

te ārohi



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**THE
DRUGS
ISSUE**

Reference guide table with columns for drug types (LSD, Mushrooms, DMT, etc.) and rows for various substances (Ketamine, MDMA, Cocaine, etc.). Includes a legend for risk levels and a QR code.



EDITORIAL: STAY SAFE, KIDS

Welcome to the Drugs Issue. You may have picked that up already based on the bong-heavy design of both the cover and centrefold. We timed it to come out the week of Hyde Street Party and 4/20 - which conveniently happens to be the same day this year. I see you, OUSA.

"Drugs" is a loaded term that will elicit one of two reactions depending on your demographic: a moan (of ecstasy) or a groan. I write this after a week of encountering these exact reactions while talking about the content of the issue. There were two sticking points: the cover shoot of OUSA Exec members pretending to smoke cones and the drug review. The cover shoot we can all agree is sick, so let's move on to the review.

Flick past the centrefold and you'll find a ten-page drug review. It's written by a self-described high-functioning drug user who our Instagram following voted to name Boba Ket (@criticmag xx). Boba maintains great grades in his studies, while regularly taking pretty hard drugs and mixing them all together too. Big fuck-off disclaimer here: we're not out here endorsing this kind of drug use. The combinations described would kill a small child.

But it was convenient to meet someone who has a lot of experience with a range of different drugs whose brain we could pick. In the 2018 Drugs Issue, one staff member took meth for the purpose of the review, for "research" - look it up. Boba's review, however, was purely patched together from memory (what was left of it, anyway). He thoughtfully added some tips and tricks for the safe consumption of these drugs, but keep in mind that someone who takes a lot

of drugs like this will inevitably speak about them in positive terms and isn't a professional.

We repeatedly point out in this issue that Dunedin has a pretty notorious drug scene. As Hugh aptly puts it, one drop of our wastewater could show the entirety of Gloriavale a good time. Recreational drug use is illegal but also, not really. Not here. North Dunedin is a strange microcosm of society where we're given more leniency than the average Joe. A mate told me once about a moment they'd had leaning out their window to rip a bedtime cone, before locking eyes with a member of the public walking past on the street and remembering, "Oh yeah, this is illegal."

The normalisation of drug use in Dunedin can lead to some pretty scary situations. It's very easy for a fun experience to quickly turn sour. If you plan to take drugs for Hyde St this weekend, please consult the TripSit mixing table and test them first - KnowYourStuff will have drug testing services available this week. As Boba Ket warns in the drug review, drugs are often sold as one thing while actually being something else.

We've tried to include a range of perspectives on drugs in this issue, for your entertainment and your information. So with that said: happy 4/20, and stay safe out there kids.

NINA BROWN



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LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dearest Critic,

I am addressing an issue that very dear to my heart, and thats can freshers shut the fuck up in the library. Although I do own noise cancelling headphones, I have found it does not drown out the sounds of multiple freshers seemingly more focused on their new experience of not being at home cared by their mother than rather actually trying to study to get into their competitive courses.

Maybe I am truthfully just a cynic but believe me if you don't start focusing now, exams will creep on you soon and then all your career dreams of being like your favourite character in Suits or Grey Anatomy will sadly come to an end.

However, I will say to this one group I once overheard, about this girl's adventures of the guy you are currently hooking up with on the 3rd floor of your hall. It was one of the most interesting 2 hour podcasts I have ever listened to. But, although your friends are confident he actually likes you, I will say the girls he is flirting with in town is not to make you jealous but rather he is not interested in you and is definitely using you, so you deserve much better than that 5 '7 man.

But regardless I am getting fed up, please leave from the 2nd floor central and go to the link because no one cares that much about your lives.

Sincerely,

A very stressed out 3rd year with multiple tests this week

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

Dear Critic,

As a Hyde St resident, I can say that I am quite pissed off that I have to pay 20 dollars plus a f#cking booking fee to be allowed the privilege of living at my own house and I know a lot of other residents feel the same. I'm no BA student (BSc) but what happened to freedom of movement and freedom of assembly? On top of this, I have to pick between my friends who I like the most to give tickets to something I'm hosting?. Seeing as OUSA is already charging nearly 4k people 60 dollars each surely that's enough to hire a few security guards and port-a-loos. Hyde St is sick and is half the reason why I am studying here. I'm all for having it being safe but please don't f&^k the residents who are hosting it.

Moral of the story: at least give us some more of the budget towards party equipment to make getting wasted on Hyde good.

Editor's response: I get your point, but without OUSA spending a lot of money, time and energy on the organisation of Hyde St it wouldn't happen, so paying about the cost of a box for this is probably fair.

Hello Critic, especially Gryffin

I feel for you with the mond. The freshers that live there are a bunch of munters. They cause problems where ever they are. Smashing bottles, chucking half drunk cans and empty boxes into front yards, kicking over full bins (both rubbish and recycling), harrassing female students and generally being public menaces till the wee hours of the morning. Theyre less of a mafia and more a collection of petty thugs, so dont worry too much about any threats from them as i doubt they have the capacity to even concoct a plan to hurt you.

Sincerely,

a knox st resident

Editor's response: This is giving Scrooge. Salmond, don't listen to the mean neighbour.

Kia ora koutou,

My name is Elliot and I've been a councillor on the Otago Regional Council since the 2022 elections. I'm a masters student in Ecology, and I was also the features editor of Critic Te Ārohi for three years, finishing up last year.

What were you doing 10 years ago? Personally, I was doing whatever annoying 13-year-olds did in 2014, maybe probably playing Uno or Poptropica or making cringe jokes. Some things don't change that much, I guess.

The world around us, however, has changed a lot in ten years, and it will change even more in the next ten years. A lot of that change will be out of all of our hands, but for a lot of things your voice can actually make a difference. The

"Long Term Plan" for the Otago Regional Council is one of those things. This plan charts a course for what the regional council will do for the next ten years for everything from big environmental projects to buses to how much your landlord pays in rates. It is currently in draft form, and the council wants to hear from people all over the region about what they think.

In the past, we haven't heard much from students, or young people in general, which is really unfortunate because we are arguably the people who will be impacted most by these decisions! If young people come out in force and make their voice heard on the plan it could make a big difference to what makes it into the final plan. I promise submitting is easy, and you can just submit on the topics that you really care about and skip the parts that aren't as relevant to you.

hmu at elliot.weir@orc.govt.nz

Kia ora critic!

I am currently doing some research as a part of my Masters degree. My research project aims to investigate the scope of benzodiazepine use in Aotearoa New Zealand.

Reader, if you use benzodiazepines or have ever tried a benzodiazepine (this can be used as prescribed by a doctor or any other type of benzodiazepine use!!!) I would be interested to hear about your experience/s through this survey.

Ultimately, this project's intention is to detail the use and users of benzodiazepines which will help to inform harm reduction campaigns, drug education efforts, and understanding for doctors prescribing benzodiazepines.

If you have any questions about this project, benzodiazepines, or drug harm reduction feel free to email me toooca294@student.otago.ac.nz I'm happy to chat :))



Large graphic with the text 'YOUR WEEKLY BULLETIN ROUNDUP' and a starburst icon. It contains several text boxes with news snippets: 'There are rats in Countdown again, leading someone to post on Otago Meaningful Confessions Facebook page that they're being plagued by Countdown rat related nightmares.', 'Newshub's closure was confirmed last week, with the loss of up to 300 jobs. Staff say it's a "huge blow for democracy."', and 'Grant Robertson was in town last week! OUSA exec had lunch with him, with Prez Keegan and Admin VP Emily telling Critic they'd describe him in three words as "friendly, charming, and wise."'

Text boxes with news snippets: 'Hyde St Party is on 4/20 this Saturday. Speculation is that there may be a higher proportion of stoners to pingers' and 'OUSA Clubs and Socs are hosting safeTALK - a suicide alertness and prevention workshop - this week for \$6. There'll be one on Monday April 15 (2:30pm - 6:30pm) and Thursday April 18 (10am - 2pm). Book through the Clubs and Socs website'

Text box: 'Registrations are open for the OUSA Recreation dance classes! Go to their website to sign up for upcoming salsa, Argentine tango, and modern jive.'

Text box: 'Free rugby reffing sessions are on Tuesday April 16 from 2-3pm at the Clubs and Socs building, immediately followed by a touch judge course from 3:30pm - 4:30pm.'

Large graphic with the text 'YOU CAN! YOU CAN! YOU CAN!' and images of cans with slogans: 'SPREAD AROHA NOT GLASS', 'HAVE A GOOD TIME', and 'PUT IN THE MAHI'. Includes a recycling symbol and the OUSA logo.

Graphic with the text 'For everything life throws at you' and a grid of icons representing various support areas: ACADEMIC (book), EATING (plate), FINANCIAL (money), RELATIONSHIPS (heart), ADVOCACY (hand), QUEER SUPPORT (rainbow), SAFETY (cross), WELLBEING (sun), FLATTING (house). At the bottom is the OUSA student support logo and contact information: 'OUSA Student Support Hub - 5 Ethel Benjamin Place', 'help@ousa.org.nz', 'ousasupport@ousa.org.nz', 'facebook.com/OUSAQueer', 'instagram.com/ellabellaousa', 'Phone: 0800 12 10 23'.



Unicol Fresher Wins Big from Online Gambling (Twice)

Cozzie livs? Not for him!

By Iris Hehir
Features Editor // features@critic.co.nz

A Unicol fresher has won big money from online gambling. Known around campus as 'Elvis', he won \$27k in total; taking his gambling virginity in a weekend that can only be described as one for the books.

Elvis tells Critic that it all began the summer before Uni, when he was drinking with some mates who "jumped on the pokies." Elvis (then "dead broke") decided to chip in \$10, popping his gambling cherry in the process. However, he accidentally pressed another 'O' and ended up betting \$100. "I was losing heaps. And then I got down to like my last \$5 and I won a grand," Elvis recalled. By the time he woke up, his balance had reached a whopping \$16k.

After paying off his hall tuition, Elvis naturally celebrated "with the boys" in style; renting out a VIP room in a club with bottle service, before making his way down to Dunedin in a new car.

Whether Elvis' money made him popular during his first year at Uni is debatable, according to the breatha himself. "I wouldn't say popularity, but people using me, I'd give you that one," he laughed, gesturing to his posse of friends present for the interview.

Fellow fresher Tash tells Critic that Elvis' new mates at Unicol were shocked to learn about his stash of cash. "We were in the dining hall at breakfast joking about his good luck, so he started betting again. Three hours later he just sprinted in my room. He was screaming. [I said], 'My God, what's wrong?' He was like, 'I just won 11 grand!' I thought he was joking."

With 11k more in winnings, older sister and third-year student Ashley* was astounded at her brother's extraordinary luck: "The second time I was like 'No way, this can't be real!' I had to check his bank statements." In typical sisterly fashion, Ashley refers to her younger brother as a "really cocky fresher [...] Mum and I

were certain he'd be humbled at Uni. Now he's won thousands of dollars and everyone loves him. [I was like] for fucks sake, you're kidding."

Ashley recalls shopping at New World Gardens with Elvis, where a shop-assistant remarked about the difficulty of the cost of living. Elvis reportedly replied, "Not for me anymore!" with enthusiasm as he left with his food.

But the supermarket's not the only place Elvis has been spending big. He told Critic that he spent \$7,500 on town and Uber Eats within the space of three weeks. "Subs was our big one. Classic 'ole Miriama, the bartender there, we'd just go up to her and get like eight shots at a time. It was a mental few weeks."

Elvis has tried to keep his spending limited to the squad (who have a special Snapchat story dedicated to tracking the number of rounds they buy), but as the nights go on, Elvis admits he sometimes can get carried away: "I was finding random videos [the next day] of me doing shots with a group of gang members that I'd never seen before."

While Elvis' lavish lifestyle has left him with only \$4000 remaining in the bank, he's not fussed, explaining his gift for gambling hasn't stopped giving: "I had a good feeling the other night, so [my mates and I] went to the pokies with \$16 in coins. I walked out with a hundred bucks." Asked where his good luck stems from, Elvis reckoned it's probably karma from a past life.

Despite his newfound fame and fortune, older sister Ashley laments "He's still asking me for money." Ah, some things never change.

*Name changed



Aquinas Room Security Still An Issue

Aquinas Part 2: Electric Boogaloo

By Sam Soppet & Hugh Askerud
Contributor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Allegations of break-ins at Aquinas have proven to be true, despite the college stating that "locks are up to date." Critic Te Ārohi has received evidence of residents accessing specific locked rooms with the use of only a student ID. A series of differing lock mechanisms has meant that specific residents' rooms have become more susceptible to break-ins than others, creating space for individuals, like the notorious Aquinas bra thief we reported on last week in issue 6 to wreak havoc.

Director of Campus and Collegiate Life Services James Lindsay told Critic that, "Aquinas locks are up to date. All barrels of the bedroom locks throughout the college were changed during the summer." He also said that the college has "not received any complaints" and that "no allegations were made to us" with regard to the alleged security-related incidents. Nonetheless, he said, "After being made aware of this week's Critic article, we have asked our security contractors to inspect the locks and advise." Lindsay's statements were confirmed by multiple Aquinas residents who informed Critic that changes were being made to ensure adequate security of rooms.

However, residents have reported that the ability to conduct room break-ins on specific doors, in a practice coined as "carding" (how good that it has a name), is still possible with some rooms. One resident, Toby*, told Critic Te Ārohi that it is "quite a technical thing, and if you are going to do it, be prepared to sacrifice a card or two to the door gods." Not that he's endorsing the practice.

"Carding" is reportedly unique to a series of locks on the second and third floors of the hall, with the first floor having exclusively

handles rather than doorknobs, which was part of the recent changes during renovations. The practice also requires there to be sufficient gap between the door and the frame, allowing for the insertion of a card. Toby alleged that the hall had "tightened up screws at the end of last year so there wouldn't be a gap, but they must not have done them all."

Toby reported that at least five of his friends had doors which could be accessed through the "carding" technique – apparently "quite useful when you've locked yourself out." Critic Te Ārohi was invited by Toby to investigate further by "carding" a locked room – and we managed to break-in (with permission). The process was "really that easy," according to reporter Sam. Toby reasoned that any Aquinas student could easily recognise which door had the ability to be "carded". A bit of a concern, really.

Another Aquinas resident, Nia*, told Critic, "Because there's only like 100 of us, it was pretty obvious when it started happening." Nonetheless, she suggested that "Aquinas has the best spirit I think, compared to other halls, everyone is mates pretty much." Her mate, Holly* jumped in to contradict this, stating that, "the first and second halls can be a bit cliquy sometimes." See the love girl, see the love.

Critic has been told that security contractors are reviewing the locks to rectify the issue.

*Names changed.

Feedback Section Skipped at Clubs Meeting to Gather Feedback

Critic scored more free chips in one afternoon than a St Kilda seagull

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

Last Wednesday was the first OUSA-affiliated Clubs meeting of the year, held at the Clubs and Socs building. Critic was told by Clubs and Socs Rep Emma Jackson it would be “very informal,” as she also told people to get their fill of chips which she had “bought too many” of. Rest assured, Critic Te Ārohi indulged.

A crowd of 43 club leaders attended the event, as well as the occasional Brewers club member who would wander in while the wine was stewing. Smelled good, boys. Head clubs honcho Emma facilitated the meeting, saying that it would be a “chance to get feedback basically and let you know our goals for the year.” Scandal unfolded, however, when the feedback section of the meeting was skipped. Not cool.

Caroline Hallgarth, the Clubs and Societies Development Officer, was also at the meeting to tell club members of their goals for the year. Her main focus would be on “improving communication [...] trying to make things as easy as possible. There is so much information and so many things to know!” This goal is also staunchly held by Emma, who has begun writing weekly newsletters to relay information between club exec members – with a very cute design, we must say. She told the audience, “I’m not going to ask how many of you have read it because it might make me sad.” We did, Emma!

Club members were also introduced to the grants progress. In the process of explaining the grants process, several club members

complained about their previous experiences receiving grants, with students reporting that the process was heavily events-centric, along with a lack of information about limitations of the process.

Emma stated that OUSA Clubs and Socs “have a cap budget of \$60k which has to be evenly distributed throughout all the rounds.” She went on to inform club members that they could apply for up to \$2k in grant money every year, disappointing the crowd when she said, “In terms of food, you can only apply for \$200 in total.”

Significant attention was given to the promotion of Clubs and Socs, with suggestions from the crowd including an events billboard in the foyer and a room-booking display so students could more easily see what events they may want to attend. Emma then announced the arrival of a TikTok competition for clubs (not including mukbang, since there apparently isn’t the food budget). She said that it “can be anything but it has to be club-based and you get bonus points if you talk about your club.”

Then onto the feedback section – which never came, disappointing Ski Club Prez Peter who’d eagerly anticipated asking his two questions. The meeting’s minutes report that they were “running out of time so skipped this. Emma suggested anyone who had a question to scan the QR code.” Multiple club members approached Emma after the hui had ended.

White Claw's Coming to Town

Boutta be in my frat boy era

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

Don your frat boy caps, White Claw is coming to Aotearoa. In a statement to Newshub, DB Breweries, official partner of the American RTD, confirmed that “the rumours are true” – they’ll be hitting shelves nationwide from April 19.

For those not in the know, White Claw is probably the world’s biggest RTD brand, renowned for quenching the thirst of the Kyles and Rachels of the US’s frats and sororities since its origin in 2016. Critic Te Ārohi got in touch with Kyle, an influencer who was at the White Claw launch in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland a couple weeks ago.

Speaking about the event, Kyle* told Critic Te Ārohi “it was mainly an influencer event in the 18-34 age range. So they had radio hosts, singers, fucking TikTok personalities and stuff, so they’re really pushing that younger age group [...] They had a claw machine there, that was kinda fucking cool!”

“They’re definitely trying to push into the student area. At the event they had a bunch of people who were like, frat boy as [...] In the States, it’s like frat party, sorority house, they all drink White Claws. It’s like the most drunk RTD in the world.”

Kyle described the taste as “like Pals, ten percent sweeter, you can’t taste the alcohol at all, and the cans are quite big. Like 30ml bigger than a normal can, which is kind of shit when it’s a lot of liquid.” Allegedly, there are three flavours that White Claw are

looking to introduce in the market: mango, raspberry, and lime. Kyle didn’t rate the lime flavour (neither did comments on their website, with reviews repeatedly hating on it) but apparently mango is pretty good.

“Overall I would give it a 8.5 out of 10. It was a good drink, I’d gladly buy it,” Kyle said. To the best of our knowledge, they’ll be coming in packs of four, which might be enough for our American pals, but perhaps won’t cut the mustard for you coffin-sinking breathas. For Kyle, though? “Two was enough for a good buzz [...] I’m a lightweight.”

The owner of Leith Liquor told Critic that, while they plan to stock the drink, it’s “a lot of hype” for a 4-pack with an above average price point. Asked if he reckoned it’ll be popular among students, he said, “Price point may hold them back.”

Critic got a vibe check from some Radio One market-goers and stall-owners last week on the arrival of the RTD. “I don’t really care, I don’t drink,” said one student, Jordan. “I’ve heard it’s a Kyle drink, though.” Stall-owner ‘Batty Witch’ was similarly apathetic: “We probably don’t need any more RTDs for students [...] Don’t be a pussy, buy a bottle of whiskey – you’ll fucking need it for winter in Dunedin!” Don’t remind me.

*Name changed

TiB Seeks Feedback on Uni Sexual Misconduct Policy

Consensus is: do better

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

TW: Mention of sexual harm.

Thursdays in Black kicked off their year with a sexual harm prevention hui last Wednesday in the Union common room. The hui was organised in collaboration with OUSA Student Support, Te Whare Tāwharau, and the Uni’s Sexual Misconduct Action Response Team (SMART). Critic Te Ārohi was also in attendance, snacking on the free chippies provided.

TiB are a nation-wide student-led campaign devoted to preventing and responding to sexual violence in tertiary spaces. The hui aimed to facilitate this mission and open space for student feedback on the Uni’s sexual misconduct policy, explained in detail by SMART representative Ben Nevell.

TiB co-directors Ella and Caitlin emphasised how much they value their close working relationship with SMART, viewing TiB as a “student voice [that] touches the pulse on student issues on SMART’s behalf.” Ella said they are “really curious about the student perspective” and are constantly reevaluating the decisions that they make. SMART meets monthly to evaluate the effectiveness of the sexual misconduct policy.

A sticking point of the policy that both Ben and TiB pointed out to be “constantly in a state of flux” is the way grievous sexual misconduct is handled. The way it is now, if sexual misconduct is deemed grievous, “the University will pause its investigation and

support the complainant to raise the matter to the Police should they wish to do so.” This means the Proctor can only formally investigate more minor forms of sexual misconduct.

Ben Nevell mostly fielded feedback revolving around what the University can do to better to support students that do experience grievous sexual misconduct instead of essentially “passing the buck.” He revealed that SMART has received formal complaints from survivors calling for the policy to do better in this regard. Ella and Caitlin supported these calls, explaining that current processes could change rapidly and were volatile due to circumstance.

In voicing their vision for sexual harm reduction, Ella explained that “people should be able to have fun without experiencing or being hindered by the fear of sexual violence.” She felt that events like the hui made the University a safer environment through monitoring substance use and student behaviour, creating a space for all to enjoy.

Ella advocated for students to don black every Thursday to stand in “support and solidarity with survivors of sexual violence.” Support for survivors is always on offer on campus through Student Support (offering mental, financial, and flating support), Te Whare Tāwharau, and Proctor’s Office protective measures, such as rearranging timetables to separate students if needed.

South D Warehouse Starts to Sell Frozen Meals

Your flatmate’s cooking must be shit if you’re reading this

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

There’s a new player in the budget culinary scene in Dunedin: South D Warehouse. The store is the second Warehouse location in Aotearoa to start selling frozen meals after they successfully popped off in Manukau.

The meals are “family-sized” (or a single serve for a drunk feed after town), weighing in at a generous 1.2-1.5kg. The Warehouse’s trial has three core meals to choose from: bacon macaroni and cheese, beef lasagne, or beef cottage pie. Sorry vegans and vegos, the Ware-Whare hasn’t chosen to save you from the cost of living crisis.

The goods retail at around \$20, which is probably more expensive than cooking it yourself but still a lot cheaper than a fatty lane mish. This new initiative comes after the Warehouse expressed a desire to move into the grocery scene, a move that some commentators have suggested may nullify some of the power wielded by the supermarket duopoly.

Armed with only this vague information, Critic Te Ārohi decided the only way to see if they were worth it was to review it (please help me my editor won’t stop making me review things). Arriving on a quiet Tuesday morning in a munchie-mish, every single meal was sold out. Well, fuck.

To get to the bottom of who the hell is eating these Warehouse meals, Critic Te Ārohi took to the streets of North D. Nobody interviewed had tried the meals, let alone heard about them. Hannah, a second-year law student, said very poetically, “It was marginal when they started selling fruit, which I am a little dubious about [...] Maybe there’s an untapped market that the Warehouse is trying to break into, but you can’t be a ‘jack of all trades’, as it makes you a master of none.”

She added that “there would be nothing more embarrassing than getting food poisoning, or worse, half a rat (RIP Ratdown) in a frozen Salisbury Steak dinner knockoff from the red bargain shack. I’ll save my dignity and my stomach lining and stick to cooking my own food to avoid salmonella and shameful looks from my flatmates.” Damn girl, say what you really think.

The jury is obviously out on whether the students of North D have put their trust in the Warehouse’s bargain feeds. Considering the diet and lifestyle of us students, there may be more PR work needed before they are seen as the fine-dining hub they are dreaming of. Maybe if they commissioned us for a review?

CARPARKS
For Lease
Contact ADRIAN 0274391333

Landlord Leases Queen St Parking for \$35 a Week

Because apparently they don't make enough off students already

By Hugh Askerud

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

A landlord has been leasing out car parks to a Queen St population battling to find a park. Eight to ten car parks have been made available for lease by the landlord after he realised his tenants only "had about three cars." What's shocked students is the price, with one student, Abby, telling Critic Te Ārohi that she had been quoted a price of \$35 per week to keep her vehicle in the park – that's \$4 more than a Les Mills membership.

The leasing of car parks comes after continued student complaints that the amount of allocated parking spaces is insufficient to meet the needs of all residents. Some residents report a 5-10 minute walk just to get to their flats, which they don't seem too happy about – even despite the extra leg gains.

Owner of the parking spaces, Adrian, told Critic that he'd "thought about doing it for a while now, but have been busy!" His property on Queen St sits at the bottom of a notorious cul-de-sac with a limited number of available on-street parking spaces. With clear interest in the spaces, Adrian told Critic Te Ārohi that "at the start there was a lot of interest," with other students reporting that the parking on Queens St is "generally pretty shit."

Queen St resident Abby told Critic that she was going to lease a park "but it's just so expensive." Initially, she was quoted \$35 per week for the parking space, and \$140 per month before "he dropped it to \$25 because no one would pay that much, I don't think." She continued to say that she "lowballed him pretty hard.

We were all going to share one space. Now we just battle and stack the drive!"

Despite the price drop, Abby held firm, though she has stated that Queen St residents face considerable challenges dealing with parking. "Everyone on Queen St's reversing game is strong." Adrian also commented on the problem, stating, "I mean, it's a problem everywhere around the Dunedin CBD, but on Queen St it's particularly bad."

One student, Ana, reported to Critic that, "Bins never get emptied because the rubbish truck can't get up our street [...] Everyone parks on the yellow lines because they have to." In addition to this, Ana cited her concerns more generally, arguing that, "It's horrible, my car has crashed like four times [...] I think it'll be a surprise if any of our cars make it to the end of the year!"

Jeremy, a student living on the intersection of Warrender and Queen St, told Critic Te Ārohi that "it's pretty shit around here, we couldn't get hot water at one point because the guy couldn't find a place to park." Another Queen St resident, Ella, said that her flat "struggle[s] a bit [...] Usually we use our driveway which isn't actually a park but we kind of have to."

Abby reported to Critic Te Ārohi that Adrian has successfully leased some parks for \$35 a pop.

OUSA Exec Hyde Giveaway Increases Insta Following By 500%

The Hyde hype is real!

By Hugh Askerud

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

The OUSA Exec's Instagram page has popped the fuck off after announcing a Hyde St Party ticket giveaway. All students had to do to enter was follow their Instagram page – or unfollow and refollow in our case. OUSA's President/Overlord Keegan reported to Critic Te Ārohi that, at the time of publishing, the giveaway had led to a 500% increase to the Exec's once paltry sub-100 following.

The rapid boost in following comes after a steady downward trend in engagement with the OUSA Exec in recent years – sad, but true. In a scheme to revive this, Administrative Vice President Emily made the savvy move to launch a giveaway for something that people froth more than a cone after a big day: Hyde St tickets.

Hyde St Party tickets are a scarce treasure among students, hoarded with glee. This is especially true in the current lottery system OUSA employs to determine which lucky students are granted entry, following alleged server crashes from ticket-seeking traffic in the years before the system was implemented.

Many students miss out on entrance to the coveted event every year. "It's a bit of a sensitive subject," one student, Carmen, told Critic, after failing to snag the tix in the first lottery. Keegan

summed it up by saying, "Everyone is always looking for Hyde tickets. Hyde tickets are always of high demand!" In other words, the perfect bribe.

"It's worked very well," Emily told Critic. "We're up to 662 followers" – up from like 80. Emily said that the inspiration for the giveaway was generally that it was "the only way that people would actually follow it. I had to use some kind of bribe [...]" Hopefully this raises awareness for the Exec." If not, the cover this week should do the trick.

Keegan called the venture "incredible work by the Administrative Vice President Emily!" She did dampen the parade a bit by stating that the giveaway "comes under the condition that you have to be a second year or older. Sorry freshers, we do discriminate."

From her presidential podium, Keegan went on to say that, in return for their newfound loyal social media following, the OUSA Exec are "committed to making lives better through Hyde tickets or shit posts on Instagram." She argued that the increased following could serve to be a "better direct line to students on issues they may care about." Critic warned against them snaking our pint night line story updates like U-Bar has attempted to.

Te Rōpū Māori Names Te Kaihāpai and Tumuaki Takirua at Bi-Election

Why did everyone hold their events last Wednesday?

By Harriette Boucher

Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

Te Rōpū Māori held their SGM/bi-election last Wednesday, April 10 – the third and final time you'll be seeing that date in the news section this week, promise. The election was called to fill the positions of Tumuaki Takirua (Co-President) and Te Kaihāpai (Treasurer).

Te Rōpū Māori is the Otago University Students' Association counterpart for taura Māori. "It has quite similar credentials, similar responsibilities, it's very parallel," said Gemella Reynolds-Hatem, the Te Rōpū Māori Tumuaki/President. The election was held to fill the positions that were not already filled in last year's election.

In an email sent to all taura Māori prior to the event rallying them to participate in the election, Aliyah Tautuhi-Fraser said, "The bi-elections are a crucial aspect of our democratic process, as they determine the individuals who will represent our Māori student body!"

First on the agenda was the announcement of the financial position of Te Kaihāpai. The role was given to Isobel Edwards-Jull, who'd already had multiple interviews with members of the executive team. "It's a pretty vital role in Te Rōpū Māori because it [involves] managing all of the financial side of things," said Isobel. "Te Rōpū Māori creates a space for all of us Māori students to get

together and hang out, it's a whānau environment."

The position of Tumuaki Takirua was decided a little differently. At the meeting, they called for nominations, and Distance Takamori was put forward as the sole nominee. She was unanimously voted in and is now TRM's Tumuaki Takirua, alongside Gemella. Critic is sure that the shared workload will be much appreciated by Gemella, who described a schedule at the last OUSA exec meeting that could rival the Prime Minister's.

Distance said she was "over the moon." As an Invercargiller, she wanted people to know that "people from small towns can make big differences." She said she looks forward to helping Gemella out in her role and representing Te Rōpū Māori.

Gemella emphasised the importance of both positions, as well as Te Rōpū Māori itself within the University: "It is basically our second home, but it's also our major support system for us as Māori here," she said. "We're indigenous people within a western institution, and because of that, we are already behind a lot of our Pākehā counterparts [...] a lot of us come from different journeys of life, different areas of Te Ao Māori, and on different avenues within our Māori tanga. It's basically creating a foundation for our Māori taura [...] to be unapologetically Māori within the domains of a Pākehā society system."

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KNOW YOUR STUFF
— NZ —

Letter from KnowYourStuffNZ: What is Harm Reduction?

By Max Phillips
Contributor // critic@critic.co.nz

My name is Max Phillips, and I am a drug user. "User" is a bit of a loaded word, but it shouldn't be, since everyone reading this is also a drug user. Over 80% of New Zealanders drink alcohol (one of the most harmful drugs), and we can tend to forget that things like panadol are also drugs.

Why is "user" a loaded word? Stigma. And stigma is stinky. It's the greatest barrier to effective harm reduction. Stigma surrounding drug use is entrenched in the prejudiced war on drugs. The criminalisation of drugs in the 1970s resulted in the social disapproval of people who use said drugs. The Misuse of Drugs Act 1975 essentially cemented the idea that people who used the drugs prohibited by the act are bad. Stigma creates stereotypes of people who use drugs, labels that perpetuate fear and isolation of drug users, barriers that prevent access to help and treatment for drug related harms.

Drug harm is the product of the context of the consumption – use itself is not inherently bad. Psychedelics such as psilocybin (the psychoactive chemical in magic mushrooms), which is still considered a Class A substance in Aotearoa, have recently shown potential to be an effective antidepressant. Amphetamines and other stimulants such as Ritalin are effective treatments for ADHD. Opioids are still used regularly for the treatment of pain. Of course, all these drugs have the potential to be harmful and addictive, but alcohol can be too, and yet its recreational use is socially acceptable.

Being a drug user doesn't make you bad, it makes you human, and humans deserve to be treated with respect; the drug you choose to consume, legal or illegal, should not change that. Harm Reduction is a social justice movement founded upon the principles of justice and human rights. With a collective aim to reduce the negative impacts of drug and substance consumption, harm reduction guides policies and initiatives in a direction away from a prohibitionist model towards a public

health focused approach. Harm reduction acknowledges the failure of the war on drugs and combats prohibitionist policy rooted in prejudiced beliefs that inherently causes harm. Harm reduction is steered by the principle of non-judgemental aid, respecting the dignity of people who use drugs, not as criminals, but as people who deserve support to reduce drug related harms without coercion, discrimination or abstinence as precondition.

Many public health initiatives have been implemented in the years following the opening of needle exchanges, which was the first instance of drug harm reduction with the New Zealand Needle Exchange Program (NZNEP) being born in the 1980s. Notable developments since include opioid replacement therapies, safe consumption sites, opioid reversal medication access, and more recently the legalisation of drug checking services like KnowYourStuff.

By providing public health services to drug users, free of judgement, harm reduction recognises the factors that may contribute to drug consumption – such as poverty, trauma or discrimination – and aims to provide those people with support instead of perpetuating those factors like criminalisation does. Harm reduction works. Treating drugs as a health issue improves health outcomes, saves lives, and is supported by peer reviewed evidence.

Dunedin Intravenous Organization (DIVO) is located on King Edwards Street, South Dunedin. They provide access to clean injecting equipment, as well as STI testing and other sexual health equipment. DIVO also has a permanent drug checking service, open Wednesday – Saturdays.

KnowYourStuffNZ operates semi-regular drug checking clinics in the OUSA building on Albany Street, usually on Friday evenings. KnowYourStuffNZ will be open on Friday 19th between 12pm-8pm and will be available on-site at Hyde Street Party 2024, Saturday 20th between 10am-4pm.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE ARE YOU OK? TEAM AT OUSA EVENTS

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CROSSWORD

Crossword rules:
 Multi-word answers are indicated by a (*)
 If a clue contains a period-noted abbreviation, the answer will also be an abbreviation
 If a word is in the clue, it cannot be the answer
 Quotation marks around a phrase mean that the answer is a similar phrase
 Pluralised clues = pluralised answers. Same for past and present tenses (-ed, -ing).

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

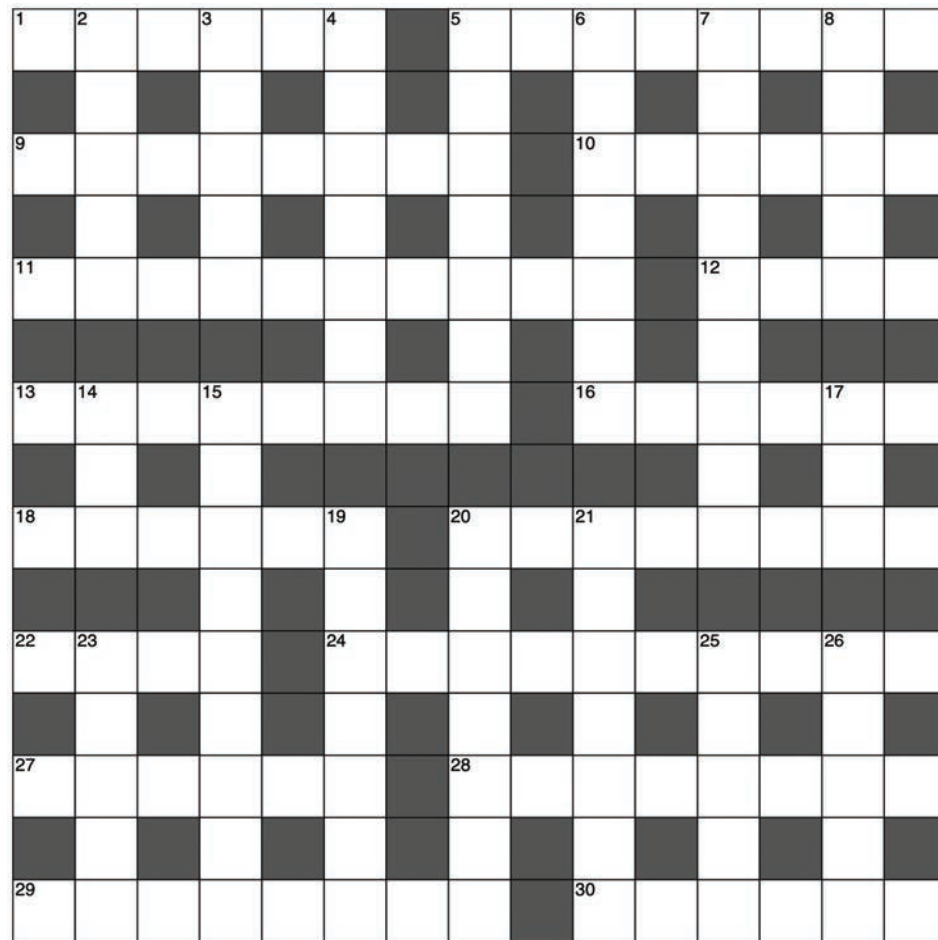
Mazagran

ESPRESSO BAR

36 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN

ACROSS

- 1 Not letting someone cross the finish line?
- 5 "Don't touch me!" (2)
- 9 Occasion to put the bins out (2)
- 10 Change
- 11 This week's cnct. clue (2)
- 12 Utah-based outdoor brand
- 13 Resurrect, as fire
- 16 *Podium placement
- 18 Something that may be used to help 13A
- 20 Sniper
- 22 *Parallel, for instance
- 24 Public speaking venue
- 27 ____ and Vines
- 28 Summary
- 29 Catorce
- 30 " ____ for your thoughts?" (2)



DOWN

- 2 Roller sport
- 3 Gram opening
- 4 Gift from above
- 5 Beatles song of '68 (2) 6 Perry, to Dr. Doof
- 7 Robin, Jesse Pinkman and Dwight, for example (2)
- 8 *"The _____", you can plead it in a court
- 14 Shade tree
- 15 One on a rink (2)

- 17 Kobe's grp.
- 19 Marine Pokemon
- 20 *Mermaid's name in "Splash"
- 21 Like 24A, but round
- 23 Sneeze noise
- 25 Mumbai money
- 26 Marriage

ISSUE 5 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. EPIC 4. COMBS 7. EBAY 8. DEBATE 9. STARLESS 11. JEDI 12. PRIUS 13. SALT 14. BEE MOVIE 17. GLUTEN 18. CRITIC 19. RESPECTS 20. ZINC 21. NEXUS 23. TYPO 25. IGNITION 27. ORANGE 28. BUOY 29. SHEEP 30. STYX

DOWN: 2. PEELE 3. CHARISMATIC 4. CREEP 5. MASSIVE 6. STAR SIGNS 7. EEL 10. SALIENT 13. STUDENT MAGS 15. EARRING 16. VACANCIES 19. ROXANNE 22. STOMP 24. PIGGY 26. ICY

SUDOKU

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EASY

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

MEDIUM

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

HARD

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

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ryan Dombroski

There are 10 differences between the two images



By Hugh Askerud
Illustrated by Jakira Brophy

STEAAMED?

the new STONED?

Critic goes down the rabbit-hole of sauna drug conspiracy



Dunedin has a pretty notorious drug culture. One drop of our wastewater could show the entirety of Gloriavale a damn good time. And yet, one would be pressed to find a hardcore, "substances are a personality trait" type druggie in even your most bruising Castle St flat these days – except Boba Ket, that is. So where have these fiends flocked to? Are they all lost in god-flipped wormholes existing outside of time and space? A few might be, but as for the rest, there's the OUSA Sauna: the potential new pinnacle of Dunedin drug culture and the latest totally real and legit conspiracy Critic has sunk our teeth into.

You probably think that the OUSA Sauna is tame as fuck. Okay bro, talk to me once you've been. It's sus as hell in there. The OUSA Sauna's water has reportedly been laced by something as of late, which patrons are reluctant to describe, saying, "I don't know what you're on about." What non-disclosure agreements have they signed, we wonder. OUSA Clubs and Socs Development Officer Jamie Leckie assured Critic Te Ārohi that, "We have a really cool group of student and non-student users that use the sauna space in a relaxed, enjoyable, and respectful manner."

There are no cameras in the sauna room, completely isolated from the rest of the Clubs and Socs building. The place is so private that signage in the changing room even supports nudity during a private session. It's a vault. Perhaps the perfect place for illicit affairs – the addition of a sprig of bud, or the sprinkle of some ket in that airway-opening hot steam, perhaps? Something must be up – how else could sweating in a barrel with strangers possibly be "relaxing"? It's like being trapped in an elevator, but roasting and everyone really wants to get naked.

Some students have alleged that this secret drug culture goes right to the top, with Josh* (opting for anonymity) stating to Critic Te Ārohi that, "I've always thought the OUSA staff probably do some weird shit in that place when it's not busy." Though this may be partially correct, alternative evidence from Leckie suggests that this sketchy underground ring is looking to expand, telling Critic Te Ārohi, "We hope more students (and the wider Dunedin community) make use of our sauna as it provides so many health benefits." Benefits, huh? Just like the benefits Critic Te Ārohi received from [redacted].

We'd have to investigate ourselves, it seemed. To discover what sauna users have been tainting the steam with, Critic Te Ārohi ventured into the forbidden place, hoping to last over 20 minutes in the room – or however long it would take to be indoctrinated into the occult practices of the dwellers. Okay, I say "Critic Te Ārohi" even though it was just me – but would you want mystery inhalants with your half-clothed colleagues? Actually, forget I asked.

The door slammed shut behind me. I was alone. Was this a trap orchestrated by the OUSA powers that be? What lengths would they go to stop my investigation? And had I foolishly played right into their hands? Almost instantly I doused myself in water, not thinking that it could have been adulterated by something more sinister! I knew shit was up when the little sauna hourglass stopped at 2.5 minutes. Time had stopped. Was I tripping? Was this what it felt like to be on drugs? Shit began to take effect around the 15 minute mark: a mellow, melty headspin, not unlike weed and ket (so I've heard). I felt faint and – have my hands always been that far away?

Sweating profusely, I began flapping my arms in an effort to reduce the wooziness. At 20 minutes, I got desperate and poured the rest of the water over myself, and fuck it felt good. Sweet relief only tarred by the realisation that there would be ten more sweltering, waterless minutes to suffer. In this time, I felt I'd experienced every bodily extreme known to man. Should I have brought gum?

Following the harrowing experience, I exited the sauna only to find an instruction manual which read: "Essential Oil Tip: Share the Aroma Love, But Ask First!" I had managed to gaslight myself into believing my own far-fetched conspiracy that OUSA staff were lacing the sauna with a potent drug cocktail when it was, in fact, only essential oils and my own apparent dehydration. Don't fall down that rabbit hole.

Though rumours of the underground sauna drug culture have been temporarily dismissed, Critic Te Ārohi is on the hunt for any signs that things may be more sinister than they seem. Not literal signs though – we didn't read those, clearly.

*Name changed.

I had managed to gaslight myself into believing my own far-fetched conspiracy that OUSA staff were lacing the sauna with a potent drug cocktail when it was, in fact, only essential oils and my own apparent dehydration.

HIDE YA BONG

ILLUSTRATED BY ARIA TOMLINSON

10 WAYS TO CONCEAL A BONG IN PLAIN SIGHT

BY SAM SOPPET



Imagine this: halfway through punching a cone after an incredibly difficult week of BCom-brong and midweek pissups, you hear the front door creak. All your flatmates are home, and no one just fucking drops in. Like a deer in Bic-light, you scramble in fear to find a hiding spot for your still-warm apparatus – but it's too late, as your flattie's grandma (when did she get a key?) rounds the corner. The offensive paraphernalia in your hand sends her octogenerian ass into shock, and she has a heart attack and fucking dies. This could have been avoided! Read on for tips – a lot of them just involve sticking different things into it and gaslighting everyone into believing that that's its intended function.

USE AS A DELIGHTFUL VASE

Some modern bongs are indistinguishable from rich people's ceramics these days. What bong? It's "high art," Edith. This technique is also a great way to gift your spare apparatus to the love of your life (or some random beezy who shouted you a fid) in a grand (if smelly) romantic gesture. You could probably get away with not changing the water, but dead flowers and bongwater sounds like a vile addition to Kings Cup. Idk, go hard.

STORE IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR BED

An obvious choice – the GOAT even – just toss that bad boy riight under your bed, into the furthest corner. It absolutely won't stink your room up (like, how much worse can it be?) and there's probably enough tissues and laundry under there already to make a nice wee nest for it. Keeping your bong under your bed ensures that it'll be completely hidden to all others, cos let's be real: if you choose this option, your bed isn't exactly gonna have visitors. Yes, I am calling you a hopeless virgin. Cope.

CONVERT INTO A MID-CENTURY TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER

Make sure to clean out well before using this trick. Or don't. Infused toothpaste, anyone? A toothbrush is a similar diameter to a stem, and a coiled tube of mangled to all fuck "there's still some in there" toothpaste can curl daintily over the lip. Probably don't do this one though, it's still pretty fucking stupid. Anyway, before you re-convert back to a bong, ensure you've removed any toothpaste residue as hoofing back a mouthful of fluoride and mint sounds a little bit naff (unless you own a sweet mint vape). That, or keep as-is and fill with Listerine, for a cone that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend.

A QUIRKY KNIFE BLOCK!

If you have a two-piece bong (see: Critic's Clocktower bong), you could split it and use one half as a knife block! If a knife fits, it sits (this does NOT include people). Good for storing your blunt as fuck op-shop knives, as well as the scissors you definitely don't use to chop cos you can't afford a grinder. Because you aren't a broke uni student; you are a discerning member of the community, one who definitely hasn't tried to pack a pepper grinder with weed to make it easier for you to assemble a joint by pretending to be Gordon Ramsay assembling a tortilla.

USE AS A DECANTER

You know, like those fancy crystal stopper bottles at op shops? From the days before the letters R, T and D were combined in a groundbreaking way? Passing a glass bong off as a spirit decanter is probably the most sound option: chuck a cork in the hole, and fill that MF up (with wine or Nitro or something, because you would). It turns you from a classless dirty hippy stoner into a well-adjusted – nay, posh – individual.

ZIPLOCK BAGS + GASLIGHT

Hiding the bong smell is as good as hiding the whole bong. Even the scodiest of cone pieces can't survive being placed in two tightly-sealed ziplock bags. Chuck the whole bong in a couple big bags, and from there you're pretty much good – it's a real "tobacco water pipe" now, and no one can smell otherwise. It's also not yours, and you don't know how it got there. Feel free to douse the bag with Lynx or spray n' wipe for the PE changing room nostalgia factor. Consider also enclosing yourself in a plastic bag.

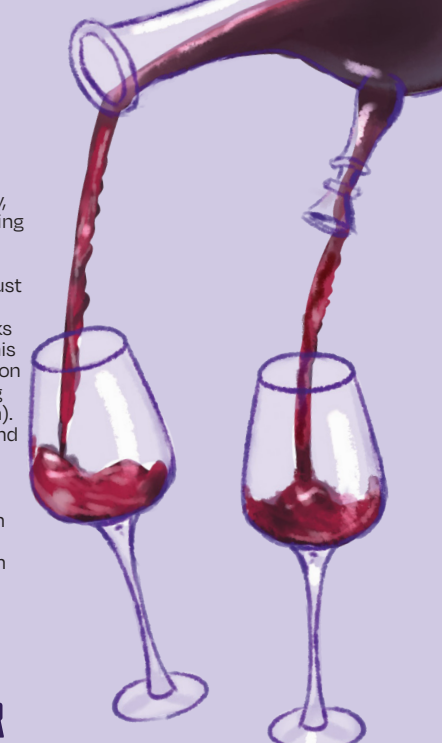
BUNG IT IN THE OVEN

What, like you use your oven? Store the dirtiest thing in your house in the dirtiest cupboard in your house. Dunedin ovens smell skunkier than Dunedin bud. Convenient spot for a morning cone and coffee. Plus, ovens are pretty airtight and your landlord only pretends to look at them. The fuck do they know? It's a glass steamer attachment. It belongs there. Just make sure you take it out before you cook – I mean bake – anything.



USE AS A TERRARIUM

Succulents are always trendy, and there's probably something succulent-shaped growing in there already. A cute option. Coquette, maybe? Anyway, just fill it with dirt and see what happens. Your bong now looks schmancy as fuck, though this does take it out of commission (until the devil comes shilling his lettuce at your door again). Shove some moss in there and memorialise it on the coffee table, so you can look upon it in fondness and reminisce about the times you had with the ol' ConePuncher9000 (it was a V bottle). Wash it out in the sink or something before recommissioning though, because smoking critters is generally frowned upon.



PENCIL HOLDER

Impress the stationary girlies – you know, the ones who use a different coloured highlighter for scarily meticulous note-taking – with your minimalist, space-saving, repurposed pencil holder! Effective, as your flat probably owns more bongs than pencils. Now both are within easy reach. Alternately, just store your dead vapes in there, apparently? I wrote this while in the Critic office. Lotto, stop putting your old hoons in with the whiteboard markers.

STICK IT TO THE FUCKING CEILING

Stand on a chair. Get enough blu-tac to patch your relo with your ex. Need I say more? Bougie it up with some string, fairy lights, and superglue for an eye-catching, eye-reddening chandelier. I don't fucking know.

DRUG TRIP SIMULATOR



ĀHUA NOHO - CULTURE - 7



BY NICKY PATTERSON
& LOTTO RAMSAY
ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA BROWN

1. Look outside. It's a beautiful day, the sun's shining, the birds are chirping, and you've got the itch for something special to make today one to remember. Who are you calling?

A: The Regular ([go to 3](#))

B: The shady guy who your mate's flatmate's sister knows ([go to 2](#))

C: That one mate that's always holding something ([go to 3](#))

D: Actually, your wallet's a little too tight, and you wander to the lounge to find someone to hang out with ([go to 4](#))

2. After the horrid experience of trying to convince a would-be Scarface that you aren't a 20-something-year-old police officer over Snapchat, Pams Pablo Escobar sends you the address of his flat. You make your way over – what's on the menu?

A: An awkward-looking fid ([go to 18](#))

B: A questionable dose of hallucinogens ([go to 19](#))

C: "Gear" ([go to 5](#))

3. You swing round to your trusty, dusty mate's place. To your surprise, he actually does have something close to a good time, for something you could convince yourself is a good price. What are you trying to buy?

A: A nice few cones-worth of weed ([go to E1](#))

B: A half a gram of ket leftover from last week ([go to 12](#))

C: Splitting a gram of gear with them for the night ([go to 5](#))

D: You're after something to trip on, but he's out ([go to 2](#))

4. Everyone's out for the time being. Hell, it could be time for a cheeky rummage around the flat for anything to make your day. Now, where to start your search?

A: Surely there's something in the couch that's been there since you moved in ([go to 16](#))

B: A nice lick of your mate's desk residue from two weeks ago ([go to E2](#))

C: Throwing shit around in the kitchen in the hopes of finding that one bag you lost in first sem ([go to 17](#))

5. Time is running out. The pre-drinks text has been sent, and you've got barely any time to head to KnowYourStuff and get your magic powder tested. Do you skip the first few brews and 2000s rap to get your bag tested?

A: Yeah, never hurts to be sure they didn't rip me off (Flip a coin. Heads [go to 6](#), tails [go to 7](#))

B: Nah, what's the worst thing that could happen? ([go to 8](#))

6. Ah, shit, the test came back and you haven't gotten results this bad since you failed STAT110. It's not looking good for the night's activities, so what's the go from here?

A: Call it now. Something going wrong this early is a bad sign for the night to come ([go to E13](#))

B: Double down on your investment. Take them anyway and see where it goes ([go to 8](#))

7. This might be the first time you've been relieved that a test came back positive. The night's on and your verified bag of booger sugar is ready to go! Where's the route from here?

A: Missed pres, but who cares? You've got a bag of good times. Time for town ([go to 9](#))

B: Fuck it. Back to the flat to catch whoever's still there for an exciting time ([go to 14](#))

C: You're way too excited to wait. Take the whole bag right now ([go to E9](#))

8. Well, no one said you were the brightest second-year finance bro, but you know one thing for sure: a test not taken is a test not failed, right? What's the plan from here?

A: Off to town, with the goal of not ending the night alone ([go to E3](#))

B: Take some now, and head to Night 'n Day to get some gum ([go to E4](#))

C: Off to the flat, your mate told you about something called snow cones and it's time to investigate ([go to E5](#))

9. Town is just as boring as usual, but you've got something to make it feel like RNV on New Year's Eve. It's the same tunes as every week, but you're feeling like a new man. What's the plan?

A: The clubs are looking on ([go to 10](#))

B: A couple of beers at the bar can't hurt ([go to 11](#))

C: The weather's nice – why not have a yarn with some of the locals in the Octy ([go to E6](#))

10. Cats, Subs, Social. It's not really a plan and it sure isn't a sentence, but it's about the only thing you've managed to utter so far. It's time to kick-off – how're you spending the high?

A: Trying your luck at sifting on someone ([go to E3](#))

B: Grabbing some drinks and busting a move ([go to E7](#))

C: Meeting up with the lads at a bar, even though you just got here and dropped ([go to 11](#))

D: Town sucks, home sounds good now ([go to 4](#))

11. Whoever thought about taking drugs and going to a bar might have had the right idea, if they didn't just decide to go to the first bar they could find. It's dimly lit, the tunes sound like your dad's car stereo, and the only folks here are old dudes who actually worked more than six hours this week. What's the plan?

A: Have a yarn with the old clobber with the 90 mile stare ([go to E5](#))

B: Start spinning shit yarns with the some of the old lads ([go to E6](#))

C: I can barely feel the drugs. Maybe that sketchy bloke has something else ([go to E6](#))

D: Might as well go home ([go to 4](#))

12. 9 out of 10 horses recommend it, and you'll be damned if by the end of the night you won't be the 10th. The ket's in your pocket and you have the desire to get really weird tonight, the question is where, though?

A: A nice little trip in the Botans ([go to E8](#))

B: Town has never disappointed anyone once ([go to 9](#))

C: A trip to the flat with the lads ([go to 13](#))

13. The beers are out, the tunes are getting closer and closer to when you were in highschool, and everyone's in high spirits – or about to be now that you've arrived with a bit of special K to put a spring in their night, what's the go?

A: Slap the ket and head to the TAB – it's betting time ([go to E10](#))

B: Beer pong went well, and the boys have offered you some gear as a treat ([go to 14](#))

14. The night's kicked up a notch. The flat's going off, your crush actually came and looks like they're having a good time, and you didn't have to spend half of your Studylink for the week on drinks to make it. Where do we go from here?

A: Shoot your shot with your crush. What's the worst that could happen? ([go to E3](#))

B: Ask the lads if town's the go for once ([go to 9](#))

C: Someone's suggested tabs. Why not? It's only Saturday once ([go to 15](#))

D: Damn, no gum left ([go to E7](#))

15. It's one small piece of cardboard for a man, one absolute brain melting experience for mankind, and boy howdy are you trying to scramble to remember everything you've heard from non-reputable sources about dos and don'ts for taking acid. How're we spending this trip?

A: A nice time back at your flat ([go to E11](#))

B: You decide that no matter the time, the beach is a great place for a trip ([go to E12](#))

C: Who cares? Let's just take it and see where the trip leads ([go to E5](#))

16. No one ever said that hard work didn't pay off, and unlike the brief Minecraft relapse you and your mates have once a year, you actually struck gold. You've found yourself options: a questionable bag of squashed weed, and an even more questionable bag of – well, something powdered. It's not too late to test it, are you feeling brave?

A: I'm happy with the weed, an old reliable for sure ([go to 18](#))

B: Beggars can't be choosers. Let's take the bag ([go to E11](#))

C: This can't be all that's left. Maybe the kitchen? ([go to 17](#))

17. The kitchen, usually a source of cooking, but now a source of getting cooked. Since no one's home, you recklessly throw the useless shit that won't get you high to the floor, determined to find something – anything – to get you high. The options aren't great.

A: Screw this, I'm having a shower beer. It really isn't worth the stress ([go to E13](#))

B: You did see a video about how Nutmeg made folks trip ([go to E14](#))

18. There's nothing like a good fid to leave the week behind and bring on the good times. You're all prepped with throwbacks queued, something to snack on in-hand, and potentially a brew or two if you're feeling like going out. Now that we have the green light, what's the vibe?

A: Wasn't someone supposed to host tonight? Maybe a beer and that? ([go to 14](#))

B: Shit, didn't I say I'd meet the gang in town? Fuck it, I guess ([go to 11](#))

C: Who cares, I'm just gonna have another cone or two or – oh, whatever ([go to 21](#))

19. You're feeling lax but kinda brave, and you've even got a mate that owes you a trip sit. Your guy has acid, but are you in the mood?

A: Buy a couple tabs (go to 15)

B: On second thought, you're sure you know someone with shrooms (go to 20)

C: Fuck that. I can eat my flatmate's mescaline cactus for free (go to E19)

20. Alright, your mate's offered you shrooms but you're paying off-season prices, and you'll probably owe them a solid forever, too. Town belt is on the walk home, though...

A: Take the old shrooms. The vibe's just right, anyway (go to E18)

B: Go shroom hunting in the Botans on the way (go to E8)

E1: "It's not quite a fid, but there's enough for a few cones each," your guys says. Wait, each? Aren't you the one paying? Man, even under the table shit has taxes. You shrug, and put your lips to the blackest, sludgiest bong you've ever seen, then pass to the dude you just paid. *Trailer Park Boys* plays in the background. All your new weed will be gone before the episode's finished.

E2: Not your proudest moment, but you've ingested worse. Fuck it, that'll do. Your brain starts to whir, and you remember something: a conversation wherein said flattie bragged about fucking on their desk. You cannot unlick this.

E3: You're about to head, but... fuck — did you see that? Nah... Wait, what was that? For real, someone's behind you. Someone — or something — else darts across the corner of your vision. SHADOW PEOPLE SHADOW PEOPLE SHADOW PEOPLE!!!!

E4: Can't believe you forgot your fucking gum. You shuffle into Night 'n Day and break out your best impression of a sober person as you slide the gum over the counter, along with a dirty fiver. Too easy. You're so good at this. Charm the cashier, even. You leave walking on air, higher than giraffe pussy — before you come crashing down, hard, as you're tackled by security. You accidentally tried to buy the entire stand of gum instead of a pack, and confidently left with it under your arm. Enjoy having your pic on the wall.

E5: Nope nope nope. Nah. Nope. Mistakes were made. You see all of your life's pathways laid out in front of you. Any future is yours for the taking. Except you realise most of them suck balls. Sobriety sounds kinda sexy, right? You shave your head and go full-blown straight edge. This is fine. Better, probably.

E6: You awaken in a foreign land. Piles of empty Speights bottles litter the floor beside the couch you've awoken on. The shed you're in is dank, cold, and reminiscent of nights on the piss from your youth. This time, though, someone's had the decency to throw a dusty old blanket over you.

21. Fuuuuck. Shit. How many cones was that??? You've got no idea but you're feeling fucking awesome. You wanna keep this going, but you're dangerously low on weed. What do you do?

A: Dig through the couch for weed crumbs, cos your chopping got real messy (go to E15)

B: Wander through the flat. Surely someone can spare a cone? (go to E17)

C: A nang for good measure (go to E16)

You don't recognize anything, but the lad sitting on an old beer crate having a cone notices you're awake. "Hey, you're finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, right? Walked right into that cop stop, same as us and that thief over there." You struggle to remember much of the night. Before you can reply he says, "Welcome to South Dunedin. Who are you?"

E7: Right, you've chewed through your money, and you're just about to chew through your fucken lips if you don't do something about it. No gum, ceebs asking anyone. You realise you've been gnawing on the collar of your shirt. Huh. Feels kinda good. You keep going, absentmindedly. Within minutes, you've chewed holes in everything you've got on, like a human moth, and it's falling off in rags. You're Mothman — and moths don't need clothes. You strip off the remainder of your clothes to allow space for your wings to grow. You're arrested for public indecency.

E8: Getting fucked up in the Botans is never as fun as it seems. A lot of things aren't what they seem, right? Like the grass you're lying on. Feels extra grassy. You lay back, and your psyche collapses deep within yourself, until all you know is how it feels to be a blade of grass, swaying in unison with leaves on trees that talk to each other via mycelium networks. You talk with them, too, as you decay and become one with the Botans.

E9: Aww yeeeah nothing like a big night on the gear mate, and you're fizzing to go off. You scoop keys of your bag, like a 5'5" bloke scooping creatine. But you might have been way too eager, cos you realise that midday standing outside of Clubs and Socs is an absolute shit place to take a bump, and now you need something to do. You recognise one of your mates from the window and think, "Why not drop into the library for a little while, just while the come up is hitting?" The only memory you have is a blur of sweat, drool, and old health science textbooks for some reason. You check your phone on Sunday morning to see texts confirming that you've dropped your degree in favour of a newly found passion for health science. Whatever MDMA-driven confidence that led you to that conclusion has long faded now, but oh well. At least you've got Health Sci Fri to look forward to, right?

E10: Fuck it: a bump more here, and a bump more there, here a bump, there a bump everywhere's a bump-bump. With nursery rhymes of old blokes and farms summing up your night handily, who were you to say neigh to a little bit of betting at the locals? Did you understand how horse racing worked? Fuck no, but a wise man once said, "\$20 is \$20." To no one's surprise, you're out \$20, that's bullshit, you could have done better. Useless horse, but that doesn't sound like a bad idea. You barely remember the rest, but as you awaken at the crack of dawn the next morning to roosters crowing, you find yourself in a stable, groggily listening to a small man yell at you. You are a horse now, but at least the next bump's free?

E11: If only you didn't live in a shitty breatha flat that was hosting, cos you're high off your face right now. You're trying to hold it all together, but it really isn't working. Someone's offered you a cone and the only thing you can remember is that weed is great for when you're having a bad trip, right? But you can feel your skin moving and that's not great. "How about a trip to the loo?" you think. It's quiet and secluded, and you're pretty sure that you need to piss. You walk into the toilet and notice the walls are melting. You start to panic. You need the bond back or else how are you gonna pay for RnV? As your legs give out and you crawl into the fetal position, sobbing softly to the beat of 'Afterglow', you don't even notice the piss soaking your last pair of semi-clean pants.

E12: The beach spoke to you on a fundamental level; you've been left speechless and with a profound urge to seek out somewhere to preach this information from. The tide has chosen you as its preacher and you know the best spot: right at the top of Signal Hill. The next morning you awaken at the lookout, your shirt's gone, your pants torn to bits. The only other worldly possessions you have left is a dirty cardboard box you remember rambling proudly from the night before and a basketball you've smeared dirt on in the shape of a face who you recall as having been your zealous congregation. You look to the last piece of the life you left behind, your dying phone that's been blowing up with texts from those your once-called friends, and decide it's time to cast aside the past and look to the sea. You throw the phone from the top of Signal Hill and set off in search of new followers of your budding cult.

E13: Nothing like a good shower beer. You did kinda wanna trip hard tonight, but concussing yourself getting out of the shower will have to do.

E14: Terrible fucking call, man.

E15: "This is a great idea," you think, as you manage to get stupid high off of couch weed. You sink another cone and lie back for a second as your ears start to ever so slightly ring. You're getting sleepy, so you close your eyes, feeling as though you're melting into the couch — deeper and deeper with each breath you take. When you wake up you realise... you did melt into the couch. You're the couch now.

E16: Whippet good. A blissful few seconds of your ears ringing would be great right now, and you've got one stray nang. No balloons, but you've got Student Health condoms and nothing to lose anymore. You crack your last nang into the condom, but it slips from your hands and flies across the room, deflated as your ego. You hang your head in condom-scented hands.

E17: Bong in hand, you wander blazed into the corridor and hear your flatmate's voice nearby. You wander into their room to find them chilling with their 'rents who just dropped in to visit. You absolutely reek of weed, and to top it off you'd decided to enter the room holding your bong like Tiny Tim begging for a crumb of green. Your flatmate and their folks stare at you glassy-eyed, as the sheer humiliation sinks into you. It can't get worse than this — until you realise their blank gaze is cos they're all also zooted as shit. Dang, okay. They motion down for you to join them with a J, as you're subjected to the gruelling intimate detail about your least favourite flatmate's life. Free J tho.

E18: Holy shit. You brewed some shroom tea, got cosy with cartoons, and then time got so weird you couldn't tell what language they were speaking anymore. It cured your depression — or whatever else you felt you had — and now you're investing in hemp clothing and trying to punt free shrooms to random girls. This is the bad ending, no one likes you.

E19: You hack the spines off the cactus as you really question what the fucking point is. Hippy blogs say to cook it into a tea and "find yourself", Reddit says you can just pulverise it and chug. You go with the latter, forcing the bitter jizz-textured liquid down. Impulsively tripping in your dirty flat is fine, right? It's fine. It's fine. The room melts and quivers gently. There are bugs in your nipples. Get them out, get them out!!!!



**CRAZYTIC
THE AROMA
PRESIDENTS
GAMES NIGHT AT THE
ASTRO LOUNGE
STABBING LUCY
IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
MARY-JANE
& MOLLY**



**THE
BARONS
IS
APRIL 2022**

Firecrackers are a classic stoner treat, typically made with graham crackers and peanut butter. But due to the exodus of our American staff Critic does not know what graham crackers are – and does not wish to learn. Here they are with biscuits and nutella instead. The weed taste is minimal (as is the smell), you don't have to fuck with butter and stovetops, and you'll get a decent mellow body high for not much effort.

Time to make: One hour TOTAL **Makes:** 2 decent serves (4 smores)

You will need:

- Small, shallow oven-safe dish (e.g. wee sauce dish)
- Tin foil
- MARIJUANA (1/3 - 1/2 a fid), can increase based on tolerance
- Arnott's Nice Biscuits, or plain sugared biscuits (x 8)
- Hazelnut spread (Nutella if you're feeling fancy)
- Jumbo marshmallows (optional but recommended)

FIRECRACKER AIRFRYER EDIBLES

By **Lotto Ramsay**
Illustrated by **Evie Noad**

Step 1: Decarb your weed

Airfryer temperatures can be VERY inconsistent – results will vary, but go low and slow. There's definitely a joke to be made there but I'm too tired (or stoned from testing these, who's to say).

1. Place a few buds in your small dish and break the weed up with your fingers. You could grind or chop, but we want larger pieces with kief preserved.
2. Cover the dish completely in tin foil. Wrapping it all the way around helps trap the smell, too.
3. Put the covered dish in an air fryer set to 105C for 15-20 minutes. Older/dryer/smaller amounts of weed will take around 10-15 minutes.

NOTE: *If you know your air fryer runs hot or is dodgy, start checking after 10 minutes. Air fryers do take time to preheat (like ovens), and this is roughly factored into the above times. Temperature and time control are the most important part of making edibles, which air fryers lack – but you probably lack oven skills, so...*

4. You'll know the decarbing process is done when your weed is toasted, dry/crumby to the touch, and slightly yellowed in colour – NOT burnt, brown or oily. If you overcook your weed, it's not gonna work. Pro tip: compare with some of your untoasted weed from the same fid. If it looks the exact same, put it back in for a bit longer.

5. When complete, crush decarbed weed into fine pieces with the back of a teaspoon. Use the same utensil throughout – most of the kief and good shit will get stuck to it.

Step 2: Biscuit sandwich

1. Lay biscuits out (8 makes four smores), and spread a generous amount of Nutella on the non-sugar side of each. The fat in the Nutella absorbs the THC, so we want as much as possible.
2. Sprinkle your decarbed weed onto 4 of the 8 Nutella'd biscuits, dividing it evenly-ish inbetween. Use your teaspoon to gently mix the weed into the Nutella. Spread it evenly or you get a mouthful of grass.
3. Top off the sandwich by placing a plain Nutella biscuit on top.
4. Wrap each of your finished smores in tin foil, once again enclosing all edges.
5. Cook tin foil wrapped smores at 110C for 10 minutes.

Unwrap, let cool (or don't be a bitch) and enjoy, OR

Optional: Top with toasted marshmallow

Smore's are meant to have the marshmallow inside, but I haven't figured that out yet.

1. Unwrap smores, and use a dab of Nutella to stick a marshmallow to the top of each
2. Your airfryer is probably still hot, and we just want to toast up the outside a bit. Cook at ~110 for 3-5 minutes, or until golden.

Enjoy, and be responsible – wait about an hour before taking more. Get to know your air fryer, and play with the times and temps for different results.



THE GREAT CRITIC DRUG REVIEW

**BY BOBA KET
ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH KREFT**

Disclaimer: The content provided in this article is not intended to encourage the use of illegal drugs or substance abuse. The information is based on personal experiences and subjective observations that are not applicable to everyone, and should not be used as a substitute for professional guidance on responsible drug-use. Remember to always make informed and responsible choices about substance use and seek help if needed.

Critic Te Ārohi knows our readers deserve only the most seasoned drug connoisseur on campus to write this review, and so we found him for your reading pleasure. This student – who you voted to name “Boba Ket” – might be the most cooked man on campus. Name any letter of the alphabet and if there’s a drug that begins with it, he’s tried it – sometimes all together in an alphabet soup deemed “dangerous to life and health”, no less.

But if you assume Boba’s Class A consumption must make him a D-student on the verge of dropping out, you’d be mistaken. In fact, his academic credentials are so bizarrely impressive we can’t even reference them without running the risk of exposing his identity. Academic weapon by day, high-functioning drug user by night (and day): Boba Ket is the archetypal Otago student – according to the ODT, anyway.

Boba is also a man of integrity, admitting he’s not exactly the model of a responsible drug taker. He warns of potential risks of drugs throughout the article, clueing you into dos and absolute-don’ts. The saying “do as I say, not as I do” probably applies here. Whilst Boba’s lifestyle, tolerance level, and continued academic success makes him an outlier to the rule of drug harm (seriously, the man’s a unicorn), he also takes regular detoxes; noting his experiences have occurred “over multiple years” as a student.

With that said, if you’ve ever been curious about what drugs are like, from the mundane to the seriously dangerous, read on for Boba Ket’s brutally transparent takes.





WEED

Cannabis. Marijuana. Kush. Bud. Nugs. The Devil's lettuce. Whether or not you enjoy it, almost everybody has come across marijuana during their time in Dunedin. Personally, cannabis was the first drug I tried – even prior to getting on the piss. People say weed is a gateway drug, but I don't see how that's the case (ignoring the next 12 parts of this review).

Weed is a great drug to just chill out. It can make the most mundane things somewhat interesting and the chats can become pretty fried if you're stoned enough. Plus, you realise that some media wasn't made with sober people in mind. Until you watch the *The Big Lez Show* with eyes that resemble Flaming Hot Cheetos, you won't realise this entire stoner genre exists (and your fave childhood show on Cartoon Network probably belongs to it).

A weed high can vary depending on how you consume the buds. Bongs are the most common and effective method. But forewarning: they can be rough on the throat (have some water handy) and it's easy to get too high and "green-out" if you're a rookie. Edibles can be dangerous for that same reason. Unlike a bong, the come up is slow and the high lasts for up to 12 hours. You never really know how high you're gonna get until it's too late. It's a tale as old as time to take another edible because you "don't feel it" and subsequently become humbled as you ascend to Jupiter. Joints are somewhere in-between edibles and bongs. It's the only drug high I feel comfortable participating in society on; STATS110 lectures included (how else was I supposed to get through it?).

The downsides of weed is that it causes paranoia if you get too high; and it's tempting to smoke too much and become lazy. Maybe the Government doesn't want to legalise cannabis in case we all become enlightened couch potatoes and stop participating in the neoliberal capitalist machine of endless productivity (or maybe I'm just high). But looking around campus sometimes, maybe everyone should just have a doobie and chill the fuck out.

Ideal setting: Parked up with junk food in your lounge watching *Big Lez*

One word description: Chilled

Comedown: Mindlessly munching on a bucket of wicked wings

Addictive? Not physically, but you can get hooked

ALCOHOL

Like Chanel N°5, Oxford suits, and all black (mould in student flats), alcohol is timeless. You can't really have a lit night without downing at least half a box, right? Those times you say and do things you'd never in your right mind normally do can create some pretty legendary moments – if that's what you call a naked penguin slide down the Leith river rocks. There's not many things that are off limits when you've sunk a coffin of Billy Mav's.

But alcohol sneaks up on you. If I'm out at pint night, I'll only realise how sloshed I am when I'm holding my dick at the urinal in the bathrooms and come out to see freshers fucking out everywhere. Learn your limits, you babies.

Is alcohol really anything that special? Or is Dunedin's obsession with booze only because of how accessible it is? I mean, aside from a BYO or quiz night at The Bog, the actual act of drinking can be a massive ceebs. The majority of drinks taste like shit when you're trying to get as sloshed as possible. Wine sucks (except when funnelled), beer makes you bloated, and RTDs taste like an R18 version of those soft-drink trays I'd skull back at the primary school disco (take me back). With the exception of funnelling and taking shots, alcohol's kinda mid.

Anyone who's vomited from drinking or experienced the great existential dread of hangxiety following a black-out night knows the downsides of the drink. Since that's arguably the entire Otago student body, I'm sure you munters can agree booze should be lower on the list. But hey, it gets a conversation going (and helps you forget the shit chat), some mischievous activities happen; and it offers a nice layer of warmth from the Dunedin cold.

Ideal setting: Anywhere within the 9016 postcode

One word description: Buzzy

Comedown: Pretty bad once you're not a fresher

Addictive? Yes



RITALIN



Grab your chewing gum; MDMA is Dunedin's staple drug. According to police, student city is the MDMA capital of New Zealand. Go to any Castle Street rave and you're sure to see dozens of breathas with their pupils like dinner plates, gurning their mouths out like their soul has been sucked out of their body.

With this drug, you have an excellent choice between snorting a fat rack or engaging in humble "finger-dippies" into the bag. The high lasts around six hours, but who the fuck are you kidding? If you're anything like me, the chances you're only having one line from that bag are slim.

The euphoria from gear makes you feel as if you could conquer the world and accomplish anything. You feel warm and compassionate and it's far too easy to make friends (and more). MDMA turns DnB into a breathas's Beethoven; so you'll have the energy to dance until the sun comes up. It's not like you have any choice, gear keeps you awake like nothing else. Sex feels amazing on gear too – if you can manage to get it up.

Pro tip: if you're going to do gear, make sure you drink lots of water because it dehydrates you, especially with the amount of moving you'll do. Be careful when buying too, since many bags sold as MDMA are actually bath salts (you don't want to snort those from experience). The comedown on gear is allegedly awful, leaving fellow breathas depressed for days; but I've personally never experienced that.

That being said — don't take my word for it. Given my reputation as a drug connoisseur amongst the most cooked student body in the country (so much so that Critic Te Ārohi commissioned me to write this review), it's fair to say I'm probably just built different.

Ideal setting: Baseline

One word description: Euphoric

Comedown: Supposed to be bad?

Addictive? Lowkey, but most people's comedowns are so bad they don't do it enough to get hooked

Sourcing Ritalin is an incredibly easy task in Dunedin. Everybody and their mother can get a prescription. Conveniently, I have tons of friends with ADHD who choose to sell their meds (cozzie livs). It's like gear on a budget. That's to say, ever since I started cutting back on gear, this has become a drug of choice of mine.

A close cousin of meth, Ritalin provides the energy levels I crave during a night out raving. While not as euphoric as gear, it still keeps me happy, affectionate, and chirping away to randoms at flat parties. And unlike gear, the comedown from ritalin is pretty much non-existent. I consume it by crushing up the tablet and snorting it, which I thought was a rite of passage. Recent feedback suggests that many people just swallow it... and that I may just like snorting things.

One thing to keep in mind is that Ritalin will keep you the fuck awake. If they're not taken early in the night, don't count on being able to sleep. And if you take loads, it's super likely you'll start geeking out. Exercise caution, brethren. Despite what med students say, there is such a thing as too much concentration – especially when trying to interact normally with other people.

While Rits are great, at the end of the day, if there is a line of gear and a line of rits on the table, you know which I'm choosing: both.

Ideal setting: An exam season cramming session or flat party

One word description: Wired

Comedown: Having a nap in the back of your lecture theatre

Addictive? Potential risk

WHILE RITS ARE GREAT, AT THE END OF THE DAY, IF THERE IS A LINE OF GEAR AND A LINE OF RITS ON THE TABLE, YOU KNOW WHICH I'M CHOOSING: BOTH.



LSD ("ACID")

LSD broadened my horizons and changed my life. I'm not even kidding. It forever changes the way you see the world, hopefully for the better. A high from LSD – and any psychedelic drug, really – is truly an indescribable experience. The majority of tripping hella balls just cannot be articulated. Brain scans have shown the same regions activated in a Monk's brain after 30 years of practised meditation are activated during a gnarly trip.

So, what does this mean? Well, it means acid can be fucking awesome. Your senses become heightened and you start to feel a unique outer-body sensation. Visually, the world around you begins to almost "breathe" and outlines become smudged. Everything almost turns into watercolour, and your line of vision becomes like a Van Gogh painting in motion.

Your inner dialogue becomes more pronounced, too. Small things you wouldn't normally notice become more interesting and meaningful. I once stared at a wall and wondered where the wood was sourced from, who cut it down, and all the processes that led to this wall being right in front of me at that moment as a symbol of the interconnectedness of life.

You feel that life is beautiful and, if you take enough, you can experience a complete dissolution of your ego and preconceived ideas of the world and self. It's like a more complete and authentic sense of contentment than the euphoria of MDMA. LSD can uncover what's deep in your subconscious. Because of its effects, if you go into the experience with intentions, it can help you work through anxiety, life's stresses, and personal problems from a new perspective.

Big fucking warning though: if you're not prepared for it, you may experience a bad trip. Don't fuck around with LSD. I've heard a bad trip can be super disturbing from people who've had one — especially considering the trip lasts around 12 hours. People can come out the other end pretty traumatised. This is the only thing stopping me from giving this wonderful substance a 10/10. Oh, also probably avoid mirrors if it's your first time.

Ideal setting: The Botans

One word description: Revelatory

Comedown: Spiritually refreshed, but with a wrung out hamster-wheel brain.

Addictive? No

MAGIC MUSHROOMS

Yo, I loooooovvvvvvvveeeee shrooms. There is a reason that they are called magic mushrooms. Some theorists believe that humans developed from shroom-eating apes who expanded their consciousness by tripping balls – no word of a lie, look up the 'Stoned Ape Theory'.

Shrooms are pretty similar to LSD, but far less intense. There are other subtle, crucial differences. They naturally chill you the fuck out, so you're significantly less likely to have a bad trip. You feel the beauty and an interconnectedness with everything, like the breatha Buddha. I find the visuals to be probably even more gnarly than acid; akin to kaleidoscopes encompassing my field of vision. Unlike acid, the trip is far shorter (around 4–6 hours) so you can still make plans to hang out with mates afterwards and impart the meaning of life to them.

Many places around the world have begun legally enabling the use of shrooms for different psychological benefits. Perhaps psychedelics are banned because they change our perspectives and make us question the way things in society work and ought to work? Again, maybe I'm just high.

Picking shrooms can also be a great recreational activity, but do your research. You don't want to be eating the wrong mushrooms. Most people think they taste like dirty leather. I agree they're way too dry, but I have an acquired palette and enjoy the earthy tones it brings to my diet. You can even try it with tea!

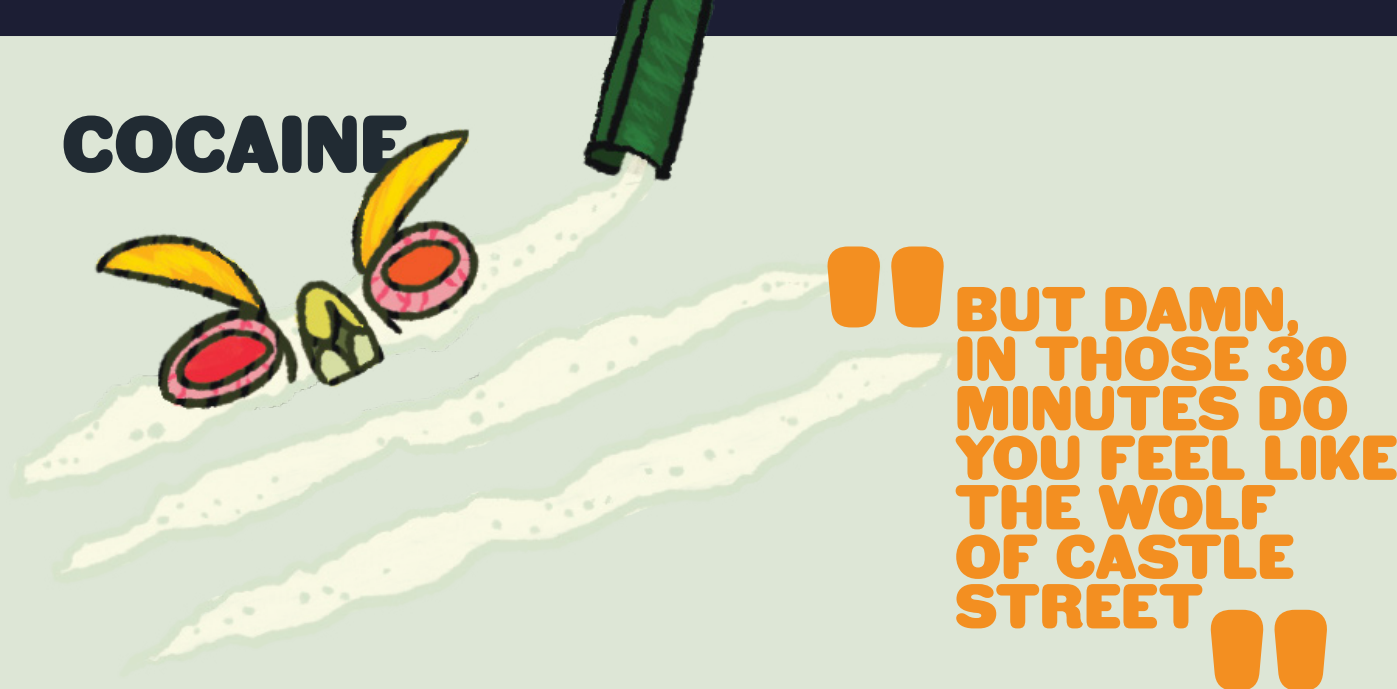
Ideal setting: Signal Hill

One word description: Wavy

Comedown: At one with the world

Addictive? No

COCAINE



BUT DAMN, IN THOSE 30 MINUTES DO YOU FEEL LIKE THE WOLF OF CASTLE STREET

Everybody knows you snort cocaine, but did ya'll know how fucking numbing it is? It literally felt like a dentist putting general anaesthesia up my nasal cavities and throat. Not gonna lie, I kind of liked it.

Cocaine is sweet but short, the high lasting around half an hour. But damn, in those 30 minutes do you feel like the wolf of Castle Street. It's pretty much like gear but multiply it times five. Cocaine gives you a surge of clarity, confidence, and desire... to do more cocaine. That's the problem. It feels awesome, but it's super expensive and you have to keep racking up lines every 30 mins to maintain the high. As soon as you snort that line, the comedown begins. It's an endless cycle – hence its addictiveness.

I can imagine cocaine is more viable when you're a corporate sell-out in the big smoke. But as a poor student, I'll probably stick to gear.

Ideal setting: Carousel (or your corporate sugar daddy's desk)

One word description: Moreish

Comedown: Checking your bank account and seeing a transaction of \$900 for a Facebook marketplace motorcycle

Addictive? Fuck yes

WE BOTH KNOW I'M NOT MAKING PAVLOVA

Nangs are the salt to drugs' chips – a universal seasoning to heighten the flavour of any high. There's something so wholesome about the ritual of nangs. Blowing up balloons with the whole squad, LEDs on, lights off, and 'Nangs' by Tame Impala playing are all essential for the experience. Nangs feel like sitting inside a static TV, going through different dimensions and breaking through barriers of the universe – and fuck is it funny. There's a reason it's called laughing gas. In fact, it was actually a doctor that first prescribed it to me. And while my prescription has expired, my love for nangs remains.

Buying nangs at the store is a legal high in itself. I'm always giggling my arse off at the checkout (we both know I'm not making pavlova). Speaking of sweet treats, I won't sugar coat it: nangs do make you feel temporarily braindead. But in my experience, they're donating your brain cells to the greater good. There's a reason for their hype. Nangs are short, sweet, and simple. Like the pavlova you're pretending to make.

Ideal setting: Anywhere! It's so easy.

One word description: Crack-up

Comedown: Reverting back to your Year 1 vocabulary with the depletion of brain cells

Addictive? No



NANGS (NITROUS OXIDE)



KETAMINE

New and in fashion, there is nothing like ketamine because there's no other drug that gets you as tranquilised as possible (it's literally horse tranquiliser). I have no shame; this shit feels good.

Ketamine is surreal. It's so fucking weird it's almost endearing. Unlike pretty much every other drug on the list, I've never had a time on ketamine where I came out of it thinking, "That was what I expected."

Now, how would I describe ketamine? It's kind of like the video game The Sims. You just start to watch yourself do shit from a third-person perspective. You don't have much control over your body. All you really do is bump more ket and say and do random shit. Once I took darts and began to aim at different spots on posters on the living room wall. Did I create holes in the wall and jeopardise my bond? Yes. But did I have a great time doing so? Fuck yes. When everybody is ketted, not a single substantive conversation occurs. Everybody is too out of it to be able to form coherent responses. Instead, we're all just having conversations with ourselves.

Warning: if you bump too much ket, you enter the K-hole. The K-hole is the zone of no return. When you've dug enough into the ketaverse that you can't see where you came from. I think in medical terms, this is called inebriation. I personally try to stay out of the K-hole, but that doesn't mean I haven't fallen in a few times. In the K-hole, time decides to speed up and slow down while your field of vision zooms in and out – but that's all I can report. You tend to not remember much from the K-hole

Ideal setting: During ACs (after cones)

One word description: Surreal

Comedown: Contemplating your childhood suspicion we're all actually Sims

Addictive? There's a risk

CROSSFADE (ALCOHOL + WEED)

Why not start the drug combinations with the most classic of them all? Marijuana and alcohol; the breatha's bread and butter. What happens when you mix perhaps the two most widespread recreational drugs? It's surprisingly gnarly.

I have never jammed a drug combination where timing and circumstances are so paramount. Smoke that bong when you're too sloshed? You're going to be vomiting in the toilet for potentially hours. Puff that joint at just the right time? You're in for a great night. That's the thing about crossfading, it's a sick game of drug roulette. You never know which one you're going to get because you never truly know when the "right time" is when you're drunk. But you also don't want to get high first, because who wants to begin drinking when high? Despite being the drug connoisseur I am, the secret formula has still evaded me for years.

Either way, you're going to get incredibly fucked up. Even with all the Class A drugs I've jammed, I think this combination may have been the most dangerous during my time at Otago. But do I enjoy it? Hell yeah. When it works, it's just like being drunk but more fun and you're stupider. Not bad at all.

Ideal setting: A mate's flat party

One word description: Blurry

Comedown: Hugging your toilet bowl

STONER-FLIP (WEED + GEAR)

Note: This combination is rated by the drug mixing chart as necessitating "caution".

Weed and gear is a surprisingly accessible combination that not many people know about. I slept on it for far too long. Weed and gear seem to do the exact opposite things. One chills you out, and the other hypes you up. It shouldn't work – but, my god, does it.

I ended up trying the combo when I was kindly gifted a joint at a festival. Imagine the euphoria of gear, except you are far more calm, articulate, and aware of your surroundings. That's about it. It's awesome and takes the best aspects of both drugs to create a wonderful combination.

Ideal setting to have it: Southern Sounds

One word description: Serendipitous

Comedown: Staring at a blank word doc for eight hours straight

CANDY-FLIP (LSD + MDMA)

Note: This combination is rated by the drug mixing chart as "low risk with amplification".

Imagine the fun trippy vibes from the acid, with the confidence and chirpiness of gear that makes it less likely you'll have a bad trip. That's candy-flipping. It creates the most cooked chat of all time. But I have to give the chat credit, there's been some profound shit that's spurted out of my mouth. Unlike that assignment you submitted at 11:59pm, you're articulate as fuck when you snort that rail.

I must admit, some of the magic of LSD is lost when combining it with MDMA. You aren't as introspective, but at a rave that's probably not a bad thing. And don't get me wrong, you're still seeing shapes and having out-there thoughts – it just feels more like a fucked food combo that turned out to go hard than unearthing your true calling in life.

Ideal setting: Your PHILIO3 presentation

One word description: Incredible

Comedown: Not liking what you see in the mirror (for maybe a week)

UNLIKE THAT ASSIGNMENT YOU SUBMITTED AT 11:59PM, YOU'RE ARTICULATE AS FUCK WHEN YOU SNORT THAT RAIL.

WIZARD-FLIP (ACID + SHROOMS)

Note: This combination is rated by the drug mixing chart as "low risk with amplification".

What happens when you take an awesome life-changing substance with another awesome life-changing substance? You have an even more awesome life-changing experience. It's simple maths.

The most memorable time I jammed acid and shrooms together was when I experienced the phenomenon known as an "ego death". Your ego is everything that makes you "you". Whether that's your values, hobbies, friends, dress-sense, music taste or even your favourite food. Jamming enough psychedelics can erase your ego as if it's a whiteboard marker.

Ego death is a complete loss of all subjective self-identity. Everything I thought I knew about myself was flipped upside down. I realised my identity was a façade. I was wearing a mask my entire life that stopped me from experiencing the unique and beautiful happiness of pure existence. I realised, at an atomic level, we are all simply particles randomly clashing into each other to create different materials and interactions at a macroscopic level. We're all just the same thing viewed from a different perspective; like changing camera shots in the same film.

Your man became at one with the universe and realised we're interconnected on a deeper level. It's true. You, me, your (secret) cat, and the magnolia trees in the Geology Quad are all part of some greater consciousness that we can't conceive of. Desire and attachment are simply constructed by our egos, preventing us from reaching the kind of coexistence that would achieve world peace. Free from the baggage and bias of constantly viewing the world in relation to "self", I saw the possibility of a utopia; a world where there's no pint night line and Uni fees are free. A breatha can dream.

It took me a good week to reintegrate back into society. Seeing all the destruction we have created because of our egos frankly depressed me. Ego death does change you permanently. If you want to try it, you need to be mentally prepared. You might think you're prepared after reading this, but honestly, you can never be prepared for what you'll experience during an ego death.

Ideal setting: Any place with people you vibe with and know well

One word description: Enlightening

Comedown: I am a more complete person (took a week to reintegrate into society)

GALAXY-FLIP (LSD + KETAMINE + MDMA)

Note: This combination of each pair of these are rated by the drug mixing chart as "low risk with amplification" so probably a lost riskier all at once.

Okay, while I've done this combo a few times, I'll zone in on one particular instance: the K-hole acid trip. As mentioned in my Ketamine review, I'm a bit iffy on the K-hole – as most are, mind you. I see how the K-hole can be enjoyable, but tend to stay at its edge. But not this time.

Me and a few of the bro's had just returned from a night out (already ketted and geared) and somehow ended up smashing even more ket. Naturally, I smashed far too much and found myself in the deepest K-hole I've ever entered. We ended up doing the typical ket shit, including a full loop around the outside of the house, for no other reason but to get some steps in. It was as chill as the K-hole can be. That is, until one of the bros piped up and said, "Should we trip?" Me, the acid enthusiast that I am, had tabs at my flat. Off we went.

Once the trip kicked in, shit got crazy. I was in a trippy simulation. I had no control over myself whilst I watched the entire world swerving around me. At one point I had a cheeky durry and somehow sobered up for 20 seconds when the nicotine hit. "Hey guys, I'm sober now!" I exclaimed to the bros. Then straight back in the K-hole I fell.

While it wasn't a bad experience, I've never been so out of it (except whilst crossfading). It's definitely not for the faint of heart.

Ideal setting: Probably don't do it

One word description: Gnarly

Comedown: Burrowing under your duvet and hiding from the world

JEDI-FLIP + STONER KITTY (ALCOHOL + MARIJUANA + MDMA + SHROOMS + ACID + KETAMINE + NANGS)

Note: This combination is rated by the drug mixing chart as "dangerous to life and health."

I'm not proud of this one. Alcohol, Marijuana, Gear, Shrooms, Acid, Ketamine and Nangs (in that order) on the same night. I admit I got carried away. But did it feel awesome? Yes.

I started with about a box full of drinks, and like eating a bag of Cheetos, I feigned for more. As I said earlier in the review, alcohol is foundational. You may imagine that I was slumped out in the corner of the host incapacitated, but you'd be wrong. I was the fucking life of the party! Being the responsible man I am, I took the recommended regular dose of each of the seven drugs – together. It was beautiful. All the stars in the universe aligned to create a holy amalgamation of different feelings and sensations in my brain.

I felt the looseness of the alcohol, chill from the weed, euphoria from the gear, all combined with a deep sense of interconnectedness from the psychedelics. Then bring in a dissociated third-person perspective from the Ketamine and

a nang into the mix: I literally felt like Jesus. All the love in the universe was inside of me. I'll admit, I don't remember most of it, but I do remember that holy feeling. People later told me I was on great form.

The comedown the next day (and the day after that) — holy Jesus fuck. It was something. I wouldn't say it was a typical lie-in-bed watching Netflix and crying comedown. It was almost like a shellshock. I had reached enlightenment, making reality unbearably disappointing for weeks afterwards. So I took the same combination at a later date, swapping shrooms for cocaine offered by some Jafa at Rhythm and Vines. While it'd be irresponsible to recommend anybody take this many drugs in one night, I'd be dishonest if I said I didn't have an epic experience.

Ideal setting: Don't do it

One word description: Transcendent

Comedown: Returning from war (if you come out alive)



GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 18 APRIL

THURSDAY JAMS
ERRICK'S
6pm. Free entry.

TALI JOY - BEATS, BARS AND BEYOND
INDIGO ROOM
w/ Dj Rah xB and Dj NaShoba. 8pm. \$5.

DARTZ - 'DANGEROUS DAY TO BE A COLD ONE'
ALBUM RELEASE TOUR
THE CROWN HOTEL
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

FRIDAY 19 APRIL

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

SATURDAY 20 APRIL

BURNING UP THE BLUES #3
MAYFAIR THEATRE
Featuring *Midge Marsden, The Oxo Cubans, and Chet O'Connell*. Tickets from humanitix.com. 7.30pm.

HANNAH EVERINGHAM - 'SIEMPRE TIENE FLORES' ALBUM TOUR
MAGGIES
w/ *Hester Ulyart*. Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 7.30pm.

420 GIG
U BAR
Featuring *Leo Lilley, The Beatniks, Ani Saafa, and No Danger*. 8.30pm. \$5.

MIDGE MARSDEN, THE OXO CUBANS, AND CHET O'CONNELL
MAYFAIR THEATRE
Tickets from humanitix.com. 7.30pm. All ages.

LOCAL PRODUCE

By Jordan Irvine

HŌHĀ is an Ōtepoti noise duo composed of drummer Madison Kelly (they/ them) and guitarist Liam Clune (he/him). The band formed in early 2021, with the two friends coming together for jam sessions before eventually becoming a band playing gigs, most recently at Camp A Low Hum.

Critic Te Ārohi caught up with the band to talk about their musical approach and upcoming gigs. HŌHA and I sit outside on little kid chairs on a Sunday afternoon. After some banter about how the chairs might break, HŌHĀ describe themselves as an improv band, with Madison saying "we like to sync up now and then."

The name HŌHĀ is a kupu Māori for fed up, annoying, boring, vexing, as well as an insulting term reserved for politicians (David Seymour) and other pieces of shit. "It's classic Te Reo Māori [having many meanings]," says Madison. "We personally ascribe all of it, but mainly it's annoying," Clune adds. HŌHĀ's name also helps describe the kind of music they make. Madison explains, "We use the term hōhātaka which is like the essence of 'annoying'. [That] applies to the sound when we do long drone stuff, that's HŌHĀ. It can be really noisy, like the bus that just drove past, that's HŌHĀ. You can scream because you're feeling HŌHĀ."

Clune and Madison have been friends for a while and have had their own musical projects – Clune being in Night Lunch, Crime Hospital, and Madison in Riot Gull – and while those other projects are more structured, HŌHĀ leans into the messiness of music-making. They practice by jamming, recording it and taking the best bits to use in sets. "We do really odd sets since they're all different," says Clune, with Madison mentioning a set in particular where they played one song for the first and last time. "It was called 'Get 'Em' and the lyrics were about the police looking for someone but intentionally giving them vague descriptions like 'he's between 5 '1 and 6' 7, he's over there, get 'em'." Often there are barely any lyrics, with the focus more being on the riffs and drum rhythms. "We usually have exclamations though, where we want to hit a certain riff or song at the end," says Clune.

HŌHĀ usually plays at The Crown and Yours, but managed to play both weekends at Camp A Low Hum. "We were stoked to be there. So lucky. We played in the small rooms which worked best for us, perfect HŌHĀ conditions," says Madison. Clune adds, "We would do different sets each time so people would come back which is really fun, and they'd be like, 'Oh, what the fuck?'" There were a lot of Ōtepoti noise bands represented at Camp A Low Hum, so HŌHĀ made sure to hype it up. "Ōtepoti is pretty cool, and I'm not just talking about the weather."

An important thing about HŌHĀ is that they're a Māori and queer band. "It's cool to be in a band that's a Māori band, just because we are Māori. We can deliberately use Māori and it can be chill," says Madison. Asking what matters most they both reply: "Please give us money, being a noise band doesn't give you a lot of cash." Most importantly, though, "Toitū Te Tiriti."

You can follow HŌHĀ @hoha_hoha_ on Instagram and catch them at The Crown on May 3rd with Splinter and Pesk.



Photo Credit: Sophie McDonagh

EX-BEST FRIEND'S EX-BOYFRIEND FUCKER

Thank god this happened back in my home country, I would be shanked if this got back to them.

At my school in year 12, my friend (let's call her Amelia) got a boyfriend (let's call him Jed) who had a completely identical (slightly fitter) twin brother. I, being perpetually single since birth, was given the opportunity to be 'set up' with this twin (let's call him Chris). After 'linking' online for quite some time, we went to a few parties in London. Right before I could make my move as I'm perched on Chris' lap, Amelia's bitchy friend literally yanks him from underneath me and dragged him across London. I cried about it for two weeks.

The next year Amelia and Jed broke up. She was toxic af and he cheated (can't blame him tbh), but we remained acquaintances – mainly because she started being a cunt to me. Fast forward another year and a half, and we've done our A-levels, I've travelled, and both the lads have gone to uni (Chris specifically to Edinburgh). Upon my return to Blighty I took a tour of the land and ended up in Edinburgh with a friend.

After finding out they're both in town, I conspired with my friend to meet up with them. We all met up, I knew some of the lads (awks), and we set off on our merry way to get absolutely trolled. Copious pints and half an hour of being plied with tequila shots at one of the student night clubs (he bought hehe), and my very obvious flirting,

Jed and I snuck out and got an Uber back to Chris' flat – against his many protests.

The deed was fast approaching, and we're without condoms (why won't guys stock them in their rooms istg), but I wasn't about to let a little std or child get in the way of this plan three years in the making. So after the worst sex of my life where I got off and he didn't (I'm a feminist and continue to do this) – HIS TWIN CAME HOME! Knowing we are shackled up in his bed, he burst in and ripped the duvet off. I'm fully naked, and his flatmates were stood behind him in shock and awe. I literally wanted to kill myself. As they backed away and shut the door apologising profusely, I decided that if I wasn't out of that flat and away from these strange posh twats in 10 minutes, my life would end.

So I got dressed – couldn't find my socks so I stole Chris's (too right men don't deserve nice things) – and gave Jed a kiss goodbye. "I will never see this man again," I said to myself as I walked out the door and into the freezing October air. Arriving back at my friends flat, we ate Maccas on his doorstep as I gave him the most detailed description of my night. We then passed the fuck out as the shame of my nights activities haunted my dreams.

With love,
An ex best friends ex boyfriend fucker <3

Mr O'Connell's Confession

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





**AVAILABLE NOW
FROM YOUR
LOCAL DEALER!**

SHOULD WE DECRIMINALISE ALL DRUGS?

WRITTEN BY JULIA RANDERSON AND ABBY BOWMAR

DEBATABLE

FOR:

It's high time to hash out some legislation that treats drug use as a health issue, not a criminal one. The war on drugs was waged to put minority groups behind bars, while only putting drug users in more danger; let's turn over a new leaf.

To be blunt, the law isn't stopping New Zealanders from doing drugs, so let's focus on saving lives. The looming threat of imprisonment (plus the stigma of being labelled a criminal) makes people less likely to seek out healthcare when they need it, as well as resources or services that keep them safe. Decriminalisation might therefore mean more people feeling okay about calling 111 when things go wrong. It might mean better uptake of rehab, and fewer ODs. And for the casual user, decriminalisation could encourage people to check their drugs, or report issues when they first appear. This might mean your MDMA doesn't get cut with bath salts or meth, making you less likely to traumatise your friends at Hyde this weekend.

And then there's the racism. Your idea of a bad trip might be seeing your friends' faces melt off, or having to gurn without chewing gum. And that's no surprise – the Police turn a blind eye to the Pākehā kids in the Botans who look way too happy to be there, or the breathas ping in the streets. But the Police keep tabs on Māori and Pasifika, and the worst case scenario is a lot worse for the less privileged. In 2022, the NZ Drug Foundation reported that Māori make up 48% of those convicted for drug possession offences, and 61.9% of those sentenced to prison. Justice is not even-handed, and criminalising communities for drug use entrenches cycles of crime and poverty – all while the most a breatha in possession gets is a slap on the wrist.

Sure, maybe decriminalisation pushes a few more people to seek out a bump or a bong. Big deal; some of you could afford to relax a bit, or do some ego-death-induced self-reflecting. If that's the cost of saving lives and protecting already over-policed Kiwis, then the choice should be crystal clear.

AGAINST:

As much as we love to see it when himbos try acid and discover empathy, there's unfortunately a lot more at stake when it comes to getting high.

It's no stretch to believe that decriminalisation could significantly increase drug use. The logic's pretty simple: if it's not illegal to possess drugs, more people will probably possess drugs, and therefore more people will probably also use them. Over time, this might also result in further normalisation and greater access as more dealers enter the market. Why's that even a problem, though?

Well, it's probably best not to find out you have a family history of drug-induced psychosis the hard way. Even people who don't have such a severe reaction can still suffer a variety of physical and mental health effects, or make dumb decisions like driving while high. And then there's the hard drugs, which are incredibly addictive – and far too often fatal. Meth can have you hooked after only a couple of uses, and the fentanyl creeping onto Aotearoa's market is scarily easy to overdose on (just look at the US opioid crisis). Given the risks to individuals and the potential strain on the health system, it makes no sense to increase use among people who would never have sought them out without decriminalisation.

Also, let's not forget that drug use isn't limited to well-off uni students having a good time at festivals or seeing god in the pink bathroom mould. It's often our most vulnerable community members who turn to drugs as a coping mechanism, creating a vicious cycle of worsening physical and mental health, strained relationships, financial loss, and addiction. Further emboldening the dealers who make a quick buck off people in distress isn't exactly ideal.

Obviously the whole population won't immediately start shooting up if we decriminalise, but even one extra drug-related death is too many. There are heaps of other ways to reduce harm without making drugs more accessible – like education, better funding for rehab services, needle exchanges, and free and confidential drug checking (shout out to KnowYourStuff!). Just say no to decriminalisation, and let's nip this in the bud.



MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson



Barley is slept on big time in favour of rice, so I'm hoping this recipe opens your eyes up to a crazy cheap and super filling feed. By giving it enough time to cook and mixing in some tasty Spanish-inspired flavours, you will have a delicious pantry staple meal the flatties will love!

Serves: 6
Time: 15 mins prep + 1 hr cooking
Price: \$\$\$
Difficulty: 2/5
Alter Ego: Rice risotto

Can be sneaky to find! Should live somewhere near the rice at the supermarket

HUGE bush near Studholme you should hit up!

INGREDIENTS:

- 150 g button mushrooms (sliced)
- 1 large onion (diced)
- 3 garlic cloves (finely chopped)
- 1 red/yellow capsicum (diced)
- 450 g chorizo (sliced)
- 1 ¾ cups pearl barley
- 2 ½ cups vegetable/chicken stock

- 2 cans chopped tomato
- 3 sprigs of rosemary (leaves finely chopped)
- 2 Tbsp smoked paprika
- 1.5 tsp chilli powder (optional)
- Oil
- Salt
- Pepper

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Step 1. On a medium heat pour a small amount of oil into a large pot and fry your chorizo pieces until golden and crispy. Once golden, put in a bowl on the side.
- Step 2. In the same pan, fry your mushrooms for about 5 mins/until cooked (you may need to add a little more oil here). Put aside in the same bowl as the chorizo.
- Step 3. Add some more oil to the pan, then add the onions and cook for 5 mins until softened. Once softened, add your capsicum and garlic and cook for a further 5 mins.
- Step 4. From here add in your barley and stir to combine with the vegetables and coat in the oil from the pan. Cook these for around 3 mins until adding your stock and canned tomatoes.
- Step 5. Bring to a boil, then simmer to cook for 45 mins with a lid on, stirring occasionally. You may have to add a little bit of water throughout this process if the barley isn't cooked and the liquid is getting mostly absorbed.
- Step 6. After this time the barley should have absorbed most of the liquid and will be soft-ish with a little bit of a bite to them.
- Step 7. After the barley is cooked and soaked up most of the liquid, stir in the chorizo and mushrooms. Then add your herbs and spices (smoked paprika, chilli, rosemary) and season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook for a further 5 mins with the lid off to thicken the sauce.
- Step 8. Serve up and enjoy! Topped with cheese and a side of bread and butter goes hard.



BOOZE REVIEWS
BY CHUNNY BILL SWILLIAMS
LONG WHITE

Hazy Lemonade

LIMITED EDITION

RTD's have now fallen victim to the shameless marketing trend that's conned every corduroy-wearing millennial in Wellington into drinking the most experimental hazy IPA. Trying to prove your superiority of taste and class doesn't cover up the fact you get shamelessly pissed every other weekend. No, I don't want to drink your tangerine, vanilla, and wildflower beer. Everyone knows it tastes like shit, you just want to be different for the sake of it. Long White has just made an alcoholic lemonade and is trying to tell us that they're not like other girls.

The meaning of what makes a drink "hazy" is lost on me. Can we just call anything hazy now? What does hazy even mean? I'm not even sure craft beer die-hards know. I should probably know this as Critic's resident booze reviewer, but this drink just tastes like lemon. I'm pretty sure it's just called hazy to appeal to those who think that any hazy drink automatically makes it good.

This drop does, however, offer a classy alternative to its other shitty lemon-based cousins. Looking at you, Bee (you can sponsor my flat if you're still into that kind of thing, though). It's as if Charlie's lemonade made an alcoholic drink, except most of the lemon is replaced with lab-made artificial sweeteners. Beautiful and refreshing and just

tame enough to stop you having a one-to-one conversation with the mirror in a random flat bathroom.

This might be controversial but these are objectively the best flavour of Long Whites available. It's a shame they're limited edition. Although, like with the use of the word "hazy", that's probably just another marketing scheme. Tssk tssk, Asahi, tssk tssk.

If you're sniffing out a deal, a box of these will set you back \$28 for a whopping 12 standards. At this price, it isn't too far off a standard box of Speights and is way cheaper than any of that craft beer stuff. If you find yourself unfortunate enough to have to pay full price for these bad boys, it can cost you up to \$33 – the unfortunate cost of vortekes these days.

TASTE RATING: Grapes. Got any grapes?

X FACTOR: Saying blesshgo and taking videos of yourself drinking

HANGOVER DEPRESSION LEVEL: 3/10. Life didn't give me any lemons

TASTE RATING: 8/10. Would go hard in a slushie

DRUG STATISTICS IGNORE HEALTHCARE & DISABILITY CONTEXT



The New Zealand Drug Foundation released their latest report in March with the headline: “Over half a million NZers used cannabis last year.” Among the roundup of stats was a sadly unsurprising lack of acknowledgement of the key issues that may contribute to them, such as our inequitable health systems – especially when it comes to our disabled taura.

In the report, people with disabilities were named as nearly four times more likely to use cannabis weekly, to have previously used non-prescribed amphetamines, and as over three times more likely to have used opioids. Headlines simplifying the data without further context feeds into labelling people as “drug-seekers”. Without any context behind the stats, such as our inequitable health systems, they can lead to harmful labels or stigma. This is especially true for those with disabilities who face additional barriers to healthcare, especially chronic illnesses or rare diseases.

Those who have ever gone to the doctor know how difficult it can be to have your concerns heard – especially if the patient is a woman, Māori, Pasifika, or gender-diverse. In Aotearoa New Zealand, the health service is currently under the pump, meaning those of us under these umbrellas seeking life-changing prescriptions for symptoms like chronic pain are even more disadvantaged than before.

For many, by the time they navigate the process of waiting to see a specialist and obtaining prescribed medications for severe pain, precious time is lost and their condition may have worsened irreversibly. This reality underscores the urgent need for systemic reforms aimed at fostering inclusivity and ensuring that every individual receives the comprehensive care they deserve,

free from discrimination or arbitrary judgement.

Further barriers can be encountered through misdiagnosis, which can be very easy to do and very difficult to undo. The label is embedded within doctors’ notes that cannot be changed by the patient without jumping through numerous hoops, leaving a large number of people locked out of the system – at times for good. Doctors are humans under immense pressure, and can make mistakes, but it means even further barriers between patients and the healthcare they need.

There are also those who may not identify as living with a disability and self-medicate in the gap between symptoms, diagnosis, and prescription. A good example of this is the estimation that 1 in 10 people are living with endometriosis in New Zealand, a famously hard diagnosis to receive with years in and out of the system for uterus owners, leaving them exasperated and potentially turning to self-medication to get some relief.

There’s a reason why disabled people are more likely to be higher consumers of recreational drugs. It isn’t surprising that people with disabilities have to seek other ways to manage their pain in between specialist appointments, prescriptions, or being locked out of the system in a diagnosis mix-up in our strained healthcare environment. Therefore, statistics like these can be more harmful than good.

I do hope that, as a society, we can see past a percentage figure to try and understand the root cause. Be compassionate to your chronic illness lovelies this week, because they go to war every day to be here.

Tara Shepherd
OUSA Welfare and Equity Rep

AQUARIUS
You're at a crossroads this week. Either accept that you have tummy issues and swap to oat milk or shit yourself in the most embarrassing place possible: three metres away from the bouncer outside U-Bar.
Strain of weed to try: Sour Diesel

PISCES
You take a creative approach to everything in your life, whether that be study styles, bong building or sexytime yoga positions. The creative process isn't just fun for you, it's an emotional outlet that you very much will need this week.
Strain of weed to try: Granddaddy Purple

ARIES
Lately, you have been all over the place. One day you can't get out of bed and the next you've finished your assignments early and deep cleaned your mouldy shower. Make sure to focus your energetic spurts on productive tasks, not just conspiracy theory hyperfixations. But also, did the moon landing actually happen?
Strain of weed to try: Pineapple Express

TAURUS
This week everyone is pissing you off and you're not afraid to let them know. But telling people they are stupid is not a great way to make friends. Sometimes people just don't think before they speak and if they really are a dick, karma will get them eventually.
Strain of weed to try: Green Crack

GEMINI
Big decisions are coming your way and you aren't sure which direction to take. These decisions could turn your whole life on its side, so make sure to talk to your friends and make a pros and cons list. Even taking advice from someone in the bathroom of a club could change your whole perspective on life.
Strain of weed to try: Za-Za Og

CANCER
Chocolate and comfort foods should be at the top of your shopping list this week. It's gonna be rough, but needing a shoulder to cry on doesn't make you a pussy. It shows that you have more emotional intelligence than a drowning-in-lynx-africa 15-year-old boy, which is always a bonus.
Strain of weed to try: Cheetah Piss

LEO
Your natural charm is turned up to 11, making it the perfect time to go out and let loose. Thinking of yourself as a god will come easy this week, with people falling to their knees all around you. But try not to come off as domineering outside of the bedroom; it can come off as cringy to others.
Strain of weed to try: Hulk Berry

VIRGO
Make sure to leave lots of free time in your colour-coded calendar. Being in the depth of a busy season comes with lots of curveballs and unexpected events. It's okay if you can't follow your schedule to the letter because no matter how much you try, you can't control others' lives.
Strain of weed to try: Purple Haze

LIBRA
This week you're taking the lead and everyone is grateful for it. The people in your life have been too go-with-the-flow for your liking and sometimes structure is needed. Just make sure not to get too excited about the new power you have over everyone.
Strain of weed to try: Chemdog #4

SCORPIO
You are like a modern-day Macgyver armed with just an addiction to TikTok and a crippling nicotine addiction. Your ability to put yourself in someone else's shoes is very helpful this week, but remember you don't know everything.
Strain of weed to try: Pink Kush

SAGITTARIUS
Small talk is getting on your last nerve and you are more taut than a rubber band ready to snap. Make sure you don't get sucked into other people's drama in your search for more stimulating conversation. Try to give everyone your biggest smile, keep talking about the trivial stuff, and you might find someone as interesting as you.
Strain of weed to try: Criminal +

CAPRICORN
Finding that work-life balance with uni is the key to your success this week, Capricorn. While you may feel like lazing around the flat and doing sweet fuck all, your to-do list is piling up and we both know how you get when you have so much to do looming over you.
Strain of weed to try: Spicy White Devil

SNAP OF THE WEEK



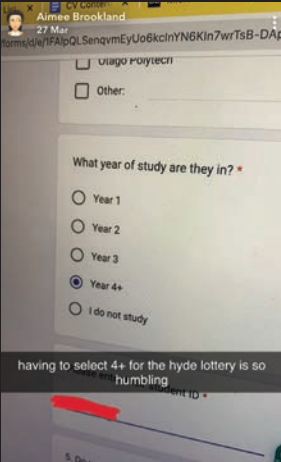
SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEKS WINS AN OUSA CLUBS & SOCS SAUNA VOUCHER

SNAP OF THE WEEK

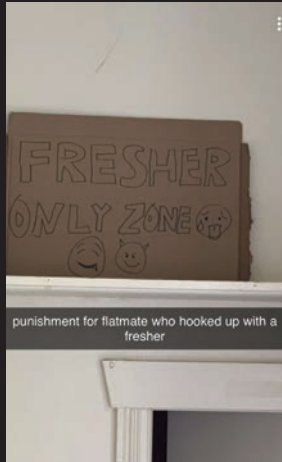
CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



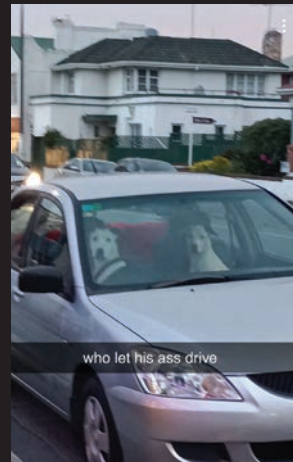
Easter project



having to select 4+ for the hyde lottery is so humbling



punishment for flatmate who hooked up with a fresher



who let his ass drive



can we kiss under the furry buttplug



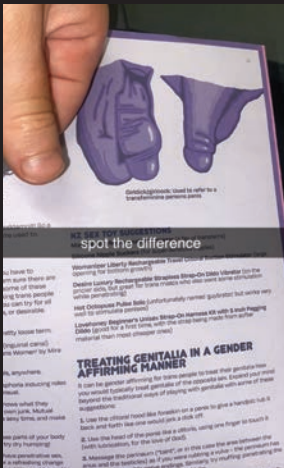
idk who's under there but sincerest apologies



spot the difference



might need to replace your toilet paper ubar



spot the difference



flat druggie poster



Am I stupid or are you stupid?



STOP HERE PLEASE WAIT FOR ASS

2024 EDITION

Beezie

The Capping Show

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

Scan to secure your tickets now!



Sexytet



Selwyn Ballet



Sextet



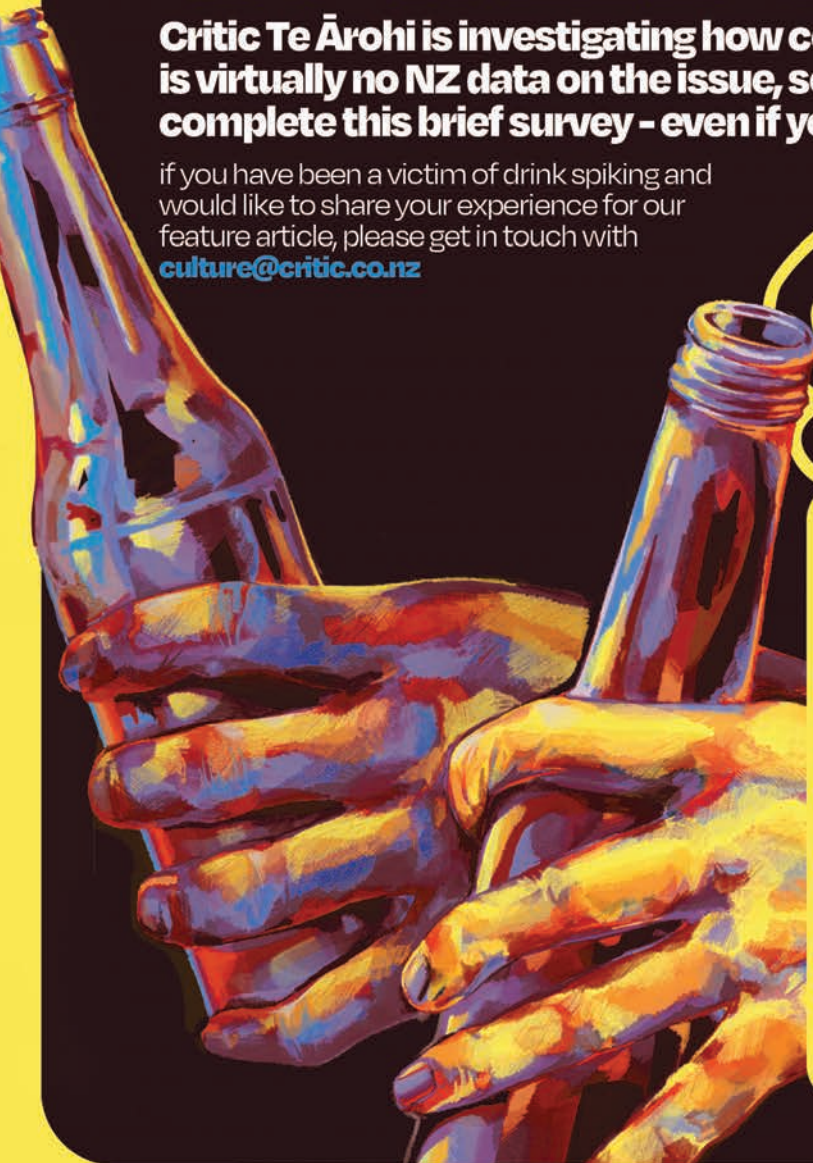
THE CAPPING SHOW



DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S HAD THEIR DRINK SPIKED?

Critic Te Ārohi is investigating how common drink spiking is - there is virtually no NZ data on the issue, so please scan the QR code to complete this brief survey - even if you feel it is not relevant to you.

if you have been a victim of drink spiking and would like to share your experience for our feature article, please get in touch with culture@critic.co.nz



thank you, and fuck drink spiking