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PLAYBOY

vol. 30, no. 5—may, 1983

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EDITORIAL: LET'S HUMANISE SEX AGAIN

The contemporary modern dating scene gets a look in the mirror in this year's sex issue.

I spent the past week carrying a vintage Playboy in my bag, which was kindly loaned to me as part of my research. With plenty of full-frontal bush, tips for pleasing your wife, and ads for gentlemanly vices (booze and cigarettes), it was almost everything you'd expect from a 1983 edition of an "entertainment for men" magazine. Almost.

On one page, the Playmates are asked what is the best quality in a lover, and their answers – written beside sensual head and breast shots – were pleasantly surprising. The theme of their answers was that the women wanted to be desired as people, and loved tenderly. "I'm not expecting love on a first date," one wrote, "but I would expect some interest in me as a human being, instead of a total sex object."

When I read this, I put down the magazine and paused. It seems like common sense – of course you want to be shown affection by a lover – but that's not really the case in the modern dating scene. Contemporary dating feels a bit like experiencing human emotion is forbidden. For instance, in Lady Jane Grey's flatmate erotica culture piece, the emotionally detached casual fucking of two flatmates are put on a pedestal, while the romantic notions of another is shamed.

The theme continues in my article on the orgasm gap, where I noticed myself to be part of the problem. I automatically wrote "situationship" to describe a friend's new situation with a girl she's dating. Commenting in the doc, she gently corrected me, asking for it to be rephrased to "dating someone new". Writing for the Otago student audience, my go-to is "situationship", and I realised that that's become the Dunedin norm.

Then in Tilly's feature, students traverse the murky waters of relationship definitions. Noticing that there seems to be different definitions of what constitutes cheating in modern dating, she spoke to an ex-serial cheater and a roster-king. The reformed cheater definitely cheated (had sex with someone else while in a relationship) but the roster-king maintained that he was in the right, sleeping with different girls and keeping it hidden from each. While "technically" not cheating according to Dunedin's rules, it still feels wrong.

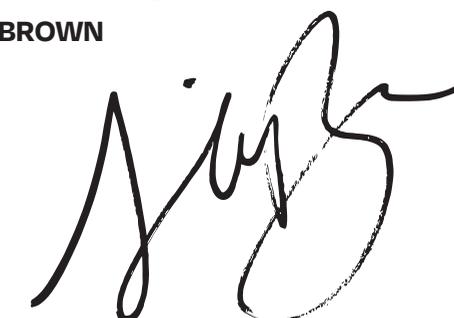
It's not hard to see how this has happened in the modern era of sexual liberation and dating apps. As a consequence of flicking through Tinder profiles where people are given a split second to impress, the human experience is flattened. The same DM conversations are blandly repeated, sometimes copy and pasting pick-up lines or answers between your suitors, or messages are ignored altogether. Any suggestion of meeting up, or taking things further, comes with a rule book. You can't seem too eager or desperate.

It was different back when this issue of Playboy was published. Our parents met in pubs, probably, openly flirting over sips of beer and taking turns choosing a song to put on the juke box. There seemed to be less games. It was simple: I like you, I want to date you, let's be together.

This year, I've gotten into a new relationship. I don't know if I could pinpoint exactly where this has come from, but I've grown shy or embarrassed sharing good parts of the relationship with my friends. I'll preempt anything I consider to be "gross" (read: cute) with "cringe, but –". Two close friends who visited me recently snapped me out of it. "Why do you do that?" one of them asked me. "We like seeing you happy."

I suppose my point is that expectations, rules, or generalisations determining our love and sex lives can be harmful. Sex and relationships are when we're at our most tender, intimate, and vulnerable. Our most *human*. I'm not trying to say that I'm judging anyone who has casual sex, sees more than one partner at a time, or establishes boundaries with anyone who they decide isn't for them. What I do think to be true, though, is that we're only hurting ourselves by suppressing emotion in our sex lives. Food for thought.

NINA BROWN



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LETTERS



Dear Editor, can you smell burning toast?

I can't be the only one to have noticed the perpetual smog that engulfs Northeast Valley every time it gets somewhat cold? We know that air pollution is a risk for all-cause mortality as well as specific diseases such as stroke, ischaemic heart disease, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, lung cancer, and pneumonia (thanks Dr Google) – so why do we put up with it?

I am not asking for people to get rid of their wood or coal burners, because I think they can be useful in the event of a power failure – but surely in the normal course of events these households should be heated using heat pumps. I would have thought, therefore, that a key priority for the Dunedin City Council, Te Whatu Ora, and the Ministry of Health would be to incentivise the uptake of heat pumps to decrease air pollution, whether that be through subsidies or grants, in conjunction with a sensible ban on using burners in urban areas. So, is anybody doing anything about this?

Yours sincerely,

Breather who wants to breathe

Editor's response: A great question to which I don't have an answer

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

Hello wise one.

I have a dilemma: The heater in my bathroom is furry. And by that, I mean that the layer of dust that has accumulated is so thick, that it could double as the toupee of a certain orange-faced American politician.

Do we think I should:

1. Disassemble the heater to clean it (risky- I can barely figure out how to turn the heater on at the best of times)
2. Use a hair dryer to kinda just blow the dust around
3. Leave it and risk setting the bathroom on fire

Personally, I'm pro option 3, because fire is pretty. However, the cost of its after-effects is not. So, you see my issue. Please help.

Naively,

Probably gonna look this up on Reddit

Editor's response: Youtube is your best friend here – look up a tutorial and clean that shit. My flat literally watched our neighbours house burn down the other week, save yourself the trauma

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.

CRITIC

YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP

Otago student Zoe Eckhoff warned DCC councillors last week of the unsafe state of student housing after a traumatic saga with her ex-landlord, which she says is "normalised" for Otago students

The Otago Uni women's futsal team placed 2nd at the UTSNZ tournament recently. The men's team placed 4th, and earned the Spirit Award. Ka pai

Surcharges on contactless in-store payments are to be banned no later than May 2026. The news sparked debates over who should bear the cost – customers, small businesses or banks

Pint Night appears to have made a comeback. Word on the street is that the lines are looking longer compared to last semester

Campus vending machines were hit with a wave of BDS stickers last week, calling for the boycott of Coca-Cola products which have ties to the state of Israel

There are 27,850 fewer jobs in New Zealand in June compared to the year before, RNZ reports

The Dunedin City Council's revenue has skyrocketed after hiking parking fines. From October 1 to June 30, DCC has earned around \$2 million, ODT reports

If you enrol to vote after August 1st, you won't get your voting papers in the mail. You'll need to get in contact with the Dunedin City Council after enrolling to make your voice heard!

Te Rangihīroa Assistant Warden has recreated the college in Minecraft in an excellent use of time and energy

In shock news for postgrads, Otago Uni announced last week that they would be making a reduction of about 50 doctoral scholarships in the coming months, citing budgeting constraints. The OUSA Exec are "livid", calling it a "huge shock, and frankly disappointing", the ODT reports

The Electoral Amendment Bill passed its first reading in Parliament last week with support from National, Act, and NZ First. It proposes to change electoral law before the 2026 election, including getting rid of same-day enrolment and disqualifying prisoners from voting while in prison

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Shit Times in Studentville with Chlöe Swarbrick

The Green light at the end of the jaded tunnel

By **Nina Brown & Gryffin Blockley**
Editor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Behind the mirage of constant socialisation and great discounts, the reality of student life is that it's a bit shit sometimes. When Green Party a Co-Leader Chlöe Swarbrick was in town for the launch of the Green's Ōtepoti campaign in the upcoming local body elections, she found a gap in her busy schedule for a yarn on Critic's couches about what it's like to be a student in 2025.

Akin to a flat inspection you completely forgot about, the Critic Te Ārohi office was hurriedly stress-cleaned before the arrival of a small army of Green Party staff, including Green MP Scott Willis (spokesperson for Dunedin issues). Once here though, it didn't take long to delve into the biggest issues facing students – from cost of living to a scarily competitive job market – and what hope the Greens aim to provide in local body elections.

Basic comforts are frequently shafted aside to save money on huge grocery and power bills. Houses are under-insulated, some tenant protections have been rolled back, and students are often taken advantage of by landlords. And once it's all over, many job markets are facing widespread cuts and increasing competition for limited numbers of roles. In the year up to May 2025, 71,200 NZ citizens moved out of the country – with a huge majority going to Australia. Suffice to say, it's a grim landscape for students.

Having no shame in a cheeky self-promo, Chlöe was given a copy of the recently completed Critic Te Ārohi census to mull over. 84.3% of the 681-student sample was dissatisfied with the current Government. Chlöe wasn't surprised with Studentville's distaste with the current coalition, telling Critic, "This government shows its attitude towards regular working people to low income people, to students every single day by punching down."

Scott Willis, who holds the Green Party energy portfolio, is passionate about warming freezing North D flats. On encounters with people saying things like, "I lived in a cold house once and I was fine," Scott commented. "We know that in [below] 14 degree temperatures and houses [...] your blood gets thicker. When your blood's thicker, your heart works hard – won't kill you tomorrow, but you'll just have a shorter life."

These commonly-heard sentiments that being a student invokes nostalgia about suffering – the "bizarre notion" that suffering is a "rite of passage" as a taura – was a point Chlöe was sure to dispel. "It kind of misses the mark around the point of human progress if we are expecting that everybody successively suffers as opposed to things getting better for the generations that come after us," explained Chlöe.

Given the somewhat gloomy circumstances, OUSA's Finance and Strategy Officer Daniel asked Chlöe: "How can students have hope?" Chlöe replied that it's useful to look at history to see what's possible. Around every forty years, there's been economic reform through "militant unionism" – think of the post-Great Depression push for higher taxation on those who'd "profited handsomely during a time of hardship for many!" Then it was neoliberalism in the '80s. Chlöe pointed out that we're now coming to a time where Aotearoa has just about had enough of the inequality we're facing, and that through collective action, we might just come out the other end with a country that young people want to live in after graduation.

That's where the Green's proposed budget comes in, with a fiscal strategy that Newsroom called "radical and they know it". In students' wheelhouses (ones riddled with bore-beetles and unresponsive landlords) the Greens also have an answer. Critic had barely finished asking about flattening solutions before Chlöe said, "Okay, three things." A three-prong package that Green has pushed for a "long time" is a rental warrant of fitness (meaning the onus is on landlords to prove their properties are fit for purpose), a landlord register (so Tenancy Tribunal repeat-offenders might be held accountable), and rent controls (caps on rising rent prices). "The burden continues to fall on disempowered renters, which is again, nonsense," she said.

For students seeking a tangible way to make a difference, Chlöe and Scott urged the importance of voting in the upcoming local body elections. Local elections affect most aspects of everyday city living: libraries, infrastructure, noise-control, and whether a hypothetical student bar gets an alcohol license. But only if you vote in the Dunedin electorate, not back home. Scott added that given Dunedin currently has a mayor who recently said that we're not affected by climate change since "the water's so cold down here," it would be worth voting for someone who's not "embarrassing" (ouch).

To round off the interview, Critic asked Chlöe for her unpopular opinion. After a glance at her PR team ("Am I going to get cancelled?") she replied, "I think that there is a need for the left to look in the mirror and for us to realise that in order for us to win, we have to build those coalitions and that solidarity that I was talking about before [...] Yet for some reason we're not willing to allow people a path back to society for indiscretions on the internet that we may have cancelled them for. I just think that there has to be space for us to practice justice in all forms of our relationships, not only in the abstract." As one Critic census responder put it, "Bitches hate nuance."

Execrable: BDS Abandoned, NZUSA Withdrawal & Protests Planned

OUSA's nightmare blunt rotation: Money, lawyers, and bureaucracy

By **Nina Brown, Hanna Varrs & Gryffin Blockley**
Editor, Features Editor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The OUSA Exec held Critic hostage for two hours at their meeting last Thursday (we outlasted Liam, even). In what could only be described as a "robust" meeting (I can't stop) the agenda had three big ticket items: finally talking about the referendum results, NZUSA withdrawal, and protest planning for lecture recordings policy.

Two months ago, 1,766 students voted "yay" or "nay" to 20 questions in the OUSA Referendum. Before the meeting, Liam sent the Exec a memo with suggestions of action for each of the thirteen questions that students had given the green-light, ranging from neutral to bold. As a brief summary, students continue to be broke (voting yes to paid placements, a postgrad allowance, and review of the Hardship Grant eligibility criteria), enjoy drinking (voting yes to a student bar and alcohol advertising), and support student equity (Te Rōpū Māori getting a seat on Uni Council, plus a Disabled and Queer Rep on the Exec).

The most controversial question – triggering a collective "ooo" in the room – was whether OUSA should adopt a Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions (BDS) policy to ensure separation from the state of Israel. It's been a hot topic this year. Long story short, a behind-the-scenes decision by the Exec last year to informally adopt a BDS "posture" to show support for Palestine meant OUSA lost money from BDS-listed businesses like Domino's at O-Week's Tent City. Students were split on their support – some strongly for, others against – and the Exec went back to the drawing board in March to reassess their stance (that was another very long meeting).

Just over half of students in the referendum voted "yes" to the BDS policy. It's important to note, however, that referendum results aren't constitutionally binding, but a good indicator of student opinion. Outside of ethical considerations, the biggest factor the Exec considered was the price tag that came with the policy – a trade-off that Clubs and Socs Rep Deborah worried students weren't made aware of and thus were unable to make an "informed decision". These concerns were echoed by students' comments in the referendum, with one person saying, "OUSA has little enough money as is." After some debate, they passed a

motion to abandon the position of BDS, noting that it would cause enough hardship that OUSA would have to cut other services to pay for it. They will instead pursue "alternative action" to support the people of Gaza.

The second biggest agenda item was led by Academic Rep Stella. For the past two years, a lecture recording policy has been her brainchild. The gist is that apart from a small list of exceptions, it was an expectation that University lectures would have to be recorded for taura to watch on-demand. As the first ever University policy that has been co-sponsored by OUSA, countless hours of student consultation has been put into shaping the policy. Stella has described the policy as "two years of blood, sweat, and tears (emphasis on tears)".

Things were looking promising for the policy getting approved by the University Senate in recent months, but that is now in doubt according to Stella. Junior academics have tended to be more supportive than senior staff members – but only the latter tend to have seats round the Senate table. With the fate of the policy getting decided on September 24th, Stella is planning to mobilise OUSA to save the policy. The Exec unanimously adopted a motion to support a protest involving "copious amounts of chalk", writing reasons for lecture recordings on the central part of campus – a somewhat unavoidable area for most Uni staff and students to and from classes.

Another important feature of the meeting was perhaps the long anticipated withdrawal from the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA). The majority of this part of the meeting was spent in confidential committee, so Critic can't actually say what happened. What we can tell you is that OUSA passed a motion to withdraw from NZUSA, with the intention of seeking something beginning with 'L' and ending with 'egal advice'.

For a full report, the minutes from each weekly Exec meeting can be found on the OUSA website. Critic Te Ārohi will continue coverage on Exec actions, despite them trying to shake us by scheduling their Sem 2 meetings on the same day as our print.



Nurses Strike Against “Detrimental To Patient” Working Conditions

Hope you're savvy with a first-aid kit

By **Via Hooks**

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

Last Wednesday, Dunedin nurses joined a national 24-hour strike to protest dangerously low staffing in hospitals across the motu. Marching from the Octagon, a large crowd had gathered on the Museum Reserve by noon, expressing their dissatisfaction with the current Government and Te Whatu Ora's responses to widespread staffing shortages. Their efforts were met with an outpour of support from students, trade unions, and honking cars.

Jenny Parker, an enrolled nurse working in the Puāwai Rehabilitation Unit at Wakari Hospital was one of many striking nurses. She described how low staffing numbers mean that when a nurse is sick, sometimes there are simply no replacements. Nurses will often pull dangerous hours, working consistent strings of 12 hour shifts with no reprieve. It's unsafe for both nurses and patients. "I get home and I'm exhausted, absolutely exhausted. And I have a shift the next day at seven in the morning," Parker told Critic.

Working with post-stroke patients and patients with traumatic brain injuries, Parker said that they will sometimes have to make do with only two nurses for around twelve patients, leading to increased wait-times and an overall lesser ability to provide proper care. "It can be quite detrimental to patients' health and wellbeing," she said.

Parker noted the importance of newly graduated students to the sector, given their tendency to bring in new ideas. "Something may not work for a nurse that has been nursing for twenty years, [but] it might work for a new grad who has new ideas and different skills." Despite this sentiment, RNZ reported that only three fifths of midyear nursing graduates found employment by Te Whatu Ora in nursing.

Compounding this is the temptation for our fledgling healthcare providers to jump the ditch for better pay in Aussie. One Med

student at the protest expressed sympathy for nursing graduates, who he said are often blamed for going overseas to find work when "that's the only option for them." He explained, "They're advertising roles in Australia for New Zealand graduates and they say 'we pay higher than New Zealand rates and we can provide you with housing support as well'. Why can't our government do that here [...] support a wage that says we care about you and we want you to stay in New Zealand?"

At the rally supporting the nurses were several union representatives, including Unite, E Tū, NZEI Te Riu Roa, Rail and Maritime Transport, Tramways, the Public Service Association, and the Tertiary Education Union. All unions unanimously spoke on the importance of solidarity in the face of inequitable pay. Brandon Johnstone, a member of the Tertiary Education Union and an Otago University staff member, spoke of the squeeze on nurses to be just one part of the current Government's attacks on public services. Johnstone claimed that the current Government was "strangling public spending so that they can pay for tax cuts for rich landlords instead of for nurses."

Speakers also highlighted the importance of solidarity with nurses. "We're all fucking connected," a representative from the Rail and Maritime Transport Union urged. "Let's be honest: a boat injury or a railway injury is not going to be solved with a bandaid, it's going to be serious. When nurses are under attack, stand up, fight back!"

At the time of writing, Health Minister Simeon Brown's response to the strike was criticising the "real and avoidable harm" to patients that the strike had caused, with an estimated 4300 planned procedures and specialist appointments having to be postponed as a result, according to 1News. The NZ Council of Trade Unions has said, "Workers never make the decision lightly. It is only when they have exhausted all other options."



Trip Report: 98 Years of OUTC's Bush Ball

TLDR: Got drunk in a bush

By **Jonathan McCabe**

Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

What happens in the bush stays in the bush. The Otago University Tramping Club (OUTC) has built up an illusive reputation over its storied history of people full-sending it in the woods. Bush Ball is arguably the most famous (and feral) of their many adventures across the motu each year. Here's a Critic exclusive on what went down at Bush Ball '25.

For the past 98 years, OUTC has been sending bus loads of punters to the Matukituki Valley, ready to trek out to the Aspiring Hut for a one-of-a-kind bush bash bonanza. This year's epic took place over the 26th and 27th of July.

While the trip may be a lil feral, it also gives tauira a chance to reconnect with nature. Touch some grass to heal your questionable actions back in Ōtepoti. The three hour hike along the Matukituki river provides transfixing views of the Rob Roy and Voltar glacier – an obvious highlight for many, with one trumper saying that he was feeling pretty "glacial sexual." (Get a room.)

The campsite was pretty mint. The newly renovated Aspiring Hut had a capacity of 60 people, though 96 punters came along, making it the second largest Bush Ball yet. This meant excess soldiers were forced to tent outside.

The set up crew rolled through earlier in the morning on a four wheel drive (hey, that's cheating), decorating the cabin to the nines. This year's theme was disco. The walls were laced with sparkly bunting and glittery streamers alongside a litter of disco lights. They also brought over a 17kg power bank to power up the party.

If you are joining any sort of outdoors club trip, you should probably know how to handle a goon sack. The boxed wine type, of course. Though not provided by the club, some punters brought some of Aotearoa's finest goon sacks. One generous patron dubbed himself the 'Goon Fairy', passing it around for all to chug.

The Goon Fairy addressed the cabin while everyone was eating dinner, informing the newbies of how to use a goon. First you slap

it. Then you slurp it. Someone else must always hold the goon while you chug it. The Goon Fairy put it well, explaining that when offered a swig of the goon "it is an invitation", not an expectation (consent is key).

Welfare Officer Imogen told Critic that the trip went off "without a hitch", only citing one marginal incident. She said the bulk of her effort was spent holding back a few people's hair as they were vomiting (bonding). But overall she found the group of punters knew their limits, saying the pack was very respectful.

As anyone who's been to Rhythm and Vines will attest to, the worst part of the trip is waking up the next day. Much like many other bush ballers, the Goon Fairy became a goon victim. On the trek back home, the squad stopped by a water hole along the river. Just like Jesus Christ in the Jordan River, the sins of each punter were washed away after a dip in the stream of melted snow.

The biggest oopsie of the trip came on the first day of the two-day expedition when the wheel of the four wheel drive got slashed. After a series of successful missions transporting gear back and forth between the carpark, another member of the setup crew offered to drive. He charged up the track a wee bit too fast, landing on a rather sharp rock. Trampers may be good at walking, but not driving, it seems. A space saver tyre had to be deployed, restricting the car from going any faster than 60 km/hr. As punishment for his actions, Imogen smirked as she told us that they "made him drive the four wheel the whole way back."

Don't let the insular reputation of these outdoor clubs cramp your style. Get amongst it. Everyone is very keen to meet new people, and it's a surprising amount of people's first trips too. Every trip and every outdoor club has their own different characteristics. Some just happen to be more feral than others. When the trip's over, you can appreciate you were hungover in a scenic location rather than your shitty flat.



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Image Source: Dunedin News

Chaos on the Commute

Time to swap out the Sambas for ice skates

By Liberty Murray

Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

In case actually showing up to your morning lectures was bad enough, a recent streak of icy mornings have left Otago taira shaken and embarrassed. Students were falling like dominoes and cars were slipping and sliding around the roads, much to the enjoyment of wise students who didn't leave their flats.

Two students were braving the treacherous conditions to face their lecture and encountered a piece of cheese stuck frozen to the window of a nearby house. Too shaken to be named, one of the students told Critic that the incident "shook me to my core" and that he was "worried I might catch the cheese touch". All individuals involved escaped unharmed, and reports tell us the cheese endures these conditions and remains in place. It can be spotted on Cumberland Street opposite the Science Library.

Those thinking that the ice would melt quickly were mistaken too, even catching people with later lectures. As late as 10am, two unsuspecting drivers on London Street found themselves at the mercy of the ice beneath them. As temperatures dropped overnight, the tarmac slowly turned into a slip-n-slide, sending both vehicles spinning gradually out of control. No injuries were reported and, despite the dangerous nature of the incident, Otago students found it to be an entertaining watch.

Some local residents have taken matters into their own hands. A man living on Dundas Street, on the corner of Castle, was spotted defrosting the nearby pavements with a leaf blower. The incident was reported early on July 23, and he has not been spotted doing the same since. While reportedly proving effective, the lack of leafblowing on the following icy mornings puts the rogue strategy into question. Tried and true strategies were also adopted – anything to avoid the embarrassment of a tumble on

the sidewalk. Many tramping boots and socks-over-shoes were spotted on campus.

Cushla, a third-year student, was also a victim of the cynical ice. Hustling to make it to her 9am, she met an untimely demise across the ice rink that was Dundas Street. She told Critic, "Despite being unable to reach my door due to the slope some mornings, my ultimate enemy was the Dundas-Harbour Terrace intersection. Despite impeccable timing, I found myself feet up on the road, with a parade of high schoolers watching. Strangely none of them laughed and some even offered a hand. I guess kids are getting nicer."

Humans aren't the only species affected by these extreme conditions. Local ducks faced ice upon attempting to land on the Botanical Garden pond. Several quackers were spotted looking confused and bewildered when met with a solid surface upon attempted landing.

Dunedin City Council did not reply to our request to yarn about the ice. Despite nobody in North D being safe from the ice, streets with bus routes appear to be prioritised to have grit laid on them. Critic Te Ārohi advises bringing your flat's communal salt grinder to lectures if another blast comes.

After a week of many bruised bums, students will be crossing their fingers this was the last ice Ōtepoti gets this winter. That being said, slipping on ice outside while heading to Central might still be preferable to getting hypothermia inside your poorly-insulated flat.



Are Vapes Exploding In Our Mouths? Coalition Says "Nuh Uh"

Shosha asked if they can pretty please sell dispo vapes again

By Zoe Eckhoff

Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

In a massive win for the nicotine-addicted, vaping restrictions introduced by the previous Labour government have been rolled back by the current coalition government, just over a month since they kicked in. Mason Corporation, who own the vape shop Shosha, challenged the court to lift the ban on vapes with non-removable batteries. Now, by September 1st, vaping devices with non-removable batteries will be officially permitted.

In a Stuff article, Health Minister Casey Costello denied giving in to vaping companies, explaining this change was due to a technical issue and it will not impact vaping prevalence.

On the 17th of June there was a total ban of disposable vapes, including vaping devices with non-removable batteries, based on health concerns over a couple cases of the batteries melting and exploding, causing injuries to their users. By banning non-removable batteries, the government would be acting in the interest of public safety and reduce the risks.

Med student Harry reckons the coalition is a bit of a softie for caving to corporate interests. Giving Mason Corporation the power to alter and rollback on certain regulations despite their obvious bias for profit "is just stupid", in his opinion. Although, Harry can't yet get behind vaping as a practice because "vapers don't do enough fuckin' dragons and ring tricks", so he's happy disposable vapes remain banned. But really, he thinks, the restriction didn't do much considering a reusable vape can still be bought for roughly the same price, and now there's only more availability for younger people with the recent rollback.

Two theology students, Rylan and Wilson, gave their two cents, expressing similar concerns. "Money is always going to be a priority over health and safety for those corporations," Rylan states, "and that's a major red flag in itself." He concluded that he's less concerned with the science of vaping at that point when the rollback "says a lot more about the intentions of the Government and these companies," as he put it.

Rylan claims to have seen lines outside Mosgiel vape stores in the early mornings as the local fiends would await their daily dosage. "It's proper bad," he said, voicing his concern that young people are being taken advantage of by these major industries.

Wilson wondered if the allowance of vapes with non-removable batteries is more a money-making scheme than anything. If someone damages their vape in any way, they're forced to buy a new one entirely, rather than the separate parts. He admitted he wasn't an expert on the subject ("I mean maybe, I don't know") but continued, "If people really want to vape they'll do it anyways, even if it costs a bit more." We all know a serial vaper who has gone to disturbing lengths to have a vape in their hands.

Before you get all excited that the beloved kakariki takitahi (RIP) might be making a return, don't get your hopes up. The Government has held strong on their total ban of disposable vaping products – yes, that includes mint solos. But with Mason Corp's win for vaping devices with non-removable batteries, students suffering mintless missions to Night 'n Day would be forgiven for having hope of their return.

PUZZLES

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Mazagran

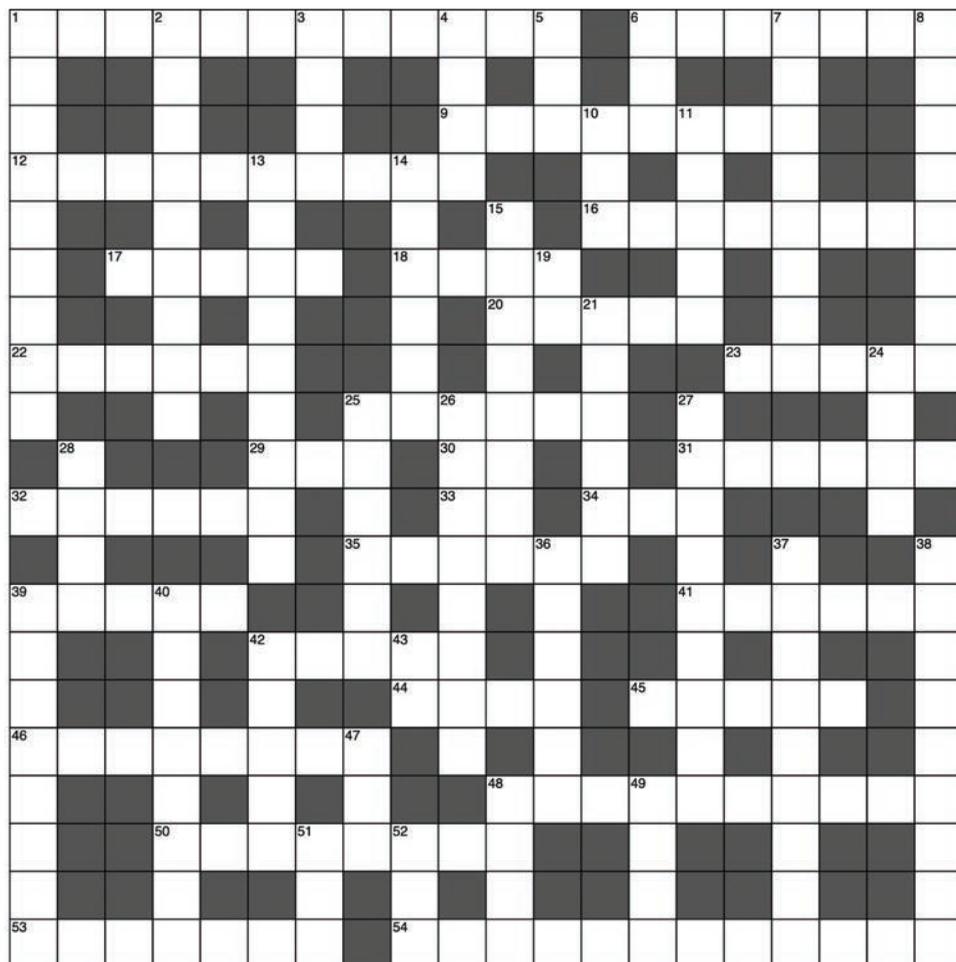
ESPRESSO BAR

36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Gaza photojournalist (2)
- 6 Rent-a-friend film
- 9 Largest independent US film festival
- 12 Author's typed draft
- 16 Acrylics creative (2)
- 17 Randy
- 18 Baby oven
- 20 Alberta resort
- 22 Christopher Paolini best seller
- 23 Burger Plant consumer
- 25 Leader doco in 11D (surname)
- 29 Potter's bestie
- 30 Ancient city of gold: ___ Dorado
- 31 Animal Farm author
- 32 Po the panda loves it (2)
- 33 Long-story short: ___DR (acr.)
- 34 "___ Town"
- 35 Punkish hairdo
- 39 Like fine china
- 41 Old-timey local cinema
- 42 Yo-Yo Ma's instrument
- 44 Actress Kendrick
- 45 Moaningful author: ___ Talk
- 46 Rendered harmless
- 48 Film-enhancing aspect ratio
- 50 On the money
- 53 Chest-thumping ape
- 54 Irish Saltburn actor (2)



DOWN

- 1 Producer
- 2 The Southern Cross
- 3 Taiwanese PC brand
- 4 Expel
- 5 Beard on barley
- 6 Off-putting in the library (acr.)
- 7 Beast, or you at 3am on gear
- 8 Dangles on a carabiner
- 10 Slip on
- 11 Happening in Dunedin from August 8 to
- 13 Puzzling matter
- 14 A makeup compact is pressed what
- 15 It goes up in a downpour
- 19 Arts degree (acr.)
- 21 Inuit in a 1922 film
- 24 Capable
- 25 MIB 3 villain is Boris the what
- 26 Remove from power

- 27 'Bati', 'Blue Moon' & 'Deaf'
- 28 Canned by Sealord
- 36 Sushi condiment
- 37 Camera action
- 38 Breaking of bread
- 39 '70s Kiwi

- black singlet and gumboot wearing character (2)
- 40 Squid snack
- 42 Joke teller
- 43 Home of A-listers
- 47 TiVo, for short
- 48 Grow tiresome

- 49 Fictional creature based on Griffon Bruxellois
- 51 Kill Bill actress
- 52 Yellow bank

Hint: Use 11D's program for **bolded clues**

ISSUE 16 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 4. ENCYCLOPEDIA 9. MATAMATA 10. TOFFEE 11. SNORING 13. ALUMNI 15. EATING 16. DR MARTENS 18. LAULAU 19. SKI 21. WAITATI 23. PUFFING 25. A&E 27. HILARIOUS 30. CAMCORDER 32. DO 34. OTTOMAN 35. BLOSSOM 37. ACE 40. HIATUS 42. ULTRAPURE 45. TRACER 46. ENERGY 47. SULPHUR 48. AUDITS 49. AOTEAROA 50. CHESTERFIELD

DOWN: 1. RAGNAROK 2. PAEROA 3. STAG 5. CAFETERIA 6. CLEANER 7. PAELLA 8. CURIOUS GEORGE 10. TRESPASSED 12. NOT 14. MULTIMEDIA 17. RAW 19. SCHIZOPHRENIA 20. ILLUSTRATE 22. AMI 23. PROM 24. FOMO 26. ENCLOSURES 28. ROOM 29. OVEN 31. CFO 33. OBJECTIVE 36. MMA 38. CORDUROY 39. EARMUFF 41. URGENT 43. RAU 44. POPPAS 47. SNOG

T D Q B O S C N Q G Y Q C H E A T I N G J V R W O K V Y W D
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- BUSH
- PROTEST
- ELECTION
- GOVERNMENT CORPORATION
- COMMUTE
- ROSTER
- CHEATING
- ORGASM
- VIBRATOR
- EROTICA
- HORMONAL
- VIRGINITY
- VULVA
- CARABINER
- BISEXUAL
- PUDDING

- FLIPPER
- MOANINGFUL
- WELLBEING

WORDFIND

EASY

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

MEDIUM

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

HARD

www.sudokuoftheday.com

3			7	5	
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	1	6			2
		2	8		5
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9			5	4	
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SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Isabella Simoni

There are 10 differences between the two images



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THE FLAT MATE CROTICA



By Lady Jane Grey
Illustrated by
Gemma McKinney

We're three girls coexisting in this mess. One lesbian with a god complex, one terminally online Tinder tragic, and one hopeless romantic who keeps mistaking vodka for compatibility. Together, we're a catalogue of bad decisions and surprisingly hot encounters. Here are our sins.

1. I'M THE LAW STUDENT (GAY, MEAN & IN YOUR HEAD)

I study law the same way people play chess: two moves ahead, with no real regard for how anyone else feels. I didn't set out to become the kind of lesbian who walks around the flat half-dressed and emotionally unavailable – but once I realised I was good at it, it felt cruel to stop.

I don't do dating apps. I don't need to. My type? Women who flinch when I look at them too long. Women with chipped black nail polish and theories about Judith Butler. Women who say things like "I don't usually do this" while they're taking their underwear off.

One Tuesday – mid-semester slump, hormones high, no tutorial prep done – I saw her at Zanzibar. I noticed the Doc Martens first, then her pretty earrings, then the flash of recognition when she saw me watching her. She was standing near the back table, arms crossed, eyes scanning the crowd like she'd rather be anywhere else.

This was the kind of girl who probably overuses semicolons and corrects people's spelling mistakes. I asked if she wanted a drink. She replied, "Only if you're paying." I told her I always pay. She smirked. Game on.

We didn't talk much. We didn't need to. I let my fingers brush her

lower back as we squeezed through the crowd; she didn't move away. By the time we made it home, I couldn't wait any longer. I dragged her into my room and kicked the door shut with my heel, and then her mouth was on mine, boots off, her hand in my hair like she needed to anchor herself somewhere.

She moaned when I bit her bottom lip, tasting gin and lip balm. I like control. I like giving just enough that they think they're making the decisions. I had her shirt off in seconds. She gasped when I kissed her collarbone and told me she wasn't used to girls being this confident.

I asked her if she wanted me to stop. "Please don't."

It had her on the bed, legs trembling, breath shallow, hands clenching the sheets while I made her come with my fingers, slow and deep. She came hard. Once. Twice. Laughed the second time and whispered, "What the fuck." I kissed her inner thigh and told her not to get too soft on me.

Afterwards, she curled up like a cat and asked if I thought power dynamics in lesbian sex were inherently erotic. I told her they were – and that I was going to fuck her again to prove it. I pulled the harness from under my bed. She watched. Quiet. Eager.

We didn't sleep. I didn't let her. And if the flatmates heard everything – well, I never claimed to be quiet. Just efficient. She left around 6am. I made coffee in my underwear. No one asked questions. They know better.

2. I'M THE TINDER WHORE (STRAIGHT, UNHINGED & HONESTLY OVER IT)

I say I'm done with men at least twice a week. Usually while peeling off last night's mascara and re-downloading Hinge for the third time that month. It's not that I like them – I just find myself under them more often than I'd care to explain.

My Tinder bio says "6ft or don't bother." My Hinge prompt says, "Fold me like laundry." I mean it. I'm not here for conversations about Marvel movies or whether he prefers sushi or steak. I want him tall, mildly aloof, and good with his hands. That's it.

Last week, I matched with Blake. Shark tooth necklace. NFT tattoo. Described himself as "entrepreneurial". Immediate red flag. Immediate swipe right. We went to Vault 21. He bought me a tequila shot and asked if I was "into crypto or just hot." I laughed, not because it was funny, but because I wanted to. He kissed me like he thought he invented kissing. I didn't stop him.

Back at the flat, we didn't make it past the hallway. I shoved him against the wall. He grabbed my hips like it's all he'd been thinking of doing during our date. I told him I wasn't going to fuck him unless he proved his tongue was as good as he said. He got on his knees right there – hallway carpet, broken overhead light, one of my flatmate's boots two feet away.

He ate me out like he was trying to win a prize. Messy, eager, slightly too much teeth but I corrected him with a yank of his hair. He got better. Fast. I pulled him up, kissed him hard, and dragged him to my room.

Clothes off. Condom on. Him on top, panting like a teenage boy. He started thrusting and I swear to God I said, "Harder," at least five times before he got the message. At one point, he stopped to say, "Am I doing okay?" and I told him, "Shut up and just fuck me like you mean it." He did. Kinda. I mean, he tried. That counts for something, right?

Afterwards, he said, "That was... wow." I said, "Mmm." Then I let him fall asleep next to me because I was too tired to fake a reason to kick him out.

In the morning, I stole his hoodie. He offered to make me eggs, but I declined. I ate a muesli bar instead and matched with someone new while brushing my teeth. "It wasn't even good," I told my flatmate. "But like... it scratched the itch."

I know it's a mess. I know none of these boys are gonna call me back. But there's something satisfying about the predictability of it all. Like drunk pizza after town: bad for you, but comforting.

Anyway, his friend just liked my Instagram story. Wish me luck.

3. I'M THE BOOK GIRL (CRUSHING, CONFUSED & SEXUALLY TERRIFIED)

I like to pretend I'm just like them – my flatmates, I mean. Sexually liberated. Spontaneous. Capable of making out with a stranger without spiralling about whether we're spiritually compatible.

But I'm not like them. I read erotica with the brightness on my Kindle turned all the way down. I've memorised the *A Little Life* audiobook. I cry during sex scenes in movies, not because they're hot, but because I'm overwhelmed. I once orgasmed while reading *The Secret History* and felt so guilty I lit a candle and apologised out loud.

I'm trying, though. Trying to want what I think I should want. Trying to be normal.

So when we went out the other night – a flat girls' night; vodka in coffee mugs, eyeliner sharp enough to wound, heeled boots slapping the pavement – I made a promise to myself that I'd go home with someone. I'd be reckless. I'd let go.

That someone was Levi, a Brew Bar bouncer with a jawline like a guillotine and the conversational range of a potato. But he was tall and had a neck tattoo and I thought, maybe that's enough.

I flirted. I giggled. I touched his arm and tried not to recoil when he touched mine. I imagined him fucking me against my desk, then instantly got a stress migraine picturing the curated study set-up rattling off the sides.

He asked what I studied. When I said English Lit, he replied, "Oh, like Shakespeare and shit?" I don't know why I laughed. Maybe because I was drunk. Maybe because I was trying to drown out the very loud, very inconvenient voice in my head whispering: *She would never go home with him.*

'She', of course, being my flatmate. The law student. The one with the sharp tongue, soft hands, and the terrifying ability to read me without even looking. I've heard her through the walls. I've heard the girls she brings home, the gasps, the desperate pleas, the silence that follows. I've imagined being one of them. I've imagined her saying my name.

And I've imagined it going wrong – me freezing up, blushing, ruining everything. I have imagined her laughing. Or worse – being kind.

So when Levi leaned in and said, "Wanna come back to mine?" I smiled and said, "I've got an essay due." I went home alone. I changed into my matching pj's. I heard the law student giggling in the kitchen and didn't dare walk past.

Maybe I'll be brave one day. Maybe I'll tell her. Maybe I'll take off my shirt and say, "I'm scared, but I want you anyway!"

But not tonight. Tonight, I'm rereading *Carmilla* and pretending it's enough.

A Lesbian, Bisexual & Straight Woman Walk into a Bar



I change seating positions at least three times before Leah* and Beth* arrive for the interview. Settling into our armchairs, the three of us epitomise our stereotypes. The straight woman who has rarely cum with a man is dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt, long hair in a bun. The masochist lesbian who struggles to find the clit sometimes sports a short hair, long-sleeved button up, and trademark heart-shaped carabiner. The sapphic woman who prefers piercing and mallet that could've been cut on Cuba Street. Together, we sound like the beginning of a joke, something we laugh about before getting to the matter at hand: the orgasm gap.

SENSATIONAL NASTASSIA KINSKI IN A STARTLING HELMUT NEWTON PICTORIAL

By Nina Brown

Leah takes a vintage 1983 Playboy magazine out of her tote bag. Sandwiched between full frontal nudity and cigarette ads "for the civilised man", this edition contains a comprehensive sex survey, one addressing the impact of sexuality on readers' sex lives – from body count to which sexual activity provides the most intense orgasm. What caught our attention was one finding in particular: women who have sex with other women (like Leah and Beth) tend to achieve orgasm more than women who have sex with men (like me). It's a phenomenon that's become known as 'the orgasm gap', one backed up by multiple studies and the way you're nodding along if you fall into the latter camp.

As a heterosexual woman, I identify with the stats, and was curious what secrets I could learn from queer women (who Playboy calls "fluid cunnilinguists"). My research told me that a woman's orgasm is a more complex beast than men's point-and-shoots. Context is incredibly important for arousal: the mood needs to be right to achieve the big O. Like DJing in a corporate box or when the lights come on in a club at 3am, the wrong setting can kill the mood. Similarly, I knew this conversation would require a mood-setting environment that only one lamp-lit Otepoti bar could provide: Woof!. I texted my boyfriend "gay women are going to teach me how to cum" on my way to the interview.

Once we've ordered our drinks, we begin with introductions. It's a running joke within Leah's circle that her sexuality announces itself before she does; she tells us she's been an out and proud lesbian since the age of 16 when she tried kissing a boy and hated it. To her right, Beth is in her second-year of university and in her first relationship with a woman. Despite what her Wellington crowd tells her, she's bisexual, not lesbian ("bi erasure!" shouts Leah) and had plenty of sex with men in first-year to prove it. Neither can imagine not liking women, and eyes turn to me as I shrug.

Sex is often defined as intercourse. But according to Leah, this is where you're going wrong. At St Margaret's College in her first year at university, she would often be asked how lesbians have sex, as others struggled to conceive of sex outside of the one act: a penis in a vagina. It's important as a starting point to broaden the definition of sex. For Leah, it's "two people coming together with the intent of pleasure" where orgasm is not the goal, but a "happy byproduct".

There tends to be a social script when it comes to sex between a man and a woman. As Leah points out, anything other than intercourse falls under the umbrella of "foreplay", suggesting that all that comes beforehand is lesser – the opening act – and sex is finished once the man is. It's a script that prioritises men's pleasure over women's, relegating the clitoris to the back bench. There's a *Friends* scene that demonstrates what we'll call the 'heteronormative divide' well. The boys in the group describe kissing as the stand-up comedian you have to sit through at a concert before Pink Floyd comes out; while enjoyable, it's not why you bought the ticket. The girls reply, "A word of advice: bring back the comedian. Otherwise, next time you're gonna find yourself sitting at home, listening to that album alone."

The pitfalls of heterosexual sex is something both women had had some experience with. When Beth moved to Dunedin for university, she decided she was "not going to be gay for a bit". She adopted the *Fleabag* protagonist's attitude to sex, using men for her own pleasure, deciding they were done when she'd finished. Giving straight men a taste of their own medicine, if you will. "I felt so powerful," she says, while admitting it to be a validation-seeking exercise. But with her girlfriend, it's different. "With women it's a partnership, less like you're serving them," she explains.

Despite never having had sex with a man, Leah has had one experience that felt pretty close to it. Last year, she slept with a girl who'd only ever had sex with men. Head cocked to the side, she describes how it felt bizarrely infused with heterosexuality. From the roles played to the phrases used, it felt "manufactured and performative". Her eyebrows come together.

"I just remember feeling sad about the whole thing," she says. "Being queer to me is to have a rule book and throw it out. It's so liberating to exist without boundaries."

Queer women bow to the altar of communication. To start, there are a variety of short-cut labels within the queer community like 'pillow princess', originating from lesbians who just like receiving pleasure. "It's well understood in lesbianism," Leah explains. "But now it has a negative connotation in the mainstream." The inverse of PPs are 'touch-me-nots' who prefer to give. It's something Leah identifies with, saying that she could quite happily not have an orgasm in her sex life whilst pleasuring her sexual partners. "Imagine trying to explain that to the heterosexual worldview," she laughs.

One of the biggest obstacles to communication is ego. Sex is incredibly vulnerable, and you want to feel like you're doing a good job – especially when dealing with the elusive clitoris. Playboy claimed that part of what makes lesbians "technically proficient lovers" is something called 'intragender empathy' – when a woman knows what feels good to another woman. While Leah thinks there's a certain level of "homefield advantage", the key thing is – again – communication (like not stopping when a girl says "don't stop"). Leah levels her eyes at me, saying, "Look, you can quote me on this." I dutifully poise my fingers to type. "I've been out of the closet for eight years now, I have my own vagina, and sometimes I struggle to find the clit. The best thing you can do is communicate."

Once ego has been left at the door, a whole world of pleasure is possible. Leah gushes that she's two weeks into dating someone new and the sex is great. Her partner makes her feel wanted and desired in a manner that feels personal. She'll butter Leah up with back massages, then feel up her biceps (which she works hard to maintain), playing with her hair, kissing her neck and telling her she smells good. Smiling, Leah says, "It's making someone feel like the sexiest, most desirable person alive." It's a refreshing change from preferring either ass or tits.

I ask them how else heterosexual women might achieve orgasm with their partners. The answer: vibrators. The Satisfyer Pro, specifically. At this point in the conversation, the level has dropped in our drinks and we've stopped preempting anecdotes from our sex lives with "TMI, but...". Like any good foreplay, we've warmed up to the juicy part. Sex toys can often be treated as the enemy by men, but Leah and Beth urge everyone to see them as allies. "If it's going to make you feel way better, what a dick move not to use it," says Leah. "My forearm gets tired, my jaw gets tired." Beth nods, adding, "I can't do as good a job as a vibrator," and they both laugh imagining a vibrating finger or tongue.

If Leah had one tip, it would be that "anyone can get more creative in the bedroom." There's no "right way", just better ways to achieve orgasm. She herself can struggle to cum, saying, "When you're a queer woman who finds it hard to orgasm, it can make you feel quite broken." Beth agrees that sometimes it just can't happen, and that's okay. While not always the goal, one way that Leah found works for her is masturbating with her partner. "Straight men, trust me on this one. It's hot when you're masturbating and there's someone involved. If your girl has a vibrator, let her use it and watch." For Beth, it's learning how to take turns and getting hit from the back with a strap-on while using a vibrator on herself: "Shit's fire." Leah finger snaps.

Drinks finished and sexual gaps bridged, we wrap up the interview there. Mulling over the sapphic words of wisdom and flicking through Playboy over the following days, I find a Playmate's quote that encapsulates the most important quality in a lover: "A genuine interest in the object of his desire. Which is to say, tenderness and affection and a sense of pacing, instead of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am school of sexual encounter." Don't get it wrong, orgasm-less sex is still enjoyable between two (or more) consenting partners. But if you want to get off, consider dimming the lights, throwing out the rule book, and tuning in to what feels good for you.

*Names changed.



POPPING CHERRIES

By Stella Weston
Illustrated by Gemma McKinney

Virginity Horror Stories

Over the last three months I've been asking my friends, friends of friends, distant associates, and girls I'd met ten minutes ago in the bathroom how they lost their virginity. I was surprised at how many women were open about it and happy to yap – some with nice wholesome experiences, some with some absolute atrocities. From these conversations it was clear that every experience was unique. Losing your virginity, especially for women, is very rarely the romanticised perfect scenario of roses on the bed after prom night with your long-term boyfriend that you love very much. Instead there's a lot of fumbling around, fake moaning, blood or pain, and dubious consent. To illustrate this point, and make some of you feel better about your own experiences, here are three virginity horror stories that will make your toes curl (and not in a good way).

THE ALMOST THREESOME

Rachel's* first time was supposed to be a threesome (launching into sexual activity at full speed, gotta rate it). Unfortunately, a complication with one of the participant's "weird situationships" meant she couldn't join in, leaving Rachel and her best friend Diane* piss drunk in a bedroom in first-year halls – alone and raring to go. Rachel was on her period, but hey, that stops nothing but a sentence – Diane ate her out anyway. Awkwardly, Diane's ex-girlfriend entered the room and Rachel made full eye contact with her while Diane remained obliviously tongue deep. Rather than join in, Rachel says the ex opted to "sit there and lesbian cock block." This killed the mood faster than your partner saying 'what the helly' unironically. Diane went to pee, but passed out on the floor on her voyage to the loo. Instead of lying in bed pining for her missing lover, Rachel also conked out.

Rachel's rating: 6/10. Not bad for being covered in blood in front of witnesses.

BLOOD BATH

Freshly fifteen, Trixie* donned her cropped black v-neck sweater, green plaid mini skirt with the little slit in the side, and chequered Vans (nothing says 2020 more), and headed off to make some sweet loving. The first time she had tried to sleep with this particular boy it had been straight after school and his mother had rudely interrupted the proceedings. Brave enough to run it back anyway, Trixie arrived at 11am ("or some fucking mentalist time like that") and he met her on the driveway – not with a "hello" but with his tongue in her mouth. They were upstairs and naked before any conversation was had. Trixie in doggy, he was just trying to "y'know, get in". Trixie wondered if this was what reverse childbirth would feel like. Despite her numerous "ows", he kept pushing all the way in, committed to this now that his mother wasn't involved (Freud would be gutted).

For three magical thrusts, Trixie actually enjoyed herself. Then the blood began. It was a "full period all at once," one covering his sheets, his duvet, and his mattress. "To this day I could still draw the shape of the stain," Trixie says. Having lied about being a virgin, Trixie doubled down and accused him of starting her period. He told Trixie that maybe it wasn't their time as she continued to bleed in his bathroom. Hoping to escape, he excused himself by saying he had to go skateboarding with his friends. She dressed herself, and went on her merry way, trailing blood behind her like an injured snail. From start to finish the whole experience lasted 25 minutes.

Trixie's rating: 8/10. Rest easy boys: three thrusts clearly go a long way.

DOGGY OR JUST DOGSHIT?

Auckland town, and eighteen-year old Belinda* has just locked eyes with a guy across the bar. Within twenty minutes he was inviting her back to his house and she's texting her parents her location and telling them she won't be home that night (incredible parental leniency, especially given the direction her night was about to take). He drove them, drunk, forty five minutes out of the city. When they arrived at his house, she discovered that his mattress was on the floor. But if his drunk-driving wasn't an issue, this certainly wasn't going to be. Belinda pushed through, managing everything except penetration. Her body was nervous – "nothing was getting in there that night." Her mans didn't know she was a virgin.

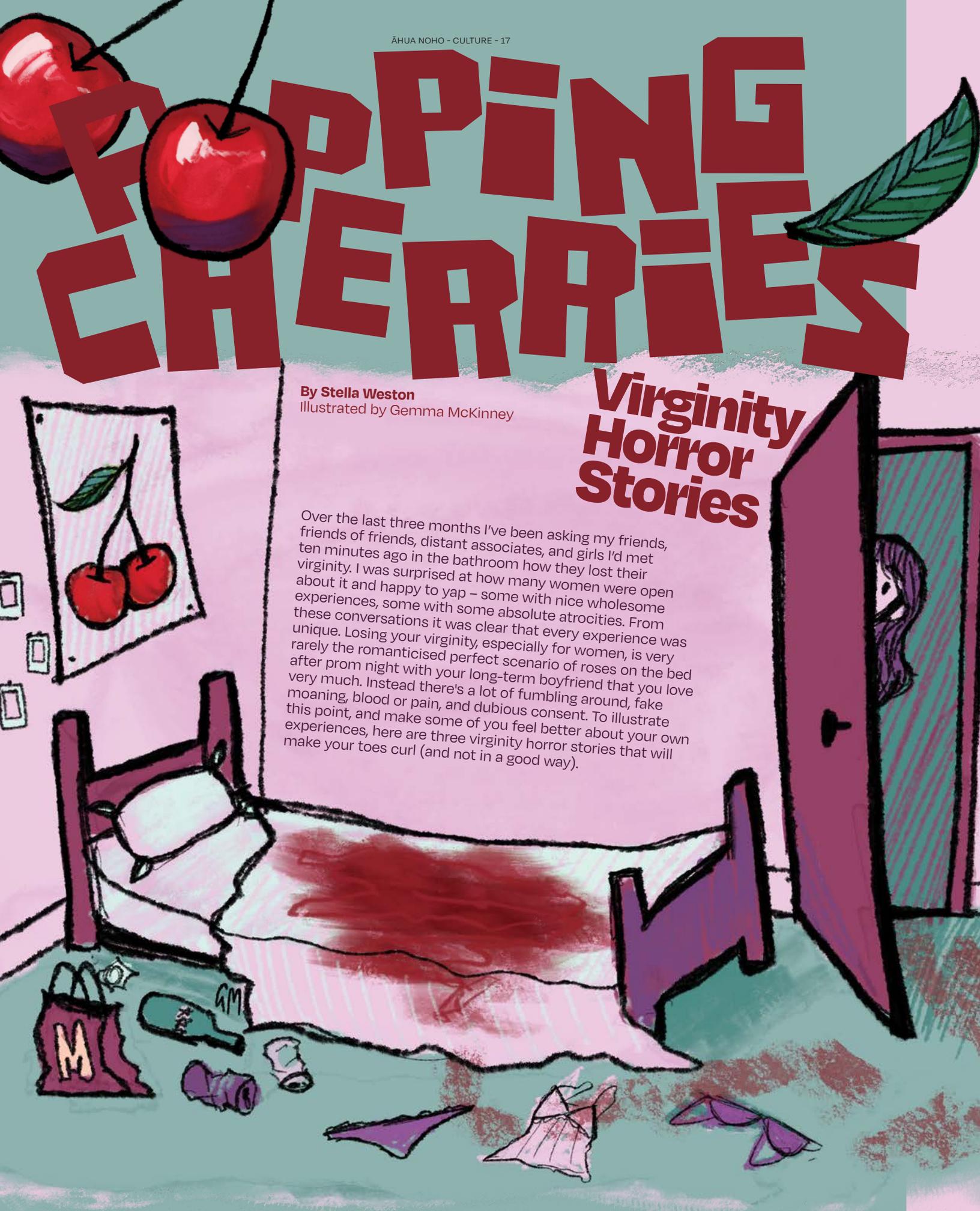
The next morning consisted of an awkward conversation over chicken McNuggets. "Oh shit are you in high school?" "Yeah." "I'm 25, but as long as you're 18 then that's fine." Matter settled, they successfully had sex on the floor, which she described as "actually pretty good." A quick beach trip to walk his dog followed. Then, as the obvious logical next step, he offered her cocaine. She politely declined, choosing to continue enjoying the beer and V concoction that they'd been drinking all morning. She helped him move flats while his dogs remained in the backseat, carsick, throwing up, and shitting all down the seats.

Continuing their day's adventure, he told her he had to "do something real quick", and did she mind? He fingered her while driving – it was a yes from Belinda. They arrived at his friend's house, who was late, drunk, and unable to start his car. She noticed that it was wired with a breathalyser after a DUI. What a great crowd she'd gotten herself into. She then witnessed "a drug deal, I guess." Belinda wasn't phased. They had sex again.

Belinda's rating: 8/10. Unreal considering how poorly this could've gone. The definition of doing it for the plot.

There's a fuck ton of stigma around virginity – if you've lost it, when you lost it, and how you lost it. All of this bullshit is only amplified for women. When it really comes down to it, virginity is a social construct surrounded by double standards and misogyny. The emphasis and value that you choose to place on your particular experience is entirely up to you – whether you use it as your icebreaker at parties, or pretend it never happened. It only counts if you want it to. And hey, at least there wasn't a dog with diarrhoea involved.

*Names changed.



When you think of cheating, your mind will probably go to those who are constantly swinging between break-up and make-up sex as they swear they'll never make that drunken mistake again – but can they please have a fourth chance? The blatant deception and betrayal of finding a grey hoodie left under her bed, false eyelashes on the car floor, a condom wrapper stuffed at the bottom of his bin, or sniffing different perfumes on their clothes is cheating in the traditional sense.

Second-year Frankie* falls into this camp – or fell, rather. She's an ex-serial cheater. Now that she's a year into a

healthy relationship, however, she doesn't want anyone to perceive her as an unfaithful partner. It's something she's ashamed about; but Critic still wanted to hear what pushed her to cheat – on four separate occasions. Conversely, old roster-king Travis* (also second-year) doesn't reckon he qualifies as a cheater. Sure, there was a time that he'd wake up in Girl 1's bed, go to lunch with Girl 2, and then have a sleepover with Girl 3. But that's "not cheating", he says. Unless you're exclusive, juggling three girls is fair game.

Travis traverses the grey area of cheating that the self-help blogs and psychology journals Critic scoured couldn't

comprehend, written for an older audience whose motivations for cheating are tied to kids or finances drying up your home sex life. While we all probably have a Clubcard and ration our heating, it would be a cause for concern if a fresher went around cheating because "the kids were just getting too much".

Because contemporary parameters of cheating are so ill-defined for students, there's a tendency for a lot of things to fall into a grey area that's mutually enforced by our own social environment. Something that might not be cheating as an adult could be equally seen as a serious betrayal as a university student. Does it matter that they slid into the DMs of someone they met on a night out if it's purely "platonic"? What if they slept with someone else while you were dating, but not exclusive? We decide what is socially acceptable – where the line falls between cheating and merrily swinging your dick around.

The National Health Institute conducted a study on adolescents' attitudes and perceptions of cheating. They describe cheating using the word "violation". In this sense, cheating is linked to trust. When someone has broken that implicit or explicit commitment both parties have agreed to, it's usually wrong. There is an element of secrecy – of sneaking around. If you think you're cheating, you probably are. *Sex and The City's* Carrie Bradshaw talks about a cheating curve, saying, "Someone's definition of what constitutes cheating is in direct proportion to how much they themselves want to cheat."

Let's hear from the cheaters' side of the story, shall we?

FRANKIE

Frankie perceives cheating as being unfaithful towards your partner through being intimate with someone else, regardless of whether that intimacy is sexual or emotional. Her father had an affair, so her parents split up when she was pretty young. "You would think that it would make me not want to cheat. I'd always feel guilty about it because people tell me I'm just like my dad – and I am, you know? And I didn't like that, didn't like being told that, but it was kind of true," she says.

COUNT ONE

I was really drunk and her son was dead sober... He started, like, telling me I was really beautiful and I was, like, really fucked up and I was like, 'fuck yeah'.

Frankie was 14-years-old when she first cheated. She was at a family event, and her mum's old friend and her son Joe* had flown from overseas to attend. Frankie and Joe were caught kissing in the corner by their mums, who freaked out. Frankie and her boyfriend, Chris*, had been together for four months at this point. He was "heartbroken", but in a fourteen-years-old-coming-of-age way. Telling him wasn't originally something she planned on doing, but one of her friends ratted on her. "And then everyone hated me for ages... Bros over hoes as fuck," she tells me.

Why did she do it? "He was a shit boyfriend, but I loved him so much," Frankie replies. "I was just drunk, and I think I just like the attention because obviously Chris wasn't there to give me attention, but this other guy was." She adds, "It's always when you're drunk. Doing things you shouldn't do feels thrilling in the moment because it's forbidden. It feels exciting."

When Frankie cheated her and Chris broke up, but later got back together. "Oh, so Chris forgave you?" Critic asks. "No." The relationship was definitely worse when they got back together. "I feel like it was his way of trying to get back at me. Being like, 'Right, we'll get back together just so I can hurt you more than you hurt me' kind of vibe." Their relationship ended a second time because of Chris' drug problem. They were fourteen and fifteen, and Chris using really upset Frankie. He'd ignore her, be mean to her. "When we broke up for the second time, he was like a shit boyfriend about it," she says. "I was like, 'Fuck you. You haven't even changed.'"

COUNT TWO

I had a few beers with my step-brother... He starts telling me about how hot he thinks I am.

Frankie dated Mike* to get over this girl she was in love with, but their relationship wound up being permanent. "I kind of started getting a bit depressed. I knew I didn't want him to be my boyfriend forever, but I knew that he was really in love with me and I just didn't really feel the same way," she tells me. When asked why she was with him, she doesn't really have an answer. "Because I was ashamed of maybe being gay at the time [...] I don't know. I was just with him to make myself feel wanted, because the girl I liked didn't want me." Frankie knows having male validation helped her ego, especially when she was fifteen, a feeling that will likely resonate with many queer and bi-curious women.

A year into their relationship, Frankie was spending summer at the family bach with her step-brother Luke* and their parents. They'd stayed up late drinking, and Luke came into her tent to have a few beers. He starts hitting on her. Because it was summertime, Frankie would wander around the bach in her bikini minding her own business.

Frankie: He was saying weird shit. He was like, 'Yeah, you knew what you were doing when you were wearing that around me.' And I was like, 'I didn't even know you were in the house!'

Critic: Wait, that's kind of weird. That's kind of gross.

Frankie: Yeah, it was gross... But at the time, I was drunk and I was like – 'I'm seen, I'm being seen'. So he was telling me sweet little nothings, pretty much. And it was thrilling, because it was like, obviously wrong.

They're already hooking up in the tent before she realises it's pretty out the gate. Not as drunk as he clearly is, she makes him leave. He tries again the next night but Frankie pretends to be asleep, and they don't speak about it again.

If it was obviously wrong, why did Frankie do it? As an admittedly insecure person, she says that being told things like that really ignites something in you. Frankie loved that she was being seen. "I love that I'm being appreciated for my beauty. In a way, it's nice because obviously your

IS IT CHEATING?

The Line Between Sleeping Sound and Sleeping Around



By Tilly Rumball-Smith
Illustrated by Connor Moffat

partner tells you that stuff but then you hear it from somebody else and then you're like, validated a bit. Not that I feel that way anymore."

COUNT THREE

I was into her. I was into Lana. I was like, 'Fuck, look. I really want to get with you, and I don't care about Kiera*.'*

Frankie was seventeen when she got her first girlfriend. But dating Kiera wasn't entirely for the right reasons – she admits she was only dating her because she was ready to come out to the girls at her private school. "I was like, 'Right, okay, it's time that something gets normalised around here. I'm going to make a change for homosexuality at my school,'" she says.

Frankie and Kiera had been dating for about a month. It was fun, but Frankie wasn't that into it if she was being honest with herself. Then, over the school holidays, while at a party, she meets Lana. The two had become friends in the past year, but that night the dynamic was a lot more flirty. Frankie asked Lana if she'd ever get with a girl.

Frankie: And one thing led to another and we ended up fucking on the bathroom floor.

Critic: Like 'fucking' fucking?

Frankie: Like... We was eating pussy.

Critic: Breakfast, lunch and dinner?

Frankie: Yeah...

Critic: And were you thinking about Kiera?

Frankie: Fuck no. Not at all.

Kiera was more of a placeholder to soft launch homosexuality. Frankie didn't even tell Kiera about what happened with Lana, but she broke up with her a week later. She can't even remember if she gave Kiera a reason. The relationship was so unimportant to her she doesn't even think she told Kiera why; Frankie doesn't think Kiera really cared.

Frankie and Lana stayed together for a long time (Frankie doesn't remember the exact timeline). She never cheated on her. She was in love. Lana, however, wasn't so faithful. In a taste of Frankie's own medicine, Lana actually cheated on her with the same step-brother, Luke. Remember him from the tent? But that's a different, much messier story.

"Although," Frankie admits, "I did fuck this guy while [Lana and I] were broken up at the time, as a way of getting back at her for cheating on me – because she cheated on me. I fucked the guy that she cheated on me with. I was like, lowkey, this will show her. But I also didn't want her to know at the same time. Like, I kind of wanted it to be my internal vengeance, you know? Anyway, she did find out and went fucking nuts."

Frankie was really distraught about it. She'd wanted to get back at Lana, but it didn't feel good. They were really toxic to each other. They'd be broken up but still acting like they were together. It was a bit of a mess.

COUNT FOUR

And that was why it's like, sort of cheating but not really.

This is where cheating starts to enter that grey area that is so prevalent in Dunedin. Frankie had a relationship with Simon*. They broke up and Frankie was still struggling to get over Lana, who she was still regularly talking on the phone with. This was while she was "technically" still seeing Simon, since they'd broken up but were still fucking.

It gets even messier. That summer, Frankie got back with all her exes, including Chris (from count one) and Mike (from count two) because Lana didn't want her. Meanwhile, Lana would also call her, send her nudes, and tell her that she loved her. Lana was cheating on her partner with Frankie, Frankie was still kind of seeing Simon at the time, but no one was dating each other.

A lot of Frankie's behaviour stems from mental health issues and insecurity about her worth. I ask if she'd cheat again. "No, I don't think so. I feel more mentally stable for one, and then also more secure because my partner doesn't have eyes for anyone else, and they're a secure person themselves. The people in the past that I've been with have just been very... Not like them. I think that contributes to it. Not that they deserved it."

CRITIC'S TAKE

Critic cross-referenced Frankie's cheating with two psychology journals to identify any recognisable patterns. The research shows that cheating in adolescents is relatively common. Becoming involved in a romantic relationship is the first time that young adults are expected to be "faithful" and entirely exclusive to one person. Mixed with the emotional turbulence of being a teenager, meeting this cultural expectation isn't always easy.

Alcohol and drugs are a massive contributor to cheating as well. These substances reduce inhibitions – those feelings that prevent you from doing something that you really, really want to do in the moment but probably shouldn't. When you've downed a box, snorted a line, smoked a joint (or all three), you're going to be less likely to turn down that sexy stranger wanting to buy you a drink at the bar.

In adolescent relationships, if one person does not feel emotionally fulfilled and wanted by their partner, they're more likely to seek intimacy elsewhere. If you feel like your partner barely wants you around, it hits different when someone tells you how perfect you are. It doesn't feel as wrong, and, like Frankie explained, you feel "seen".

People who cheat tend to have lower self esteem than people who haven't cheated. The guilt of doing something socially unacceptable mixed with the burden of keeping a secret from your partner contributes to lower overall psychological well-being. It creates a sort of cognitive dissonance.

Relationship length can also correlate with cheating. In a toxic and unhealthy relationship, the longer two people stay together, it's possible for them to cheat more often. Additionally, when a relationship has degraded to a bare minimum of communication and limited trust, loyalty starts to dwindle. When Frankie was cheated on, she

preferred to seduce the homewrecker than try and salvage the scraps of her relationship with Lana.

TRAVIS

Critic interviews Travis on Wednesday night of Re-O Week. His friends Greta* and Freya* tag along, filling in when Travis gets confused or forgets things.

Last semester, Travis had a fully functional roster of three girls. Greta and Freya tell me that this wasn't cheating because he never had a girlfriend, and he's not dating anyone. His roster didn't know about each other, though. To ensure none of them caught on, Travis employed tactics like not commenting on any of their Instagrams. He would also freeze his location or turn it off completely whilst at Girl 2's house, because Girl 1 only knew about certain locations Travis was likely to be at. Sneaky, yes, but not necessarily lying, according to Travis – he just wasn't telling them the truth. Critic asks how he felt doing it. "Great. Absolutely great." Everyone in the room bursts out laughing as he tries to justify himself. "No – not great in the sense that I was skipping between people."

Travis sees cheating as something that can only happen when you're in a relationship. For him, cheating means dating someone while seeing someone else. It also means

watching porn while in a relationship – a controversial opinion for the rest of the group. He thinks even thinking about someone in a sexual way is cheating, unless it's in a dream.

Critic: Do you think those girls would say it was cheating if they knew about each other?

Travis: Nah, I don't think they would say that.

Greta: No, they weren't exclusive.

Freya: One of them wanted an open relationship.

Greta: But then that's good! That's not cheating – it's open.

Given the subjectivity of cheating as a concept, there's a lack of research on why adolescents might prioritise a greater number of sexual partners to experiment over monogamous intimacy with one person. A University of Tennessee thesis explains that even if both partners value monogamy, one of them may not see holding hands with a different person as a breach of their romantic exclusivity, while the other may see that as a betrayal. Travis, Greta and Freya discuss what counts as cheating these days. The consensus seems to be that if you're exclusive or in a relationship, it's cheating. "But if you're just fucking on the DL... It's not cheating," says Freya.

CRITIC'S TAKE

The group explains that while some people would think Travis' roster was ratchet, others (especially of our generation) might think of it as normal. In the NHI study mentioned earlier, adolescents often prioritise exploring their personal identity over obtaining and retaining intimacy. This motivates us to create emotional bonds external from our main partner or "enjoy a greater plurality of sexual partners and/or sexual frequency without forming an emotional connection."

Research shows that the general view is that sex outside a low commitment or open relationship is perceived as much more acceptable than sex outside an exclusive



relationship. It makes sense in the context of hookup culture in Dunedin. Breathas and sheathas alike hesitate before getting themselves into a committed monogamous relationship. When there's no strings attached, no one gets hurt – right? We don't just have a fear of commitment: we prefer the comfort of a 'get out of jail free' card when we wake up smelling like cigarettes and tequila in a stranger's bed with six missed calls.

STUDENTVILLE'S MOST LIKELY CHEATERS

So who's most likely to cheat? From a scientific lens, it's the huzz and probably Business majors. In a recent study, people who have a high opinion of their own physical appearance more accurately predicted themselves cheating over time. The study links this to narcissism, as seen in married men. In other words, if you think you're super hot, monogamous you are not. Additionally, people who objectively fit the beauty standard may be more likely to cheat just because they have greater opportunities and options. People are just always hitting their line.

Critic asks Travis if there's actually a bro code. Do boys talk about cheating among their friends? He thinks boy groups actually expose cheating.

Critic: They won't cover up for each other? I feel like they would.

Travis: Well, not with my mates. They don't disclose it in the first place because they know we might just snitch on them right away.

The rest of the group disagrees. They start to bring up all the times where boys have cheated on their girlfriends and their mates covered it up. According to Travis, it depends on how well they know the girlfriend. "If we see it as a good relationship, we're going to snitch straight away. But if it's toxic, we're just gonna gaf it," he says. Studies show that adolescents are strongly influenced by their perception of their friends' attitudes towards their relationship, which aligns with what Travis is talking about: if his friends think it's a toxic relationship and don't bother telling their mate's girlfriend, the mate feels like he's in the clear because he's been given the message of all goods.

Critic Te Ārohi has deliberately refrained from discussing the effect of gender on likelihood of cheating. Prevailing literature online suggests that men are more likely to cheat due to the cultural normalisation of encouraging men to explore and experience a variety of different partners. Simultaneously, women are shamed for exposing themselves and their body to too many people. Women are told they should be able to count the number of people who have seen you naked on one hand, while men are applauded for sexual promiscuity. Despite this, there is no clear correlation between cheating and gender, and most studies confine their research to cisgender, heterosexual people. Using these limited qualifications, men aren't more likely to cheat, and neither are women.

A WORD WITH THE CHEATED

Critic: But why do people stay with their partners?

Greta: Love. They're in love. They say it won't happen again. They say they love you so much and that it was a mistake.

Travis: Been together for too long.

It can feel really shit to be cheated on. Maybe you feel like you can't trust them anymore, or your self-esteem has taken a plummet. Maybe you haven't been cheated on, but you still feel betrayed by your partner. Maybe you're turning a blind eye to their last minute cancellations and late nights out because you really value the relationship, and are trying everything you can to make it how it used to be.

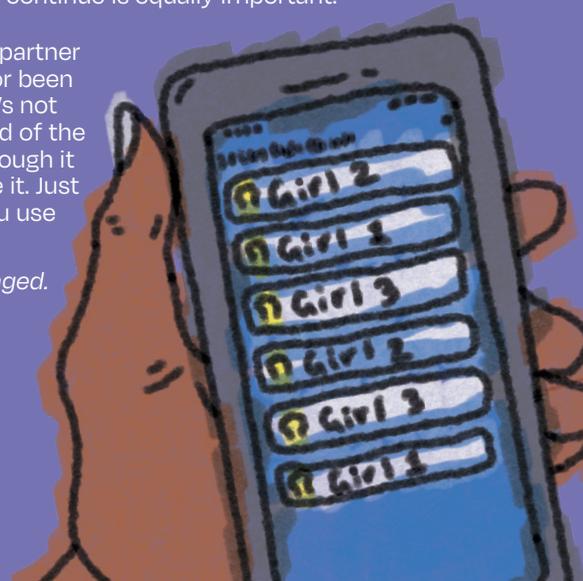
Cheating is a concept that is only really able to be defined by you and the person you're involved with. Something that might be on the fence for you might really hurt your partner. This is why trust and communication is so important in a relationship, regardless of if it's open and inviting to a plurality of partners, or exclusive and monogamous. Studies show that if adolescents, like all of us in Dunedin, feel as though they can openly communicate with their partner to resolve issues and talk through arguments, then they are less likely to cheat and be cheated on. The more supported you feel, the less likely you'll go searching to fill that emotional or sexual absence.

Whatever happens, a conversation is usually the best place to start. Like Frankie has explained, cheating doesn't happen out of the blue. Perhaps (and Critic hesitates to say this) aspects of your behaviour has contributed to your partner cheating. If you're in Travis' situation, it could be a good idea to consider where the balance lies between self-gratification and emotional intimacy. While each is important, neither should overpower the other.

In Critic terms, Dunedin students are all still figuring themselves out. It's rare to find someone who is set on latching on to one person for the rest of their life when we don't even know what we're doing the next day. For a lot of students, it's some of the first years they're having sex and making adult decisions outside the watchful eye of their parents. Making mistakes and shitty decisions are an inevitable part of becoming an adult. Learning how to apologise and continue is equally important.

If you or your partner has cheated or been cheated on, it's not always the end of the world even though it might feel like it. Just make sure you use protection.

*Names changed.



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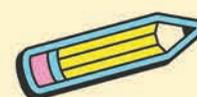
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Saving the penguins has never looked sexier. Hoiho advocate and local musician Mario Girardet of Dibs! and Caribou is putting his money where his beak is. Over a series of seven gigs, each with an equally stacked lineup, Flipper Fest is raising money for the Yellow-Eyed Penguin Trust (Te Tautiaki Hoiho).

Hoiho are one of the rarest penguin species in the world. Endemic to Aotearoa, these waddlers are most commonly found on Stewart Island and the East Coast of the South Island. The Ōtepoti-based trust's main goal is to preserve the hoiho population while taking care of our coasts. Essentially, they hold the dream job of any environmental science student. After visiting one of the trust's conservation centres in the Peninsula, Mario immediately thought of the Yellow-Eyed Penguin Trust when brainstorming a fundraiser.

Mario considers himself an outsider – not in the pretentious sense of being a tortured artist, but in the world of gig management. His first foray into gig organisation began last year through a series of three gigs under the name Flipper Fest.

Through Flipper Fest 2024, Mario learned the important lesson that students do not buy tickets in advance. Two days before the first leg, he had sold just over six tickets. Reliving his mindset the day before the show, Mario lamented, "I was pooping my pants thinking, 'Oh my gosh, no one cares and no one's gonna come.'" Miraculously, on show day, tickets started flying out the door (huzzah! Flipper Fest was saved!). Overall, Mario expected to raise just over a thousand dollars for his efforts last year, but ended up doubling it, achieving the hearty bill of \$2826.50. He hopes to exceed this record in round two of Flipper Fest.

A martyr for the penguins, Mario is sacrificing his social life for their sake. Recently, he has had to put on his organisation hat, devoting all of his free time to contacting venues, bands, sound people, radio stations, and magazines (like this one). Mario says the reality of being a showrunner is "really just talking to 60 to 70 people at once." He uses the platform of Critic Te Ārohi to apologise to everyone he has ghosted in the past month: "Sorry to my friends, I'll reply to you soon."

Mario sees himself as a champion of chalanism (opposite of nonchalant), saying it's the only way to pull big events like Flipper Fest together. "I'm so shameless with it." He never misses the opportunity to promote Flipper Fest or ask a band to join the lineup. He relishes the fact that "I've met some pretty cool people through" being chalan.

Mario has managed to dip his fingers into many pies, reaching out to every corner of Ōtepoti's music scene. From punk to folk, to hip-hop and surf rock, he has covered all the bases. "I think Dunedin needs more cross-involvement," Mario adds. "We should cherish the fact that we're all doing music in such a beautiful city with such a beautiful history and such beautiful nature."

The repertoire of events kicked off last week with Flip-Pint Night At Home, featuring the stacked lineup of Pearly* and DJ Bax. The Wednesday arvo backyard gig was a tempting alternative to the weekly Pint Night ritual. Following the collapse of a gazebo and a threatening sky of clouds, the gig was moved across the road into the living room of another flat (the show must go on!). In a much smaller space, the backyard BBQ turned into a bumping boiler room set. Following the show, one mosher, Millie, said she "loved the vibes." She joked that her only regret of the night was "bringing a jacket." (It got toasty in there). Adding to the heat was Mario, who came out dressed in a yellow-eyed penguin suit gifted by the trust, ready and rearing to shred the dance floor.

Mario has put a lot on his plate, yet he somehow manages to think big and do better. Looking to the future, Mario says, "Even when I leave the city I want Flipper Fest to stay. I don't think Flipper Fest should ever leave."

Help save the Hoiho while having a boogie. If you missed Flip-Pint Night at Home, Mario's got shows scheduled on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 14th, and 15th of August. Check out @flipper.fest on Instagram to see who's playing and where.

FLIPPER FEST



Photo by Fraser Thompson (dunedinsound.com)

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BOOZE REVIEWS

BY JOAN OF RARK

And with that, the streak has ended. We have finally found a boozy number I would never like to see again, much like high school calculus (good riddance).

This dirty fuck of a drink is supposedly wine based. Judging by the taste it's a red – not in a 'nicely locked in cabinet at Meenans' way, but in a 'whatever the red wine version of Bernadino Spewmante is' way. It tastes like if you were to throw up chocolate into a bottle of thick red wine you were chugging, and then have to swallow it again.

The chocolate sludge in my glass is actual, honest to god, in a totally serious way, DOGSHIT. But I find myself unable to stop sipping. The opening note of the drink, just as it crests the hill of your lip, tastes exactly like Lewis Road Creamery. Just for that moment you are transported to being in the back of your grandparents' car, winding through the Firth side of the Coromandel, your two siblings on either side of you, passing a bottle of chocolate milk to share that you got from a beachside dairy – somewhere north of another beachside dairy, but below a fishing club.

The next moment, though? Someone has thrown up into the map pocket of one of the front seats, and for some reason licking the wet wipe that was used to clean it out is the following taste. This evolves into an oddly bitter red wine grossness that is reminiscent of a probably-expired cough syrup bottle you nicked from home in an attempt to make lean. Just bad and not fulfilling in the slightest. All in all, this alleged "liqueur" is like making out with the one that got away, then her SAS fiancé comes and king-hits the piss out of you, even though it kind of wasn't your fault cos she neglected to tell you. Worth trying, not worth buying.

SCULLABILITY: Cold gravy/10

ENJOYABILITY: Begins at 8/10. Ends with 1/10.

PAIRS WELL WITH: Wine as a chaser. Camembert also as a chaser. Anything to get the taste out of your mouth.



For the people with someone to cook for and for those who self sauce xx

INGREDIENTS:

CAKE BATTER

- 1 cup plain flour
- 2 tsp baking powder
- ½ cup brown sugar (lightly packed)
- 3 Tbsp cocoa powder
- ½ cup milk
- 1 egg

- 1 tsp vanilla essence
- 85g Olivani spread (melted and cooled slightly)

SAUCE

- ¾ cup brown sugar (lightly packed)
- 3 Tbsp cocoa powder
- 1 ¼ cup boiling water

(no way are we using butter in this economy)

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. Preheat the oven to 180°C on the bake or fanbake setting.

Step 2. In a large bowl, mix your dry cake ingredients (flour, baking powder, brown sugar and cocoa powder) until combined. Place to one side.

Step 3. In a separate small bowl, beat your egg, ½ cup of milk, and vanilla essence together until combined. Slowly pour in your melted Olivani and beat together with a fork.

Step 4. Pour the milk-egg-Olivani mixture into the dry ingredients and mix until just combined. Add the cake batter into the bottom of a baking dish, you want it to be around 5cm deep with room to rise in the oven.

MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson

Step 5. From here, move onto the sauce mixture. Begin by combining the brown sugar and cocoa powder. Sprinkle the dry mix of sugar and cocoa powder over the cake batter in the baking dish.

Step 6. Carefully pour the boiling water over top of the cake, using the back of a spoon to pour it over.

Step 7. Place into the oven and cook for 35 mins or until the centre of the cake is firm and bouncy to the touch.

Serve hot with ice cream or cream!

SEXY SELF-SAUCEING CHOC PUDDING



By Molly Smith-Soppet & Zoe Eckhoff

DEBATE

BUSH OR NO BUSH?

BUSH:

I am sick and tired of razors, of ingrown hairs, of the unspoken expectation that our genitals should resemble a Christmas ham. I, for one, don't give a fuck if you have pubes. Frankly, we have them for a reason and they deserve a comeback. Not as a quirky thing or as a feminist statement. But as the norm.

Pubic hair exists for an actual, biological reason. Protection, friction reduction, temperature regulation. It's literally designed by your body, for your body. Removing it entirely can actually increase your risk of irritation, infection and STIs, all because you're essentially sanding down your privates and hoping for the best. The skin down there is already sensitive enough without putting a cream on it that literally uses chemicals to burn the hair at the follicle. In trying to be 'clean', you might actually be making things worse.

Keeping your pubes isn't lazy, it's letting your body live. Somewhere between porn's global takeoff and the rise of Sport Illustrated's bikini issue, we decided that a bush means you're unhygienic, unkempt, and unsexy. This is literally a manifestation of patriarchy with a side of capitalism. Smooth sells razors and smooth sells sex. Veet and Schick have had a hold on me since I was 13 and became aware of leg hair. Why should we let them in our underwear, too?

I'm not saying ditch the wax, razor or epilator forever. Groom, trim, shape, bedazzle – whatever. But the myth that pubes are dirty, gross, or unattractive needs to die an itchy, ingrown hair covered death. Let your bush be.

NO BUSH:

Bush or no bush will always be a personal preference, and regardless you should never judge somebody by the hair downstairs. However, in a world of active sexual revolution and free will, why not give the basement a polish? I disagree that removing your pubic hair is an act of symbiosis with the patriarchy or capitalism. Slick is straight to the point and in your face. No curtain, full window.

Sure, skincare is incredibly important when it comes to 'mowing the lawn', and the corporate world loves to make it seem complicated with all the foreign substances they shelve at Chemist Warehouse. However, the bare truth is that no, you don't need any of that shit. Stick to the simple stuff; exfoliate and do research before you use anything with too many words you can't pronounce on the back. Shaving is easy and sensory heaven that leaves you feeling like a slick, sexy piece of salmon – and it certainly doesn't have to come at the cost of your financials or physical health.

It does also make for easier navigation. No safari goggles required for this endeavour because everything is all out there for your convenience. I don't support deforestation, but it's not like the genital jungle is responsible for 20% of the Earth's oxygen supply anyways. So fuck it: shave that thang.

Ultimately, human genitalia is unique to every individual, with the ability to trim and cultivate the hair to how we please. No, it doesn't really make a difference sexually in terms of stimulation, but what's wrong with a bit of hedge trimming? The hair will grow back, it's not a permanent decision and there's no shame in it. Go bald or go home.



Moaningful Confessions

By Dirty Talk

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

Last summer, I started seeing a girl with a thing for urban exploration. Our shared interest was part risk, part sensual – there's a rush to making out on a rooftop, or down a fenced-off alleyway, with the small chance of being caught.

One warm night, we climbed some fresh scaffolding onto the roof of the Geology department, sliding dangerously around on the slate tiles until we found a spot to sit. We started making out, until a spotlight lit up our perch.

—Alright, time to come down now!

Actually getting caught might be a turn-on for some, but we only really liked the idea of it. In reality, the sudden appearance of a policeman only ruined the mood. He tracked us with his spotlight as we descended the scaffolding, my mind racing with the thought of getting arrested. Right at the start of the first semester? Not something I wanted on my plate. The cop turned his flashlight away from our eyes, letting me see his face. It wasn't just any cop, it was the campus cop.

—What were you young ladies doing, climbing around up there?

—Just exploring.

—Lucky you didn't get yourselves hurt.

—Mm, yeah. Sure.

Thankfully, he only took our names, sending us away without charge. Relieved that our urbex date hadn't turned into a court date, we set off to my flat to finish the job – no policeman was going to succeed in ruining our fun completely. Or so I thought.

Back in bed, we picked up where we left off. I went down on her, she went down on me. With a duvet, music, and candles, the mood was hard to break – especially compared to a precarious rooftop. We switched back and forth for almost half an hour. She looked so pretty between my legs, and I felt my body tense up as I approached orgasm. Chin dripping wet, she looked up and into my eyes. Then she did something unimaginable.

—I bet that cop doesn't have sex this good!

The image of a middle-aged man flashed before my eyes. Why the fuck would anyone say that? She went back to going down on me, but her tongue landed on unresponsive skin, my body reeling from whiplash as an orgasm moments away became astronomically distant. Still she persisted, not realising what she'd done. I tapped her on the head.

—Don't think it's gonna happen actually... sorry.

—Oh, okay!

Blissfully unaware, she settled in next to me as the little spoon. I didn't see much more of her that summer, but I think about that night often. Somewhere in the city, our brief fling was memorialized in a policeman's notebook.



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

GIG GUIDE

TUESDAY 5 AUG **OPEN MIC NIGHT** INCH BAR 7pm.

WEDNESDAY 6 AUG **WEEKLY WEDNESDAY STAND UP COMEDY** INCH BAR 7pm. \$5.

THURSDAY 7 AUG **THE YEMENITE** PEARL DIVER 4.30pm. **FLIPPER FEST - YELLOW-EYED PENGUIN TRUST FUNDRAISER** THE CROWN HOTEL Featuring U-no Juno, DIBSI, Clementine, and Achtung! 8pm. \$15. **THE AMBER TEMPLE** INCH BAR 7.30pm. Koha entry.

FRIDAY 8 AUG **FLIPPER FEST - YELLOW-EYED PENGUIN TRUST FUNDRAISER** INCH BAR Featuring Becca Caffyn, Sam Charlesworth, Keira Wallace, and Emily Esplin. 7.30pm. Koha entry. **PURPLE DOG - "DOG YEARS" EP RELEASE** PEARL DIVER w/ The Audio Visual Drop Kicks. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 9pm. **VEGETABLE.MACHINE. ANIMAL** THE CROWN HOTEL w/ Hôhâ, Sewage, and Murgatroyd. \$20 waged / \$15 un-waged. 8.30pm. **SOUL DEEP** THE BOG IRISH BAR Tickets from 9pm. Free entry.

1
91 FM

CHILLI
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INDIAN TAKEAWAY

14 MAY
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91 FM
TOP 11

The Beatniks (Dn) - Another Day
No. 1 last week | 2 weeks in chart

2 Pearly* (Dn) - Superglue
No. 2 last week | 5 weeks in chart

3 MELOWNZ (NZ) - MONEY CALLIN feat. Halfsing
No. 4 last week | 3 weeks in chart

4 Polaroids of Polarbears (NZ) - ehara i te wairua
No. 3 last week | 2 weeks in chart

5 Tealskie (NZ) - Extraterrestrial
1 week in chart

6 Dale Kerrigan (Dn) - Hide
No. 7 last week | 3 weeks in chart

7 Sheep, Dog & Wolf (NZ) - Sound of a Distant Wave
No. 9 last week | 3 weeks in chart

8 Carnivorous Plant Society (NZ) - You're Too Much
No. 10 last week | 4 weeks in chart

9 Pickle Darling (NZ) - Human Bean Instruction Manual
No. 8 last week | 4 weeks in chart

10 Alphabethead (NZ) - I'm Lucy Lawless
No. 6 last week | 2 weeks in chart

11 Frances Grass (NZ) - Free
1 week in chart

Mazagran Hit Picks

Capricore (NZ) Capricore (NZ) - Don't Shank Me
KRIT (Dn) KRIT (Dn) - Many Moons (How you Doin)

Free Naan bread with purchase of main meal dine in or takeaway (use code **Greencard**) 1 card per order

Illustrated by
Tevya Faed

RAN... COLUMNS - 17

33

Horoscope



You feel like AskOtago this week. Everyone in your life seems to have a problem and apparently you are the only one they can talk to about it. Don't let other people's mental loads weigh on you, but that's easier said than done. Be sure to take time for yourself.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Dubai chocolate flavoured lube

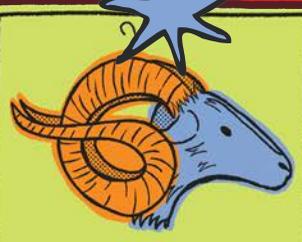
* PISCES *



Libra, you are inevitable. They won't know what's about to hit them but fuck you are going to derail someone's life this week. Just try to be the change you want to see in the world.

Extra bits for the bedroom: A strap-on

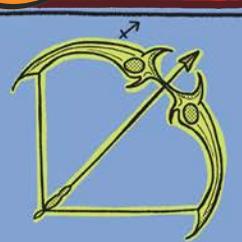
* LIBRA *



This week, a spontaneous decision will change the trajectory of your whole year. If you're lucky it will end in riches beyond your wildest belief. If not, then you will probably be broke for the next few years. Good luck!

Extra bits for the bedroom: Whips

* ARIES *



Someone in your flat will encourage a 'whole flat change of attitude' to attempt to get you to stop being so pessimistic. That probably won't work, and no matter how much you try to convince people that you are actually a 'realist' you are just a cynical fuck.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Wax play

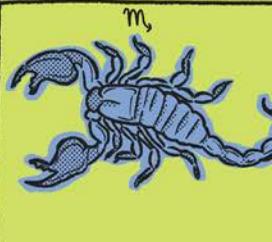
* SAGITTARIUS *



This is the perfect week to start a new creative project. With ideas flowing freely and your bank account looking good, you have the perfect opportunity to find a new side hustle to support your addictions (caffeine and nicotine).

Extra bits for the bedroom: Edging

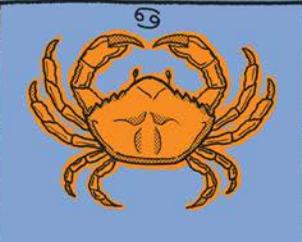
* AQUARIUS *



The week begins strong with you submitting a very solid assignment - only to later realise that you attached the wrong document. But it's okay, your lecturer doesn't care and the thrill of not getting any marks taken off pushed you into a very fun weekend.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Ethical porn

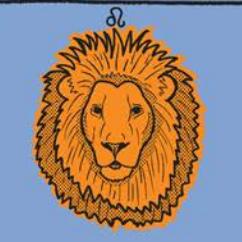
* SCORPIO *



You keep waking up at 2am with a craving for Chilli Dhaba curry and academic validation. Unfortunately neither are coming if you don't get off your ass and do something. It's a shame you're lazy and can't be bothered getting out of bed half the time.

Extra bits for the bedroom: A sexy playlist

* CANCER *



Don't fall into the traps of volunteering this week. You always end up way more committed to things than you actually have time for and then other aspects of your life start to be negatively impacted, usually your academics.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Fluffy pink handcuffs

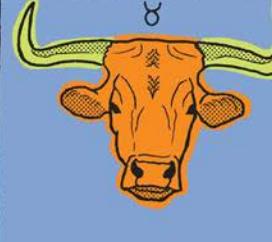
* LEO *



Try meeting someone new this week. You've been feeling pretty bogged down by those around you and the monotonous style of your life lately has been getting to you. Try going into rooms that you would normally not enter, you never know who might be there waiting for you.

Extra bits for the bedroom: A vibrator

* CAPRICORN *



Taurus, it's time to take the bull by the horns (haha get it) and get your shit from your ex's house - either literally or metaphorically. It's gonna be awkward and awful but at least then you will get your fave sweatshirt back and maybe a little bit of closure too.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Tightening the screws on your bed

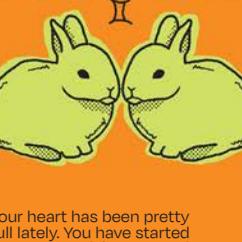
* TAURUS *



You're beginning to suspect that someone in your flat has been pinching your laundry detergent. You are correct. But you're too deep in your GAF era to care. Try subtly letting them know that you're aware of their theft but don't let them know you don't care, otherwise they will take advantage of the situation.

Extra bits for the bedroom: Mirrors

* VIRGO *



Your heart has been pretty full lately. You have started to see a special someone in a new light and it is bringing your life a good chunk of fun. Don't forget to spread the love, because you have a habit of becoming obsessed with people and forgetting about your friends.

Extra bits for the bedroom: More dirty talk

* GEMINI *

SNAP OF THE WEEK

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WINNER



OUSA EXEC

WINTER WELL-BEING

Winter is here. Now is the time where you have to guess whether Castle and Leith St are shimmering because of broken glass or frost. It's the time of slipping down the hill to your lectures and spending long nights at the library because of its heating system. Long story short, it's freezing out here. And as students, we aren't adept at dealing with it.

It's times like these where you remember that sometimes it sucks being a student. Not because of early lectures, or because your lecturers are already setting assignments. But because we are paying a premium to live in cold, dank, musty flats that have the same carpet they did 30 years ago. Or because sometimes, or most of the time, the only heating we get before 9pm is through cooking dinner. I'm here to tell you that this doesn't last forever. The sun is already getting higher in the sky every day, and there's only one more month of this bone-chilling winter. Soon enough it will be spring, then summer, and the sun will actually be able to get the condensation off your windows.

I do know that's not super helpful to point out when you can see your breath while sitting in your lounge. Therefore I will also say: please keep using the systems in place to help students. Use the OUSA free breakfasts, \$4 lunches and Bowling Club dinners. Keep using the food bags and food banks run from OUSA and University. Y'all are already doing so, as one of the food banks has run out of food. That might not be super helpful on the surface, but if you keep showing the University and the wider public that these services are needed through your actions, they will keep upping the impact of these services.

Believe it or not, there are people watching what we are doing within the University. If we keep showing them that something needs to be done, our actions are speaking for us. If you want to do more, keep speaking out against your bad landlords. Keep sharing the information we need to increase all of our standards of living. People can't treat us poorly if we work together to stand up for each other rather than keeping our heads down and taking whatever scraps they offer us from their table.

If you have read this far, thank you and I owe you a fist bump. You are not alone in this. It's not forever. Please stay safe and stay warm this winter.

Amy Whyman
Welfare & Equity Rep

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- JUJUTSU

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- DRAWING FOR BEGINNERS
- LIFE DRAWING
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- SINGING FOR BEGINNERS
- MINI MOSAICS - CRAFT ROOM PREVIEW
- ANNUAL PHOTO COMP
- POETRY COMP
- ELECTRONIC ART COMP
- HAND-BUILT CERAMIC SCULPTURE

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Want to share your story? scan here.



Sexual harm prevention advocacy group Thursdays in Black and Critic Te Ārohi are inviting survivors to share their story in a survey on the management and prevalence of sexual harm on campus. **Scan the QR code or email tibwww25@gmail.com by August 11th**

TiB
OTAGO

x

