

Queer
issue '25

reārohi

100
years



last
mag
of the
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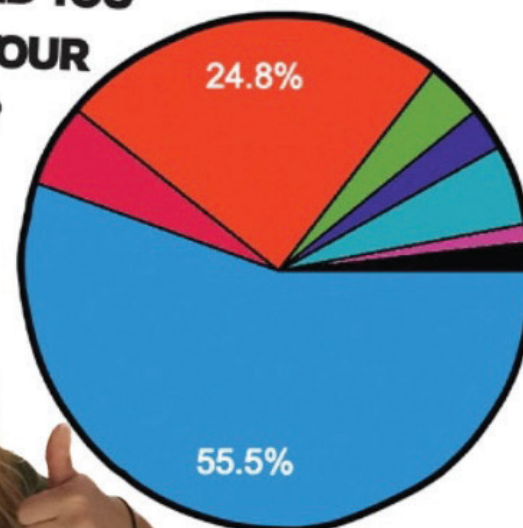
To commemorate 100 years of Critic, we're proud to announce a Book Project!



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HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR SEXUALITY?



- Straight/Heterosexual
- Gay/Homosexual
- Bisexual
- Pansexual
- Asexual
- Unsure/Questioning
- Queer

EDITORIAL: REPRESENTATION MATTERS, NOW MORE THAN EVER

Let me get this out of the way: I'm a very straight, stereotypical cis-woman. If you look at me, there's little doubt in your mind that my favourite colour as a young girl was pink, that my first crush was Dan Carter, and that Azealia Banks Twitter lore draws a blank (had to consult the office for that one).

I don't have to look far to see myself represented in the mainstream – most stores cater exclusively to girls like me; books, movies and TV shows are obsessed with heterosexual romances; and the nuclear family is epitomised by my high school sweetheart parents, older sister, and a couple pets. There haven't been many instances in my life when I've felt on the outskirts of society or that the media has felt completely unrelatable for me. This is not true for the queer community – and this issue of Critic Te Ārohi is for you.

When you think of a queer student audience, your mind probably goes to the rainbow crossings of Pōneke Wellington where Docs stomp, carabiner keys jangle, and mullets blow in the perpetual wind. You don't tend to think of little old Ōtepoti, where Castle St is the epitome of the gender binary (sororities and fraternities) and where we rub shoulders with our Southland neighbours. But you might be surprised – we have been at Critic. The Critic Census last year showed that only 55% of 1000 students identified as straight, and this year (sitting at around 500 responses) it's about 50%.

As I editorialised a couple weeks ago after putting Winston Peters in the naughty corner, it's been a scary time for queer folk. Not that any point in time has ever been entirely safe, given the stories that one Ōtepoti artist, a local older gay gentleman named John, shared in this issue's feature about those who went to prison when homosexuality was literally illegal in Aotearoa. Or as he put it: "Two people

of the same gender showing their physical love for one another." And, unfortunately, in the modern-day you still get instances like Capping Show repeatedly using "gay" as the punchline to jokes, the University dragging its feet on unisex bathrooms, and lecturers stumbling on the use of they/them pronouns.

What shone through in this issue, though, was the strength of Ōtepoti's rainbow community – whether through John's reflections on the past 50 years or Madeline's love letter to the queer folk of the present. You tend to forget that being a university town, Dunedin is more liberal and progressive than we give it credit for. The younger generation, while still living in an age where politicians are importing culture wars, have also joined together in rainbow hubs like Woof! to express themselves without fear, to rally together in opposition to marginalising political bills, and to admire artistry from drag queens and various zines – like the 'Bussy Galore' Winston Peters zine in this week's Local Produce (it's epic).

Given the diversity of the queer umbrella, there was only so much we could capture in this issue. Our hope is that for anyone who hasn't seen a lot of themselves in the mainstream, this issue will make you feel seen; and that if you have struggled to find a community in Dunedin, that it'll provide some direction towards the people who will welcome you with open arms, who will give recommendations for slightly unhinged reading material and not meet Azealia Banks references with a blank stare.

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THIS PUBLICATION IS A FREE.

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LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 150 words or fewer. The deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Get them into Critic by emailing us at critic@critic.co.nz. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific group or individual will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances as negotiated with the Editor. Critic Te Ārohi reserves the right to edit, abridge, or decline letters without explanation. Frequently published correspondents in particular may find their letters abridged or excluded. Defamatory or otherwise illegal material will not be printed. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a letter writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Correction for last week's Capping Review: *Some paid writers are in their mid-twenties, not thirties, and the cast is the same size as last year. This has been amended online.*

Tēnā koutou,

It's no secret that women have a hard time in comedy. Still, we were shocked to read the scathing comments Critic te Arohi published on the Sexytet this week.

Last year, Critic wrote a fantastic piece on the Sexytet, detailing their difficult history being taken seriously and respected for their talent. This year, Critic wrote that the Sexytet were less funny, smart, and vocally proficient than their male counterparts, including the line "ladies, there's more to life than being slutty." Yikes. Not only did this completely misrepresent the phenomenal performance Sexytet gave this year, but it conveniently ignored their wide-ranging, witty commentary on topic such as pay equity, housing, american politics and the cost of living. You reduced all that to just 'being slutty.' Perhaps Critic was too busy at the snack table to really pay attention?

Is the irony lost on Critic that while they accuse Sexytet of 'setting feminism back 50 years,' their own review was more sexist than the ODT excerpt on the 'Sextette' they quoted last year from the 1960s? It's completely valid to criticise the show. But you do a disservice to both the Sextet and the Sexytet when you're only interested in comparing them, rather than judging them on their own merits. We're not saying it is anti-feminist to criticise the girls, or to find their performance inferior to the boys'. But this review felt more like thinly-veiled misogyny, (from a team of female reviewers, no less!) where the Sexytet were told they were less funny and smart than the guys singing about fucking sheep. (No hate to Sextet, we love you). I guess being slutty is only a problem when you're a woman, eh Critic?

We completely disagree with the idea that Sexytet was 'sexist' this year. We also disagree that they were worse than the Sextet. But regardless of your opinion, we invite you to consider that it was Critic, not the Capping Show, who chose to tear down witty, talented, and smart women last week. The Sexytet have survived over 20 years of misogynistic bias, but we expect better of Critic in 2025 than to be dishing out more.

With Love,

The Cast & Crew of Capping Show 2025

Authors' response:

Dear Capping Cast,

It seems we're all the Spider-Man meme, pointing at each other and yelling "sexist". To preface, Critic <3s Sexytet. The natural fluctuation in what we think of Capping between years shows that its content can often be tricky to pull off. By no means was this year's show bad, and at the end of the day, this is just our opinion.

While the review does mention "we understand the nuance in sexual liberation" – this could have used more elaboration. The use of the word "slutty" was a reference to a Sexytet song, using that term to describe themselves, which we felt was at length. We apologise that it came across like we had reduced what was good lyricism about politics, equity, and the cost of living to being "slutty" – we honestly just wish there was more of the former. When Sexytet sang about that, it was awesome. We should have highlighted that more in the review.

Both Sexytet and Sextet sang about sex. We used the term 'smart' ("balance between slapstick and smart") in a comedy context to describe that we felt Sextet's jokes were more nuanced. In no way did we use 'smart' to talk about the personal intelligence of any of the vocalists. We felt like Sextet achieved a good balance in their material, and Sexytet a little less so. No comparison – we would have felt that way if just Sexytet had taken the stage.

There is "more to life than being ["slutty"]." There's funny hookups, getting your period in lecture theatres, keeping a list of everyone you've kissed, falling out with your girlfriends on a night out, UTIs, and entering your 'trad-wife' era by fucking up some sourdough bread in the flat kitchen. That's what we meant, and it would've been cool to hear more about it. But we aren't the Capping writers, and again: it's just our opinion.

Don't get us wrong: mixed reviews sting. You put a huge amount of effort into the show, and we've heard heaps of really positive comments about it. Being personally upset is fair and we genuinely hope the Capping Cast and Crew have a cracking lot of final performances.

(To anyone reading this, please read the review and watch Capping Show to form your own opinion <3)

Dearest Critic,

I've just had my weekly read of my favourite section of the Critic (the letters section, of course), and I must say, I've never felt more seen.

To that flatmate that can never hear you cause [they're] always blasting music in [their] ears... Are you single and perchance looking to mingle?

I listen to a variety of music, and have managed to kill two pairs of wired headphones so far this year.

I am, unfortunately, not going to a Scandinavian death metal concert in September, because HSFY is kicking my ass. Actually, I've never been to a concert. Maybe you could take me to one? (insert literary wink)

My deal breakers include: Being aged less than 18 or more than 8000, enjoying Colleen Hoover, and not knowing how to use the Oxford comma.

Cutely,

Probably should've majored in English

Sir,

I am writing to you regarding Critic's recent review of the capping show.

Your reviewer has claimed credit for starting the 'penis game' the show. This is a lie. I know it is a lie because it was I who started the penis game. I was the first person in the room to say 'penis'. My friend was the second person to say penis, and I was the third person to say penis. At best, your writer could have been the fourth person to say penis.

I am not concerned about having the credit taken from me. No, it's the damage to the integrity of Critic. If your writers are willing to lie about starting a penis game at the capping show, what else would they lie about? Journalistic integrity is at a premium in our current media landscape. Do not fall victim to sensationalism!

Best,

Penis Game Initiator

Dear Critic Te Ārohi,

I am disappointed in the latest issue of the critic. As a science student, one of the key ideas taught in class is that extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence. On page 12 you make the claim that "There's two snakes in these photos". However, I only see one snake so without extra evidence I cannot accept this claim.

Please provide evidence of there being two snakes.

Sincerely,

Liam Lover

Kia ora "Critic",

Everyone agrees this year's Capping Show is, in some ways, less than last year's. But amidst your own failure to trust your audience with any nuanced commentary, the Sexytet comments stood out particularly. It sets feminism back fifty years? How exactly did it land on sexist?

Your acknowledgement of their "shtick" makes it even more baffling. Did you pay money to see the Sexytet sing, expecting them not to do what they do every year? Yeah, there's more to life than being horned up, but while slut shaming is still a thing Sexytet will remain Sexytet.

Forever a pain that Capping was not reviewed by the theatre collective for being "sketch comedy", and is instead reviewed by those who don't know theatre and evidently don't want to watch what Capping inevitably entails.

Some degree of regard,

Someone who went to the show to have a good time.

Editor's response: *I'll refer you to the authors' response to the left.*

Dear Critic

Shoutout to the person who noticed the price difference for MARI403 and ECOL411 papers bc you've started a movement for the better!!!! One of my friends checked the cost for MELS251, MELS241 and MELS223 vs PHSL251, ANAT241 and MICR223 and the MELS students are paying more for all 3 papers!!! The uni really thinks it's okay to scam MELS students \$384.15 just bc we are a professional program??? Here's everybody sign to double check ur paper costs if you're doing the same course as another paper and for the UoO to do better 😞😞

Sincerely, a poor student who just wants justice 😞😞

Editor's response: *I passed the tea onto the Uni, and a spokesperson had this to say: "Thanks for passing on this information which the University is now reviewing. The University is currently undertaking a comprehensive review of papers across all programmes which is a manual and time-intensive process. As part of our efforts to address these kinds of issues, we are also in the process of implementing a new curriculum management system. Once in place, this will significantly improve our ability to identify and resolve any anomalies in paper structures and associated costs."*

VOTE YES TO BOOZE

Right now, our student association isn't allowed to accept alcohol advertising. That could change — but only if students vote YES in the OUSA referendum (which is live now). Here's why they should care.

Under the current rule, OUSA can't accept alcohol ads, no matter what's being advertised, even if it's just merch. Meanwhile, Critic runs Booze Reviews every week and can use the Emerson's logo to promote Beer Fest. The rule appears inconsistent, impossible to enforce properly, and just costs OUSA money year after year.

The ban on alcohol advertising has financially crippled some student clubs and activities, including Critic. As one former Editor put it: "The decision seriously hurt the University's student organisations. Not many people want to advertise with students. We're poor, we make fun of everyone, and boomers don't like us. The only people who really want to give us money are alcohol companies — for obvious reasons."

For anyone troubled by the principle of it, safe

drinking is not about prohibition. Students will drink regardless, and allowing alcohol advertising will put money into the pocket of OUSA who run safe drinking campaigns. Alcohol companies will essentially sponsor their own harm prevention. Surely it's better for OUSA to allow alcohol advertising at regulated events, than for alcohol companies to take the backdoor route, dropping ungodly amounts of booze off to second-year flats through sketchy Instagram-DM "sponsorships." This rule doesn't prevent harm, it just drives it underground.

Accepting alcohol ads could also mean subsidised drinks at O-Week and Re-O. Honestly, that's reason enough.

It takes two minutes. Head to the OUSA website to fill out the referendum and vote YES to them accepting sponsorship from alcohol companies for OUSA-run events and functions (Pretty please).

Sincerely,

Not SSDP

Editor's response: *Bars*

Dearest darling Critic,

Usually, I love critic reviews. They tend to find a great balance between funny and honest, however the capping show review published last week was, imo, wayyy too harsh. There were about three sentences of praise to say and then yall just absolutely sunk your teeth into the performance, one which I am certain took hundreds of hours of work from largely volunteers and people who also have other shit going on in their lives. Sure, there were a few marginal bits (9/11 and nazis...) but what would capping show be without a few 'holy shit I cant believe they actually said that' moments.

One thing that stuck out like a sore thumb to me was the review of the sexytet. That paragraph was the most unnecessarily unkind bit of writing I might've ever read. Saying they are bad singers (they aren't, they fucking rocked) accomplishes nothing and is just insulting, and the comments about 'setting feminism back 50 years' felt pretty uncalled for. The review of the girls was essentially undeserved slut shaming, which was then immediately followed by the praise of their male counterparts, who by the way were cracking just as many sex jokes!

Everyone and their grandma on this campus seems to be complaining about 'the death of student culture' and no wonder it's dying when the student magazine publishes a review of the student run play that actually deters people from going to the show at all. If people want student culture to come back, they need to do things like go to the capping show, or better yet get involved. If that's not your thing, join a club! There is something for everyone at otago! But publishing unnecessarily unkind reviews about your peers is not going to accomplish anything.

Sorry if this feels like an attack on journalistic integrity, but someone needed to say it.

Congratulations to everyone involved in Capping for putting on what was an awesome 131st show, you did such a spectacular job

Xoxo

Editor's response: *I'll also refer you to the authors' response, while saying I hope the review prompted people to check it out for themselves!*

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

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP

Bog

The Bog's liquor license could be suspended after ignoring an order from firefighters to remove padlocks from two of its three fire exits, ODT reports

OUSA celebrated their 135th birthday last week!

2018 Critic Editor Joel MacManus won a Voyager Media Award on May 16th for Best Columnist, Opinion or Critique

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

A couple weeks ago Carrington College's dining hall flooded after a pipe broke in the kitchen overnight. Residents were forced to eat meals to the sounds of commercial carpet dryers for the following three days

New Zealand has joined 23 other countries demanding that Israel allow full supply of foreign aid into Gaza, having blocked any aid reaching Palestinians, RNZ reports

A major Budget announcement last week included a KiwiSaver revamp, with both employer and employee default contribution rates rising 3% to 3.5% in April next year, then to 4% in April 2028, The Spinoff reports

Te Rōpū Māori are celebrating their 30th birthday on May 26th with a hākari at the TRM whare on 523 Castle St from 5pm (there'll be cake)

The Botans cafe closed last week, ODT reports

PPE club is starting for both PPE students and students from Politics, Philosophy, and Economics separately

New World Centre City is planning on demolishing the Liquorland (formerly Henry's) next door, planning to expand its car park in its place. Dunedin News had a post last week calling on students to protest in defence of the "beloved" store: "The student body cannot stand by and watch our sacred spaces get taken away in the name of profits"

The Jobseeker's benefit will see a new assessment process for 18 and 19-year-olds, with a parental assistance test to be mandatory from July 2027, a move that'll save the Govt around \$163 million, The Spinoff reports

Budget Day was last Thursday, with pre-announcements including a \$12 billion defence package, a \$577 million screen production rebate, and over \$774 million in redress for those abused in state care

Te Pāti Māori MP Hana-Rāwhiti Maipi-Clarke has proposed her first member's bill requiring MPs to learn about Te Tiriti and uphold its principles during their work, RNZ reports

OUSA Political Rep Jett Groshinski has been endorsed by Labour to stand in this year's local body elections, and appeared in the ODT last Wednesday alongside current Labour-endorsed Dunedin City Councillor Steve Walker



16 Advertising overseas gambling prohibited

- (1) A person must not publish or arrange to publish, in New Zealand, an overseas gambling advertisement.
- (2) Subsection (1) does not apply to publishing or arranging to publish—
 - (a) a health message concerning gambling; or
 - (b) an advertisement for services to prevent, minimise, or treat harm; or
 - (c) a message about preventing, minimising, or treating harm; or
 - (d) an advertisement for gambling equipment intended for distribution only to businesses; or
 - (e) an advertisement in which the publicising or promotion of gambling or a gambling service is incidental to the publication of the advertisement.

Art by Hanna Varrs

Online Gambling Platform Illegally Promotes Through Students

Critic is the fun police (again)

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

Online gambling monolith, Rainbet, has come into the spotlight for their advertising strategy in New Zealand, dishing out the cash for Gen Z influencers to promote gambling to their peers – some right here in Dunedin. The catch: it's not exactly legal.

Rainbet has been using student affiliates to promote their offshore gambling business model, which first cropped up in Dunners on several Instagram accounts, @dudslaps, @lecastle_street and @brokerollers. Most of the videos show Rainbet being used by a student affiliate on either a laptop or phone, while engaging in activities such as playing pool, grocery shopping, or fishing. While a bit funny and certainly effective in targeting students, the practice of advertising offshore gambling services is illegal in New Zealand, prohibited under section 16(1) of our Gambling Act. However, that doesn't seem to have stopped some students from taking up the role of advertiser for these services.

Critic Te Ārohi reached out to several of these affiliate accounts for comment, but largely received radio silence. One did respond, though, telling Critic that they weren't big fans of us sticking our noses in it and that Rainbet probably wouldn't comment either. Upon being informed that what they were doing was illegal (potentially punishable by a fine of up to \$10,000), the team behind the account told Critic that they'd get a lawyer to look into it for them (probably one of their dads). Due to the way the law functions, the advertising parties would be responsible for fronting this fine as well as Rainbet. Since the interaction, the account has removed its affiliate link.

At the time of writing, Critic could find three Rainbet affiliate accounts, which have a combined reach of 3000 followers. The account that removed the affiliate link has 5000 alone. Upcoming events management service, Southern Events (also sporting a follower count of over 5000) has an associated account (@sundayserviceslaps) that frequently posts gambling content often featuring Rainbet. When approached for comment, Southern told Critic, "We're not affiliated with and / or [sic]

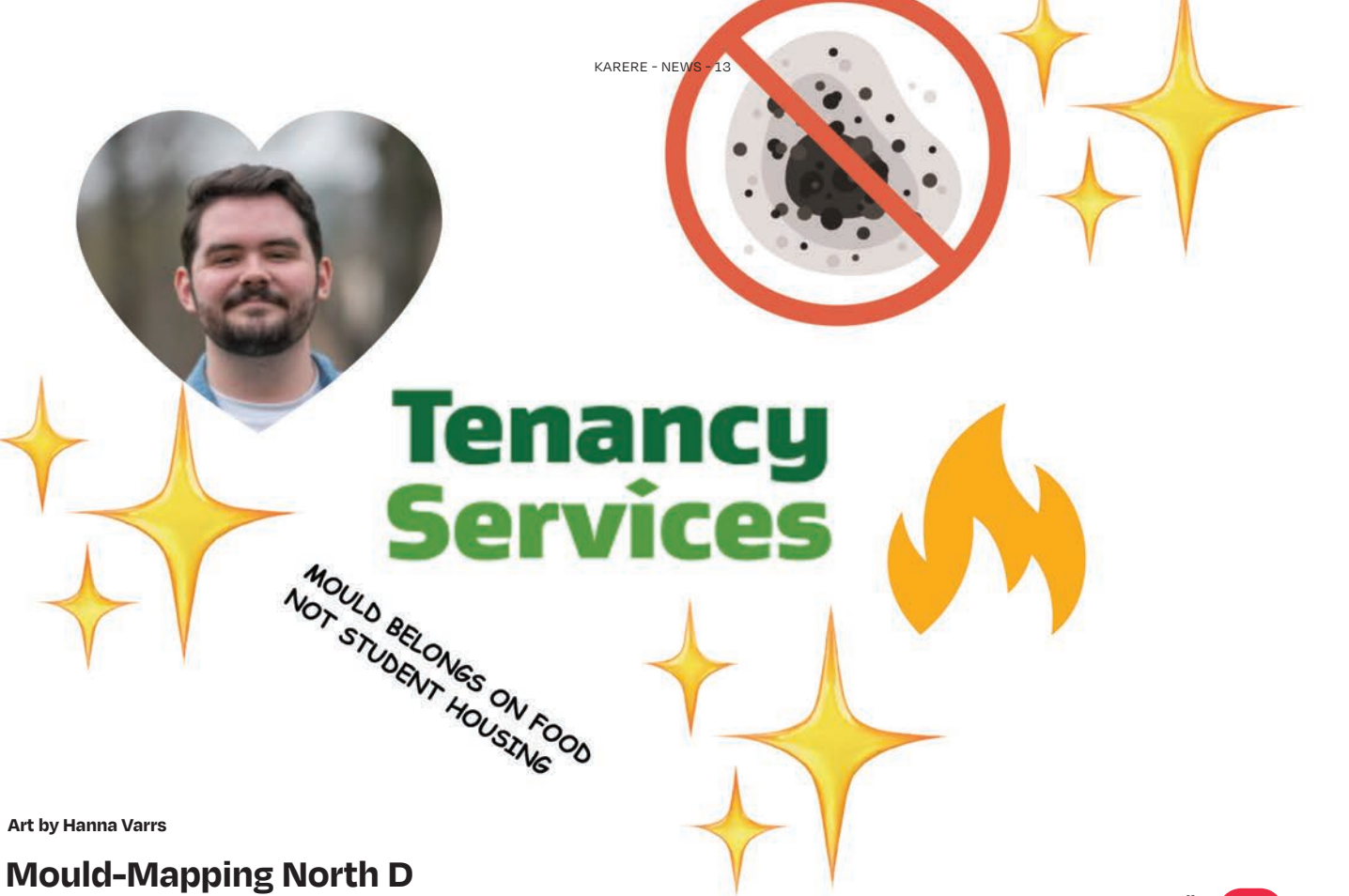
promote gambling sites but us boys do punt a bit bc it's fun lol". They rounded out the conversation with a video filmed in a pokies room where they proceeded to hit the feature twice in a row.

It's not just student media who've cottoned on to the rise of offshore gambling. RNZ reported earlier this year that a spate of warnings had been issued to influencers ordering them to stop promoting offshore gambling services, with a further 13 being monitored but no warning issued at the time. While there was nothing to suggest any relationship with Rainbet, these influencers were reportedly generally affiliates of other offshore gambling sites and services. Rainbet, according to their online terms and conditions, is a registered company in Curacao – an island in the Caribbean.

Describing itself as a "best trusted crypto casino", their affiliate program means a commission is paid each time a referred customer remains active on the platform. One source, who has chosen to remain anonymous, claims that some sites offer affiliates \$170 daily to those who post five times a day on their accounts, totalling to around \$1200 a week per account – a lucrative opportunity for those students who want to make a quick buck, to say the least. With the cost of living crisis ongoing, it's understandable why students would want to get in on the action (and avoid noodle wrap struggle meals).

Rainbet did not respond to comment in time for print; they were probably laxing too hard on a Caribbean beach down the road from their HQ.

Problem gambling is an issue within New Zealand, and there are several channels through which you can get help. The Gambling Helpline (gamblinghelpline.co.nz) and Problem Gambling Foundation (www.pgfnz) both offer services to support those with problem gambling issues.



Art by Hanna Varrs

Mould-Mapping North D

Finally a flat inspection where you don't have to hide your bong

By Hunter Jolly
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

Last week, the Tenancy Compliance and Investigation Team (TCIT) did the rounds of North-D flats. The government-run team sieged (door-knocked) flats to check that they are complying with the Residential Tenancies Act 1986. In other words, to check whether students have been slumming it in reasonably-managed flats or festering mould hives.

Student rental properties along Union, Leith, Castle, George, and Dundas Street were inspected. OUSA President Liam White accompanied the TCIT on their rounds, clipboard tightly gripped in hand. "The main trend was that people are paying so much more than thought you could even justify," said Liam. "So many flats were in such a horrid state with botched repair jobs and basic things like heat pumps and ovens that didn't work."

Some inspected flats were in pretty decent shape, beating allegations that all Dunners flats are full of mice, mould, and mushrooms. Liam also wanted to stress the positive outcomes of some of these inspections, saying, "It was really good to hear about the positive relationship that some students had with their landlords, but it was pretty clear that a bad landlord makes for a really bad flatting experience."

The inspections come at an important time for Studentville, as the beginning of winter rapidly approaches. Damp flats that can't hold heat just pile onto seasonal depression, exam stress, and flatting dramas. There's nothing worse than having to be cold while begging your flatmate to have sex just a little bit quieter at 2am.

Naturally, many students are rather chuffed with the inspections (once vibrators, weed grinders, and bongs were hidden from sight). Yarning with Critic Te Ārohi, one student said about the inspections, "It sounds good. I want that. My flat is dingy as hell.

I don't know much about it, but I would like my landlord to keep my house warm."

Despite this being something of a W for Otago students, the checks proved contentious when news of them broke on the boomer-ridden Dunedin News Facebook page. Many local keyboard warriors in the comments viewed the inspections as unfortunate inconveniences for landlords and property managers, claiming that it'll only raise the cost of living further.

Other remarks suggest these uncomplying properties shouldn't be required to meet the 1986 Act as students can "simply toughen up and endure". President White disagrees: "I totally accept that it was a part of the Otago experience, but this is a new generation of students who have a really clear and simple demand: quality housing, which is looked after, keeps you warm and dry, should be the bare minimum, and not a luxury."

A media release from the TCIT Acting National Manager said that this can be achieved by providing "a rental home that complies with all building, health and safety requirements in addition to tenancy law". While it may have been daunting for flatting students to see people arrive at their door, wearing stab-proof vests and body-cams, it wasn't them who were at risk of being in trouble for once!

As well as having to comply with the Residential Tenancies Act, rental properties have until July 1st to meet Healthy Homes standards. If you feel that your flat is not meeting the requirements of the Residential Tenancies Act and Healthy Homes standards, resources can be accessed on the tenancy.govt.nz website. Dunk on your landlord before the mould stink does this winter.



Breaking In, Throwing Up

Man politely pukes in the wrong laundry hamper

By Molly Smith-Soppet
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

A Roslyn flat got more than they bargained for on a quiet Friday night when a drunk student broke into their home, took off his shoes, and vomited into a flatmate's hamper – all while apologising profusely.

Daniel, a recent PhD grad (yes, Doctor Daniel) had been asleep in bed when he heard the front door squeak open. “At first I thought it was our flatmate, Matt the nurse, coming home from shift,” Dr Dan told Critic. “Then I remembered Matt had been home all evening and our other flatmate was away [...] That’s when I realised a random person was in the flat.” SHOCK!

Upon hearing rustling from another bedroom, Dr Dan tiptoed in his pjs to investigate. What he discovered was a scrawny, curly-haired first-or-second-year type, clearly too steamed to realise he had entered the wrong flat. The random guy had wandered into the wrong flat, bypassed several better vomiting locations (toilet, bin, a window), and settled on emptying his stomach directly into flatmate Callie's laundry hamper. “He apologised, then offered to clean it up. Like, dude, you’ve done enough.”

What makes this crime uniquely Kiwi is that the intruder had taken off his shoes before entering. “He respected the carpet,”

Dr Dan shrugged, before saying that the burglar was lucky he wasn't “some aggro dude who was gonna try and fight him or something” (the future of healthcare is bright). NZ Statistics reveals that Dunedin is, somewhat surprisingly, Aotearoa's least burgled city. But Dr Dan's story shows that you should always lock up your flat, unless you want to be doing midnight loads of laundry. There's probably other reasons too.

After being gently escorted out, the young man put his shoes back on and wandered off into the night – never to be seen again. One can only hope didn't continue the hamper crawl on the journey home. Dr Dan ended the night washing Callie's laundry in a true act of flatmate camaraderie. “She thought it was hilarious. Thank God she wasn't home – it would've been way less funny if she'd woken up to it.”

The polite puker remains at large. If you or someone you know blacked out and woke up in Roslyn with a rancid taste in your mouth, Critic Te Ārohi would love to hear from you. You owe Dr Dan a scoop of laundry powder.



Campus Creeps (and what to do about them)

“He initially thought I was a fresher, which, having the context of the rest of the conversation, is even more creepy”

By Gryffin Blockley
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

A student has approached Critic Te Ārohi with an uncomfortable situation that took place in the Staff Club café, involving a “creepy” encounter with an older man who could not take a hint.

Anita* originally reached out to Critic with a letter to the Editor after an unpleasant run-in at Staff Club. There to meet a friend for lunch, Anita was approached by a man in the café before her friend arrived. He smiled and looped back around to ask her if she was the name of someone she didn't quite catch – presumably who the man was there to meet.

Usually, the conversation would stop there – but this was only the start. The questions started rolling in: “Well, do you know this person? Can you help me find them? Campus is so beautiful, isn't it?” Despite Anita describing to Critic her visible discomfort, the man persisted with his bombardment of queries. The conversation disappointingly continued, with Anita at this point “not making eye contact”. “I'm not really paying attention [at this point in the conversation],” she admitted to Critic. “I'm just trying to look away from him.” The questions and attempts at small talk continued. He asked about Anita's degree, her hometown, and whether she likes it (none ya).

“He initially thought I was a fresher, which, having the rest of the context of the conversation [now] is even more creepy,” Anita said. Like clockwork, the man shifted the conversation to whether he could “have [her] number” which was met with a polite “no” from Anita. He then handed over his business card – “if you want to get in contact with me”.

Seemingly about to leave, the man suggested that if Anita was still in the Staff Club after his meeting was done, “Maybe we can

meet up and chat. You can show me around Dunedin.” Dismissive of Anita's reply of having class, he then said, “Okay, well I'm here for a couple more days, so I'll track you down and you can show me around.” Is that a threat? Having gained info about Anita's hometown (where he was also from), he suggested that she make contact when she was back and “keep in touch”.

Supposedly there to meet with a Head of Department, Anita expressed fear that he may have been interviewing or meeting about a job (something Critic has been unable to confirm). Anita also suspected that the Staff Club café staff could sense the creepiness of the encounter that took place, given the worried glances she caught. When reiterating Anita's experience to the University, a spokesperson told Critic, “The Proctor's Office is available for students to raise concerns or complaints of this nature.”

The University of Otago advertises itself as being a safe campus, with dedicated support systems in place for any taura who may find themselves in a similarly dodgy scenario as Anita's. “If at any time you feel unsafe on campus, please contact Campus Watch. Campus Watch staff are available 24/7 to provide assistance and advice to ensure everyone feels safe on campus. You can contact them by phoning 0800 479 5000, texting 021 279 5000, emailing campus.watch@otago.ac.nz, or via the on-campus emergency phones. We recommend putting their contact details into your phone for easy access.”

**Name changed.*



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Rachel Brooking's Stance for Students

Former OUSA President continues to advocate for the youths as Dunedin MP

By **Hanna Varrs**
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Politics are at the forefront of people's minds in a local body election year – most of all your local politicians, such as Dunedin MP Rachel Brooking. For many students, Dunedin living is a temporary situation, nestled in North D for three years before jetting back to Te Ika-a-Māui, probably. But the former OUSA President dug her heels into the Ōtepoti terrain to continue advocating for students on a national level, who she believes get an unfairly bad rap.

Critic Te Ārohi had a kōrero with Rachel to talk about the issues closest to home and her everyday mahi to solve them.

To start at square one, an electorate MP represents their voting district (in Rachel's case, Dunedin) and argues on behalf of their local causes within Parliament. Rachel's office is located in Dunedin, and when she's not jet-setting to the capital for big-wig events (she "can't live without" the Air New Zealand app), she's available for her constituents to rock up and draw her attention to local issues – and pet her dog, Alfie the Cavoodle. Like how a class rep might complain to your lecturer on your behalf, but on a national level.

As a university town, a huge proportion of Rachel's constituents are students – a group that she has a long history with. Her very early beginnings are rooted in her former family home, which is now the Property Services building on the University of Otago campus (beside the Leith bridge). She was a toddler when she was first around the Dunedin campus, and just never really left. You can often still find her at Precinct, grabbing a chicken flatbread, or at her most loved beach, St Clair. "Probably an element of laziness too," she laughed.

Rachel eventually graduated Otago University with a double degree in Law and Ecology. But before that, Rachel was a student activist. She got involved with OUSA in her first year, battling Lockwood's sharp increase in fees and compounding interest on student loans. Helen Clark, on behalf of Labour, had later come in and stopped the compounding interest. "My friend and I had dressed up as a cow, because Lockwood had done his PhD on cows." Rachel recalls trudging down Main Street as the backend of said cow (name a better entrance into student politics).

She became Admin Vice President of OUSA in 1996. Back in the day, that role had a constitutional requirement to have passed all second-year law papers. In a tale as old as time, Rachel failed Property Law. At the time, Critic cottoned onto this pretty fast, referring to Rachel's failure – on the front page, no less – as a 'Brooking Disappointment'. Rachel kept her position as AVP, but she described the experience as "embarrassing", citing part-time work and a full-on schedule as the reason why she failed property law (relatable queen). It didn't hold her back – she ran for (and became) President that year, running with cheesy slogans such as "You Can Rely On Rachel".

Earlier this year, the now-MP ran a booth at the OUSA Tent City during O-Week which invited students to speak about the issues at the forefront of their minds (failing to title the booth 'You Can Still Rely on Rachel'). Top contenders included climate change, renters' rights, public transport, and upholding Te Tiriti.

Issues identified by students are things she's already had boots on the ground for. For one, Rachel's the spokesperson for the environment and has been working hard against the Fast Track Bill, and recently commented to Critic Te Ārohi in support of student activists who protested a fast-tracked coal expansion in Westport, saying, "Being a student is a great time to be involved in causes. There is a long and important history of students being at the forefront of positive change."

While Rachel has a passion for student issues, she admitted to Critic that they're not always the easiest to advocate for. "There are some difficulties [with people thinking] students just want to burn couches," Rachel said. "I'm sure there's some people who do some silly things. But students are young, and who hasn't done silly things in their life? That's not a reason to not treat student issues seriously. Another thing is to treat students like adults – you have people coming in who want to place a lot of rules around students for safety. There's a balance there for looking out for students, but also not bossing students around."

In terms of what Rachel likes in advocating for students, she told Critic that she just loves working with them (aw). She explained, "Students have an energy about them, and are often very positive about what will be happening in their futures and want to do something positive. We also have students who are really worried about their world, to do with climate change, and things that are being reported in left-wing international mainstream media. We could be very close to tipping points that will make a massive impact on the world. Especially for Pasifika students, it's very real for them."

With local body elections coming up this September, Rachel wanted to urge students to get amongst and vote on behalf of future generations of breathas and sheathas who might reap the rewards. "Getting into a voting habit is important," Rachel explained. "People have fought for the right to vote, and it can easily be taken away." Local body elections affect things like recycling, good community festivals, parks and parking. For students, Logan Park is something that comes up often – shall Baseline get a new home? If you think not (or yes – maybe you're a peaceful Forth Street dweller), you may want to have your say.

ODT WATCH

Sprayed with deodorant

What people should do before entering U-Bar

Say it ain't so

WHAT? Demolish the Archway lecture theatres? Was this intended to be published on April 1? As a former lecturer at Otago University, I was always delighted to present in this wonderful venue. I suggest that senior management at the university align their views on this issue with the expert views of their own emeritus professor Erik Olssen.

Gavin O'Brien
Dunedin

Clearly he's never had back pain from sitting in those uncomfortable ass seats

Bowls club number tipped to decrease

Pneumonia is ripping through the rest home



Who's this cuck on the corner?

Peters 'sackable offence'

Read this week's Local Produce for more context

Digital prostitution banned

Critic Te Ārohi out of an income



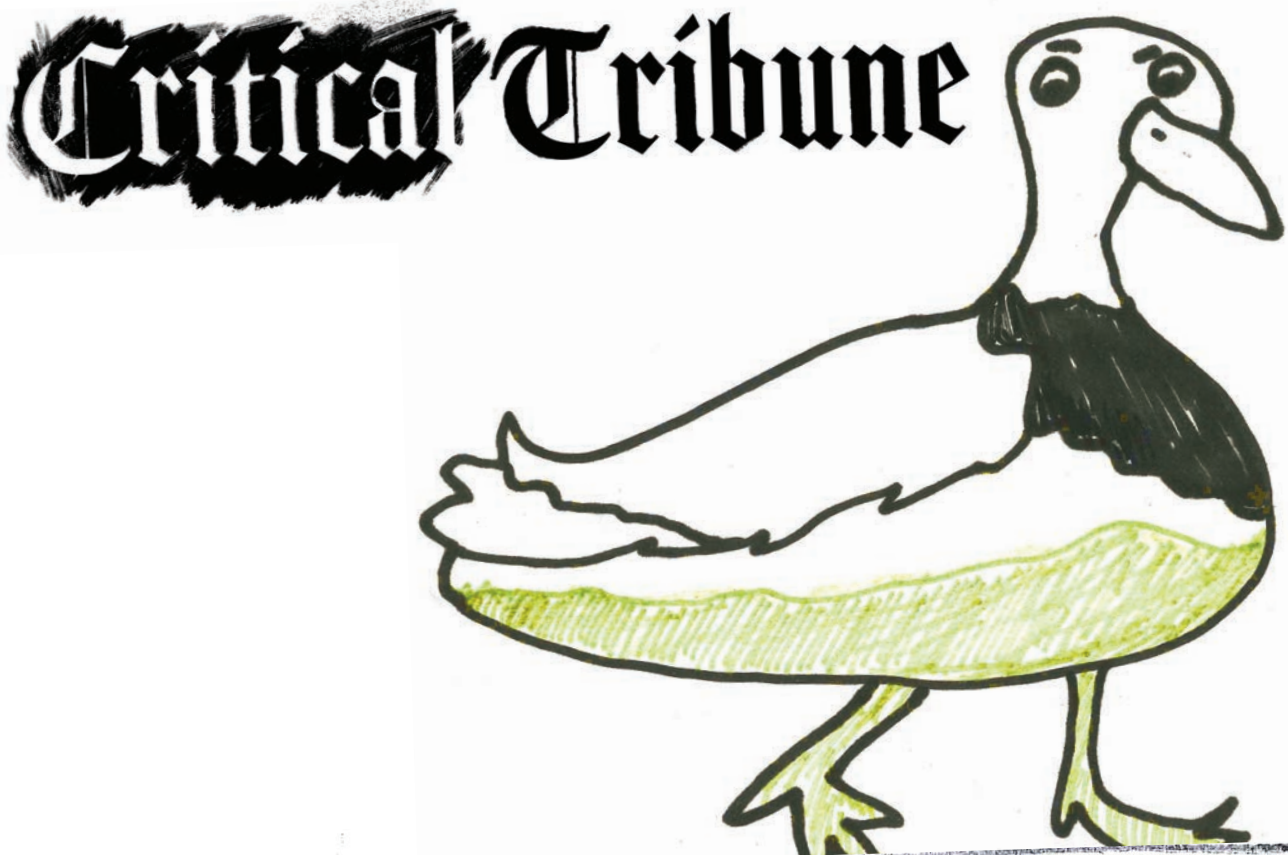
Global ADHD drugs shortage has NZers worried about job loss
But I'm having a good Thursday night

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OUSA Dyes Leith River Green In Celebration Of 135th Birthday

"Something about this year just felt special – and we wanted to make an OUSA green splash!"

Students may have noticed that the Leith is running more green than usual this week.

The Otago University's Student Association has poured gallons of green commercial dye into our very own Leith River in celebration of their 135th birthday, a move that some ecology experts are calling "out of touch and inconsiderate".

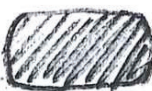
"There's wildlife in there," an Ecology professor, who wished to remain anonymous, told Critic. "Some of the ducks that we've been seeing are almost entirely green now – and it's not a good look. They just don't really suit the colour." Critic was sent a picture of one of the affected ducks, which we have recreated in drawing form to protect their privacy.

When approached about the move, OUSA CEO Debbie told Critic that the only thing she regrets about the dye job is that she "couldn't quite get the shade right". "OUSA green is just hard to recreate, and because the river flows relatively fast [...] we had to keep adding different shades to try and get it perfect. It was just really difficult – I had to spend all day out there."

OUSA reportedly drew inspiration from the Chicago River, which is dyed green every year in celebration of St Patrick's Day. OUSA liaised with the Canoe Club to meticulously disperse the shades of dye, paddling around the green near the Botanical Gardens. "Debbie runs a tight ship," one of the canoers joked to Critic. "A word from Canoe Club – don't taste the Leith! It's not lime flavoured!"

In other news, Dunedin Hospital has reportedly seen a spike in E. coli cases. More to come.

By Anna Marrs
Shitposter // criticaltribune@critic.co.nz



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Liam White
Calendar!

THE BODY
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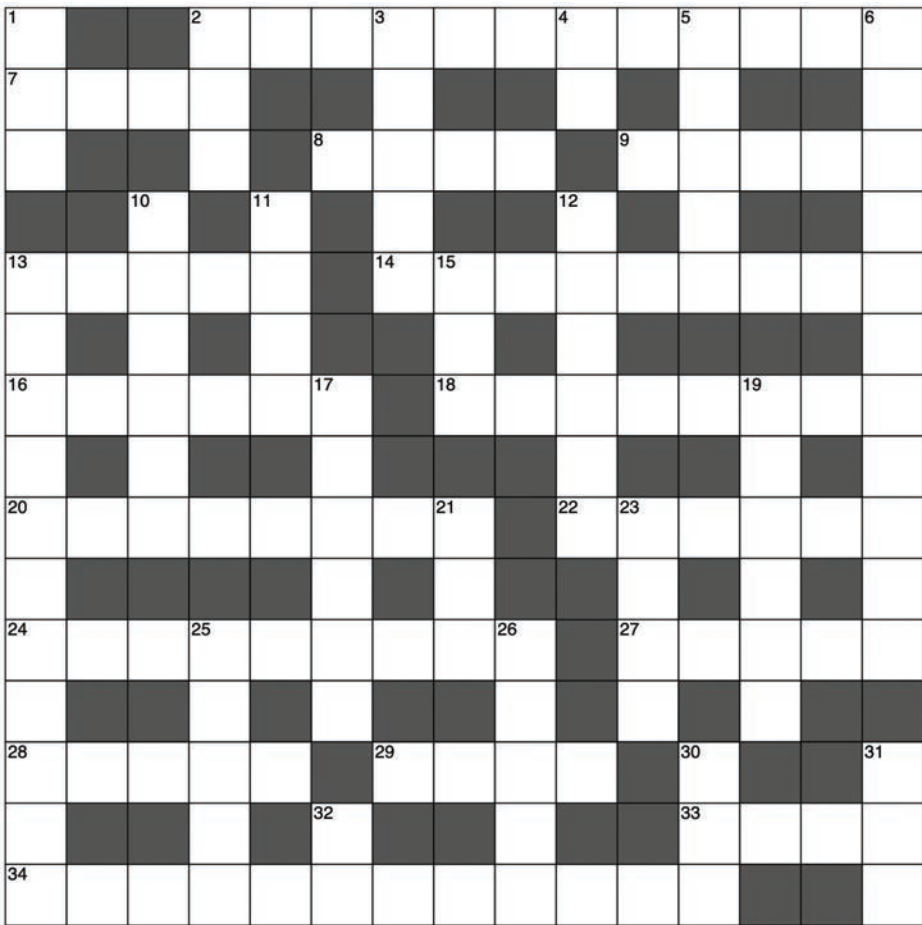
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 2** Dunedin councillor who took \$12 parking ticket to Supreme Court (2)
- 7** Friend of Boots and Swiper
- 8** Speakers and your flatmate's sneaky link have this in common
- 9** Assassinated Bolshevik revolutionary
- 13** Dame Whina Cooper led one in 1975
- 14** Beehive's landlord (2)
- 16** Ain't no gettin' over this country singer, Mr
- 18** Birthplace of the nation
- 20** PM party
- 22** Millie Bobby-Brown's debut role
- 24** Boarding
- 27** "This is the Fucking News" guy
- 28** Watering hole
- 29** Trump promised to build one
- 33** Mama Mia soundtrack
- 34** Treaty Principles Bill architect

DOWN

- 1** "Without further ____"
- 2** Dunedin's booze-regulating doc (acr.)
- 3** charli xcx is this Barbie
- 4** Med students' future title (abbr.)
- 5** Spanish queen
- 6** Tino rangatiratanga
- 10** Illuminated naturally
- 11** Greek flatbread
- 12** Lemon & lime soft drink
- 13** Encyclopedia is this (2)
- 15** You're at risk of salmonella if your chicken is this
- 17** NZ capital
- 19** State home to casinos and strippers
- 21** The Notebook's 'other guy'
- 23** Slimming procedure, for short
- 25** Suspect's excuse
- 26** Jewish folklore being
- 30** Carousel, for example
- 31** Celebrated by rainbow colours
- 32** 'Land of the Free' (acr.)



ISSUE 12 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. CLEANSKIN 5. EXAMS 8. RODEO 9. TOASTIE 11. DOC 12. REC 13. UNTIL 14. HATE 15. CBS 16. ARABS 18. PAVLOVA 22. AQUATIC 25. ACORN 26. KEG 27. OREO 28. LUIGI 30. WIN 32. CUE 33. DEUTSCH 34. RADIO 35. EASES 36. FATTY LANE

DOWN: 1. CIRCULAR 2. END IT 3. NOODLES 4. KETCHUP 5. EATS 6. AMERICA 7. SAUCES 10. ACTIV 17. BBQ 19. AMI 20. VAC 21. ANTIDOTE

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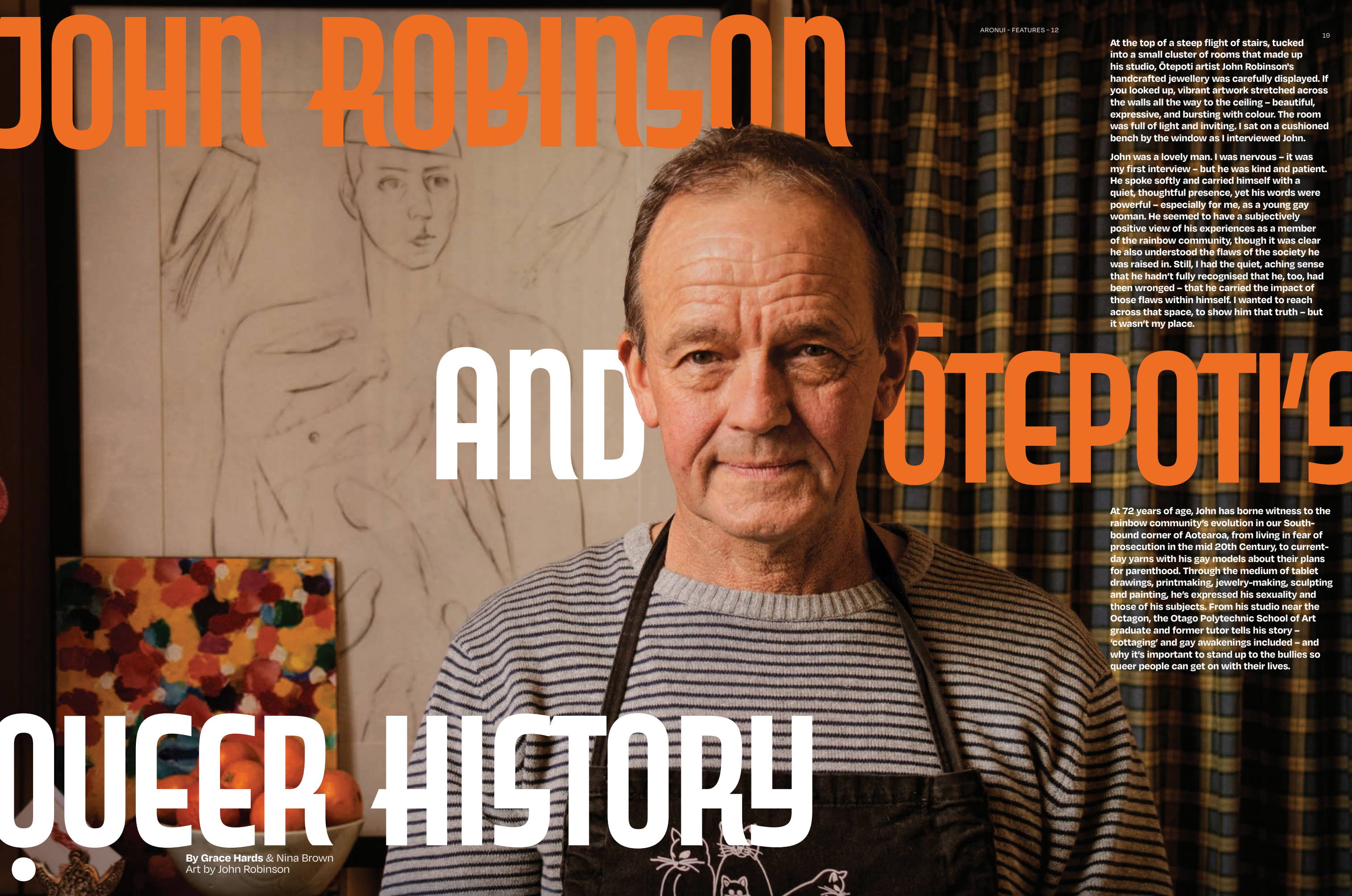
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MUSHROOM
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COTTAGE
GRINDR
BUSSY GALORE
GAYDAR
AZEALIA BANKS
CARABINER
COCKTAIL
QUEER
WOOF

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Carina Page

There are 10 differences between the two images





JOHN ROBINSON

AND ŌTEPOTI'S

QUEER HISTORY

At the top of a steep flight of stairs, tucked into a small cluster of rooms that made up his studio, Ōtepoti artist John Robinson's handcrafted jewellery was carefully displayed. If you looked up, vibrant artwork stretched across the walls all the way to the ceiling – beautiful, expressive, and bursting with colour. The room was full of light and inviting. I sat on a cushioned bench by the window as I interviewed John.

John was a lovely man. I was nervous – it was my first interview – but he was kind and patient. He spoke softly and carried himself with a quiet, thoughtful presence, yet his words were powerful – especially for me, as a young gay woman. He seemed to have a subjectively positive view of his experiences as a member of the rainbow community, though it was clear he also understood the flaws of the society he was raised in. Still, I had the quiet, aching sense that he hadn't fully recognised that he, too, had been wronged – that he carried the impact of those flaws within himself. I wanted to reach across that space, to show him that truth – but it wasn't my place.

At 72 years of age, John has borne witness to the rainbow community's evolution in our South-bound corner of Aotearoa, from living in fear of prosecution in the mid 20th Century, to current-day yarns with his gay models about their plans for parenthood. Through the medium of tablet drawings, printmaking, jewelry-making, sculpting and painting, he's expressed his sexuality and those of his subjects. From his studio near the Octagon, the Otago Polytechnic School of Art graduate and former tutor tells his story – 'cottaging' and gay awakenings included – and why it's important to stand up to the bullies so queer people can get on with their lives.

By Grace Hards & Nina Brown
Art by John Robinson

THE ARTIST’S WAY TO ŌTEPOTI

John’s story of art began when he left school at 17 years of age and moved 20 minutes from Foxton, a small town north of Wellington, to Palmerston North. There, he completed an apprenticeship as a jeweller. During that time, he became interested in painting after discovering a small art gallery in Palmerston North. It wasn’t far from where he worked, and so John would make use of his lunch breaks to peruse paintings by New Zealanders like Michael Smithers and Robin White. “They were all very exciting,” says John.

There was an elderly customer named Marion Tylee, a painter who John estimates would have been in her 70s. A good one, considering that listed among her accolades is a Gold Medal from the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts for a watercolour in 1923. One day he plucked up the courage to ask, “Oh, Miss Tyler, would you give me painting lessons?” She replied, “Certainly not, young man. You have to go to someone your own age, or someone much younger than I am.” And so he did. John had travelled to the South Island because of a man and, having wound up in Dunedin, decided to take her advice.“So I applied for the art school here in Dunedin and I’ve never really left,” he says. That was fifty years ago.

WHEN RAINBOW WAS RAINED ON

Moving to Dunedin, John was one of the many in the rainbow community to have flocked to bigger cities. Not only are bigger cities more exciting in general – the hustle and bustle of city life certainly provides more entertainment than the solitude of rural New Zealand – but at the time, they also offered a refuge of anonymity for queer folk not possible in small towns. For much of the 20th century, homosexuality was not only socially shamed; it was illegal – a history that John believes everyone should be aware of.

John was 36-years-old when homosexuality was decriminalised in New Zealand through the Homosexual Law Reform Act in 1986. Or, as he puts it: “For people of the same gender to express their love physically for one another.” He recalls people being sent to prison and the “closet cases” among the queer community who lived their lives under the radar. Gay men who were perhaps 20 or 30 years older than him would go to great lengths, through “smoke screens and subterfuges”, to present themselves as straight to the wider community. “And I think a lot of young people don’t realise what it was like and the effect that knowing what you do in your sex life and your love life is a criminal act,” says John. Many turned to booze and drugs to cope. “I mean, there’s still a lot of alcohol and drugs in the world, that doesn’t change; but it’s not wholesome to be like that [...] It can be a very destructive and corrosive way to be.”

Last Easter, some friends took him to New Plymouth specifically to see the empty prison there. A grim Victorian edifice, the prison was where, from 1912 to the early ‘50s, they sent so-called ‘sex offenders’ – many of whom were gay men. A lot of people who were caught committing homosexual acts were prosecuted and sentenced to prison time. “So it sort of has this almost unknown gay history because, as far as I know, no one kept a diary that’s still around,” John explains. Unfortunately, given it was 80 years ago, those who were incarcerated there likely aren’t alive to tell the tale.

If they weren’t prison-bound, gay men were known to flee the country to escape the shame among family and

the community. One famous (and rather scandalous) case is dubbed the ‘Wanganui Sensation’ from the ‘20s. The closeted mayor Charles Mackay was blackmailed by someone who had learned his secret, and he attempted to silence the man who threatened to expose him by shooting him, earning him 15 years of hard labour. Once out of prison, Mackay fled to Berlin, which had a relatively free homosexual acceptance not known to Aotearoa – including a Department of Homosexuals made for the purpose of protecting gay men from blackmail. “People used to do that because it was the only thing they could do. They had to go to a bigger community on the other side of the world where they could reinvent themselves and, you know, live with a certain amount of dignity,” comments John.

“YOU JUST HAVE TO BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF”

John has always known his sexuality. Like many young people’s gay awakening stories now (whether it’s the way Timothée Chalamet rolled in the Italian countryside grass with Armie Hammer or the sexual tension between Kim Possible and Shego), it was visual media that led John to his realisation. He recalls going to the movies after school (a weekly tradition) and seeing the boys his age salivating over some Hula girls on the screen. He didn’t understand what the fuss was all about. “I was just baffled. Why did [those boys] jump up and scream and yell and carry on?” says John.

In the heterosexual world of cinema where no Hula boy equivalent existed for John, and certainly nothing compared to *Call Me By Your Name*, it was only later that he could look back in hindsight and pinpoint this moment as not so much an awakening, but a clear moment showing his disinterest in girls. “Of course, when you’re young, you do want to conform and be accepted. It’s just how it is, I think.” Despite knowing his sexuality from a young age, it wasn’t until John was nearing the end of his twenties that he began to accept himself. “I thought, well, you just have to be honest with yourself. Of course, start with yourself and with the people in your life that matter. And everyone else, it’s not their business,” he says. “As long as you’re being true to yourself, who cares what the rest of them say?”

In that period of time, during John’s 20s and 30s, there were a lot of interesting and socially progressive biographies coming out, detailing the previously ignored queerness of prominent 20th century artists. For example, attention was given to the writer Virginia Woolf’s relationships with women, and the way she portrayed queer people in literature. There was also a group of pansexual painters who, according to John’s recollection, seemed to be all over the place all the time. “They had this group of friends and they decided they’d always be terribly honest about themselves,” says John. By the time he was in his twenties, they were all “dying off” as he puts it, but their life stories were being chronicled in biographies. “So I took a lot of strength, I guess, from those people.”

DUNEDIN’S QUEER LIFE

Despite its conservative Southland-adjacent location, sandwiched between rural towns where “gay” is still used as a cuss word, Ōtepoti has long punched above its weight in societal tolerance. John can attest to the city’s rainbow scene, having lived here since the late ‘70s. “I think Dunedin





is a liberal city and is quite broad-minded and quite happy for people to live their own lives,” he says. Having said that, he’s also aware of gay men who had been sent to prison for being gay. But he’s never had any problems personally except for one instance of “straightforward discrimination”.

He was painting 20 people from the rainbow community in Southland. To advertise for volunteers, he had a notice in his studio window inviting people who might be interested in sitting for him to climb the stairs and come have a talk. One day, he got a strange phone call. The person on the other end of the phone asked, “Why are you trying to get these queers from Southland?” He hung up. About an hour later, they rang back with the same question. John’s coworker, who John notes “wasn’t rainbow”, was sitting beside him and overheard. He snatched the phone off John and said, “We’re blocking that one.” It’s something he never would have thought of doing, he says. “So there is some kind of prejudice.”

Dating in Dunedin wasn’t always as easy as downloading Grindr. To circumvent the judgemental public eye, John recalls that a lot of lonely gay men would meet one another in public toilets – or “cottaging”. “Now I never did that – well, I didn’t know about it, because I was relatively old,” laughs John. But he had his brushes with the scene. For a period of time in his 20s, he had a close friendship with a lady who he’d go on platonic dates with. One night, they went to a play at Allan Hall together. On the return route home, John popped into the public toilets on Frederick Street – and someone propositioned him there straight away: “I was so frightened I ran out!”

But outside of public toilets, there weren’t many places for gay men to meet each other. Woof! was born five years ago and has since become somewhat of an epicentre of queer life in modern-day Ōtepoti, adorned with proudly displayed rainbow flags, potted plants, and eclectic lamp shades just a couple of blocks away from John’s studio. In John’s memory, the only other ‘gay bar’ was Club 65 on Bond Street. Before the place was gentrified and turned into apartments, John and his friends would take a bottle of booze to the dingy, concrete basement, and dance. “And for a while, that was sort of the centre,” says John. “It was exciting and fun.”

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

Art has been John’s outlet for self-expression. “I’ve had to come and express myself in my work,” says John. Specialising in male nudes, John will often use soft and bright colours to depict form, an intentional decision in contrast to the stereotypical New Zealand male, many of whose height of flamboyance includes a Hawaiian shirt on Crate Day or the bright colours of their Super Rugby team jersey. He has also learned the stories of other gay men who model for him – a highlight in his work, and something he says he intends to write a book about someday.

“One of the funny things [I’ve noticed is that] the first drawing session, they will either tell you everything about themselves or they tell you nothing at all,” notes John. Take for example one model Sam, now an Auckland-based lawyer, who cheerily told John his entire life story: he was about to have his first child with his husband. John went home after the session (which occurred on his birthday, no less) and said to his partner, “Do you know what young people think these days? What they aspire to? They’re

going to get married and have children.” It had never occurred to the older couple, who had lived through the decriminalisation of homosexuality, with the legalisation of marriage only coming 27 years later with the Marriage (Definition of Marriage) Amendment Act in 2013.

“Sam was going to get married and he was going to have babies, and the only way we would have thought we could have babies was to marry a woman,” says John. “There are gay men who love babies – they’re just natural fathers who have done that and have been happy on that side of their life, bringing up children [...] Those options are there and I think it’s fantastic.” Sam and his husband’s baby is coming in July.

FROM APATHETIC TO POLITICAL

As John gets older, his resilience in his identity has only strengthened. He described his younger self as very “apolitical”, never taking part in any protests and only really engaging with the rainbow community through his art and in helping Moray Gallery to organise gay and lesbian exhibitions and in the community centre.

But in the last few years, as the Western world has been taken over by, in John’s words, “bullies” and the “worst kind of men” – not only in Trump’s America, but in our own backyard with a recent NZ First member’s bill prompting Dunedin’s largest trans rights rally – John has shed his apathetic attitude. “I think I have found a new political voice, and I feel that it’s important that we stand up and say this is who we are, we contribute as much as anybody else. We’re a minority of course, but there’s no reason why we can’t get on with our lives and not be persecuted in any way [...] And I think that in America a lot of people are trying to roll back gay rights. They’re talking about doing things about marriage. They’re certainly picking on the trans community. You know, we’ve got to stand up and say, ‘No, we’re not going back. No.’”

Interviewing John was a privilege. His gentleness, his honesty, and the quiet force behind his words stayed with me long after I left his studio. In sharing his story, he offered more than just a window into the past – he reminded me of how far we’ve come, and how far we still have to go.

Now more than ever, we need to stand up – for ourselves, for each other, and for those who never got the chance to. The rights we have were hard-won, and they remain under threat. Being passive is not an option. We must educate ourselves, honour the histories that shaped us, and confront the systems that still try to keep us quiet. Most importantly, we need to be proud; proud of who we are, of the communities that hold us, and of the beauty we continue to create in defiance and in joy. We owe that pride to the generations who fought to get us here, and to those still yet to come so they might grow up loving without fear.

Thank you, John, for your art, your voice, and your courage. You reminded me that being visible is powerful, and that being ourselves is political.



PROTECT
THE
DOLLS

HUMAN RIGHTS
ARE
TRANS RIGHTS

STAND
BY
TRANS

you are here:

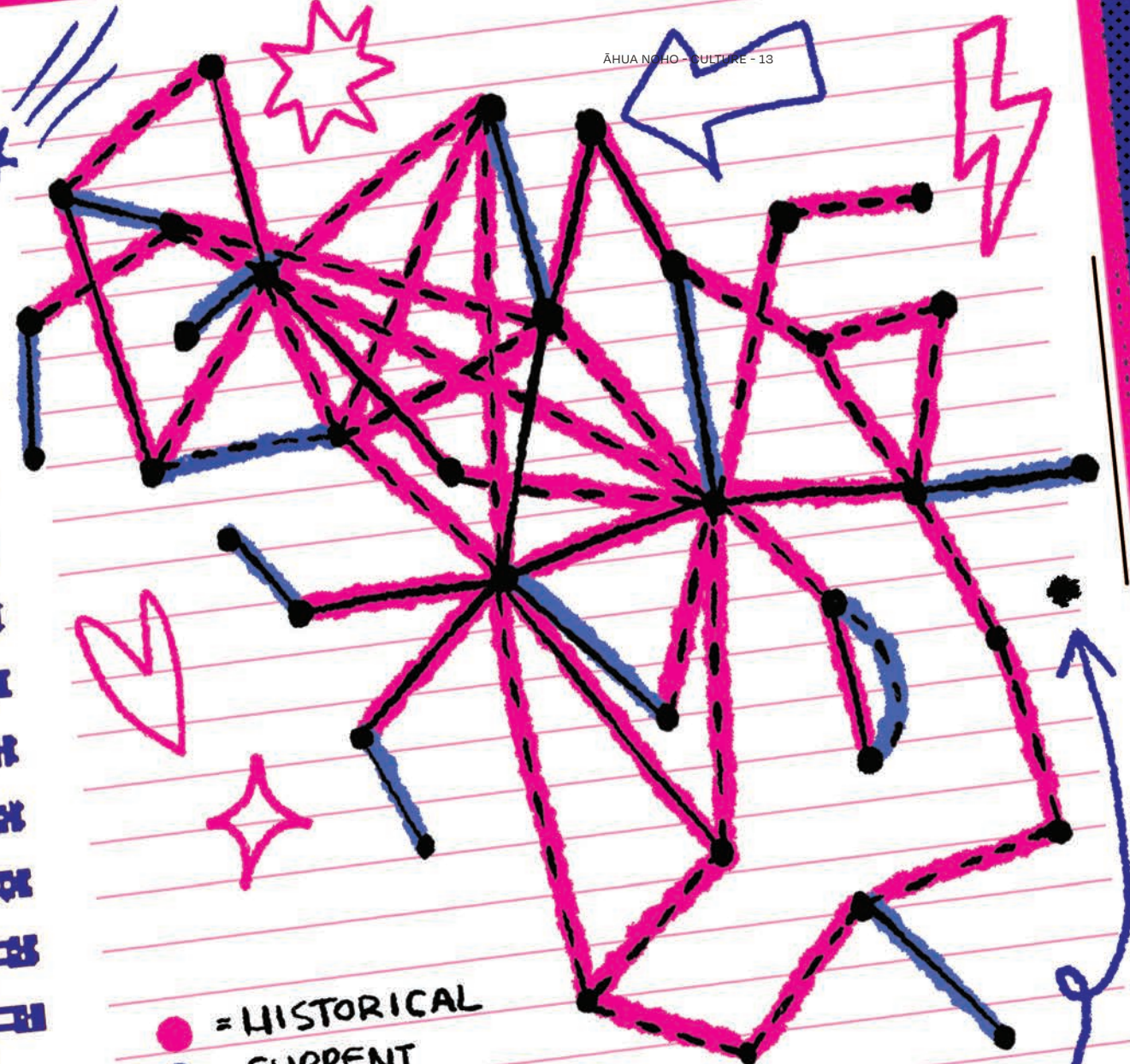
An investigation
into the tangled web
of the queer Dunedin
dating scene

By Via Hooks
Illustrated by Tevya Faed

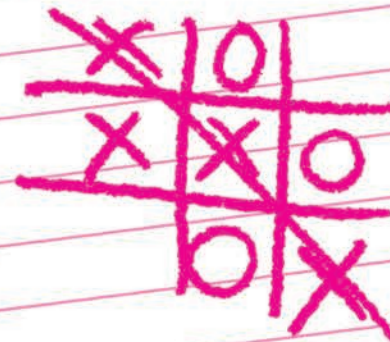
Having been in ostensibly queer friend groups basically since arriving in Dunedin, I've observed that all of my friends (myself included) are, indeed, dating each other. But can I back this up with data?

Yes.

My proposed hypothesis is the "Queer event horizon" - that any two queer people who have been in relationships should be able to trace a line of exes, hook-ups, and crushes to connect each other. To test this hypothesis I've constructed, through serious investigative journalism, an incomplete map of the relationship dynamics - present and historical, serious and casual - of my various friend groups. As shown, even with my fairly limited dataset, there were a lot of connections, managing to link even people who have never directly met. I would suggest further, that because there are undoubtedly connections beyond the people I immediately know, that this is but one node of a much larger web.

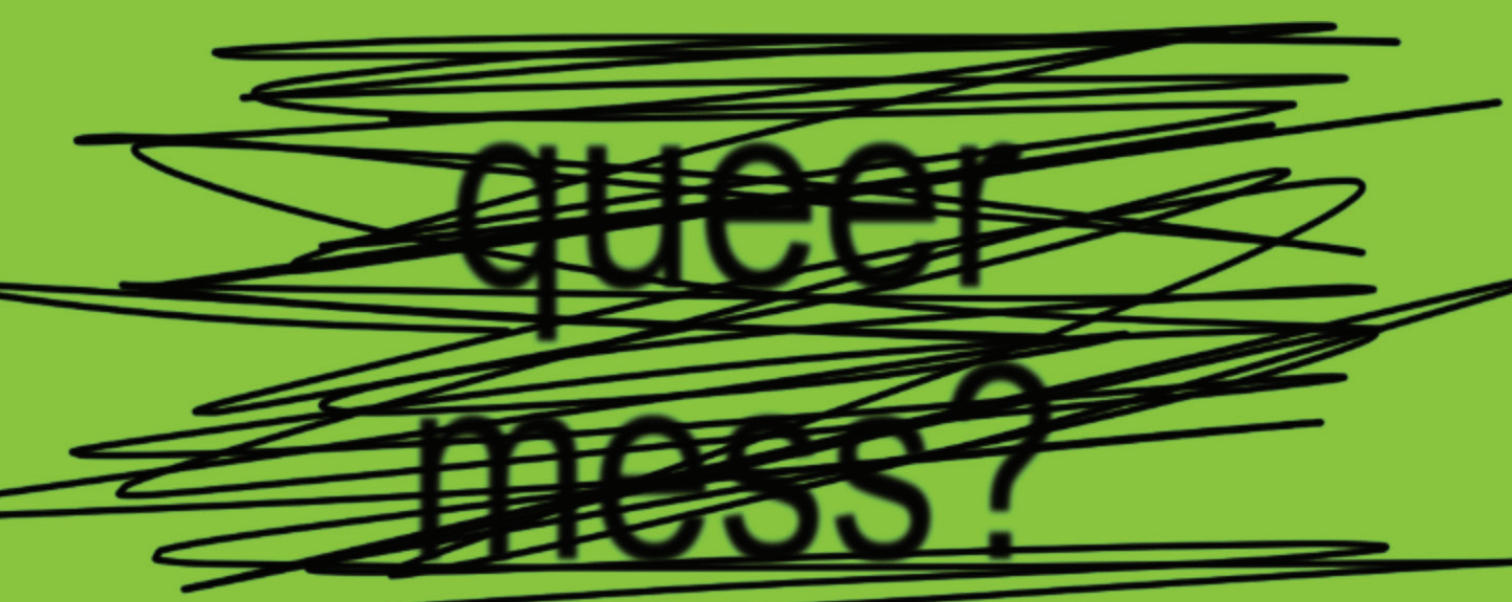


● = HISTORICAL
● = CURRENT
— = DEFINED
--- = NEBULOUS (CRUSHES, HOOKUPS, ETC.)



ALLY?





A love letter to my love-hate relationship with Ōtepoti

By Madeline O’Leary

It's a bit of a running joke within my circle that my sexuality announces itself before I do. My friends often tease about how they can hear me coming before they see me. The jangle of keys on my carabiner is like a rumble of dyke thunder before lightning strikes. Pair this with my eyebrow piercing, button up, and mullet then you get the full picture. I don't need to vocalise the phrase “I'm gay” to let people know, my outward expression does it for me.

Don't get me wrong, there is something about this visible, masc power that I love. Queer people instantly know I'm one of them; I communicate silently with fellow sapphics, straight men know to not even bother. In fact, I often get the "bro, dude, my man" treatment by drunk men in town, which I'm sure sounds preferable to the torment my femme presenting peers endure in similar situations. If we're ever out and I spot one of my girls getting hit on uncomfortably, I feel I owe it to this lesbian superpower to use it for good. Simply putting my arm over her shoulder makes the boys retreat.

However, it's not all roses. Whilst my presentation is a bold, flowing flag, it is also a target.

Over the summer, when the majority of students flock home to work at New World and be with their parents, I stayed in Ōtepoti for the first time. I wanted to see how different this city was with the student population gone. Sadly, it left a lot to be desired. This period of my life was marked by three instances of homophobia, which all occurred in relatively quick succession. Briefly, they were:

1) Getting a note written about me and a close friend (a femme sapphic) by a patron of the bar she worked at as we were hanging out, platonically, during her shift close. The phrase "I support all communities, I don't support them" was underlined.

2) My best friend (a visibly queer man, lavender marriage prospect, and somewhat of an icon on campus ifykyk) and I were walking down George St at night as we passed a group of men our age. They chose to greet us with "Sup faggots", thinking we were a couple. As they got closer to me they corrected their mistake, "Oh fuck, it's a lesbian". Both of us immediately shut up and bolted home, neither fancied a gay bashing.

3) I was questioned by the police in relation to a burglary in Ōtepoti as I matched the description of the suspect caught on CCTV. She was a fellow gender non-conforming woman (turn yourself in btw, come on now). I mostly joke about this one but being profiled because you belong to a very small, very visible pool in Ōtepoti does have a sting to it.

Unfortunately, I know that my masc presentation had something to do with all of these scenarios. Almost instantly, over the course of one summer, Dunedin felt decidedly less safe. It's often said that trust is something hard to build and easily broken, and for the first time in six years I started to doubt the city I had called home. I began to question my presentation too. After years of living as a confident, masc woman I asked myself if I wanted to continue being as visibly queer as I was. Was it time to rein it all in?

A lifetime of being an outlier will do this to you. I can't hang out with my femme friends without people thinking we're dating or hooking up, I can't hang out with other visibly queer people without risking harassment. Slipping beneath the veil of anonymity via conformity in Ōtepoti is not an option for me. I stick in people's minds, purely because of the novelty of being butch in this small city. I cannot un-announce my queerness, it is not a card that I can hold close to my chest and reveal on my terms. I do not have that comfort, I do not have that privilege.

Growing up in a small rural town, this feels especially true when I visit my parents. I avoid going into public for that very reason. I don't feel safe. The only way I could claw back that privilege would be to start dressing more femme, more conforming, more straight. But this too feels impossible: my masc identity is me. Retreating on that would be living a lie. So instead I live in an in-between space, walking a tightrope of risking my well-being versus being true to myself. Balancing authenticity with safety.

As I was struggling with this dilemma, whether to dial down my identity and trial run Ōtepoti as a less queer version of myself, the summer break came to a close. February rolled in and with it came an influx of new and familiar faces, the student body returning to campus for another year. Within a week I remembered why I love this city so much. The student population brings with it a wave of youthful optimism, where the prevailing attitude seems to be one of “do you, but don't be a dick”, which stands in stark contrast to the more conservative parts of our population (I'm looking at you, Dunedin News). For all the shit Ōtepoti cops for being a university town, I can't help but appreciate what that means for people like me. Nestled in between the drinking culture and general debauchery of the Otago experience there is a space for us outliers of society. Couple this with the fact that people who funnel through university education tend to lean left, and the whole equation creates a much friendlier atmosphere for us queers.

A few weeks ago, I attended the trans rights demonstration in protest of Winston Peter's horrific member's bill regarding the definition of gender. I felt indebted to attend not only for my trans siblings, whose lives are directly threatened by the legislature, but also out of a kernel of self-interest. As a woman that visibly steps outside the boundaries of what is expected of my gender every day, a bill that ensures entry to single-sex spaces is based on biology alone terrifies me. I inflate the feminine aspects of myself every time I go into a public bathroom as it is; an actual law has me worried about the possibility of having to “biologically” prove myself. I'd like to keep what resides in my boxers a secret, thanks. The protest itself numbered in the hundreds and those gathered were informed that this was the largest trans-rights protest Ōtepoti had ever seen. In a growing culture of conservatism, fascism, and transphobia, this felt massive. Most strikingly, however, was the complete absence of any counter-protestors, no one showing their face to harass us. The upper Octagon was TERF-free.

What I did see in the crowd was my community. Not just my friends but faces I've passed numerous times on campus and on the street. People who I've seen at the audience in drag shows, or sitting outside Woof! at night, people who I feel connected to without even having spoken. All of us coming out of the woodwork to show a united, solidified front. That's what I love about Ōtepoti. For a small city that dwells at the bottom of the South Island, surrounded by farmlands and true-blue country, we punch above our weight in terms of social progress.

Don't get me wrong, it's certainly not perfect being queer here; my summer experience is proof of that. I'd be hesitant to even say it's great; our dating pool resembles a puddle, we have only a few cornerstones of queer culture, but we make it work regardless. The Ōtepoti queer family may be small, but it is mighty, and we make ourselves heard. As Nina pointed out in her editorial a few weeks back, Wellington (everyone's answer to “where is the gayest place in NZ”) has yet to produce a trans-rights protest of its own. Instead, the rallying cry came from way down South.

Today, I am proud to say that I am just as visibly queer as I was before the summer, and I feel safe enough walking down the street this year. Events like the trans-rights protest remind me of how closely-knit Ōtepoti's community of gays and allies is. We have a singular gay bar, everyone seems to have 20 mutual followers on Instagram, and we show out when it matters. As the hub of New Zealand's deep south, our city should have the rainbow chips stacked against it, yet we persist and try our best to thrive. There's something endearing about that.

My relationship with this city is one of love and hate. It's like a partner who's flaws you've learnt to live with because you're in it for the long haul. I'm aware that pockets of Dunedin are prejudiced, I've experienced it myself. I know that I'm surrounded by rural NZ and the attitude it tends to hold. And I know that when the students leave, you can feel it. But I also know that this city houses a community that has got your back and that it supports a growing queer culture. That's what I choose to celebrate.

Gays love a call to action, so I suppose I'll end with this: support Ōtepoti's queer scene, I beg you. Frequent Woof! on a night out, support the Ōtepoti Drag Directory, turn out for protests when they are organised. The queer community leaders of this city are some of the hardest working people I know and they need our backing. It is certainly a scary time to be queer, but we must band together and we must have hope. Queer people are so often urged to focus on our history and use that to shape how we navigate the present, but this leaves no room for looking towards the future. Queer solidarity is survival, queer community helps us live, and queer joy is liberation. And it makes this masc lesbian have a little more pep in her step strutting along George St.



Jokes about Doc-wearing, threesome-having bisexual femmes are as low hanging as ragging on breathas for the mullet-moustache combo. While the copy and paste breatha look at festivals means some stereotypes often have a basis in truth, stereotypes can also be exaggerated or distorted in ways that can be harmful. This is especially true for marginalised communities such as the LGBTQ+ community. Though stereotypes around style or appearance can be pretty harmless, negative assumptions can feed internalised homophobia – and bisexual femmes can cop a lot of this.

Critic Te Ārohi ran a survey of 17-25 year olds who identify as bisexual femmes (non-binary, cis or trans women attracted to more than one gender). The top stereotypes experienced were certain expectations around style and appearance (62%); that bisexual femmes were just “confused” (76%); and that they weren’t “valid” unless they’d dated multiple genders (74%).

One of the most harmful stereotypes is the assumption that bisexuals are simply confused, that they need to pick a side, or that they’re just “taking the easy way” into the queer community, only to come out as gay later down the line. This entirely invalidates bisexuality as an identity, instead treating it as a phase or an experiment. One respondent watched their friend immediately swipe away a bisexual woman on Tinder, saying that she didn’t want to “be anyone’s experiment.” While sexuality is fluid and it can take time to properly understand this aspect of your identity, even this questioning stage does not equate to confusion. One reply to the survey we conducted just read, “The only thing I’m confused about is maths.” While a lot of bisexual femmes are in this boat and are self-assured about their sexual identity, even those still trying to work it out don’t actually owe you a label.

Similarly, a lot of people don’t see bisexuals as valid unless they have dated multiple genders. So often the authenticity of someone’s bisexuality is questioned if they haven’t had a committed queer relationship or queer sexual experience. The horror stories for this one are also endless: from a guy ending a relationship and saying his ex could now explore her “repressed gay side” (despite knowing she had dated women in

the past), to being told you’re straight now the second you’re in a committed relationship with a guy. Dismissing bisexual femmes for their experiences, or lack thereof, and demanding ‘proof’ of their sexuality is just evidence of people doing anything to avoid accepting that you can like more than one gender.

A small disclaimer for this next stereotype: this writer is a bisexual woman with bangs, a nose piercing, a tattoo, Docs, and she thrifts most of her clothes. This aside, style is not an accurate indicator of bisexuality. At the sight of a femme with a dyed wolf cut on a TikTok FYP, it’s habit to check for the #wlv, just like it can be a habit to check for piercings, cuffed jeans, and the telltale yellow seam of Docs in public. Style is a huge aspect of how people, especially young people, portray ourselves. Through our appearance we can send signals to others, especially in communities where tiny details have significance – like which side a lesbian wears a carabiner on. However, whether or not someone actually conforms to these societal expectations is not an indication of their sexuality. For one respondent, their preference of dressing “in a more masc way” means that they often “find themselves having to ‘come out’ as bi” because people assume they only like women. This kind of assumption based only on style is entirely useless and inaccurate.

Another harmful stereotype is the way in which bisexual femmes are heavily oversexualised – a contributing factor to the increased rates of sexual violence that they experience on average. Sure, bisexual femmes are awesome, and cool, and the best (totally not biased) but the culture around sexualising them even beyond the standard misogynistic sexualisation of women is, to put it clearly, weird and gross. People experience this oversexualisation to varying levels. Straight girls wanting to kiss when they’re wasted and then refusing to be friends with you because you simply must have a crush on them – think Clare from Derry Girls: “I’m not interested in you like that – look at the state of you!”. Guys telling you it doesn’t count as cheating to kiss your girlfriends, but hey, can he watch? One reply to the survey put it best when they said that being bisexual “is not ‘hot’ it’s literally just who I am and it’s not for you, you creep.”

On a similar note, bisexuals – and especially bisexual femmes – are considered to be ‘sluttier’ than other sexual identities. 47% of respondents had been accused of being promiscuous based on their sexuality, and 38% had even been considered likely to cheat because of it. The insecurity of partners on this basis is evident in the survey replies. One had an ex-boyfriend accuse her of cheating with not just one but two of the girls she was friends with and one of the guys. He ended up slashing her tires and trying to “bash one of the girls.” A different respondent’s dad told them that “when you’re in a relationship with a bisexual you’re never safe from being cheated on.” The insecurity from this stereotype can develop into attitudes and actions like this that are seriously dangerous and all round just fucked up. Another bisexual woman noted that she’s “twice as likely to cheat on my partner because I’m a hoe, not because I’m a bisexual.”

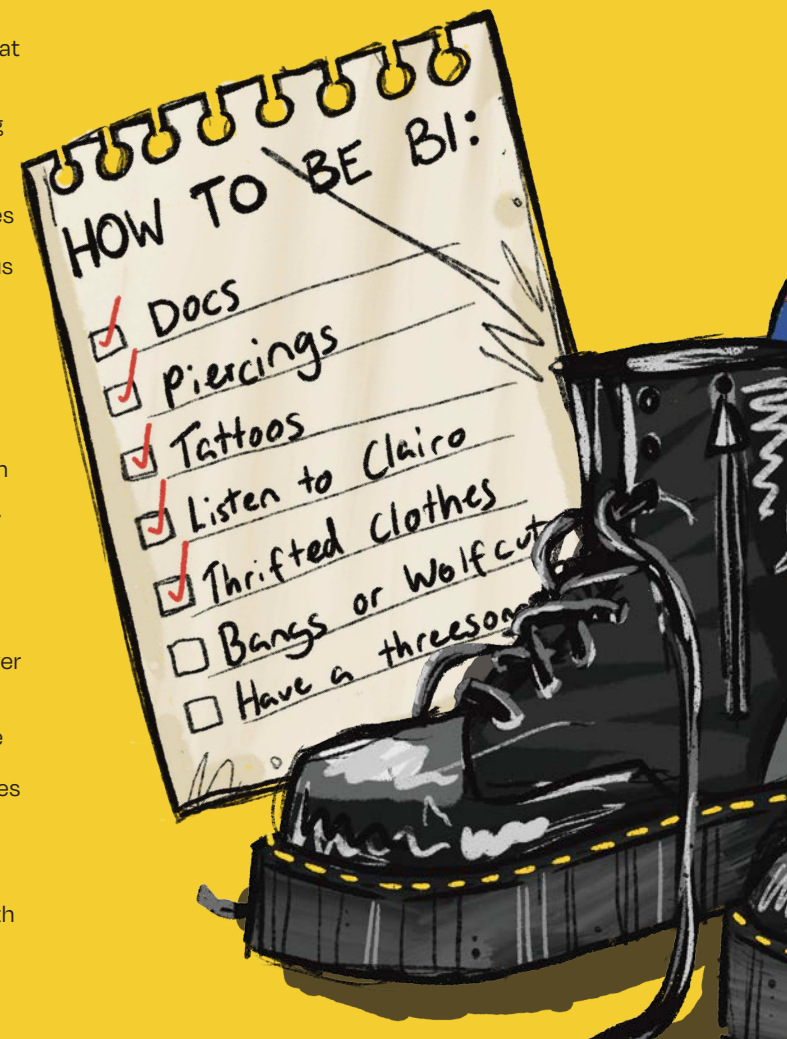
Let’s talk threesomes. Despite this writer having an award to her name for one (it’s a Selwyn thing, don’t ask), she has never had a threesome. And, like 55% of respondents, she’s been asked fairly often if she has, or if she’d be willing to (usually in a foul context). The assumption that bisexual femmes are automatically keen for a threesome is genuinely harmful, contributing to the oversexualisation stereotype and the rates of sexual violence. One respondent noted that they’ve been told that women are only bisexual to make men like them more because they think they’ll be down for a threesome. Another respondent had a guy tell her that “in order to prove she wouldn’t cheat on him, she had to have a threesome with him.”

These stereotypes have developed over time into biphobia and discrimination. Not only from the general population, but there is also a huge amount of biphobia from within the LGBTQ+ community. As one respondent pointed out, stereotypes and erasure that come from within the queer community “ignores the structural systems that ACTUALLY oppress us.”

On another note, a lot of respondents added that religious environments they grew up in were hugely biphobic. Their sexualities weren’t taken seriously and some were even actively rejected and excluded. One respondent recounted a story of coming out and being taken to a youth group by their friends in year ten to “pray the bisexuality” out of her. Not only that, the girl who suggested it sent multiple messages to her saying she was “going to hell” and “needed to accept Jesus.” That girl is now also queer.

Overall, these stereotypes can develop from internalised biphobia to treating people like complete shit. The constant urge to define people with labels and assumptions like these can be really harmful to the LGBTQ+ community – from deducing someone is queer based on their footwear, to oversexualising them to the point of assault. One respondent summed it up perfectly: “It can get fucking exhausting being bisexual – having to explain myself at every turn or justify my own existence to friends or family. Being openly bi means growing a thick skin to deal with a whole lotta bullshit!” Wearing Docs doesn’t mean that someone’s confused, and it definitely doesn’t mean they want to sleep with you or your mates.

Thank you to everyone who took the time to complete the survey associated with this piece. Critic Te Ārohi is really sorry that you went through those things, aroha nui xoxo



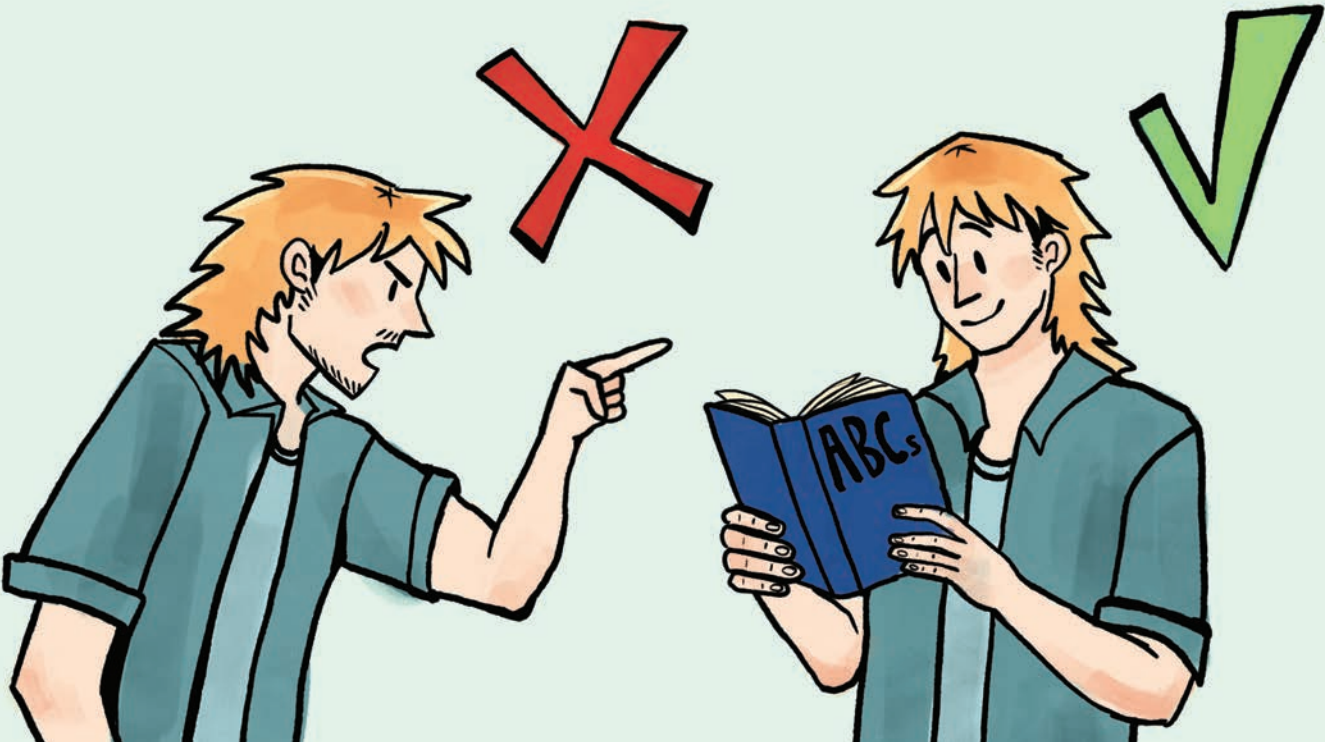
How to be an Ally

By **Zoe Eckhoff**
Illustrated by **Gemma McKinney**

There are many ways in which we can become better people in this society. Dunedin is an ever-expanding, diverse, and lively city full of all colours of the rainbow. Maybe you don't think you're one of those guys. Maybe when you're at a flat party and see a queer couple you only stare for a little while. Maybe you even come along to trans rights protests. But there's always some way to improve. Essentially, this is a criticHow to be a decent human being, because it really shouldn't be much of an ask to treat people with respect. Sometimes even the little things we do or how we naturally think are homophobic in ways we don't even realise. So, for all you non-Communications students, here's a guide to some critical thought!

Part 1

Expand Your Vocabulary



First and foremost, the dictionary is a great read. I promise you, you'll find hundreds of words you could substitute for the F-slur. And no, funny guy, I'm not referring to a bundle of sticks. Even light, subtle homophobic language can be harmful. It's the naturalisation and normalisation of these particular forms of speech that embed hateful messaging into our everyday language. Don't give us that "but gay means happy" excuse; we all know you didn't mean it that way when it exited your mouth. If you don't like someone, there are so many things you could say instead. Critic humbly suggests these alternatives:

- "Fuck off" is a classic. It's a cuss-word for you naughty folk but has no historical offensive connotations. Brilliant!
- Nothing! You could just say nothing. Yes, maybe they're an asshole but don't dizzy yourself into one.
- Alternatively, could you even have a productive conversation where you listen to each other and try to come to a collective understanding even if you fundamentally disagree? No? Well, we tried.

Part 2

Realise Gender is a Social Construct



It doesn't take a Communications major to connect the dots on this one, but for those of you who are ill-informed, it's true! Like the economy, gender is just another thing we made up. While sex refers to the organs of your body, specifically genitalia, gender is entirely performative. It's a form of self expression, just like figuring out whether committing to Health Sci was a complete mistake. Sometimes we get it wrong, but it's all part of the learning curve.

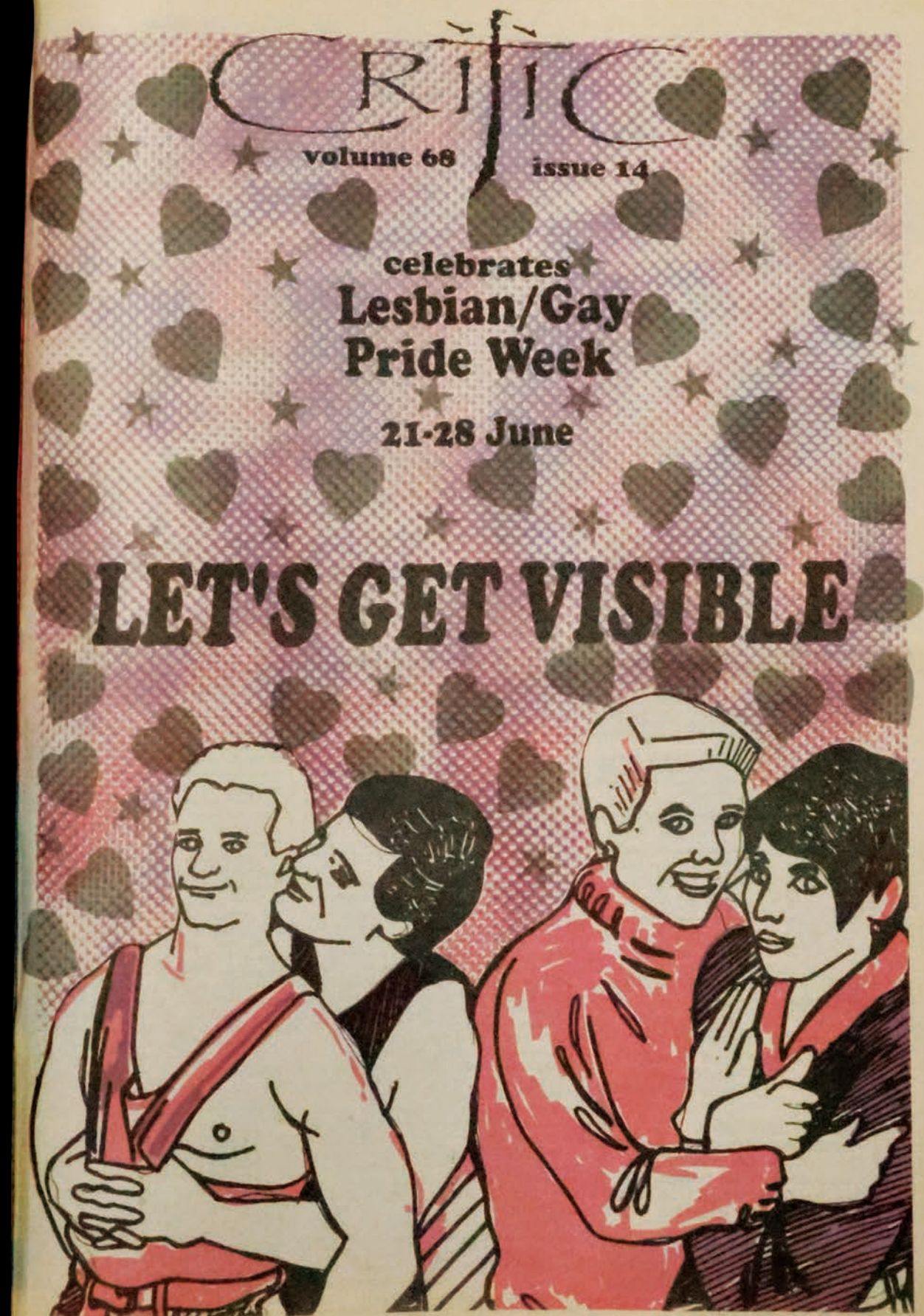
- Quit getting pissed off at people's pronouns. It's basic respect to refer to someone in the way they identify. It's okay to get confused or make mistakes, but at the same time we've got bigger fish to fry in this world than trivial subjects like this.
- They're no Judith Butler, but Limp Bizkit said it best; we really are just ladies, fellas, and people who don't give a fuck.

Part 3

Coming Out Culture: Hot Take

Coming out culture has increasingly become highly attributed to the queer identity, and it is generally assumed as a ritual to complete if one were to realise they did identify in such a way. Here's some hot takes about this one:

- Coming out culture only works to abnormalise queerness further.
- Heterosexuality should not be assumed upon people. Coming out culture only emphasises the socially deemed abnormal nature of queerness.
- Queerness isn't a choice, it's a form of identity. The same way you may hate gelato ice cream (wrong) while someone else might love it. Why do you feel that way? It's hard to put words to, but you just do. You also don't feel like you need to 'come out' about it. Same with queerness – why should you have to label yourself and actively promote a personal part of your identity?



ISSUES!

100 years of Critic

Visitors to their **ISSUES! 100 Years of Critic** exhibition are invited to contribute when visiting the gallery by handwriting or typing a letter. The winning letter of the week will be featured in the magazine and the author gets a free Critic tote bag! Email critic@critic.co.nz to claim your prize.

Mon – Fri | 9am – 5pm
de Beer Gallery
Special Collections

First Floor
Te Pātaka Kura Pokapū
Central Library



YES:

We naturally put other people in boxes immediately upon meeting them based on preconceptions and perceived signals, real or imagined. We are brought up to understand that subtle indicators are reflective of deeper identities. The subliminal messages that we send with our choices in clothing, our appearance, our habits and behaviour, are all meant to be perceived, on a conscious or unconscious level, and communicate aspects of our identity.

Whether it's the way we dress, walk, talk, or our mannerisms, there is undeniably something to Gaydar™. Studies have found that these responses are more accurate from those part of the LGBTQ+ community. They are also more accurate when they are made quickly – suggesting they are automatic responses, and that we don't actually know what determines these judgements.

We often rely on our intuition, which is based on past experiences, emotions, and observations we usually aren't even aware we're making. While an imperfect, and actually an inherently homophobic tool, Gaydar™ is real, and has real basis in widely accepted cues conveying sexuality.

Having said all this, Gaydar™ is not necessarily this clinical concept, it's a magical innate sense (with a curious correlation to guys I find attractive). Sure, there is minimal scientific evidence for Gaydar™, but human perceptions and relations have always been a complex thing to study. I know in my heart that Gaydar™ is real, despite wishing it wasn't – just like toucans. Or Florida.

NO:

Gaydars are not real. You are not special, read the room. You're not observant.

Not all gay people dress or act like a stereotypical gay person would. For example, you have people like Rock Hudson, or a bunch of Republican senators. There are so many people who are public figures AND gay who don't set off people's gaydars because it simply doesn't exist.

An example of this is one of my mates, who will remain nameless. He has so many stories of getting hot and heavy in many a named flat with blokes on Castle and Leith Street, and how he would often see them out with their girlfriends and they would exchange a knowing look, but the girlfriend, who probably "has a gay bestie and has SUCH a good gaydar" is completely fucking oblivious to the fact her boyfriend is getting dug the fuck out on the low by one of the most obviously gay people I've ever met.

This whole "homiesexual" thing makes it so difficult to gather whether someone is gay or not, because so many people are just like "oh my god breathas are so gay" and many joke about "bro-jobs" and antics that seem like they'd be from an all male boarding school probably aren't a joke. Everyone is human, people are gay and it isn't a big deal.

Despite this, some queer people are incredibly obvious, very flamboyant and animated in a way that makes you think "yep, gay as hell" but some operate in a more disguised way for various reasons, be it safety or to uphold a certain reputation. Considering this, people saying "oh I've got a good gaydar" makes them come across as a bloodhound for gay people, which is an insane thing to say. Be considerate, be kind, and don't air laundry that isn't yours to air.

IS THE GAYDAR REAL?

Nau mai, tauti mai!

Join us as we showcase past issues of **Critic Te Ārohi** and pay them out for being totally f#\$%ing ancient.

INGREDIENTS:

1x Pack of cheap ass noodles
1x Wrap of choice
1x Egg
Tomato relish
Half a small brown onion, sliced
Grated cheese
Kewpie mayo
Oil

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1: Start by preheating a fry pan with a dash of oil over high heat. While that's preheating, spread a fair dollop of tomato relish all over your wrap.

Step 2: Crack your egg into the preheated pan and fry that mf up to your liking. While your egg is frying, open up the pack noodles, place into a bowl and flick the jug on in preparation to cook your noodles.

Step 3: Once your egg is fried and the jug is boiled, pour the water into the bowl with your noodles to begin their cooking. Remove your egg from the pan and replace with your sliced onion to begin frying them.

MI GORENG
GRADUATE
By Gordon
Ramthisdownyourgullet

Step 3: By now, your noodles and onion should be both ready and it is time to start assembling your abomination of a meal. To build: drain the noodles as much as possible to avoid a soggy wrap and then pour onto your pre-prepared, relish-smeared wrap.

Step 4: Place your onion, cheese, and egg on top of the noodles (I shredded my fried egg up but you can place in whole if you want.) Then finalise with a healthy drizzle of kewpie mayo.

Step 5: Fold your wrap up and place into a toastie press to get a nice crispy shell. (If you don't own a toastie press you can toast it in a fry pan.)

To Serve: Remove your wrap from the press/pan and place onto a plate. I would recommend a knife and fork for the attack strategy on this one but feel free to be an animal and bare hand this as well.

Gordon
Ramthisdownyourgullet
xoxo

Strap yourselves in folks, cause we are about to get freaky. Have you ever been hungry/hungover as fuck only to discover you have close to no real food? Well then this recipe is for you financially struggling legends. This feed has been built solely on the random scraps you have in the cupboard or fridge which means it can be altered in any way, shape, or form. Happy munching you animals.

You can put the flavour sachet in before or after the water based on your preference.



BOOZE REVIEWS

BY JOAN OF RARK

RANGITAKI - COLUMNS - 13

RARO
favourite



We've gone DI-why the fuck would you do that this week: Kristov Red Label and Raro. Born from a post in the 'Throwback 4s & Rotary of NZ' Facebook group, surrounded by mentions of monster-ports, premix, and Purple Goannas, this shit should have made like dreads and tribal tattoos on white guys and stayed in the 2000s. The method for this is to scull the bottle to the bottom of the neck, funnel a packet of Raro (sweet navel orange, obviously) into the thing and shake it like your life depends on it. If it isn't mixed enough, it'll feel like it's gonna damn kill you.

This is not a cheeky fruity wee drink, it is something you drink to Irish Exit pres. I found this out the hard way when I came to inside of Pint Night after putting down one of these fuckers in about an hour and a half (it was confiscated for like 45 minutes in the middle of it, so I made good time). The taste, whilst not the absolute worst thing you've ever tasted, sure as shit isn't pleasant – probably something to do with the fact that Kristov isn't real vodka, it's a "vodka-flavoured spirit", which basically means watered down race gas and nasty-ass vodka flavouring.

If you own a BRITA filter or something of the sort, run it through that first and it'll strip that shithouse flavour from it, and then ZOOWEEMAMA you are away and cooking. Ironically, this absolute hogwash is the base spirit in Vodka Cruisers, which is kind of insane because this tastes nothing like those yummy scrummy liquid lollies. But after putting away a bottle of this, a box of Cruisers would probably sober you up.

I personally have put myself through this stuff three

separate times, which is funny because I only really remember one of them at Pint Night, but only after teleporting from pres to the mosh. The other times I did such things as:

1. Yell the National Anthem out over the North East Valley whilst it was still daylight on a school night
2. Smoked six cigarettes on my own in one sitting (I do not normally smoke)
3. Had a gay sexual awakening
4. Somehow managed to be hungover an hour after I'd stopped drinking

Whilst I cannot ethically recommend that you do this, the price point is an undeniable perk. If you brave a litre bottle of KRL (13.9%) raw, it's \$16 dollars for 11 standards. Adding Raro into the mix brings it up to around \$17 (\$2.30 at Pakkies for a three-pack) which outstrips most domestic beers and wines by a solid amount. But enter at your own risk cos the hangover is fucked and the antics are, too.

PAIRS WELL WITH: Chrome 18s on a RX323, Limp Bizkits Significant Other, and matching Kappa tracksuits

TASTE RATING: 6/10. Orange and acetone, but in a fun way

SCULLABILITY: Somewhere between 3/10 and 9/10, and you never know which one it'll be

HANGOVER RATING: A million/10

THE REFERENDUM



We know what you're thinking—"surely the Exec aren't still going on about the referendum?"

Yes. Yes, we are. Because now the message is louder and clearer: voting opens today (if you're reading this on Monday, May 26th)!

If you're reading this on a study break, why not procrastinate just a little longer? Fill out the OUSA referendum and you'll go in the draw to win one of three \$50 New World vouchers – that's groceries sorted for the week.

But beyond the prizes, this actually matters. OUSA is your student association. That means we don't want to make decisions behind closed doors – we want to hear what you think. This

referendum is how you get to tell us. Some of it's about our constitution. Some of it's political. All of it affects your student life.

Take two minutes. Click the link in your student email. Have your say.

Liam White
OUSA President

FRIDAY FLAT FEED PROVIDED BY: **THE BOWLING CLUB**

WANNA WIN A FEED FOR YOUR FLAT?

ON FRIDAYS
30 MAY, 6 & 13 JUNE 2025

TO GET INTO OUR WEEKLY DRAW:
REGISTER YOUR FLAT AT R1.CO.NZ/FFF

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Illustrated by Tevya Faed

RANK COLUMNS - 13

45

Assignment grind has been getting you down, but now is the time to treat yourself to a big present. Who cares if it will put you into financial ruin in the very near future, put that purchase on Afterpay and never look back.

Your Queer awakening: *Glee*

*** PISCES ***

PLEASE GO TO THE TOILET AFTER YOU HAVE SEX! Your body cannot handle another UTI before it goes absolutely haywire and shuts down on you.

Your Queer awakening: Your high school science teacher

*** LIBRA ***

Have you been keeping up to date with your oral hygiene? It could be time to try and book in with the Dent school because while that initial cost is high, it's even more expensive (and gross) to get dentures.

Your Queer awakening: The whole *Jennifer's Body* movie

*** ARIES ***

Sag, you have a big week of walking ahead of you. Maybe your car breaks down or you're invited to a bunch of events on the opposite sides of town. Whatever it is, it's time to get some calf and quad stretches in because this is going to be a big week.

Your Queer awakening: Timothée Chalamet in *Call Me By Your Name*

*** SAGITTARIUS ***

Big things are happening and everything will come together like a good batch of scones. You have been putting yourself through hell to get everything done and finally you're getting a good result. Just be sure not to let this success go to your head.

Your Queer awakening: Velma from *Scooby Doo*

*** AQUARIUS ***

Your sex life is peaking so hard rn, no pun intended. Make sure to write about it in full detail in your diary so that when your libido dips later next month you will have some content to remind you of the good times.

Your Queer awakening: Han Solo

*** SCORPIO ***

With the new moon on Tuesday bringing you to the forefront of celestial power, be cautious of the way your body reacts. Your health has been a little precarious lately and this surge of energy has a lot of potential to get you real down bad. Stay safe xx

Your Queer awakening: Critic Bachelor

*** CANCER ***

The really intense friendship you had in Year 9 will come back to haunt you this week. Watch out for a rogue Facebook request or a quick add, be sure to not fall back into that trap. Nothing good will come of this.

Your Queer awakening: Charli XCX

*** LEO ***

Capricorn, you have had a big few weeks of carrying the convo with your situationship. It's time to put them to the ultimate test and to stop texting first. This will really shed some light on how invested in this situation they are in comparison to you.

Your Queer awakening: Elastigirl from *The Incredibles*

*** CAPRICORN ***

This week you have a lot to say, and that is not a common trait for you – at least saying stuff that people actually want to hear. Something has clicked for you and you have a deeper understanding of the world and social interactions around you. Just be sure to use this to help those around you, not to just get free drinks... or do both?

Your Queer awakening: Jacob Elordi from *Euphoria*

*** TAURUS ***

As someone who is relatively in tune with your surrounding, you are being a fucking idiot this week. There is someone who feels some pretty strong feelings towards you and you are paying them absolutely no attention. Open your eyes and look around.

Your Queer awakening: Your flatmate's older sibling

*** VIRGO ***

It's time to take a break from smoking and vaping. You have been wheezing as you walk up the two flights of stairs to your lecture and it's not a cute look to be huffing and puffing your way around Central. It's probably also a good way to show your friends that you can really 'give it up whenever you want'!

Your Queer awakening: Fireboy and Watergirl in the water temple (wet)

*** GEMINI ***

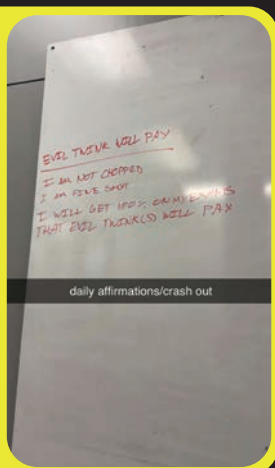
SNAP OF THE WEEK



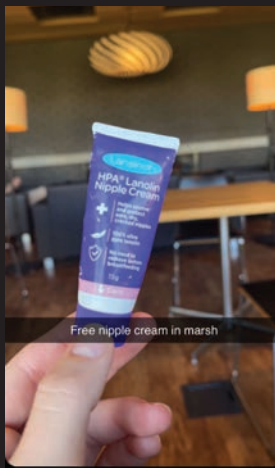
SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEKS WINS AN OUSA CLUBS & SOCS SAUNA VOUCHER

SNAP OF THE WEEK

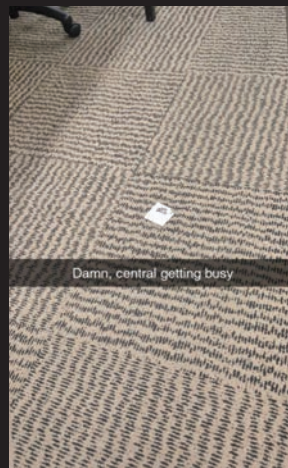
CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



daily affirmations/crash out



Free nipple cream in marsh



Damn, central getting busy



Wtf is OUSA even about??



Send a Chat



critic is great but I have my priorities



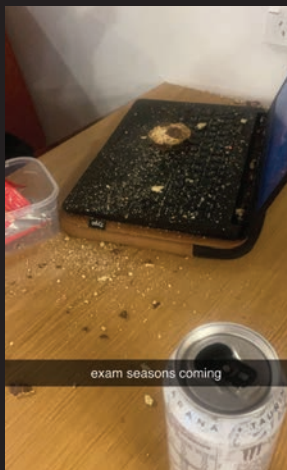
caught a mouse in the flat. jail + photoshoot time



Crazy things happening in central

IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS

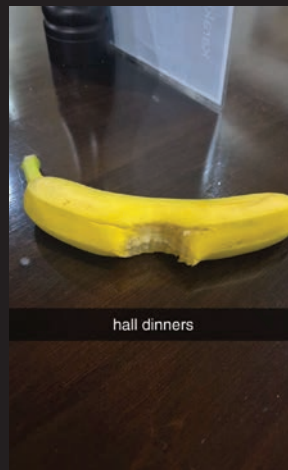
it's not done



exam seasons coming



having this in my drawer makes me feel like dirty pervert

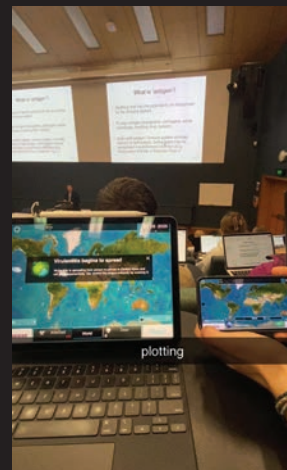


hall dinners



Tin of tuna x frozen veggies >>>

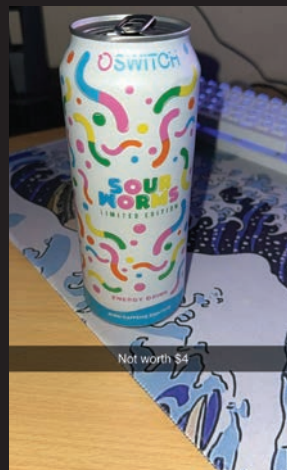
I'm so poor



plotting



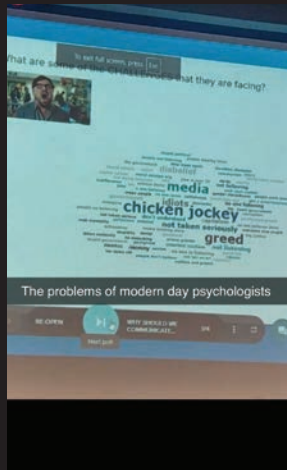
You think they asked him to do that, or he just did it?



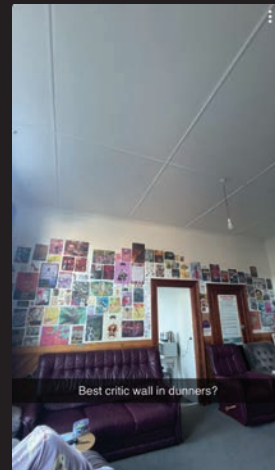
Not worth \$4



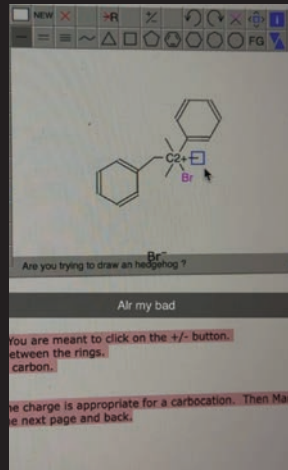
Even the stove is done with this year



The problems of modern day psychologists



Best critic wall in dinners?



Are you trying to draw an hedging?

Alr my bad

you are meant to click on the +/- button between the rings. carbon.

ve charge is appropriate for a carbocation. Then Mar e next page and back.



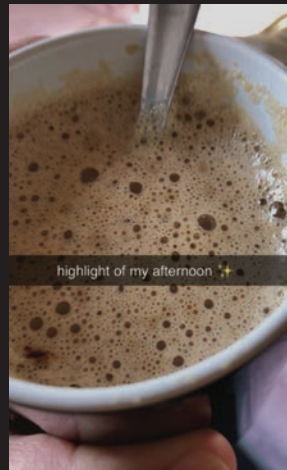
I can show you bbg



Okay this is interesting



Media interviews shall now be ping pong matches



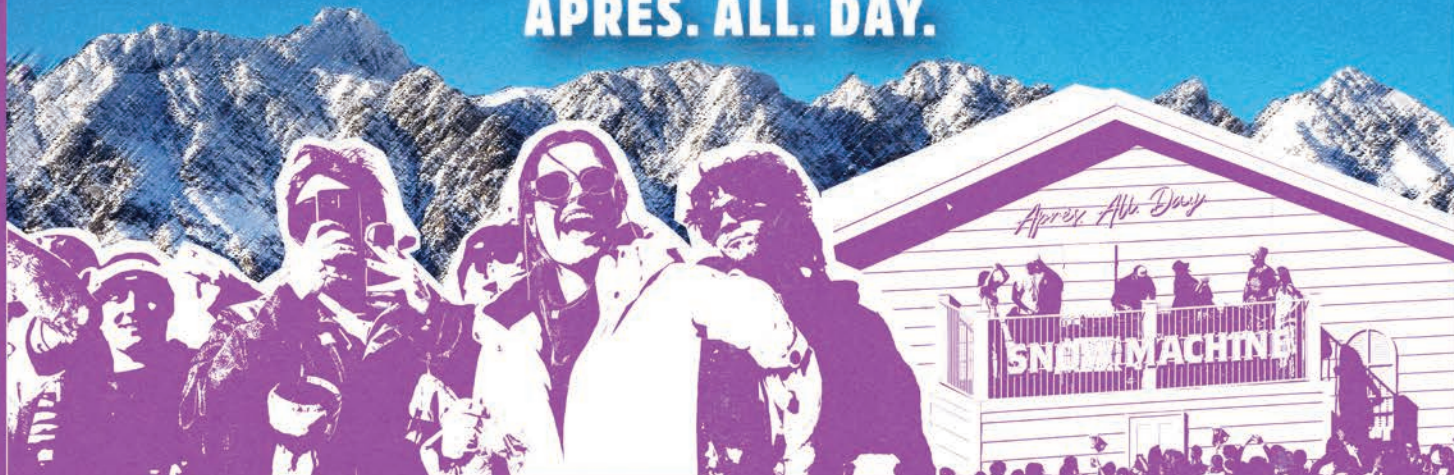
highlight of my afternoon



Do we think he'd like some berries and cream for breakfast?

SNOW MACHINE

APRÈS. ALL. DAY.



THURSDAY 11TH

CLAPTONE

**HOT DUB TIME
MACHINE**

**ODD MOB
CASEY LEAVER**

FRIDAY 12TH

**AMYL AND THE
SNIFFERS**

NZ
EXCLUSIVE

MALLRAT

**WHAT SO NOT
SAVAGE • MELL HALL**

SATURDAY 13TH

NETSKY

LUUDE

**MONTELL2099
BABY J
BODY OCEAN**

JOINED BY (A-Z)

**ARGONAUT • BEN SILVER • BEVERLY KILLS
BOOGS • BRIAN FANTANA • DANNIKA PEACH • JIMI THE KWEEN
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