which was cool. But the entire inside of it was covered with pictures of wolves. Again, no worries from

On the third day I broke. My body was crying out for a quick lil cum, and so I obliged it. About one minute into choking my chicken I realised I was bored. Sure, it felt pretty okay on an objective level, but I wasn't getting any sexual satisfaction out of it. I ended up spelunking into the wank bank and bringing dishonour upon my soul.

I didn't see this as a step back. To quote the great Lil Wayne: "It's like when I cum, I come to my senses." Post-nut clarity offered me a realisation; I have to fulfil my bodily needs. Testosterone research has shown that dudes are in peak performance if they nut once a week, and your body knows this too. My body had become used to going no more than two days without a squirt of the old love goop.

I could have gone the no-fap route, but during previous attempts I just found it made me feel irritable and had me acting like a bit of a cunt. Not to mention it's mostly just pseudo science. If I was going to succeed in purging my brain I needed to micromanage my ejaculations. There had to be a sweet spot where I was horny enough to jack off without porn, but not so horny that I became a lustful lion tearing apart the fresh carcass of the online sexual gratification wildebeest.

Near the end of the week I awoke from a dream where I was watching porn. It wasn't even a sexy dream, I sadly never get those. This dream was just me watching porn on my phone. I started to wonder how addicted to internet coochie I had become.

Raunch-level: Licking an old \$1 coin while thinking of pierced nipples

me, wolves are cool and all, it was just a lot of wolves. I didn't notice them at first, but after a little while, they were hard to ignore. It just made the already confusing situation even more confusing.

But finally, the strangest thing of all came about two weeks in. We were in the wolf den, going at it, as you do, when she locked eyes with me and asked me a question I'll never forget: "Do you like pretzels?"

I mean, what? I was stunned. I actually stopped in my tracks. What the fuck? Sure, I guess? Before I knew what to say, she had grabbed both her ankles and pulled her feet up by her head, transforming herself, I guess, into a sort of pretzel. I did not know what to make of this. I think I said, "Uhh, yeah, I do", and just kept going. But that question has been seared into my mind, and even now, a year later, I cannot see someone grab their ankle without thinking of Pretzel Girl.

The rest of the affair went by with a similar sense of surrealism. I don't know when it ended, how it ended, or why it ended, but I do know that my concept of what can and can't be a pretzel is forever changed. Not in a bad way, mind you, just in a "I can't eat pretzels without thinking of wolves and sex" kinda way.

I have a home now, and my own bedroom, which is not decorated with wolves. I have not heard from Pretzel Girl since we last spoke, and I can't help but wonder what she's up to. I hope she's moved past whatever she had going on, and I hope that whoever she ended up with

#4 ACCIDENTAL ISOLATION PARTNER (2020)

Monday 23 March, 2020. Doomsday. When the news hit about a nationwide lockdown, there was panic in my flat. So much so that it rubbed off on me. My flatmates were making plans to move home, but with flights booked out and my dad immunocompromised, I knew it wouldn't be that easy for me. I was left with a choice. I could stay at my Dunedin flat by myself, or I could find someone to quarantine with, immediately.

Now, four weeks alone is no joke for a horny extrovert like me. I spent six weeks alone in the flat over summer school, and even without the quarantine, I went a bit crazy. Like, writing poems at 4am and getting drunk and sad alone crazy. I craved social contact like nothing, and took long hot showers to feel some form of intimacy. My dry spell was so prolonged it felt like my vagina had inverted, and I got so desperate I broke it with a random second year breatha from Castle St. Now a lockdown looming, when my sometimes dick appointment asked me to go over before quarantine, I said yes.

First, some background. I'd seen this guy around in Flo and O-Week. He was a friend of a friend's, but we didn't hook up until two weeks before the pandemic. He came over maybe once more the week after, and we spent the weekend at St Clair. A nice enough guy, but maybe not boyfriend material (sorry). Still, the promise of getting away from my stressful flat, maybe out of Dunedin for the quarantine, was appealing. His family owned a house in Cromwell, and he was due to take some time off work. You bet I packed my shit and gassed it out of there.

That was my first mistake: I didn't factor in that I would have to meet his family, and deal with all the subtext that comes with that. I spent the evening getting to know his dad and brother, and when his sister arrived the next morning, I overheard her asking if I was the new girlfriend. Fuck. I needed a contingency plan. My flatmates were still at home so I decided to hold off a bit. Maybe he wouldn't get time off work and I could wait until my flatmates left the house to go back. This idea was pretty reassuring, so I settled down to do some work and wait it out.

Not even a full day later, he came back with the news that he was sent home sick. My heart lurched: did I just walk into a coronavirus case? He started packing. We were going to Cromwell.

Now, I'll admit, it's nice here. The house is right in front of Lake Dunstan, and there's ducks that come around for a feed of bread. His sister is cool, and we all get along pretty well. So what's my problem?

The problem is that I now know way too much about this guy. Like way more than anyone should know about a dick

can match the absurdly chaotic – but ultimately quite endearing – vibes that she gave off.

Raunch-level: Accidentally playing near-cancellable porn over the UE boom.

appointment. I know all about his ex-girlfriend. I know about his childhood, his interests, his hobbies, his music taste. I know about his father, his grandfather, his extended family. I know which movies he's into, and that he snores in his sleep. There's nowhere to go: we sleep in the same bed, eat together, drink together, and even shower together.

It's getting increasingly domestic. In the mornings when I try to get up, he plays a game where he won't let go of me because he wants more cuddles. He gives me forehead kisses for no reason. He holds my hand when we go out for walks. He makes me coffee in the mornings. We did a facemask together. The other day he referred to himself as my "man". That's not to say I'm not being domestic too — I'm a slut for human contact after all. Everytime we watch a movie I find myself insisting on a cuddle. Everytime he goes out for a cigarette I sit on his lap. Sometimes I find myself thinking what would happen if we did end up in a relationship. And then I remember that I emphatically don't want one, and I'm kind of in love with a girl from Auckland. My commitment phobia is off the charts, but it's currently struggling with a tinge of Stockholm syndrome, which is probably the case for him too.

I don't have a means of transport other than the car we drove here. I'm left with the dawning realisation that I've literally trapped myself into a four week relationship with some guy I've known for two weeks.

On top of that, since it's not my house and not my family, I feel constantly on edge. I've been stressed 24/7, having weird nightmares, and a weak appetite. I've discovered a newfound fear of lakes, and I'm quickly running out of green tobacco to relax. I'm bad at confrontation, and I probably have to tell this guy I don't want a boyfriend soon.

It's day five, and I've moved into the garage to do work. It's the only place I can't hear his music that he plays on repeat. If you're reading this and you've moved in with an intimate other, you'll know an unplanned quarantine with someone is a crash course on all the little things that annoy you about the other person. Now imagine that, with someone you barely know, and have nothing in common with other than the bacteria that live in both your mouths. Yeah. To be fair this was a bad idea from the start, and it's my fault. Probably should have listened to my brain instead of my pussy.

TL;DR: Don't quarantine yourself with a dick appointment. It will shave ten years off your life from stress and you will owe them and their whole family a long term relationship.

Raunch-level: Telling people that the guy you've obviously got with is your cousin, just to get a reaction

#3 HOW I CAUGHT AN S-T-DADDY (ISSUE 3, 2022)

After spending 4 months in one of New Zealand's shittiest small towns, sleeping in a single bed, and spending all my time with my parents and the one friend I still talk to from high school, I was horny and ready to get back out into Dunedin.

It was my first night back and I was alone in my flat. "Perfect," I thought, "time to look for company". Tinder was giving me nothing and it wasn't until I turned the age limit off that things got interesting. Scrolling through an array of silver foxes, I came across a very sexy man, we matched and he agreed to come over in an hour. Now, I know what they say about stranger danger and I would usually agree, but this man was old enough to be my father so I figured it would be fine (plus I was just that fucking horny).

He arrived and, not gonna lie, things started awkward. I can only liken it to when you go over to your friend's house and their dad answers the door. Because of this we didn't spend long on the formalities and we headed upstairs to get down to business. I've heard people say that with age comes experience and boy are they right! Never in my life have I felt the way he made me feel. Our man came from an era before digital porn made boys get self-conscious in bed, or overly dramatic. A bygone age of good old fashioned chivalry. Not only could this man find the clit, he actually knew what to do with it. I'm talking many, many

orgasms. Not gonna lie, towards the end I was pretty tired. But a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do and when he left I slept the best I had in years.

Fast forward three days. My vagina has barely recovered but I had at last regained feeling in my legs and was able to walk again. This was lucky because my new flatmate "Kate" was moving in that day. Now, Kate is from Dunedin but had been away fruit picking in Cromwell and had just returned. Once Kate arrived at the flat we sat and chatted for a good hour and she was so excited to hear of my sexcapades from the previous few days ago. The future of our Dunedin sex lives was looking good! I helped her move in, and all was well until Kate's dad arrived to drop off her bed.

It was the car I recognised first. As soon as I saw who got out of it I knew I was in trouble. I was suddenly face to face with the man who had rearranged my guts three days ago, who turned out to be none other than Kate's dad!!!! This led to one of the most awkward encounters of my life which I don't wish to recount.

Moral of the story: Dunedin students, specifically those aged 18-22, please just get good at sex so I don't have to fuck anymore of my flatmate's dads. And Kate, just know that your mum is a lucky gal.

Raunch-level: Cruising at Marsh Study Centre

#2 NOT INTO THAT SHIT (ISSUE 1, 2022)

I believe I have had the shittiest attempt at a hookup ever.

To set the scene: I'd just freshly moved out of my mum's house into my first flat. My flatmates are both out so I decide fuck it, time to hop on Grindr, what's the worst that could happen? So I message this guy and he seems sweet, if a bit awkward. He Ubers over, I'm dressed up all cute, ready for a mediocre, awkward teenage hookup. I open the door and there he is standing at the very bottom of the steps. As I smile and say hello he looks up at me with pure horror in his eyes and mutters, "There's been a terrible accident." I look down and see...

He's shat himself. Like properly shat himself. I'm not talking about a log rolled out of his trousers or a simple shart, no, our man has liquid shit streaming down his leg and pooling around his feet. I'm talking a monumental amount of shit. I wish I could say I shut the door. But there's a man dripping in doo-doo standing in front of me! What the fuck am I meant to do? So I say, "Uh... do you want a towel?" (the first of many mistakes). I give him one and he starts stripping naked on my doorstep where my lucky neighbours have full view of this literally shit situation.

"Can I use your shower?" asks the scat-covered boy now standing naked in front of me. I say yes (mistake number 2) and he hops into my flat because he only has one faeces-free foot. Also just to clarify, this was not a douching mishap on his behalf, I'm the one bottoming. To this day I don't know why he shat himself. He gets in the shower and I grab the dish brush to try scrub the crap congealing on my doorstep.

He gets out of the shower and I give him some of my clothing. I'm now down two towels, two washcloths, a

dish brush, a whole outfit, and my dignity. "Do you have a washing machine?" I should've said no. Why didn't I say no!? I tell him if he stands at the BOTTOM of my driveway and hoses his poeey pants off he can use my washing machine (WHY???). This genius stands at the TOP of my driveway so shit cascades down my driveway like a poo tsunami while I watch in horror at his attempts to make it all some weird joke about "getting wet tonight".

He puts his clothes in the machine and I suddenly realise I'm stuck with him for a whole wash cycle. I say, "I'll make a cup of tea". When someone says "I'll make a cup of tea" that means a tragedy has occurred, right? I make this man his cup of tea and we sit down on my couch. He is WAY too close. This boy puts his hand on my thigh and wiggles his eyebrows at me. The AUDACITY. You just shit yourself in front of me and you still think I'm going to fuck you? I pluck his hand off my thigh and say "not today buddy."

He moves to the other end of the couch, sighs forlornly, and, no joke, tells me "My dad died a year ago today."

I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO THAT! I have just been comforting you after YOU shat yourself on MY doorstep! I can't also comfort you about your dead dad! What should I say? Is that why you shat yourself? This is a nightmare. Instead of comforting words of wisdom I put on a video and proceed to stay as far away from him on the couch as physically possible. You know that look boys do when they want to kiss you and they kinda look like a dead fish? He keeps doing that over the course of this painful 2 hour wash cycle while slowly inching closer and closer to me on the couch.

After a punishingly long wait, I hand this boy his now

poo-free clothing and tell him to just keep my clothes. As he opens his bag inside it I see:

1. A whip (not shaming, just surprised)
2. A ziplock bag bulging with at least 30-40 condoms (who needs that many?)
3. A huge buttplug. Like. HUGE.

Why the FUCK couldn't he have been wearing the buttplug? That would've prevented this whole thing! He

#1 NOT BEGGING FOR MOA (ISSUE 11, 2023)

Music has the ability to bring people together. So do taxidermied moa. And blowjob. As it turns out, all of the above can also tear people apart and sow weeks of exasperated sighs into your everyday life. Let me explain:

It was midnight on a Friday. I was "ethically" non-monogamous, AKA single and sending the same snaps to my current top 5 Tinder matches. "Caleb" was one of them, though slightly lower in the ranks. He was attractive and we had good chemistry, but he was a musician and had the ego that comes with it. I can't name the band, but they're very popular in their niche genre here and have international acclaim. I hadn't heard of them, and didn't really give a shit either way. I told Caleb, the frontman, that I gave them a listen but had to skip through the boring parts. He seemed into it.

We had no real plans to hook up as he lived up North and was always on tour. And then he snapped me: "I'm playing a private gig in your town. It's at this random rich lady's house and she's hosting us after. U should come thru." I replied: "Can't. Work tomorrow." But then he hit me with the: "She's got a really nice house. Some kind of collector. It's like a museum in here. There's a moa."

"Wtf fr?" I say. "It'll be like a \$50 Uber tho so mb ceebs. Send proof of moa" Caleb replied with a selfie of him in front of a wholeass taxidermied moa. It was well over 5 ft tall and displayed in a glass cabinet. In the background I could see rows upon rows of curated glass display cabinets. I was immediately soaking wet. To top it off, he sent me \$50 for the Uber. I had a moment where I thought to myself, "Am I really gonna ho myself out for \$50 and a moa?" And then I got in the Uber.

He was staying in the guest wing of this lady's house – some kind of rich super-fan – and sure enough, there was a moa. I took a moment to stare into its glass eyes and take in every detail. It was beautiful. I could get up close and breathe all over the glass and no one could stop me. I took a shitload of pics. It was so magnificent that I almost forgot I was horny. Almost.

Caleb takes me to the bedroom, and I have to stop thinking about massive chooks and start thinking about regular-sized cocks. We chat, make out, he goes down on me, and I go to return the favour and... he cums almost immediately. It took me by surprise a little, but I suck it up (literally, sorry) and tell him that it's all good. Caleb seemed relieved, but a bit defensive. "Oh, it's probably because I haven't smoked weed in ages," he said. Aight, dude.

After a bit more small talk, he seems ready to go again. I blow him to get started, but don't bust out the power moves. I ask him to go down on me, and he does, but he

looks at me, wiggling his eyebrows again and I feel my bone marrow dry out and my dick wither and die. At last I get him out the door. I had almost blocked out the whole experience until I later hear my flatmate say, "Hey, where's our dishbrush gone?"

And that, in my opinion, is the shittiest hookup ever.

Raunch-level: Suspended from the Clocktower via an anal hook

seems to think he's way more skilled than he is. Doing all that overly-complicated tongue stuff, button-mashing like he's playing Street Fighter. I get a bit sick of it, and coyly tell him I want him to fuck me. He puts the condom on, shoves my legs back behind my head, we finally get to it. He lasts for eight strokes, max. Again, he blames it on weed. I joke that I just have god-tier pussy and I'm flattered if anything. He goes on about all the drugs he's tried. Cool, bro.

This played out several more times throughout the night. Each time he got more and more defensive, and each time I got a little less sympathetic. He'd bust early, and then almost immediately feel the need to talk about all the strippers he fucks, or the groupies he had an LSD orgy with in Amsterdam, or how he fucked this one girl that could do this or that — the entire time I'm just lying there, cleaning cum off of wherever, occasionally saying "Oh, okay, cool" or "Damn, that's crazy!"

I silently finished myself off a few times (he made no offer), but the scoreboard for the night was him at about 5 orgasms and me at 3. I was there until about 4am, and we had maybe 10 minutes of intercourse over several occasions. The chemistry we had to begin with completely evaporated, as we both got bored and frustrated. I left, but not as soon as I should've.

The only thing about having a bad sex story with a semi-public figure is that it's really easy to find pictures of him. Which my flatmates did. In abundance. They printed out hundreds of tiny photos of Caleb and hid them around the flat. For the next month I'd find them stuck to the microwave, in the cutlery drawer, on the back of the TV – and every time, without fail, I would be disappointed all over again. He kept trying to hit me up for a while, too, but I'd tell him to bring me a moa or fuck off.

Raunch-level: Getting a hard-on during a class trip to the museum





weekly specials

SOMETHING TO LISTEN TO



Spotify Intimate Mix

Are you mentally prepared to hear the worst playlist Spotify can curate? Well Spotify's 'Intimate Mix' is arguably the worst sex playlist of all fucking time. There's like a bajillion other godawful, downright terrible mixes if 'Intimate Mix' isn't your forte, such as 'Pirate Mix' or 'Angry Driving Mix'. And here I was thinking that Spotify limited their shitty features to free users as a way to make them buy premium and get away from the stupid shit.

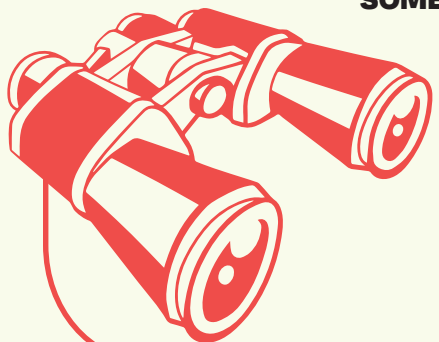
SOMETHING TO GO TO



A BYO

It's getting to the stressful hump of the semester. Assignments are piling up, and mid-sem being called a "break" is laughable. Treat yourself and your friends to a BYO the night after a hand-in for some booze-induced stress relief. Bring a coin, and sneak it into your most chronically busy friend's drink as many times as possible (the rule being that they then have to down said drink).

SOMETHING TO WATCH



5 Broken Cameras

5 Broken Cameras is a documentary film from the perspective of Emad, a Palestinian man who captured first-hand the protests in Bil'in – a West Bank village that struggled against Israeli settlements encroaching on their land from 2005. The film's title comes from the destruction of his cameras as he films arrests, injuries, and the death of friends and family in their protest. It's a raw watch, and an insight into Palestine's long-standing violence, told from the perspective of those being occupied.

SOMETHING TO SUPPORT



The Hemingway study method (Critic edish)

For the BA guys and gurlies out there (and any other essay-based degree), I urge you to try the Hemingway study method the next time you need to pump out an essay. It's the night before it's due, you've spent the day agonising over a blank page, and the panic is setting in. Break through the writer's block by uncorking a bottle of red, blasting some tunes, and parking up in the lounge. You'll be amazed at how much easier the words will flow – even better if it's with pen and paper. Get a little crazy with it. Just make sure to edit the word vomit the next day, but you can't make pots without clay.

SOMETHING TO READ



Your course readings

When the going gets tough, the tough get going, or whatever the saying is. But the going perhaps would be less tough if you did your readings. It's like ten minutes of reading (assuming you aren't a med student doing full textbooks in a week), so put TikTok down and just do them. Bonus points if it's a tutorial reading: it makes it look, to your tutor, like you care, and they have to deal with a room full of people who are too scared to answer questions despite having been fed the answers for several hours a week.

SOMETHING TO CANCEL



Swiping through Tinder just to find your ex

We've all done it. We all know it's bad, but we've done it anyway – even if it wasn't intentional. If you're swiping through Tinder while still living in the same city as your ex, you can't help but feel the thrill of each swipe as it brings you closer to the inevitable profile of your formerly beloved, like those little rats in psychology experiments endlessly pushing buttons just in case they get a treat. But seriously, quit it. It's not good for you bby.

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By Jordan Irvine

GIVE UP

Give Up is the newest Ōtepoti shit-head post-punk band. They came to prominence last year after making the Bring the Noise finals, which was only their second gig. Now, after opening for Beet-wix and snagging a pint night slot, they're rolling with the motion of the ocean and are keen to get their name out more. Critic Te Arohi caught up with the band at a house party to discuss origins, influences, and future projects.

The band is composed of lead vocalist and bass player Niki (she/they/he), guitarist and vocalist Arlo (he/him), drummer Hayward (they/them), and guitarist Jacob (he/him). They started off as a Beastie Boys cover band (disputed by Hayward who claims to have never heard the band), but that fell through once the band realised they couldn't rap. Instead, they decided to be a Talking Heads cover band but Niki says that they "didn't have enough 'White boi funk'". The Slint cover band fell apart once they realised they couldn't play their instruments all too well. Now, Niki says they're "just fucking around."

Apart from the other bands mentioned, Give Up is influenced by Black Country, New Road, Mozart, The Clean, and Devo. "A lot of the Dunedin bands currently influence us," says Jacob. "Höhā, Mandate, Night Lunch, etc." Hayward adds, "We can do this but not as good." Asking if they had been influenced by the Dunedin Sound, Niki says, "We like to think we are better than the Dunedin Sound," with Arlo commenting, "Don't put that in there." Hayward helpfully adds, "I actually hadn't heard of Dunedin." Niki says they hadn't heard music at all and had to go off of written descriptions.

Their first gig was Bring the Noise last year where the band made themselves set a deadline; after having considered performing for a while, having to now perform to competition standards meant they had to sit down and finish writing the songs. "We didn't expect to get to the finals, so we didn't have enough songs," says Hayward. "We had to write more, which is a bit of a pain." They played their first proper gig at Inch Bar with Beet-wix, noting, "We appreciate Lucy so much for doing that."

Give Up have started to record a demo at their home that they share and plan to release it later in the year. "We saw how expensive studios were and thought, \$1000 to record a song? We could do that way cheaper and buy \$5000 worth of equipment," says Niki. "We will get an EP out by the end of the year." Arlo comments, "This is the first we are hearing of it." Their first gig was prompted by a deadline, so they announced that the EP will come out October 30 2024, with a Halloween gig the day after.

Give Up will be performing at Pint Night on April 10 at U-Bar and opening for Vagina Dry at Inch Bar on April 13. To keep up with these gigs and future releases, you can follow them @giveup.band on Instagram.



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Hey ChatGOTH,

There's an epidemic of straight people walking slow. As a goth, how do you deal with that?

Sincerely,

Fast and Curious

Hi Fast and Curious,

Confession: I'm a queer slow walker. Yes, we exist. It depends on the breed of goth, but most are quite lethargic creatures. I amble. I skulk. I passively drag my body from place to place, often while wearing a cape and hoping for a light breeze to carry me along. High enough platform boots can make me a fast-ish walker though, because they significantly increase the length of my strides. They also increase my deep dark urge-slash-fear of crushing passing small dogs underfoot, however, so I tend to move slowly. I'm far, far too goth to run, ever.

And yet I fucking hate slow walkers. It's always when I'm late for something and actually have to move quickly. I was once running late to a piercing appointment

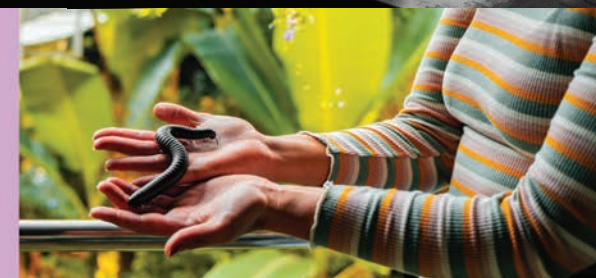
and took a Neuron for the second time in my life (it's still only been twice) and tore down George Street, trying to avoid the slow walkers clogging up the entire pavement, and so resorted to just yelling out, "ADULT GOTH ON A NEURON COMING THROUGH. MOVE IT, ADULT GOTH ALERT!"

It is quite effective. I do recommend. If only Neurons were less fugly and I were coordinated enough to use them more. If Neurons and screaming are in your wheelhouse, I implore you to try this and get back to me.

Live fast, die a little bit every day.

Sincerely, **ChatGOTH**

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HOW TO BREATHA-IFY YOUR ROOM

BY SAM SOPPET

As a former "dumb fresher fuck", you've just moved into the big wide world. By that, we mean out of a hall, into a beat-as-fuck six-bedroom flat somewhere on Leith, Castle, Dundas or one of the other streets that almost guarantees you are never seeing your bond again. Your room looks awfully empty, or just generally too nice to be in the party area of campus, so what do you do? Critic has curated the top 10 classiest and most on-brand things to do to spice up the space!

1. Beer crates as shelves: Pretty swanky, aye. Sure, a full crate is around the \$50 mark, but you were gonna sink that piss anyway so really, it's a free crate! Breatha math.

2. Navy blue sheets (if any at all): All the rage in high school and halls, and you're feeling a little nostalgic for being looked after like Mummy's little boy. A true breatha set of sheets will have a faint mildew musk odour, and — if they're not balled up at the bottom of the bed — will require effort to peel off the mattress when it's time for their annual wash (or you've pissed the bed). The best part? The beezy or breatha spending the night with you won't care, cos chances are they have the same sheets.

3. Keep those curtains closed: Becoming a full-fledged breatha turns you into a sort of vampire as you cower from the sun — not because it'll burn you, but because you are in constant hangover limbo. Too much light and your head will explode; too little and you'll stub your toe on your bedframe of pallets that you plan on turning into a funeral pyre to your BCOM degree that's withering from neglect.

4. Clean and dirty corners: If you have an unrealised semi-pro basketball career dream, this is for you! Practice your shooting just before you flop onto your navy sheets with this nice little number: the clean and dirty corner! Just ball up your shit at the end of another hard day lurking in your cave, and hoop like you are prime Jordan or Jokic — or whoever, I don't give a fuck about basketball (unless its the Nuggets).

5. The Wall Home (cheap storage solution): I mean, this one seems obvious. Hole in wall; put stuff in hole in wall; hole in wall now built-in shelf. Disclaimer: Critic Te Ārohi doesn't condone property damage but, like, if there happens to be one there send us a snap.

6. Booze Box Wall: God-motherfucking-damn. You act like a trophy hunter, but my sweet brother in Christ, a box of Cody's and a 16-pointer stag are two different things. Don't display them the same way (or do, I'm not your mother) but if you are, do it properly: wallpaper your wall with boxes. Be consistent. Does consistency in this situation mean alcoholism? Maybe. But that's a different box of beers.

7. A box, half-finished: Bonus points here if you don't know how you acquired it. Though let's be real, you stole that box. You took it away from someone who was actually going to finish it. But hey, it happens, we all make mistakes — like the stupid idiot who left that box unattended in the presence of you, the Apex Breatha.

8. No bed frame: Either your mattress is bare-ass raw-dogging it on the floor, or you stole some pallets from out the back of a Countdown and stacked them and now you have a sort of bedframe, you fucked cunt.

9. Home-made bong: Arts and crafts! Very cool, but also you used it once, found out about microplastics, and then promptly stopped using it. That's probably better for you than the can-bong you used in first-year, though.

10. Dispo drawer: A monument to your nic addiction. An altar. A mausoleum, if you will. A picture of this drawer would probably make your mum cry, but that's a her problem. The whole lung issue though? That's on you lol, and your rattling lungs will tell on you on your next wholesome family tramping trip.



SHOULD YOU WATCH PORN?

TW: SA, MENTIONS OF ABUSE

FOR

You have an internet connection, an incognito tab, and 10 minutes (8? 5? 2?) on your hands. Put aside the guilt your Catholic primary school instilled in you, and remember to disconnect from your flat's Bluetooth speaker.

Modern society doesn't love to chat about sex — beyond your mate who makes a suspicious number of piss kink jokes — but porn helps shed some light on what happens in the dark. There's a whole world of queer sex online that lots of young people don't understand until they see it. It's also an opportunity to explore what gets you going and to feel less alone about your kinks, from the safety of your own twin bed! Porn can even help you upskill, and expand your repertoire beyond missionary — put that on your CV.

Sure, there is some marginal (sometimes bordering on criminal) content out there. But you can at least try to find the good stuff — turn off Pornhub and check out individual creators on platforms like OnlyFans, or indie sites like AORTA films. Just be prepared to cough up the odd fee (a small price to pay for some fair-trade bean-flicking). And to address the elephant in the bedroom — porn is pretty sweet! Uni students talk about sex way more than they actually have it, but a quick climax goes a long way in brightening your day. So while giving up porn entirely isn't necessary, surely you give up the stuff that promotes rape culture and funds the exploitation of literal assault (touch wood).

AGAINST

You have jizz in your sock, and blood on your hands. Maybe you wash your hands once it's over (pls) but as all women know, blood stains linger.

The porn industry is run by men, for the male gaze. Even lesbian porn is primarily consumed by straight men, perpetuating the fetishization of queer women. Women are overwhelmingly portrayed as subservient objects that are choked, slapped, and degraded to get you off — but it's fine, because they're like, totally into it right? Maybe you shy away from this content at first but eventually you — along with everyone else — give into the trending 'Step-Sis Gets Punished' videos on the homepage. Then, when you hook up with someone (if you can even get it up without your iPhone), that's just what you think sex is.

And the worst part of it all? The way that actors are treated on-screen is only the tip of the iceberg compared to what happens when the cameras aren't rolling. Behind the airbrushed skin, the BBL, and the prepubescent hairlessness is an industry rife with exploitation, abuse, and human trafficking. Watching "ethical" porn might alleviate your guilt, as long as you ignore that we can never verify whether or not it lives up to its claims. If you dig deeper, you uncover even more sickening cases of victims who could never consent.

But you don't dig deeper. You close the page, clear your history, and forget about it — until tomorrow. So next time you're in the mood, try something else. Find some mediocre erotic fiction, or some surprisingly well-written fanfiction — god knows your reading skills could use the practice. Or better yet: you've got an imagination. Use it.

BY ABBY BOWMAR & DEBORAH HUANG

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



Serves: 6
Time: 20 mins + 2 hrs cooling
Price: \$\$\$
Difficulty: 2.5/5

Bring on those sexual desires and impress that special someone with this smooth and luxurious choccy mousse. Since dark chocolate is packed full of aphrodisiac, this recipe is sure to get you in the mood. While I admit the whole aphrodisiac thing could be placebo, we do know that the way to someone's heart is through their stomach - either way this recipe is a happy ending. Make this recipe your own with your choice of sexy toppings and enjoy a delicious sweet treat!

INGREDIENTS:

- 250g Whittakers dark chocolate
- 300mL cream
- 4 eggs (separated into yolks and whites)
- 3 Tbsp white sugar

feel free to pinch a couple of squares for quality testing

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Step 1.** Whip the cream to stiff peaks and set aside.
- Step 2.** Set up a double boiler to melt your chocolate. Do this by pouring a few centimetres of water into a pot and bringing to a simmer. Place a snug fitting glass or stainless steel bowl on top of the pot. Place chocolate into the bowl and stir until completely melted, then set aside to cool slightly.
- Step 3.** Once the chocolate has cooled, beat in with the egg yolks thoroughly until smooth and glossy.
- Step 4.** Fold the chocolate mix into the whipped cream. Be careful not to mix too much as we want to keep the mousse fluffy and aerated.
- Step 5.** In a separate bowl beat your egg whites to stiff peaks while slowly adding the sugar.
- Step 6.** Once beaten, fold half of the egg whites into the chocolate and cream mixture. Once combined, fold in the second half of the egg white.
- Step 7.** Place the mousse into the fridge and cool for at least two hours until serving.
- Step 8.** Enjoy with as many sexy toppings as you desire!

Top with:
Whipped cream
Strawberries
Shaved chocolate
Chopped nuts
Anything else that gets you in the mood ;)



BOOZE REVIEWS
BY CHURRY BILL SWILLIAMS



VODKA
CRUISER
SOUR APPLE

Critic was a bit late this St Patty's to jump on the bandwagon and acquire the breath-a's Irish drink of choice: Lime Cruisers. We even mished to the unfamiliar territory of South Dunedin, but to no avail. We were left with the consolation prize, the ugly step-sister of this green and sugar-filled RTD: Sour Apple Cruisers.

In classic St Patty's fashion, we began our day at 8am, still feeling the effects from regrettably going out the night before. To kick the morning off right was an ideal breakfast of Nutrigrain with Sour Apple Cruiser as a milk-substitute. Pairs well with a peaceful morning shower Cruiser to wash down the barely eaten concoction. Tastes like pain, regret, and sugar. All in the name of journalism, naturally.

Drunkenly stumbling upon other students sharing the Sour Apple Cruiser sentiment, one student said that they were "dangerous". By this time, this poor munter was struggling onto their second box before 9am. Another member of the Sour Apple brethren said that they were "stupid easy to boof" and went down like water. He went on to say that he'd just chunned blood. Good reviews all 'round.

Sour Apple Cruisers, unlike the new trend of sugar-free 'healthy' RTD options, offer no false sense of health. These don't pretend to be what they're not. Sour Apple Cruisers are made from straight artificial alcohol goodness and contain enough sugar and an unnerving sense of acidity that's enough to drive the snakes out of Ireland. (Whatever that means, but I'll drink to it).

Sour Apple Cruisers come in at a price point of \$27 for 16.8 standards — in line with the normal market rate for a RTD box set by the Asahi alcohol overlords — with the golden ratio of piss to standard at a respectable \$1.6 per standard. An okay consolation for the way that these bevvies make your teeth feel like they're going to fall out post-consumption, only after turning them an alarmingly fluorescent shade of light green (for that raw Irish sex appeal). Would go hard under the white lights at Catacombs.

The aftermath of this drink (or perhaps an example of complete overindulgence) makes you feel like a used-car salesman from Ashburton going through a divorce whilst taking out a second mortgage to pay for lawyer fees. Nothing good, except for a day of cheap green themed alcoholism that ultimately writes you off from studying the next day.

TASTING NOTES: 5/10. They taste how neon green looks

X FACTOR: Embarrassing yourself with a shitty Irish jig

HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL: 10/10. Yes.

PAIRS WELL WITH: Conor McGregor and the IRA

INTRODUCING YOUR WELFARE AND EQUITY REP



Kia ora koutou!!

I am Tara, your Welfare & Equity 2024 OUSA officer. Basically, this means your problem is my problem and I will do nearly anything (apart from sacrificial rituals, we've all seen those Ouija Board movies) to try to find a solution for whatever it may be.

Lil' bit about me: I'm a fourth-year BAppSc student, majoring in Environmental Management and Politics. Yes, that does mean I love to debate about anything and everything — normalise having a different opinion from people, please. I have a 7-month old puppy (Fonzie <3) which has become my personality. If you ask, I will show you a slideshow of photos. And if you don't. Big up the Col, I lived among the chaos and partying for the last three years (please be kind to your

subbies x). My current fav songs on rotation: 'Talk Down' by Dijon and 'Back To Me' by Kanye.

Why should you care? Well, true. But seriously, I could make this blurb a long whinging post about everything that affects the student body, but let's be real — you already know that, so if you've already thought of something that instantly comes to mind, I welcome you to chew my ear off about it. Let's make something happen. Please give me something to do*. (welfare@ousa.org.nz)

lol (lots of love),

Tara Shepherd

*(pending the approval of Big Chungus and our financial guru).

<p>AQUARIUS</p> <p>Your rizz is at an all-time high. Now's the time to start talking to your lecturers and tutors nicely. Build that relationship so that when you inevitably forget to hand in assignments, there isn't too much blowback.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Close' by Nick Jonas ft. Tove Lo</p>	<p>PISCES</p> <p>Pisces, it's been a big month and this week it all comes crumbling down around you. Make sure you recharge your batteries and trust your intuition to guide you to those who give you a serotonin boost. Remember, the sun will come out tomorrow and mid-sem is near.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'The Color Violet' by Tory Lanez</p>
<p>ARIES</p> <p>Is it hot in here or is it just you? With the sun shining in your sign (and not in Dunedin), there is a massive power flow in your love life and social circle. This week, beware of overindulging those sexy encounters with strangers. Keep it sizzling, but don't burn the house down.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Pony' by Ginuwine</p>	<p>TAURUS</p> <p>You are lush and you know it. Your expensive tastes are running rampant this week and you may find yourself online shopping during lectures. While it's fun and Cs do get degrees, they don't get very good jobs. Hold out and one day you will be a Birkin-owning, Bugatti-driving hottie!</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Talk Dirty' by Jason Derulo ft. 2 Chainz</p>
<p>GEMINI</p> <p>This week, you're eager to engage in stimulating conversations. That being said, get on the dating apps: Tinder, Bumble, Grindr, and Christian Mingle. This is the week to have funny first dates and even funnier hookups. Let loose, girl.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Cbat' by Hudson Mohawke</p>	<p>CANCER</p> <p>Cancer, the moon is illuminating your sector of home and family this week, highlighting the importance of nurturing your close relationships and creating a supportive and safe environment for yourself and your loved ones. Remember, not everyone can be as perfect as you all the time.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'To the Moon & Back' by Savage Garden</p>
<p>LEO</p> <p>Money, money, money, it truly is a rich man's world - but this week you are not a rich man. Make sure to count your pennies and break open your piggy bank to pay the rent. Be patient with your financial situation and make use of the lunch box your mum bought you. The Campus Shop pie-warmer is not your friend.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Versace on the Floor' by Bruno Mars</p>	<p>VIRGO</p> <p>This week you can communicate your thoughts, feelings, and desires with extreme clarity. You are the perfect person to ask advice from and people take advantage of this. Remember, you aren't a side character in someone else's story and sometimes you need a little loving too.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Latch' by Disclosure ft. Sam Smith</p>
<p>LIBRA</p> <p>You're a busy bee this week. Everything seems to be due and everyone wants to hang out. Sometimes you have to be a little selfish; pick and choose the events you go to. While you will be missed, sometimes you need some time for yourself.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Moonlight' by Kali Uchis</p>	<p>SCORPIO</p> <p>Scorpio, lately you have been letting your emotions get the best of you and have been taking it out on those around you. Everyone thinks you have been a prick lately and you have. Please for the love of god, work on not being the biggest piece of shit ever — maybe just keep your mouth shut for once.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Dirty' by Christina Aguilera</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS</p> <p>Impulsive decisions have been coming from left and right. You want to change your degree three times in one study sesh and take a trip to Invercargill Kmart. It's all fun and games, but real life does exist. Once you get out of this manic episode you will have to deal with the fallout.</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Rich Baby Daddy' by Drake</p>	<p>CAPRICORN</p> <p>Caps, the end of the month is the best time to start building your long-term goals. You are one hard-working bitch and you love to smash those goals out! While you are hustling, you must remember to shower; we love you, but you're a little bit stinky (like Zuk)</p> <p>Sexy-time song: 'Earned It' by The Weeknd</p>

RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

<p>THURSDAY 28 MARCH</p> <p>THURSDAY JAMS ERRICK'S 6pm. Free entry.</p> <p>CORRELLA ERRICK'S Tickets from erricks.flicket.co.nz. 7pm.</p>
<p>WEDNESDAY 3 APRIL</p> <p>HYPERCULTE (SWITZERLAND) YOURS w/ Sewage. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 7pm.</p>
<p>THURSDAY 4 APRIL</p> <p>THURSDAY JAMS ERRICK'S 6pm. Free entry.</p>

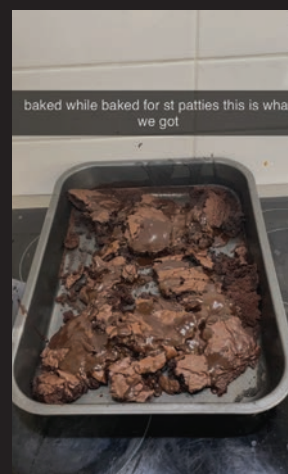
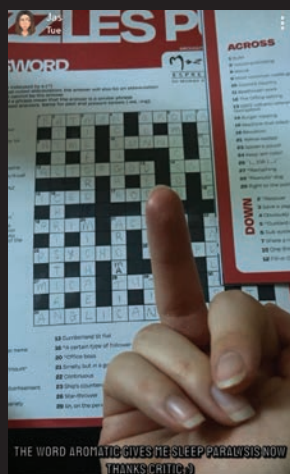
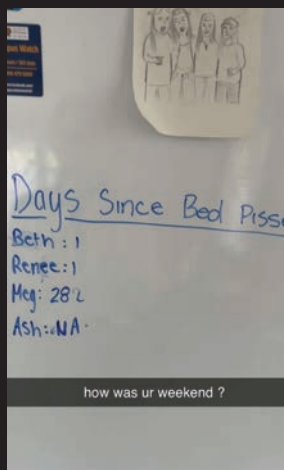
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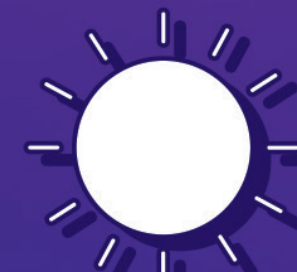
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HAZ
BEATS

TOM
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SILK



RADIO ONE & STRUNG OUT TOURING PRESENT

HOME BREW

SOUTH ISLAND TOUR '24

FRIDAY 12TH APRIL
DUNEDIN
UNION HALL



STRUNG
OUT