

# CRITIC

TE AROHI

## THE DRUGS ISSUE

ISSUE 23



FUZEN AND GEORGE FM PRESENT

# **NORTHERN BASS** <sup>18</sup>/<sub>19</sub>

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# EDITORIAL

## This Is Who You Should Vote for in the OUSA Elections

Firstly, welcome to the Drugs Issue, our biggest issue of the year. The print run this week is 6,000 copies, that's up from just over 3,000 at the start of the year, so a massive thank you to all you wonderful people for being bored enough to pick up a Critic.

It's OUSA election week, so doing a Drugs Issue is basically a blatant ploy on our part to try trick you into reading some election coverage and maybe even voting. Don't worry, there's still heaps of drug chat, but please, please, read a little bit of the news section, even if it's out of pity.

We at Critic have had the unfortunate pleasure of consuming way too many candidate debates, interviews, and poorly written Facebook policy announcements. Student politics is boring as shit, and we're doing our best to make it interesting.

Critic is officially endorsing candidates this year because why the fuck not.

We're not endorsing for every position, and we're not endorsing for President. We've identified three candidates that we believe are not only extremely competent and qualified, but strong-willed, engaged, and active, and who stood out as the clear choice in their respective races.

These are the candidates that earned themselves

an Official Endorsement From Your Favourite Student Magazine That Begins With 'C' and Ends With 'Ritic':

### 1. Bonnie Harrison for Finance Office

Bonnie stands out not only for being really sharp and onto it, but most importantly for being genuinely opinionated and outspoken, which is something that the exec sorely lacks this year. Far too many exec members have been limp fish with no willingness to get in an argument or even share any original thoughts of their own. We don't need an exec dominated by 2 or 3 people and a bunch of sycophants who just vote along with their friends. We need strong independent voices like Bonnie.

### 2. Sinead Gill for Postgrad Officer

Sinead has been a standout activist for students this year. She organised a public forum on Student Health changes after the uni failed to consult students, she forced Humanities Vice Chancellor Tony Ballantyne to actually front up to students of the humanities restructure and how it would affect postgrads. As a volunteer for Critic she exposed a major sexual harassment scandal at NZUSA. She has achieved more for student representation than most members of the exec have this year, and it's not even her job.

[As we mentioned, Sinead has been a volunteer writer for Critic. We can say confidently that we genuinely believe she is the best person for the role, regardless of any previous relationship. In fact, we don't even really want her to get it, because then she can keep writing for us. But she would be very good.]

### 3. Pou for Admin Vice President

Pou stood out for being outwardly focused while his opponents were obsessed with internal OUSA procedures. He showed genuine passion for issues that mattered to him, namely te reo usage and cultural clubs. He has the experience required (4 years as an exec member for Te Roopū Māori and the Māori Humanities Students' Association), while still bringing a fresh perspective.

Plus his campaign video was easily the best since Ryan Edgar and Zac Gawns' naked motorbike ride on the beach in 2014.

We have faith that Pou has the passion to get shit done, and the ability to do it right.

**By Joel MacManus and Charlie O'Mannin,**  
Critic Editor and News Editor

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## Letter of the Week

### Grandma Tits Are Yuck

Dear Critic,

What the hell has happened to your booze reviews? Are they written by a 12 year old boy? There's a line between funny and plain gross. Talking in great detail about suckling your grandmother's/mother's sagging tits is very unnecessary. Please find a new writer.

Love,

Not Into Incest

## Letters to the Editor

### Oi, Move Tables!

Dear "Guy Stuck At A Small Table With Too Many People"

In the time it took you to write that paragraph you could have moved their shit and solved the problem yourself without whinging to Critic.

Yours Truly,

No one cares

### Tell Me What To Think

Hey Critic

This is the first OUSA Election I've actually paid attention to, so cheers for that. James seems cool and collected, Laura seems super passionate and strong-willed. Since I go to you guys for my news and drinks recommendations, I want to ask who you think would be the better prez? Can't we have a co-presidency or something?

tyty

**Editor's Response:** *I wish we could. But you're a big boy and you're going to need to grow up and make that decision for yourself.*

### Election Coverage

Dear critic,

This years election looks like it's shaping up to be the most wholesome one to happen in years - we're seeing welfare candidates campaign together, Presidential candidates who are friendly to one another rather than yelling each other down, and everyone seems to be in it for the good of the student body. I'm really hopeful that you guys can carry this trend on and keep negativity or bias out of your reporting this year. Printing pieces that are biased for or against candidates is normally a healthy part of the democratic process - but when you don't have anyone presenting an opposing opinion, you do the opposite; you damage the process. When you give spectators a louder voice than the people actually running, you damage the process. When you focus on the shortcomings of one candidate but the strengths of the other, you damage the process.

Lots of Love,

N

**Editor's Response:** *Our aim for this election is to have the most detailed analysis of the election that is possible given the short time we have for coverage. We have a range of reporting, opinion and analysis that we hope will help students get beyond the get beyond campaign spiels and to the heart of the issues. I hope that lives up to your expectations.*

## Issue 23 , 2018

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# PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE DRAWS LARGEST CROWD IN YEARS

By Joel MacManus, Charlie O'Mannin and Nat Moore

UBar was humming, as the crowd murmured in surprised disbelief that people had actually showed up for an OUSA presidential debate. "What is going on?" they whispered. "Does everyone think it's pint night? Did they get the day wrong?"

Yes, weirdly, people actually showed up to see a debate between two nerds that wanted to run a student union.

Critic did a quick headcount and got 135 people. Decent.

Moderators Esme Hall and Jamie Green kicked it off by asking about the candidates' personal experiences. Laura spoke about her experience in the army and said "I was never quite that good at taking orders... I'm just as opinionated now as then."

James spoke about exec experience and said he "has the skills to step up."

**[Laura wins this section for being more personable and open]**

When asked to open up and let the crowd know "the real you," Laura said she was "not afraid to fail," "strong willed and empathetic" and "will take every opportunity."

James said his favourite beer was Speight's, that his Mum would say he is a "lovely boy", but that his Dad would be very disappointed in him.

**[James wins this section for being funnier]**

Shit got juicy when they were each asked why people shouldn't vote for their opponent. Laura said James struggles to be decisive and he "doesn't stick his neck out unless he already knows he has the backing."

James defended himself, saying he was the first person on the exec to stand up for Josh Smythe's

right to run in this election. He hit back at Laura on her lack of experience, saying "the last person who sat in on every exec meeting and thought they could do the job was Hugh Baird" to massive applause.

**[Laura gets a shot to the ribs but James gets big laughs]**

Laura took a massive dive in audience appeal when she named reforming subcommittees as her top policy. No one cares about that and it's boring.

James said the most important thing was a strong presence in the DCC election. "Last time it was a fight just to get a voting booth on campus. The DCC constantly undermines student voters," he said.

**[James takes an easy win here]**

Then there was some boring shit about dealing with bad exec members. Nothing happened.

**[Tie]**

Laura pulled it back with a powerful answer about OUSA needing to stand up to the uni more. "OUSA has this idea that if we stand up [to the uni], they will close the door... we can stand up and fight back... but you need protests if you're not being listened to."

James agreed with Laura.

**[Laura wins this bit]**

When asked about why the exec didn't vote to ban tickets, despite a student referendum vote in favour, James said that OUSA legally couldn't, because of legal advice which said it breached freedom of association.

[FACT CHECK: Critic attended all those meetings and we have never heard anything about legal

advice. It may have been sought afterwards, but it was NOT the reason the exec didn't ban tickets. They voted because of their own opinions; there was never any mention of lawyers.]

Things sparked up again when they were asked to name the exec's biggest failure this year.

Laura said it was the Critic censorship protest, "In less than 12 hours, I had 400 students signed up to protest - not just politics students, just students that read Critic and care. The only reason OUSA got involved is because I showed up and had to practically beg you guys."

James defended himself, saying he was in the Critic office with Laura as soon as the thing broke. He said the exec hadn't been political enough, and needed to be more active at local and national elections.

**[Laura was emotive and impactful but James undercut her well. Tie.]**

Then they had a sculling race.

**[James wins for drinking his beer fastest]**

The first half was over. There was only one thing that could quell the rising temper of the crowd: the smooth, smooth sounds of Dunedin's most iconic Dunedin Sound band, The Shitz.

Critic got random UBar patron Jeff Chaucer to write a review of the gig:

"I've never been to U-Bar before, because I hate live music, and I'm not a virgin. So it was with no little anthropological froth that I descended into the Breathas epicentre to do my civic duty (listen to OUSA nerds make promises they can't keep to an audience that doesn't care).





When the first half of the debate ended, I was therefore sorely tempted to fuck off. But then a palpable roil of enthusiasm waved through the crowd. The person next to me, a mature English student called Katlyn Doob, woke up.

"What's going on?" I asked her.

She looked at me with antique contempt and hobbled to the front of the stage, to shake her moneymaker like a true thot.

The Shitz, a slacker-punk quartet currently defining/re-defining the New Dunedin Sound, had been booked to play in the interval. But at the time, all I knew was that the music — post-ironic mash-ups of John Mayer and Marvin Gaye (who wouldn't want to be healed, sexually, by The Shitz?), tender covers of Britney Spears and Post Malone, and a feral, transportive version of House of the Rising Sun — was taking me to a place that I can only describe as religious.

The shitty caterpillar of the debate's first half had turned into a butterfly of rare, fragile beauty. It was a shame it had to fly away. But that's what butterflies do... they fly."

#### [The Shitz win]

The second half slowly descended into madness. People coming in for the later gig added a rowdier undercurrent which only amplified the already pumping atmosphere.

Caitlin Barlow-Groome, OUSA President, was spotted cutting some mean shapes on the d-floor and (poorly) attempting dirty dancing lifts with OUSA Finance officer Sam Smith (not that Sam Smith). Everyone was getting progressively more wasted. Including the candidates. Rumours have it they were pre-drinking together before going on stage. Laura's answers became increasingly terse and James started insulting the questions and then the audience instead of properly answering.

Jamie started having to yell for people to shut the fuck up every few minutes, only for the chatter to immediately swell back up. The moderators switched to audience questions, which only cemented the shitshow, with people shouting inaudibly across the room at each other, the crowd getting bored and taking no notice and erupting into meaningless cheers whenever either of the candidates looked like they were about to stop talking.

Critic stopped listening and went and got a drink. When we came back it was over.

## SO WHO WON?

Our very unscientific poll of 10 undecided voters came back with a result of 6/4 in favour of Laura.

#### Comments for Laura:

"The girl seems like she's done better; I trust her"

"The chick has been more onto it. The guy has mostly just had one-liners; she's been consistent."

"Laura has seemed better; I liked her more, but she seemed a bit unconfident for a lot of it."

"I liked her, because the James guy seemed like he was just playing the crowd. He had a bunch of mates there and he just seems to be playing to them."

"Laura seemed more well-spoken"

"I think Laura, but it's a way harder decision than last year."

#### Comments for James:

"I dunno, but the guy seems more articulate to me"

"Yeah, he's been the strongest. He seems confident."

"James because he gave more concrete examples and he was able to point to actual achievement. Also, you can't just point to his past and say he hasn't learnt from it; he might have grown and got new skills and be more capable now. He also seems more confident."

"Laura seems more radical and protest-y, he seems more down the middle and reliable. You can't always get things by protesting; you've got to work with people."



# THE GREAT CRITIC DEBATE REVIEW THING

By Joel MacManus and Charlie O'Mannin

## FINANCE

### Bonnie Harrison and Norhan El Sanjak

Norhan didn't show up because she hadn't finished her family file, so this was just a weird one-on-one interview.

Bonnie has a very good speaking voice. She thinks the finance officer doesn't need that much financial expertise, because OUSA already has in-house accountants, which is fair to be honest. Instead, they need to be "decisive and firm and have a clear vision".

She was strongly in favour of communicating the things that OUSA have been doing to students, praising the exec roundup videos as a good start, "And we can do more". Including talking to the media. Critic is strongly in support of this (see page 13).

She said repealing VSM was the reason she ran. She repeatedly referred to herself as "loud," and used the term "real change" a lot, despite the

connotations of the disastrous Real Change ticket from 2016. She concluded by saying, "I'm loud, I'm proud, and I won't shut up".

**Our Winner:** I mean, there was only one person there. Bonnie wins by default. Although Esme Hall did do a pretty great job as moderator; she wins our runner-up award.

## EDUCATION

### Andre Castaing, Rafael Clarke, William Dreyer

Everyone in this debate were massive nerds. They used the words "transparency," "consultancy" and "committee" a lot.

Andre wants wifi in every lecture and for the exam timetable to come out earlier. Will wants podcasts for every paper. Raf wants transparency and consultation.

Andre and Will hit out at each other over whether or not protests work. Will claimed credit for organising the censorship protest earlier this year, which he said "shows I can get it done".

Andre said, "As much as a protest sounds great, the way to take the fight to them is by sitting on committees," and pointed out that he currently sits on the Education Committee and is already pushing for change through that committee.

Raf pushed for more "intellectual diversity" in the university and for more cross-crediting of papers.

Andre thought the most important issue was getting more internal exams so that courseload can be spread throughout the year. Will opted for podcasting lectures, and Raf reckoned that stu-

dents being more aware of their rights was the most important.

**Our Winner:** Tie between Andre and Will. Andre won if you value committee work more and Will won if you value protests and activism. Raf did fine but got lost a bit in between two strong speakers.



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## WELFARE

### Kerrin Robertson-Scanlon and Andrew Rudolph

There wasn't really any argument or disagreement in the Welfare debate. Everyone that runs for Welfare is just super nice all the time so nothing interesting ever happens. These two are apparently even campaigning together, which makes absolutely no sense. They said that regardless of who wins, they would both want the other to be on their

committee, which was almost sickly sweet.

They both agreed that mental health is the most important welfare issue facing students.

The most interesting part of the debate was when Andrew spoke about being a drug addict for many years and how that shaped his understanding of

struggle. "It makes you understand how you're looked down upon by society; the trouble that you have accessing services."

**Our Winner:** No winner. There can't be a winner if you're on the same side. What even is this election?

## ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

### Matthew Schep, Porourangi Templeton-Reedy, Roger Yan

Pou wants to see OUSA make a big push to normalise te reo and revitalise cultural clubs. Matt prioritised repealing VSM, while Roger just used the word "continuity" a bunch.

Roger talked very loudly and very quickly. He said his top achievement on the exec this year was making exec roundup videos.

All of the candidates are experienced. Pou's been on the Te Roopū Māori exec twice, once as the Tumuaki Tuarua, the equivalent of the OUSA Vice-President, Roger is the current OUSA Cam-

paigns Officer, and Matthew is heavily involved with clubs, including Students for Environmental Action.

When asked what set them apart from their contenders, Pou emphasised his Māoritanga and different cultural perspective, Matt pointed to his "boots on the ground experience" in activism, and Roger said the word "continuity" again. You can't say he doesn't practise what he preaches.

When asked who would be their second choice after themselves, Roger said Pou and Pou said Roger and Matt wouldn't answer the question.

**Our winner:** Pou. Roger was an engaging speaker, but failed to break through because, like Matt, he spent too much time focused on internal intricate OUSA details. Pou had a better focus on outward-facing issues that actually affect students, and clearly connected more with the audience (although they were mostly his mates).



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## COLLEGES

### Jesse Drake, Findlay Campbell, Jack Manning

Both Jesse and Findlay are RAs and, predictably, want RAs to get paid more. "We've got a tough job and deserve to be paid right," said Jesse. Findlay said that most RAs "have to get a second job to pay to go to college as well as live there," and called the situation "Incredibly unfair".

In non-RA related policy, Jesse wants to campaign against sexual violence around campus. He wants to push to "change the dialogue we have at this University around consent. People do stupid shit, they get on the piss, and they let themselves down, they let their community down, and quite frankly it's not good enough". He acknowledges that there are already consent workshops in the Colleges but wants to also

look at workshops that address what consent looks like in the "real world".

Findlay reckoned it was more important that OUSA push to convince halls to allow third-party experts to run programs instead, as he didn't trust the halls to run adequate workshops, saying "Halls approach everything as an insular problem, but the support is inadequate".

It's sometimes hard for Colleges Officers to get into Colleges to connect with the freshers. Jesse wants to exploit his ins with RAs to sneak into the Colleges and secretly spread the word of OUSA. Findlay blamed the poor relationship between OUSA and the Colleges on some previous Col-

leges officers who he described as being "really really crap". He said that he's going to fix this by trying really hard to get the Colleges to respect him. Critic wishes him luck and are generally in favour of sneaking around as it seems more fun.

When asked what made the candidates different from each other Findlay said "What, why I'm different from the other two white guys sitting up here? No, no real difference I don't think".

Jack didn't attend because he's on exchange.

**Our Winner:** Pretty close, but Findlay pipped it. Jesse and Findlay were both solid, but Findlay seemed more prepared and showed a more in-depth understanding of the role and the issues at play.

## CAMPAIGNS

### Sam Purchas, Adam Currie, Georgia Mischefeshi-Gray, Henri Faulkner

Either they all had the same idea or everyone just copied Sam because he spoke first; they all seemed to want to get rid of single-use plastic in the uni. Georgia said she already lives without single-use plastic, which Critic, who today complained that eating slushy cups with normal spoons instead of disposable plastic ones made them "taste of metal," considers showing-off.

Adam wants OUSA to appoint a Sustainability officer, which seems like another poorly defined position where it's hard to tell if people are doing meaningful work \*COUGHFinanceRecreation-CollegesCampaignsCOUGH\*

The debate came alive when Adam and Sam started going at each other about the DCC. Adam wants OUSA to make more submissions to DCC policy, while Sam wants the DCC to "withdraw

their fingers [Critic became slightly aroused]. They're totally opposed to students and trying to please their old mates and regulate everything. They're waging a full-scale war on fun".

Adam hit back, saying that more DCC regulation would mean better flats. Sam repeated that the DCC should "withdraw their tendrils" at which point Critic left and masturbated in a nearby bathroom stall.

Henri seems like he really wanted to run for Recreation but didn't want to run against Josh. He wants to run wellness campaigns to help people's health and flattening campaigns to ensure that rents wouldn't increase as a result of higher student numbers. He also said he wants to "take some of the burden off" the Welfare Officer. Seeing as Campaigns is a bullshit role that shouldn't exist and Welfare is

notoriously hard, this doesn't seem like a bad idea.

The candidates sparked up when talking about repealing VSM (Voluntary Student Membership for those of us not too deep into student politics to ever claw their way out). Adam said it was "shackling us," Henry said he would "relish the opportunity to fight," and Sam said that it was "good in theory, but has worked awfully" because the uni has too much control over OUSA. Georgia said she didn't know what it was, but suddenly 'remembered' and said she was "against anything compulsory". Good save, Georgia, good save.

**Our Winner:** Sam, with Adam a close second. While his ideology seems all over the place, Sam gets credit for being outspoken and opinionated about a lot of things and for saying more than generic platitudes.

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## RECREATION

### Josh Smythe and Carl Aarsen

This was basically a contest of who can have the most fun. Carl is in the Hunting and Spearfishing club, the Tramping Club and the Rock Climbing Club. Josh is the incumbent Recreation Officer, was the President of the Fire and Circus club, and is an “elite level partier,” who “gets amongst Pint Night, Castle, and Hyde”.

Carl wants to see clubs do more community outreach, things like beach cleanups, to improve how the community views students. Ok? Seems like an odd thing to prioritise.

Josh admitted that the Recreation Officer doesn't really have to do much, “The clubs are really good

at managing themselves” and said that he sees the job as providing “interclub co-ordination”.

**Our Winner:** Josh, I guess? It's hard to pick a winner here because Recreation is basically a pointless position that does nothing. But Josh was funnier.

## INTERNATIONAL

### Sabrina Alhady and Clare Adams

This debate was boring and Joel nearly fell asleep. Claire wants to see a push for more integration of international students into Dunners culture, and help them through struggles like finding flats and affording food. Sabrina wanted to be more focused on breaking the stigma of mental health for people coming from countries that might not acknowledge mental health issues.

They're both experienced candidates and both seem like they'd be fine for the job.

Claire claimed she had more policy experience and would be the “advocate and activism candidate”. Sabrina said she had more experience running events, which to be fair is a large part of the International Officer's role.

**Our winner:** Draw/Don't Mind. Both of them spoke fine, and there wasn't enough genuine disagreement for either of them to come out on top. The Union Grill smells real good from here.

## POSTGRAD

### Sinead Gill and Dermot Frengley

Easily the best debate of the day. Sinead pushed her activism experience in pushing for meetings with the Humanities Vice-Chancellor and organising the student forum on Student Health changes. Dermott admitted he didn't have the same experience, but said he's “been here for five years, I've seen it in real life. I care about these things”.

Dermot wants to run more professional development events, Sinead hit back saying that wasn't the job of the Postgrad Officer. Dermott backedpedalled and said he wanted to “facilitate them,” not run them. Sinead hit Dermott's lack of experience,

pointing out that the University Senate, which the Postgrad Officer sits on, is making the decision in just two weeks on the future of the Art History programme, saying, “We need someone that's ready to fight now”. Dermott insisted he was ready, despite not having Sinead's experience.

On the topic of bad postgrad supervisors, Sinead said OUSA needed to step up and be a mediator to ensure departments are getting the right people. Dermott wanted to do a big review where OUSA talks to as many postgrads as possible.

Sinead insisted that, even if she lost, she would still be “a thorn in OUSA's side, [and] their keenest advocate. If Dermott get it, I will still be here; I don't think he will”. Dermott responded, “you don't need a license to care”.

**Our Winner:** Sinead. Dermott put up a good performance, but was basically overwhelmed because Sinead is a super freak that knows everything about postgrad issues and has basically appointed herself as an unelected exec member and does more work than half of them anyway.

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## OPINION: James and the Giant Pile of Broken Promises

By Sam McChesney

In 2012, Francisco Hernandez was elected OUSA President with a manifesto (or “Franifesto”) containing over 100 policies. He spent the following year meticulously checking his progress against these pledges, eventually delivering around two-thirds of what he’d promised and making a good-faith effort on most of the rest.

In 2016, four members of the Your Voice ticket, including current presidential candidate James Heath, were elected on a platform of buying a food truck to sell fries to drunk students. (Priorities.) They immediately ditched their flagship policy to curry favour with their new colleagues (many of whom rightly hated the policy). When challenged about this last year, James tried to paint his ticket’s actions as a noble gesture of compromise. Like Mandela, or something.

Last year James was re-elected to the Executive with two pledges, one of which he’s implemented and one of which has run aground on the rocks of OUSA’s employment policy. But he also joined the Unity ticket, who collectively offered a ridiculous platform of vague buzzphrases (“maximise experience”; “ensure best health”), and a promise to build a “wellness centre” to address student mental health issues. The centre hadn’t been costed;

nobody could say where the funding was meant to come from, where the centre would be located, or how many students the centre could actually treat; and the implications—administrative, legal, cultural—of turning OUSA into a healthcare provider weren’t even addressed.

Even though seven members of Unity were elected, a clear majority of the exec, and the wellness centre was their flagship policy, we haven’t heard a single peep about it this year. It’s almost as though the policy were complete bullshit and none of them actually believed in it.

(Side note: when I contacted James before this article went to print, he insisted that the wellness centre was “not my policy” and that he had “made this clear during the election” last year, which would come as a great surprise to anybody who followed that contest.)

James, Roger Yan, Norhan El Sanjak, and Josh Smythe are all former Unity candidates who are running for re-election this year despite completely failing to deliver on the promises they’d made, stupid as those promises were.

At the time of writing, James has publicly announced just one real pledge in his bid for presi-

dent—a voter drive ahead of the DCC elections. In further correspondence, he’s outlined a few more, mostly continuations of ongoing projects but also measures to improve OUSA’s engagement with te ao Māori. These are good policies, but they hardly amount to a vision, or even a platform. And based on his record—two elections won and a series of major promises abandoned—it’s fair to question why we should believe him.

It’s worth remembering that James had already served on the exec for a year when he attached his name to the wellness centre, despite the idea’s many, obvious, and crippling flaws. Either he still hadn’t figured out what OUSA actually does, which makes him an idiot, or he thinks policies are just a thing you say to get elected, which makes him all the worst clichés about politicians.

James is the most experienced candidate for president and he’s probably going to win. But if he really wants to improve OUSA’s engagement with regular students, he’ll need to dispel the image of student politicians as self-serving and insincere. And unless he can account for his history of idiotic, empty promises, he’s the wrong person to do that.







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## OPINION: OUSA Needs Some Fucking Balls

By Joel MacManus

OUSA desperately needs a President and an executive that are willing to actually start a fight with the University. We need to demand change, not suck up and beg for it.

In the last couple of decades, OUSA made a big effort to professionalise and pretend that they're big important grownups, in the hope that the Uni will take them seriously and listen to the things they say in committee meetings.

What's happened instead is that Uni has taken OUSA for granted. They do just enough to humour them without actually giving a shit what they have to say.

The only time the Uni listens to OUSA is when the Uni wants to. We need a new approach.

Yes, OUSA needs to do the behind-the-scenes stuff negotiating with the Uni, but they also need to be activists, and that's something they've forgoed entirely. One exec member this year opposed protesting the censorship of Critic because "Protesting never achieved anything". What the fuck are you talking about and what the fuck are you doing running a UNION if you believe that?

OUSA has the ability to get messaging out to a fuckton of people – they have a Facebook page with 30,000 likes, and they're a big enough organ-

isation that if they say something, local media will pick up on it.

At the moment Critic has to fight to get OUSA to write a press release (or even to get comment on our stories). In comparison we get ten a day from the University, which are all printed the next day verbatim in the ODT and credited to "staff reporter".

Every single time the exec votes on a policy position, they should be announcing it on Facebook and writing a press release. It's not that fucking hard. "OUSA is adamantly against cuts to the Art History Department and will vow to fight these short-sighted cuts," or "We oppose cuts to the number of second year student at Selwyn. This decision should not be made without proper student consultation." Every time OUSA makes a proposal or is blindsided by the Uni on something, the Exec should be ringing every journalist in the country.

The University is terrified of bad press. Terrified. OUSA needs to take advantage of that by being willing to get their advocacy into the media. Call them out, and they will respond.

When the University destroyed thousands of copies of Critic this year, we immediately contacted every media outlet we could find and

criticised them for it. The Uni fucking fell over themselves trying to appease the media and make themselves look better, and we had the Proctor in our office the very next day apologising.

If, instead of politely asking the Uni to not cut Art History, OUSA had put out a strongly worded press release to the ODT, they'd have a headline along the lines of "OUSA Calls Art History Cuts 'Heartless'". Suddenly the Uni is on the back foot and it's their responsibility to justify the cuts.

It's the exact same with the DCC. Stop making submissions and begging for change. When the DCC elections come around next year, OUSA needs to stop being so fucking passive and flex their political muscle. Endorse some candidates, demand some policy changes, get something done. If OUSA tells 20,000 students to vote for candidate X, that is going to make a difference.

Vote for a president and an exec that is actually going to be willing to make demands and stand up for you. Don't vote for someone who wants to suck up to the Uni and get a nice reference from Harlene on their CV.

13

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## OPINION: Tickets Are Dead and Critic Is Claiming Full Credit

By Charlie O'Mannin

Not a single ticket is running for this year's OUSA election. Critic has won its long war on OUSA election tickets and are in the process of killing all our horses, saying goodbye to the trenches and boarding the steamer for home.

In the past three years, a total of 30 OUSA Exec positions have been elected. 26 of those went to a candidate on a ticket. There were undoubtedly some good candidates on those tickets, but there were also a lot of bad candidates, particularly in the 10 hour roles, who rode in on the coattails of their tickets. Hopefully the ticket-less election will mean we see a higher calibre of exec member next year as candidates will be forced to run on their own policies and strengths as an individual.

This does not mean that a lot of the candidates in the election aren't heavily associated with OUSA or know each other. As the image above shows,

a lot of the people who are running already know each other, and that's fine. People who are already clued in about OUSA and involved with student politics have a greater knowledge base to bring the role and people who know each other can support each other through running for the exec, which is a difficult thing to do.

Critic has been campaigning against tickets ever since large successful tickets caused some of the most dysfunctional execs in recent history, gloriously epitomised in the "Real Change" ticket, whose President and Vice-President had a massive falling out in 2016, leading to the President refusing to step foot on OUSA property.

Recently the exec refused to vote to ban or limit tickets, despite students voting in favour of banning them last referendum, and despite the recommendation of OUSA's own Elections

Review Committee to limit tickets. As Colleges Officer Norhan El Sanjak admitted, "We were all on a ticket; we might be a bit biased".

However, not a single ticket emerged come election time. Critic's long and exhausting fight seems to be over. One of the candidates currently running told me that running on a ticket this election was considered "political suicide". Good. As Sam McChesney so elegantly put it in 2017, "Fuck tickets. Fuck them in every damn hole".

However, tickets may be dead, but they could still rise from the grave. There's nothing stopping tickets returning for next year's election and starting the cycle of shitty execs all over again. Hopefully next year an exec that didn't all get in on a ticket might actually vote to ban them and hammer a stake through that particular vampire for good.



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# THE BEST OF THE WORST ELECTION CAMPAIGN POSTERS



## Findlay

OK dude, we know you're rocking the pedo 'stache for some inexplicable reason. It's already not a great look considering you're going for Colleges Officer where you have to hang out with a bunch of young, supple freshers.

But why would you then choose this photo as your campaign poster? You couldn't have a creepier expression if you tried.



## Henri

We get it, you're swole. I don't know why the cut-out of his body was necessary, but it did help to make him look even more swole.



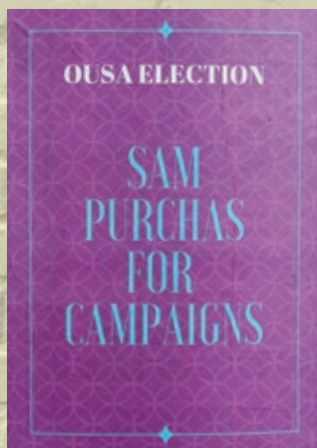
## Andrew

Where to start with this? Well, I guess there's only one place to start, and to end. Cat memes. 2011 called, it wants its internet jokes back.



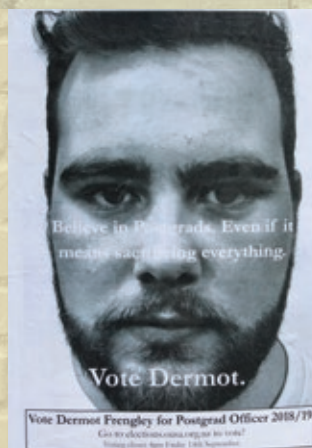
## Adam

Clearly got the wrong memo, because his posters were all put up sideways.



## Sam

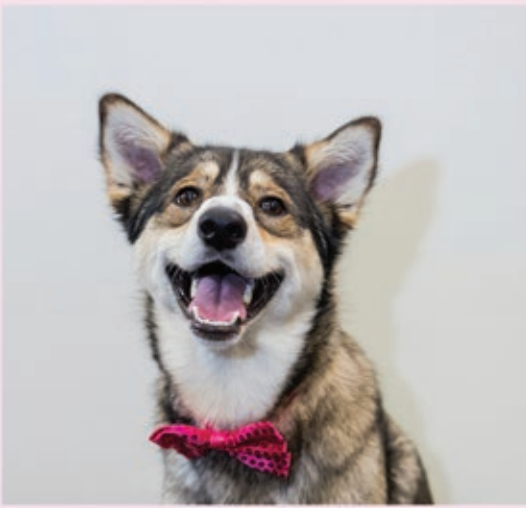
Who are you? What do you look like? Where did you come from? Where did you go? Where did you come from Cotton-Eye Joe?



## Dermot

Clearly going for a Colin Kaepernick spoof, but it just comes across as an ad for depression. And not an ad against depression; we mean an ad promoting depression.





# FOUND DOG

**Near the ice hockey rink**

**Border Collie Husky Mix**

**FOUND SEPTEMBER 7TH**

- **Was featured on the cover of Critic's 17th issue.**
- **Likes causing trouble**

## Critic Saves Lost Dog

We're the best.

By Joel MacManus

She's graced the cover of New Zealand's best dog-related student magazine, and now her fame has got her out of trouble with the law.

Maya, the beautiful border collie – husky cross that graced the cover of GOODBOY magazine (better known as the Critic Dogs Issue), escaped her backyard last Friday, but was saved from spending a weekend in the pound after a reader recognised her from the cover of the magazine, and found her owner's name in the article about her.

Anthony Doornbos, OUSA Designer and Maya's owner, said that Maya was "A bit of an escape artist". Over the past few months, she has made several escapes by jumping through windows and

over fences, and has repeatedly got picked up by Animal Control.

Anthony bought a perimeter column, which worked for a while but then broke. Last week he and his partner left the house to get a drink at New New New, hoping that the broken collar would at least be enough of a mind-game to trick Maya into not escaping.

Unfortunately it didn't work. While at the brewery, Anthony got a Facebook request from a woman he had never heard of before, which he at first "thought was a scam," but turned out to be a message saying "I think we have your dog".

Amelia Walker had found Maya outside the Dunedin Ice Stadium, and called Animal Control,

but before they showed up remembered that her friend had showed her the Critic cover with Maya's photo, put together that it was the same dog, found the article, and Facebooked Anthony.

"It must have been one hell of a fast Facebook stalk, because she found me within minutes."

Anthony raced across town to get there before Animal Control, and although he was late, he was able to rescue Maya from the back of the truck before they took her away.

"The cover, and the fame she got from it saved her from a weekend in the pound."



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ALTERNATIVE

## OUSA Introduces Alternative Vote for Elections

Critic writes very boring article that might just have a joke at the end

By Char lie O'Mannin

This year OUSA is changing its voting system from First Past the Post to Alternate Vote (AV). Under AV voters rank the candidates they want instead of voting only for a single candidate.

The winning candidate has to reach over 50% of the vote to be declared the winner. If that doesn't happen in the first round then the lowest polling candidate will drop off the ballot and their voters' second preference candidates will receive their votes. If after this no one has over 50% of the votes, then this process continues until someone does.

Initially, No Confidence is included in the overall

vote count. If No Confidence doesn't get over 50% in the first round then it will have failed and will be removed. This means that it is more difficult for No Confidence to win an election.

Voters can also choose not to rank candidates, in which case their votes drop off if their candidate isn't selected in the first round of voting.

Cam Meads, OUSA Administrative Vice-President, said, "It's very difficult for any vote to be wasted under AV. Each elected representative will legitimately represent the majority of voters which is a great step forward for OUSA."

AV was introduced after 71.5% of students voted for it in the 2017 OUSA Referendum, and after the large number of Presidential candidates running in last year's election meant that the winning candidate only got 32.5% of the vote, hardly a great mandate.

I was lying; there isn't a joke at the end. I just tricked you into reading a whole article worth of boring election detail. Unless you just skipped down here after reading the subtitle, in which case you've outmanoeuvred me.

17

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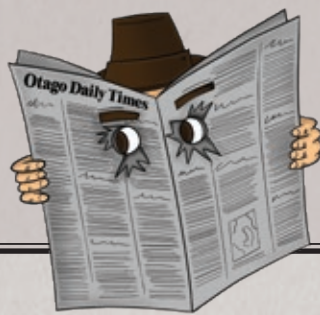
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## THE WEEK THE ODT YET AGAIN CHOSE TO GIVE A RACIST A PLATFORM

By Charlie O'Mannin

If you've ever wondered how we manage to write ODT Watch, let the ODT itself explain,

Just when you think you've seen it all in terms of the most ludicrous, platitudinous, meaningless bollocks, something new always comes along.

This week the ODT have tightened up on giving absolutely any clues as to an article's contents in the headline.

Open for discussion

[insert joke here; I've given up too]

Then the ODT's pathetic rip-off of the Booze Reviews has a crazy new diet tip.

No alcohol, half the calories

The ODT only gets half their calories from alcohol? They have clearly never had a Cruiser [this joke brought to you by Swilliam Shakesbeer, who has a monopoly on alcohol related content in Critic].

Next, a Māori Language Week catch-up from big ol' racist Tremain.



You see it's funny because... oh no wait, it's not funny; it's just racist.

You see it's funny because... oh no wait, it's not funny; it's just racist.

Time refuses to reverse, but there are still things to smile at

Sure, ODT, you keep telling yourselves that.

Then some paranoid rambling from the opinion section,

But when I see their dear little heads nodding, I fear they may be chattering away in unknown flower language, mocking me.

I hate to say this ODT, but the flowers were definitely mocking you.

And then we have the ODT reporting on a magic woman.

Back to the snow

Daphne also recalls Dunedin's July 1939 snowstorm. "I was three months old and

SHE DID NOT 'RECALL'; SHE WAS THREE MONTHS OLD; WHAT IS THIS SHIT.

And finally, a classic of ODT Watch; the ODT reporting on something not happening.

No plans to extend Dunedin runway

Is there a proposal to extend the runway that got rejected? Is a group of citizens demanding the runway lengthen? Nope. The ODT asked the airport if they're going to extend the runway and they said no. That's news, baby.

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## Simon Bridges Proves He's a Regular Kiwi Bloke by Drinking a \$20 Craft Beer

Simon Bridges today proved that he can be down-to-earth and relatable to the regular kiwi bloke, by posting a filtered image of himself wearing a ironed and pressed work shirt, while standing near a bar-beque and drinking a \$20 pint of hazy east coast India Pale Ale from some brewery you've never heard of.

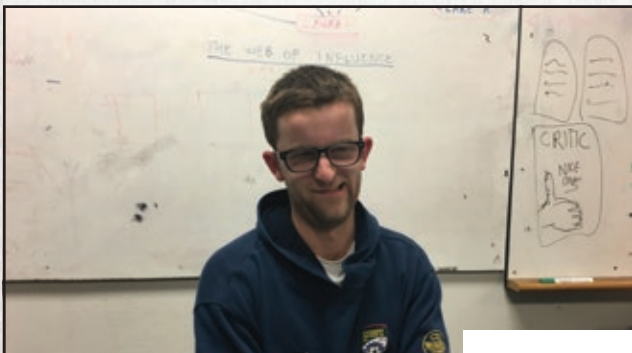
"Cor blimey, I drink beer too, he must be just like me," said a dirt-covered farmer at a rural pub.



## Colgate Stops Making Toothpaste After Learning That Fluoride Is a Neurotoxin

Major international conglomerate Colgate-Palmolive has announced they will be ceasing production of all lines of toothpaste and mouthwash after a sales rep attended a lecture in Dunedin on why fluoride is evil and wants to kill your babies.

A spokesperson said it was a moral issue for the company: "We couldn't in good conscience keep selling our undeniably dangerous products after seeing this very convincing and not at all scientifically misleading presentation. It made me sick."



## Report: Matt Got Hot

Photo caption: Matt in year 11

Woah, Matt got real hot since high school, according to new reporting from your friend Courtney.

Matt had not been seen since he switched to a different school in year 11, at which point he was very scrawny, was unsuccessfully attempting to grow a moustache, and used approximately one tub of Rock Waxx every day.

If accurate, these reports could prove to be a real game changer for both yours and Matt's sex lives.



## Record Turnout for OUSA Election Forum After Kevin Attends

The OUSA executive is "ecstatic" about the turnout to an election forum this year, after one student named Kevin showed up. "This is unprecedented," said Campaigns Officer Roger Yan, "having Kevin come along shows that we really are reaching students outside of the exec #studentengagement".

Kevin told the Tribune that he was looking for the toilets. The Tribune informed him they were around the corner, and he left.



# THE GREAT CRITIC DRUG REVIEW

Experimenting with altered states of consciousness is part of the human condition. Even in prehistoric times, scientists believe humans took ancient drugs to get high. With this in mind, Critic decided to conduct a highly scientific review of some drugs, for your enjoyment (but mostly for ours). Everyone tested a drug that they hadn't yet tried, for purely scientific (and hilarious) purposes.

## Weed By Dopey

This was the first time I ever smoked weed. I'll admit, I've never been into drugs, opting for the soothing burn of Diesels instead to fuel my fun. However, when Critic approached me with an open trenchcoat, insisting I take their drugs, I couldn't say no. Peer pressure is real, people. Critic is that seedy guy your primary school warned you about, the one that always fiercely insists you partake in their drugs, simply because they want to give away their drugs to strangers for free.

Later that day in my room, I had a hit from a borrowed bong. Not much happened. So I had another. Then another. I couldn't figure out why nothing was happening, until I realize that it takes longer than 10 seconds to work. Uh oh. Suddenly I was STONED. Like, Jimi Hendrix's sweaty bandana level stoned.

I felt very happy and warm, like I'd just had half a Christmas lunch and wasn't too full, and presents would be coming soon. I lay on my bed for a while watching YouTube videos, giggling at everything and nothing. Suddenly, I was RAVENOUS. This must be the fabled 'munchies'. I decided some sunglasses and a beanie would be an effective disguise to walk to Fatty Lane in, and after about eight attempts to use the self-service machine at Maccas, I emerged triumphant with a fuck-tonne of food. It tasted amazing. I didn't want to stop eating, and it felt awesome to move my mouth. I decided to keep watching TV, and promptly fell asleep. The next day I woke up and didn't feel like doing anything productive whatsoever, but otherwise no lasting hangover. Thanks Weed.



**7.75/10**

Pros: Relaxing and mellow.

Cons: You'll probably get fat and lazy.

## LSD By Bashful

My job was to try LSD. I'll admit, I had been looking forward to tripping for some time. The knowledge that it was for "work" (hah!) somewhat assuaged my ever-present, inexplicably Catholic guilt, so I cleared my schedule on a Saturday and prepared to get fucking weird. I put one tab under my tongue and it took about half an hour to kick in, during which time I played some Uncharted on PS3. Drake and Sully started resembling fuzzy cardboard dudes and I realized that the acid was working! I stood up and took a deep breath. It felt like the most full, clean breath I had ever inhaled. The room breathed with me. Was this what it feels like to really breathe? Had I been sleepwalking through life?

The vibrancy and luminescence of the world around me told me that yes – yes I had. Could this really be my scummy flat? It was BEAUTIFUL! I spent a few hours watching music videos, finding hidden deep meaning in Caravan Palace videos, and marveling at how incredible all music and animation is. Everything I looked at was like a work of art, even the most ordinary of items, and this was confirmed when I awoke the next day to a string of photos on my phone of weird things like the corner of a bench, that I must have thought looked amazing at the time. The trip lasted around 9 hours and it was the happiest day of my life. I felt so connected to the world around me and I felt so loved and free. Highly recommend this drug.

**10/10**

Pros: The universe understood me and I loved life.

Cons: Tripping regularly means lots of scheduling conflicts, due to the length of the trip.





## Cocaine by Snow White

I always wondered what cocaine was like, having mainly seen it portrayed as a glamorous rock star and models drug, or on Metalocalypse as the drug of choice for Dr Rockso, the Rock n Roll Clown. Our friendly office drug-dealer got me a small bag of powder, which was a little more blue than I expected (presumably NZ doesn't get very pure stuff? Idk). I decided to utilize it by having a night out, so I did – what else? – Pint night. You'd better believe I spent most of the night standing outside talking to people and smoking darts. If you were there, I was the very bubbly conversationalist wearing a green dress, sucking back menthols and effusing about music and the environment and making you watch YouTube videos you didn't even know

existed, and didn't really want to watch. I was on fire. I was the life of the party, Madame Butterfly, and the Wolf of Wall Street all rolled into one. My nose was humming with anticipation and the world sparkled with me as I retreated to the toilets every couple of hours to powder my nose. When I ran out of powder and the high wore off, I was sad. I wanted more. I got some Ritalin off a mate, and spent the rest of the night pretending I was still on coke. Memories were made, business deals were conducted and life plans were put in place. I was a girl with a plan. For that one night, at least.

### 8.5/10

Pros: Me = king of the world  
Cons: Can't really afford this habit until sometime in the after-uni future.



## Meth/"P" By Grumpy

As a young eager journalist, I'll do pretty much anything for a story, even losing all my money, home, relationships and teeth. So I agreed to be one of the Faces of Meth, at the risk of getting addicted from my first ever ingestion. Because that's what we're always taught, right?

I wasn't sure how to do the meth, but I knew a glass pipe could get me into a bit of trouble with Johnny Law, so I settled on the old nasal elevator. My "point" (0.1 of a gram) of meth was like a hard glass, so I took to it with a \$5 note and my student ID card and worked it into a fine powder for my snorting pleasure. I was at home in my bedroom and had no idea what it would be like, but I had advance-warned my flatmates what was going down, so that if I started screeching and breaking everything and having anal sex with other meth-heads for money in the kitchen, they could try and hold me back from my machete-wielding bender.

After about 15 mins, I was coming up like a game show cliffhanger after the ad break. I felt ALIVE. It was time to put my superhuman motivation and energy to good use. I started by tidying and organizing everything I owned in my bedroom. It felt good. I felt powerful. Next, I decided to treat my flatmates to some chores. I took everything out of the kitchen cupboards, cleaned them out and put everything back in order. I did the same thing with the fridge and chucked out old food. I jumped online and started having conversations with several different people, everything felt really good and I was Getting. Shit. Done. After a few hours, my motivation and energy had waned somewhat, so I chewed gum and hung out with my flatmates until it had worn off. I went to bed pretty late, but otherwise felt no need to get out the machete or pull out my own teeth.

### 9/10

Pros: Flat has never been cleaner.

Cons: Social stigma - if you do it, then do it in secret (or pretend it's a classier drug like coke).



## MDMA

By Happy

Oh, sweet MDMA - the cornerstone of every Dunedin breather's diet. Eager to finally become a Lad™, I was stoked with being assigned MDMA. After hearing countless Lads guffawing about the size of their pupils in photos and all the countless shenanigans like "stitch ups" and "dusty setups" that MDMA seems to provide, I was ready to dive in, Rodd & Gunn hat first.

Knowing that I would want to probably dance and rub up on things, I decided to ingest my cap of MDMA on the Saturday night of the Pink concert, knowing full well that there would be many drunk middle-aged mums to rub up on in town. A fellow brother hooked himself up with some as well, in order to join me on my journey to Ibiza the Octagon. Within about half an hour of swallowing my cap, I was feeling very warm and very euphoric. Everything was exciting and

the colours and lights took on an extra sense of adventure. The music was epic (considering I was in Mac's Bar, this was definitely a product of the drug) and I was raring to go. I danced for hours, stopping only to go outside and smoke ciggies and become best friends with everyone in the vicinity. The world was my oyster and life was great. I ended up making out with a friendly chick for what felt like an hour solid and it felt amazing - my skin was sensitive and it felt good to do literally anything with my mouth. I was enjoying the shit out of my chewing gum, too. I went home and had a wank and it was incredible.

### 9.5/10

Pros: HOLY FUCK BEST NIGHT EVER.

Cons: The next day I was coming down hard like Aucklanders to Otago Uni. Not fun.



## DMT

By Sneezy

I've tried acid before but never DMT and I was a little nervous. "It's like the world turns to Lego, and it's all colours and patterns!" I was told. The upside? No matter how intense it gets, it doesn't last longer than a few minutes. After some Erowid research, I loaded a bong with flavoured herbal tobacco, and sprinkled some DMT on the top of the cone. It was a semi-sticky yellowy crystal substance, and I had no idea what I was doing. My friend sat with me, ready to take the bong from my hands, because apparently you slip into "DMT Land" pretty fast. I took a hit of honey tobacco/DMT, and just as I was about to start coughing, my body went into total relaxation and I completely forgot there was even air in my lungs - the cough never came. Breathing felt incredibly deep, it was a crazy sensation, and everything around me took on fractal-like patterns

across the surfaces. Some music was playing and it enhanced the effects, and I gazed around in total wonder at how crazy and colourful everything looked. As I slowly breathed in and out really deeply, I closed my eyes to see what would happen. More fractals danced across my mind's eye, and vivid colourful patterns filled my existence. I couldn't believe how gorgeous everything was, and how light my body felt.

After about 5-10 minutes, I started to sober up a bit, and by 15 minutes I was completely sober, albeit with a warm glow about me.

### 10/10

Pros: Seeing the world how I wish it really was.

Cons: The realization that this is not how the world really is.



## Mushrooms

By Sleepy

Magic mushrooms! My mates who have been to Bali/Thailand (or just the ones who hang around Dunedin wearing hemp ponchos from Yaks n Yetis) have all been telling me to try magic mushrooms for ages. So, in the name of legitimate work, I decided to finally take the plunge down the rabbit hole. Because I'm clueless, I took the entire amount that I was given, assuming it would be a single dose (my more experienced friends later told me I had more like 1.5 times the regular dose, but they thought it would be fun to let me fly a bit higher). The trip seemed to come and go in waves - it was surreal. I spent a long time looking at my hands, which were pulsating to music. I went to the Botans to commune with nature, and ended up running from a giant green moth through the playground. It was strangely not scary though, it felt like we were old friends playing tag. Later, lying in the grass, I spied some children with their mother and it really harshed my buzz. I realized that I didn't want to be in public, so I headed home and lay on the floor of the lounge, listening to Fat Freddy's Drop. Cliché, but fun. The entire day was spent in a euphoric state, but I felt a little anxious at times. Would definitely try it again though, maybe with a more sensible dose.

**7.5/10**

Pros: Colourful and surreal.

Cons: Children in proximity are not conducive to a nice trip.



## Ketamine

By Doc

"Horse tranquilizer? You want me to try horse tranquilizer?" I asked the other writers. "Legally we can't ask you to do that at all," said my editor.

"Of COURSE I'm going to do it" I snorted. As if I wasn't chomping at the bit.

Later that week, I snorted a line at home. I had read about a thing called a "k-hole", which I didn't want to find myself in while out at the pubs. Apparently you can't move if you have too much ketamine, and I'm a big fan of moving.

After about 20 minutes, I started really, really wanting to dance. I put on some tunes and danced in my room for a while, then, when I realized I wasn't going to find myself all comatose, I decided to go to a party at a friend's flat down the road. I eagerly chatted to people and danced like a maniac. When it started wearing off, I felt a bit sad. But then I remembered I hadn't snorted all of it! I dashed home to jam the last of it up my eager nose, and then headed back to the party. The rest of the evening passed by in a whirlwind of happiness, fast conversations and dancing. I kissed at least three people, one of whom was another girl (a first for me) and life was grand.

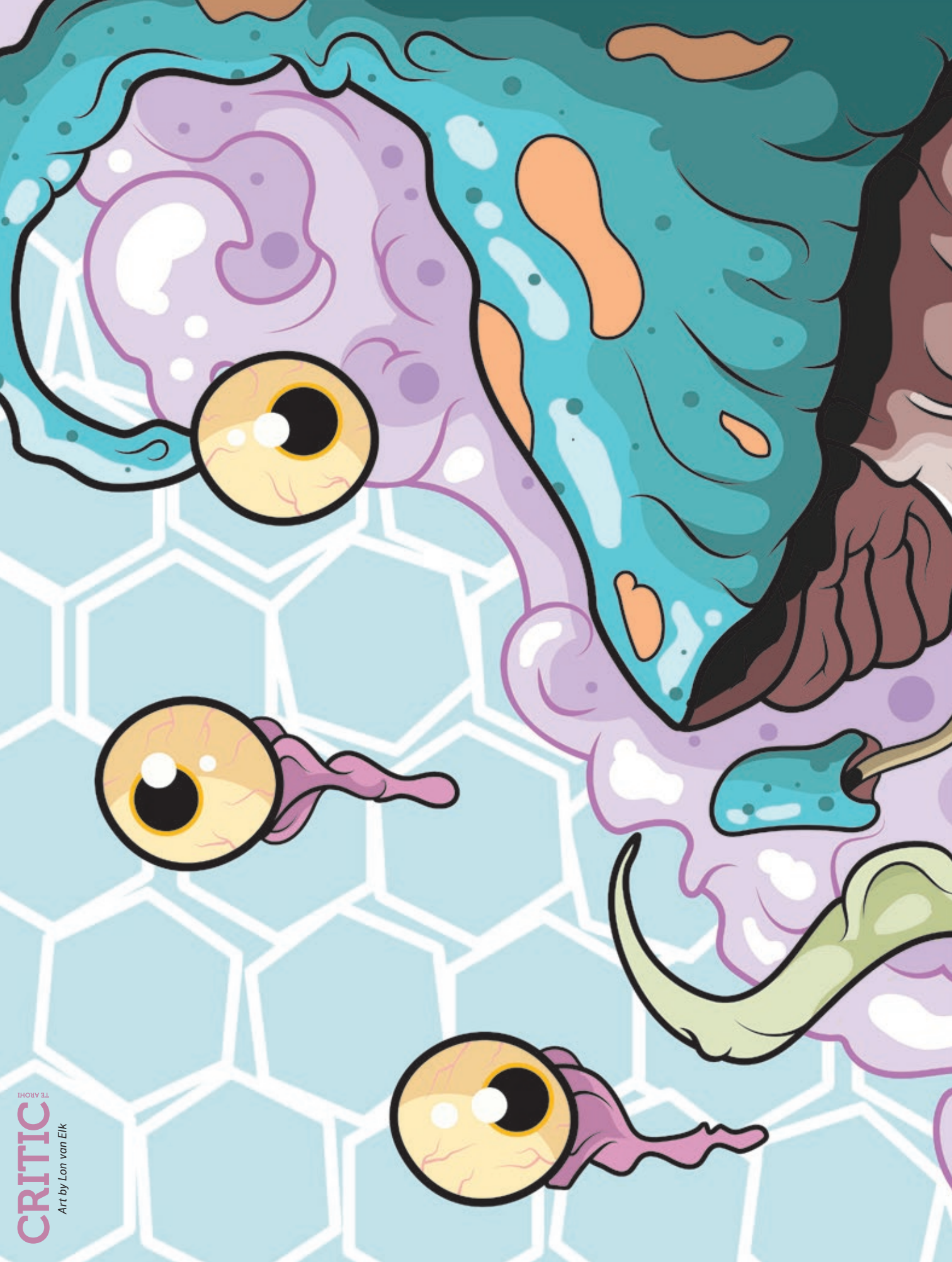
**9/10**

Pros: So much fun to kiss people.

Cons: Burns to snort.













# GETTING HIGH ON HISTORY AT THE WHAKAMANA CANNABIS MUSEUM

By Callum Doyle

It's one of those things that shouldn't exist but somehow still does, like my girlfriend. Yet somehow, in the middle of Dunedin's central business district, beside the finest sex shop Princes Street has to offer, sits the only weed museum in the southern hemisphere (well, Uruguay says they did it first but as always, Uruguay can fuck off).

Walking in, you're not too sure where you are. It's got a nice décor, and there is nice art on the walls. Add a few BA students smoking cigarettes while desperately justifying their degrees, and you could easily think that you're in any George St café. The giant space age bong in the back might give it away, however.

The Whakamana Cannabis Museum and Café was founded by Abe Gray, local activist, former deputy leader of the Aotearoa Legalise Cannabis Party, and possessor of both a Masters in Botany, and a beard that would make Gandalf look like a first year growing a mo for the first time.

He leads a small group on the tour of the museum itself, which, while small, is packed full of exhibits. First, he shows off the display of medical cannabis around the world, including New Zealand's sad contribution of four insanely expensive oils. There's the history of cannabis in New Zealand, as well



as a display of the various parts of the plant. For tourists, there's a comprehensive display of "spotting" - the uniquely kiwi way of smoking weed using butter knives on a ringed element that makes us look like crackheads to the rest of the world. Oh, and that space age bong mentioned earlier? Its real name is "The Feniculator" which essentially is a three way bucky bong designed to "simultaneously deliver beer, marijuana and nitrous oxide," originally developed by an unnamed Otago University Student in 2000, with the one currently on display being the "Mach 7". Reports that the "Mach 1" is actually still in the offices of the Botany department are 100% true unreliable.

Abe plans to regularly change the exhibits, as the museum boasts an entire room full of material, some of it dating back to the 1950s. There's also tentative plans to have a DIY testing area, where people can test their own weed to see its potency (which will also put about half of Dunedin's drug dealers out of business. Seriously Dave, my last 50 had more leaves than a Christmas tree).

Once through the tour, he tells the group that there is a 'members only' lounge where you can smoke and relax, for the low membership price of \$4.20. While the museum is

clean, tidy and well-organised, the members' lounge feels more like that one friend's basement that you'd rip bongs and play Xbox in after a hard day of high school (or primary school if you're from Gore). There're arcade games, a couple of TVs and even a giant papier-mâché bong, alongside a whole lot of real ones that are open for anyone to use, as long as you've got your own weed. It's part of the reason why the Cannabis Museum has stuck around and been so successful. You get to learn some interesting stuff, and have some fun while you do. It's like a tour of the Speight's Factory, but without having to pretend to enjoy Speight's. That duality of professionalism and friendly home-made authenticity is also reflected in Abe. He's simultaneously the friendly hippy you just know has got the best weed, and an incredibly smart activist and businessman. He's been at the heart of cannabis politics in Dunedin for almost ten years, being involved in both the OUSA "cannabis legalisation club," NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) and the Legalise Cannabis Party. He's been arrested on campus by undercover officers in 2008, ran for mayor in 2016 (promising not to smoke during work hours) and has been running the Cannabis Museum since 2013.



Well ... aside from the fact that there's constant usage of an illegal substance, right?





But that doesn't seem to be a problem for the museum at all. "They know what we're up to... but we don't grow or sell, [so] why would the police come in and give 50 people warnings? The best they can do is ignore us." That may be because they don't want a repeat of protestors smoking up in the police station again, since we all know just how hard it is to get weed smoke smell out of carpet (unless my mum is reading this in which case I don't know about that). Or it could be that we're on the verge of getting laws changed in New Zealand properly, and everyone except the government has already realised it's not worth the trouble any more. Either way, the Cannabis Museum is forging ahead with all things cannabis related, despite those pesky laws.

29



Which leaves the Cannabis Museum in a very interesting place if laws are going to change soon. There is a referendum coming up, even if it's so vague we don't even know what the questions will be yet. If growing, selling and possession are all legalised, the Museum already has an established following, as well as one hell of a market. They also are currently planning to open a Christchurch location next year, and plan to be 'in every New Zealand city in 5 years'.

So if you ever fancy educating yourself on the history of marijuana, and even taking part in some mild activism to push for the legalisation of it, or even if you just really wanna see a three way beer, marijuana and notorious oxide bong, swing on down to the Whakamana Museum. Just be prepared to come out extremely hungry, and possibly ready to march down and smoke out the police station.



# HOROSCOPES

## Aquarius



Jan 20 - Feb 18

It's important that you realize that money must go out to come back in. Also, how neat are waves? Wooshhh woosh.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Telling everyone that you tramp and do yoga

## Pisces



Feb 19 - Mar 20

Anal beads are flying in over the horizon. At precisely 3.47pm on weds, duck.

**Self-Medication Technique:** A cup of gumboot tea in the morning.

## Aries



Mar 21 - Apr 19

Jupiter and Venus are aligning which means that you're about to have a great week of sex.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Headspace App (incredibly calm British guy's voice is orgasmic)

## Taurus



Apr 20 - May 20

This will be a week of rediscovering all those key adult things like cleaning your room and wiping the bench and vacuuming the kitchen.

**Self-Medication Technique:** One shot of tequila every night after dinner

## Gemini



May 21 - Jun 20

Spring is blowing in with north easterlies and it's confusing as hell. That's ok, September is half over now. Just focus on your goals and you'll be ok.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Taking your meds because looking after yourself is so gorgeous

## Cancer



Jun 21 - July 22

Humans are relational beings. You've been isolating yourself recently. It's time to get back on the horse, get some mates over for a BBQ or potluck and soak in those vibes.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Eating a whole box of coco pops

## Leo



July 23 - Aug 22

You're alright. Just stop drinking four coffees in the morning.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Lying face down on the carpet

## Virgo



Aug 23 - Sept 22

Celestial lines are punching through magnetic clouds, aligning with octal nodes, meaning that you need to stop holding the pee in at night. Just go to bed. Got to be happy.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Buying unnecessary shit

## Libra



Sept 23 - Oct 22

Psoriasis is a sign from the gods that you need to think about your sentence structures.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Binge watching TV

## Scorpio



Oct 23 - Nov 21

You've had a cold for months. This has nothing to do with your drinking problem. Think about it.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Enabling those you love and everyone around you

## Sagittarius



Nov 22 - Dec 21

The end of uni is fast approaching. And you haven't eaten enough donuts. That will all change on Saturday night.

**Self-Medication Technique:** Propositioning lecturers for sex (mainly cos it's funny)

## Capricorn



Dec 22 - Jan 19

You will spend Thursday doing Mainies with the bois. You will also get the chopper cross tattooed on your butt. You will not have thought about that decision enough.

**Self-Medication Technique:** The Vogue Wine Diet from the '70s

VISIT OUSA.ORG.NZ AND GET YA FROTH ON!

# REAL FROTH

## ALICE IVY





# PHAKE PHACTZ

1. Paris is the capital of Parisn't.
2. Dogs can sense embarrassment, they lick you to further humiliate you.
3. The editor of Critic gets to live in a secret lair underneath the university with a classy butler called Alfred for the duration of their role.
4. JFK was shot by his wife because she was mad at him for not washing the dishes.
5. At nighttime, dining tables whisper insults to the chairs that surround them. It's quite mean.
6. By law, if you ask an undercover cop if they are a cop, not only do they have to tell you they are a cop, they are also legally required to give you their gun and badge.
7. Josh Smythe's beard is full of secrets. That's why it's so big.
8. When P!nk came to Dunedin she hid \$1 million dollars in cash in a box somewhere in the city for a lucky fan to find.
9. Coke Zero contains the crushed knucklebones of children who have wronged the company. It's listed as the ingredient "Food Acids 338".
10. In the film Air Bud, the dog's real name is Millicent and it actually can play basketball in real life.

## POPULAR BOIZ.

### Tristan

- Wants a mullet
- If it's not bolted down, he'll eat it
- Thinks he's getting fat; it's mainly booze though
- Thinks he's a snowboarder, isn't
- Takes advantage of all his friends' power, heating and water
- Smells bad because he eats like shit

### B. Ike Thi'ef

- Has whiskers
- Wears a red scarf
- Works at Radio1(??)

## TOP TEN WAYS TO:

### TO HIT ON A STRANGER

1. Open your trenchcoat and offer them some drugs.
2. Drop \$50 on the ground (without them seeing), and then when they can see you, pick it up and ask them if they dropped it. You'll look honest. NB: If they say it's theirs, don't pursue this relationship.
3. Ask them really really politely if they will remove their shirt seductively for you.
4. Throw rose petals in their direction while laughing maniacally.
5. Tell them you took a photo of yourself every day for 12 days and exclaim that the results will SHOCK them!
6. Follow them and create a soundtrack to their life. It could include mysterious ominous humming, happy ukulele strums, whatever the mood demands.
7. Offer to fix them a sandwich.
8. Pretend to be dying to get them to give you mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.
9. Stare into their eyes for as long as humanly possible. Cats do this, and everyone likes cats.
10. Ask them if it's you they're looking for.



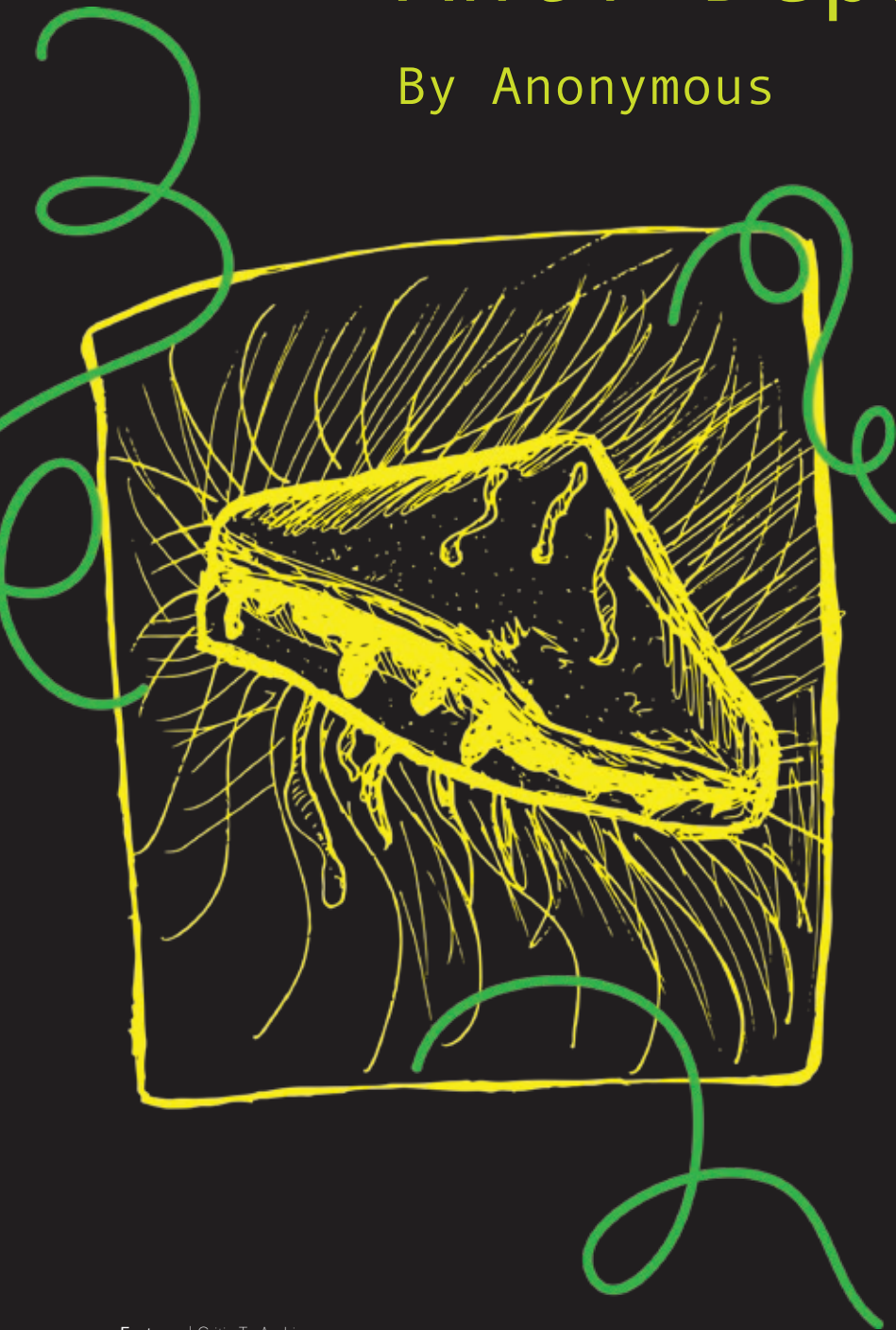
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# What It's Like To Be On Anti-Depressants

By Anonymous



For the past couple of years, I've had a consistent low mood; not showering, eating junk food, staying in bed all day. Yeah, I'm single boys, come and get it. However, despite all this, it was also kind of manageable. Dry shampoo and Blackboard slides were my sweet, sweet crutches.

This year however, things slipped. I became heavily depressed. My breaking point came on a Wednesday afternoon, crying into a dry sandwich at St David café. Sandwiches are the worst thing you could ever buy from a café; you can make it yourself at home, why the fuck are you paying \$5.70 for a slab of cheese and mayonnaise? So I found myself, sobbing in public and chewing multigrain bread, just because I wanted to feel something. I know that it doesn't sound that bad, but trust me – it was a bad sandwich. Of course it was. It was a sandwich, after all.

After a year of counselling, suddenly it just all seemed kind of pointless, because I was too depressed to listen to a weird meditation app or write my thoughts in a diary. So off to Student Health I went to get a prescription for antidepressants. I'd been avoiding the

option for some time. “I don’t want it to change my personality,” I’d moan to my friends, fully aware that depression had changed me into a whiny little bitch. Medication still has a huge stigma around it. That whole “blue pill, red pill” stint from *The Matrix* really fucked me up, man.

I talked to Dr Tangney, a local GP, on behalf of anyone wondering about exploring the option of antidepressants. She recommends that patients ask for a 30 minute time slot when booking an appointment, rather than 15 minutes, because often people exhibiting symptoms of depression say things like “I’m tired” or “I can’t sleep” or “I can’t concentrate at work,” but they haven’t put it together in their mind as depression.

Antidepressants are usually only prescribed for severe depression, as more mild cases are better treated by counseling and mindfulness strategies.

Dr Tagney says that when she prescribes antidepressants, it’s likely tapping into the placebo response, which is thought to be up to almost 30% for some medicines. “Often, I wish there were better medi-

cines available to treat depression than what we currently have – ones that have more evidence of effectiveness behind them. Despite this, some people really do seem to respond to antidepressant medications and say that they think that they’re really helpful.”

I was prescribed fluoxetine, a common selective serotonin re-uptake inhibitor (SSRI) that is prescribed when someone’s motor skills have been reduced, where they feel stuck, they don’t want to get out of bed, and their energy levels are low.

The first two weeks were odd. I was still depressed, but with side effects. It’s a bittersweet kind of irony, because most people only seek help for antidepressants at their breaking point (or in my case, due to sandwich-related incidents), and then are told it’ll take two weeks to kick in.

The first side effects are usually gut-related. Comparable to the morning after a big night out, your stomach will be cramping, you’ll be shitting out your arse, and you will generally hate yourself for every decision you’ve ever made. It’s manageable, just something to watch out for. I was advised to take my medication at night to try and sleep through the cramps. This however, resulted in some crazy dreams and patchy sleep. Although, is a sex dream with *Dora the Explorer* really a negative side effect? The jury’s out. She really does love to explore.

The biggest effect I noticed was my decreased sex drive. Thankfully I remain blissfully unloved in this fleeting world, so I wasn’t letting down a boyfriend – just my fingers. It was harder to reach orgasm, but I also just wasn’t really in the mood for one. But I had better things to do in bed, like wallow about my several failings as a daughter and a friend. When I did find myself having sex with a guy, I felt like a 40-year-old woman; all I wanted him to do was give me a hug and a kiss and then leave me to sleep. We had fully clothed, silent missionary sex. Shockingly, I didn’t cum. Even more awkwardly, I couldn’t

even semi-convincingly fake orgasm; I was as dry as a \$5.70 sandwich from St. David café. That didn’t stop me trying like a champ, though. Thank god for lube and for darkness. If someone finds out how to communicate in a cool, sexy way to your one-night stand that the reason he can’t pleasure you is because you’re on antidepressants because, oh god, did I mention how depressed I am, then please tell me.

However, if it’s a weigh up between my sex life and my mental health, mental health wins every time. Mainly because sex is so rare and fleeting, like the gratification you receive from an Instagram like. For the most part, my medication has worked. That’s not to say I still don’t have bad days, or I’m not still depressed. It’s just taken me to my baseline of questionable hygiene habits and leaving assignments to the last minute. I can be happy and fuck around with my friends, but then get so tired or anxious that I don’t leave my room. But I can live with that, because the good moments? They’re really good.

A couple of weeks ago, my depression got bad again. It’s kind of obvious for my flatmates because I tend to curl up in blankets on the lounge floor like a dying worm, but it took me a few days on the floor to fully figure it out. Rather than just going back to the doctor I self-medicated by drinking heavily. One night my flatmate returned from holiday and came into my room: “Is the grapefruit juice in the kitchen yours?” (Yes, because grapefruit juice is delicious, and I had recently changed my vodka chaser from pineapple to grapefruit). She went into her room and returned with her own box of antidepressants with a big sticker on the box saying, “Do not drink grapefruit or its juices”. So, that’s a thing. Not exactly sure why, but apparently drinking grapefruit juice with antidepressants is a bad idea. So, I stopped that, and after a few days my depression was back to a regular, good ol’ fashioned level. I now chase my shots with milk. Life is full of compromises.



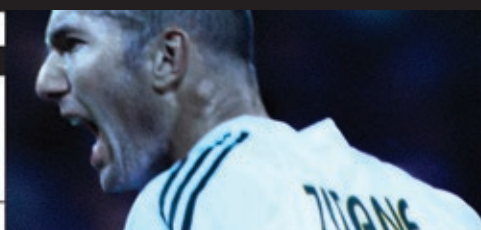


Going on antidepressants is full of little compromises like that. Maybe you can't sleep round at that boy's house because you need to go home to take your medication. Maybe you have to watch your drinking for a while because you'll get drunk easier initially. Maybe you have to actually establish a routine of taking them rather than just passing out in your bed. These are all things I learnt to work around, and trust me, it's worth it.

Overall, going on medication was the best decision I could have made. I'm not saying it's cured me, I'm not saying it'll cure you, but it has helped me reach a place where I'm able to function and enjoy life more. There's a huge stigma around antidepressants when, in reality, a lot more people take them than you think. Maybe your parents, your netball coach, or your best friend. That doesn't make those people any less wonderful or kind. Everyone needs a little bit of help now and then.

Maybe your idea of help is smoking a cigarette or venting to a friend. Mine is a little green and yellow pill (they really need to sort their colour scheme out.) Mental health is a really important issue, don't be afraid to speak out and get help. It gets better.

If any of this resonates with you and you are concerned about your mental health, please call Student Health on 03 479 8212 to suss out an appointment ASAP.



**ZIDANE**  
A 21ST CENTURY PORTRAIT  
DOUGLAS GORDON + PHILIPPE PARRENO





The problem with political jokes is if they get elected.

Aside from myself, I don't think we have this problem on this year's Exec. But that doesn't mean that'll always be the case.

Don't have electile dysfunction. Get out there and vote for an Exec that represents you. Even though all the candidates are phenomenal, keep this in mind: bad representatives are elected by good people who don't vote.

Every position this election is contested. That means a smorgasbord of ideas will be on offer. It's up to you to pick the tastiest options. And with our first election using Alternative Vote (AV) - a ranking system - each winner will represent over half of the voters. But if alternative becomes the new mainstream, what is the new alternative? These are the types of questions the new Exec will have to answer.

We are not too far away from having our referendum as well. It may seem like a lot of voting all at once, but did you know the word 'vote' is actually latin for 'give a shit'? Yeah well it is. The Greek's gave plenty of shits. So much so that they invented democracy. Let's make like the Greeks and vote.

Vote in the elections, vote in the referendum, and vote at the AGM. Oh yeah we're having an AGM. Stay tuned for more dusty articles about that.

Don't be loser. Be a chooser. [voting.ousa.org.nz](http://voting.ousa.org.nz)

**Cameron Meads**  
Admin Vice President  
[adminvp@ousa.org.nz](mailto:adminvp@ousa.org.nz)

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# I Lead a Police Hunt Through the Botans When I Was High

By Anonymous



Put down your Billy Mavs, put away your study notes and buckle in because I am about to tell you the greatest story of all time.

It all started two months after a nasty breakup. I still missed my ex. I missed his eyes, his flakiness, his unwashed fore-skin, his intense fear of commitment. I missed the smell of Lynx Africa and how he freaked out whenever I touched his bum.

So, because of this, every night I would sit on a quiet bench outside my hall alone and smoke through two fat joints. It was at this sacred bench that my journey began. One night at 3am I was sitting there as usual, wearing my leopard print dressing gown and slightly moldy ugg boots.

It was mid-way through my second joint when I saw something. Something dangerous. Unfortunately I cannot disclose certain information. What I can tell you though, is that someone's life was in danger.

In my hazy state I realized what was happening and woke up my friend Al to come help. We followed the person/people involved into the entrance of the Botans. As we ventured deeper, we became afraid for our lives. We pleaded with the person/people involved to stop and come back. I threatened to call the police if they went further into the dark forest. They didn't listen, bolting into the night. Well fuck. I whipped out my cracked iPhone and called the police as we walked back to our hall. I realized I had fucked up. Outside our hall waiting for us were four cop cars. And I was high as shit.

We were quickly interrogated about the situation. Cops and radios were everywhere. Red lights were flashing. I was trying my hardest to fake cry so I could blame my red eyes on crying. They wanted me to get in the back of their car and show them where I had last seen the person/people disappear into the Botans. Al, who realized the vegetative state I was in, quickly told them that she could take them. My pulse gratefully slowed.

"Actually we need you to show us, you were the one who made the call." Panic brewed. Reluctantly I was placed in the back of the car. As I sat there, my heart in my throat I realized I had fucked up for the second time. I was in a car with two cops, three other cop cars were behind me, and I had a bag of weed nestled in the pocket of my dressing gown.

Oh. Fuuuuuck.

I'm a naturally paranoid person anyway, but the weed enhanced it. Shit. Shit. Shit. The other cop cars split off, sealing the other entrances to the gardens. It was just me, two cops in my car and a second car parked out the entrance. This is fine, I told myself. There were only two of them. I could act normal. I launched forward, my dressing gown flapping around me like a cape. "It's this way!" I shouted as I marched into the bushes. "Wait," a firm voice barked. I stopped in my tracks. "We have to wait for the handler," one of the cops said. I turned around as a third police officer exited the second car. This one was different. He was covered in black padding and had a special vest on. He looked badass. Just staring at him gave me chills. He strode around to the back of his car and opened the boot.



It was then that I realized I had fucked up for the third time.

I had to hold the shit in my pants because what jumped out of the boot was a giant. Fucking. GERMAN SHEPARD. As it bounded towards me, my legs went weak. My vision swarmed. It's going to smell the drugs. This is it. This is how it ends. As it got close enough to touch, I quickly reached out and started patting it. "Oh wow what a lovely dog." "SO CUTE." "SO FRIENDLY OH MY GOODNESS!" Its nose was getting alarmingly close to my burning pocket. I stifled a scream. Suddenly, the handler snapped back the leash, prompting the dog away and I finally exhaled.

Now, my tolerance to weed was still pretty low and this had all happened within the space of 15 minutes from when I had made the call. So I was still pretty fucking high, but it was quickly fading from the extreme stress I was feeling. I lead the charge. It was exhilarating. Torches illuminated the trees; radio static was humming in my veins. We reached the spot I had told them about. I did it. Thank god. I can go home.

Ha, nope.

It wasn't safe, they said. I had to stick with them. So we walked, called out the name of the person in danger, walked some more. We continued on for a while. The dog was sniffing away looking for their scent. Sometimes it would circle back to sniff me and I would tense up again. But the handler would tug back on the leash and the dog would go back to doing its job. Finally, we found the person/people we were looking for.

Again, I can't specify exactly what happened but I can say that a taser was pulled out and clothes were searched for weapons. It was an intense moment. One I would have found scarier if I wasn't so focused on the leftover pizza in my room. Finally, we had successfully rescued the person. I was basically a hero. Me smoking weed that night had unintentionally saved the day. But because I knew the person we had saved, I was now allocated the role of support person. So, I couldn't go home. I had to get back into the police car and go to the hospital. The person was checked out and they were fine. The situation was being resolved. As I patiently awaited the results, I stepped out into the hospital car park.

You know what I deserved? A fucking joint.

So I rolled one, smoked it and patted myself on the back for a job well done.

This was the fourth and final time I realized I fucked up.

After smoking and washing my hands, I exited the bathroom and ran into a detective who offered us a ride home. I politely told him no thank you. He insisted. So this time I had to climb in the back of the detective's car. If he smelled the weed, he didn't comment. I still had the drugs in my pocket. Therefore, the detective was transporting drugs. I giggled at the thought. Once we arrived back at the hall, I had to relay the events of the night to hall security and the head of hall. As the sun rose, I was finally allowed to go to my room. I crumpled into my bed, grateful I survived the night and wasn't caught. Later the next night I struggled to sleep. Luckily I knew what would help. I went to my bench and lit up a joint.



# I ACCIDENTALLY SMOKE LACED WEED AND IT FUCKED ME UP

By Another Anonymous Author

Weed is fucking terrifying. Not a statement that you hear very often as for most people who use the drug it is a relatively positive experience, for me however this is not the case. Here is my story of a 2-day drug trip that has put me off any other illicit substances for life, which started with just some weed, a bong, and trouble sleeping.

It began when I was telling my flatmate about the trouble I was having sleeping, I was tired and desperate to try anything. He recommended that I try some of his weed that he used, fuck it, I'd tried a bit before but never really felt anything so decided to give it a go. We went outside, had a few cones and headed back into the flat. Everything was going well, until I went to get some water, and it floated up to the ceiling. This is where shit started getting weird.

I told my flatmate that I wasn't feeling the best and that I should go to bed, he agreed and so I went to my room and turned off the light. The room was dark except for the dim, purple glow of the light-bulb. Suddenly it started to have flecks of gold, and it grew brighter and brighter until I realised what I was seeing, I was staring directly at God. He/She didn't say much, obviously not a big conversationalist, but I knew I'd fucked up. The outline of my room and its contents began to glow fluorescent blue, despite the room being pitch black. I thought I had died, and it was the worst feeling I've ever had. I couldn't breathe, and I was freaking out, thinking that this would be the rest of my eternity.

Excerpts of what was going through my head include "Holy shit I've died, Mum's going to fucking kill me," "Maybe I should Google how not to be dead, but then they'd know that I'm dead," and "Archduke Franz Ferdinand is behind everything, I finally understand". Eventually I had the idea of turning my light back on and everything went back to normal, I was in the clear. That was until the tiger came out of my wall. There are few justifiable reasons for shitting yourself as an adult; I think seeing

that is most definitely one of them (for the record I didn't shit myself). Then it turned into a dog, a horse and a cow among other common animals. The cast of Back to the Barnyard eventually fucked off out of my room and I got a bit of peace. However, this nightmare had lasted the whole night and it was time to get ready to go study, at least it was over though. I jumped into the shower, and the water started going up. Fuck.

I got myself to the library to study for exams and decided to have a wee break before I got into it. 10 minutes later my mates asked me if I wanted to go grab some dinner. We got to the library at 9am; I'd stared at my screen for nearly nine hours, completely wiped out. Safe to say that I got stuff all done that day. I went back to my flat, couldn't understand anything that was happening around me and tried to sleep. It didn't work, because I did manage to get to sleep, but with the unfortunate side effect of sleep paralysis. Sleep paralysis sober is already awful, but have you ever had it when you're tripping balls? That shit will really fuck with you. I couldn't shake the feeling of dread and the occasional hallucination until the next day. The worst part was that all I wanted to do was to get some sleep, but instead was awake for two days, absolutely bloody cooked. My flatmate though? He got one of the best sleeps of his life.

This was enough to put me off taking drugs, but I know you absolute breathers love the occasional drag on the Broccoli among other things. Just make sure that you know what you're doing, make sure your mates are close, and keep an eye out for ol Archduke Franz, I still reckon that fucker's up to something.



# I WAS THE WORLDS WORST DRUG DEALER

By Chelle Fitzgerald

*Chelle Fitzgerald interviews a self-confessed "terrible" former drug dealer. For anonymity's sake, we'll call him "Mr Drugs."*

**Chelle: What drugs did you deal?**

Mr. Drugs: Throughout the years I sold marijuana, (REAL) LSD, MDMA, MDA, 2CI, 2CB and D.O.C. (2,5-Dimethoxy-4-chloroamphetamine).

**Chelle: Did you get rich and/or die trying?**

Mr Drugs: No, I was too busy getting high on my own gear and selling it cheap to my friends. I was moving a lot but I was also using, giving away or losing a lot. It was never really about the money, I was in it to pay the rent and party. I once had a deal on the go for half a kg but got cut out, still pissed about that one.

**Chelle: What was the best thing that ever happened to you during your time as a drug kingpin?**

Mr Drugs: Just the lifestyle, the friends I made, we partied 24/7. And I mean party. We wanted for nothing [and] no one worked, so we would go for days.

**Chelle: What was the worst thing that ever happened during your time as a drug kingpin?**

Mr Drugs: I got in debt, had the old bail up, car boot opened and "if you don't pay then you will go in here and not come back" thing happen.

**Chelle: Did you get lots of sex with models?**

Mr Drugs: No, that's not my thing. Normal sex life with girlfriends and the like.

**Chelle: Did you deal to anyone famous?**

Mr Drugs: A Shortland Streeter and big time musos. A few household names

Chelle: PLEASE be the Briscoes lady.

**Chelle: How long were you dealing for?**

Mr Drugs: On and off for 16 years.

**Chelle: What is your advice for up and coming drug kingpins?**

Mr Drugs: Don't use your own gear and don't take too much out with you if you are getting on it - you will lose it or give too much away, and don't start out in, or get into, debt.

**Chelle: Did your parents know about your double life?**

Mr Drugs: Yes, they were all good with it, pretty open-minded folks and it was my thing, not theirs.

**Chelle: Did you do scary things like cut a guy?**

Mr Drugs: I once held someone over a balcony by their ankles, fucker owed me for over a year, left town, came back. I hit him up at a party and he tried to be all "it's cool bro", then he got aggressive when I said it wasn't, I wasn't about to take that shit in front of people so I flipped him over a railing till I got the answer I wanted and was paid the next day.

**Chelle: Do you still partake in drugs now?**

Mr Drugs: Yes, not as much as I would like. I still love to party, I stick to MDMA; it's far better than alcohol.

**Chelle: If you could do it all over again, would you?**

Mr Drugs: Yes, but better.



# Q&A WITH DEVILSKIN

By Victoria Ranson



40

**Devilskin is a Kiwi metal band from Hamilton. They recently kicked off their New Zealand tour in Dunedin on the 31st of August. Just before their Dunedin gig, Victoria Ranson caught up with Paul Martin, the bassist and founding member of Devilskin.**

**Critic: You're about to go on tour around the country, are you excited to be returning to Dunedin? You were last here in 2017?**

Paul (Devilskin): Yeah! We were here last year, we don't like to miss Dunedin out ever on a tour because it's such a fun town to play in. Union Hall is a great venue, that's a favourite for us. Dunedin is the first date on the tour as well so you're gonna cop the lot. That's gonna be massive, we can't wait.

We really appreciate (small towns), it's really special to have people giving a stuff about your band that they want to travel to come see your show.

**You're the man who formed the band. What was the inspiration behind forming the band?**

I had been doing a radio show called The Axe Attack, it started out on Contact FM and then moved to The Rock for 20 something years. Years ago I get this demo from Jennie Skulander's (Devilskin vocalist) band Slipping Tongue, based in Rotorua. She was 16 at the time and as soon as I put it on I got goosebumps from her voice, I just thought she was

amazing. The demo was pretty rough \*laughs\* but her voice was outstanding. I just kept an eye on her as Slipping Tongue did more and more.

Nail (Devilskin guitarist) and myself are good friends from other bands and Jennie was just such a spectacular singer that everyone wanted to play in a band with her. So when Slipping Tongue broke up we had a chance meeting and said "Hey, wanna jam?" She had been burned a bit from the last band and wasn't really keen to rehearse too much or play gigs out of town. She says "Ok if we're not going to do much then I'll give it a go" so we just had a jam to see what happened and then next minute... \*laughs\*

The coolest thing is now that she's married my wife's little brother she's my sister-in-law, so she's stuck with me now. And our drummer is my son (Nic Martin), her nephew, so she can't get away now. She's stuck with us.

**So you guys are like a family band! What is it like performing with your son as the drummer?**

It's the coolest thing ever. Without a word of a lie he's definitely the best drummer I've ever been in a band

with. He works hard and he's really conscientious about the music. He takes a big part of the songwriting and production duties. He's fully immersed in it and when he's not doing Devilskin he's got another band called Seeds of Conflict and they've been up and down the country kicking their asses off so he's really busy. He's a confident musician, he doesn't just play drums he also plays piano on our second album (Be Like The River). I couldn't be prouder, every night when he's playing on stage with these amazing drum solos I still get goosebumps.

**And he was only 15 when he joined the band?**

I was really pestering him into the band it was either "Come do some gigs with us or you're grounded." \*laughs\* We had another drummer at the time but he had to have an operation on his shoulder so he couldn't do this tour that we booked. So Nail, Jennie and I just looked at each other and said "We have to have Nick. We just have to." He works really really hard and I couldn't be happier getting to tour the world with my boy, you know? It's wicked.



**Did you guys have any idea the amount of success your band would get when you first got together?**

Hell no. We had no plan of that. The first night we got together we jammed three songs that are still on our set list today, Little Pills was the first song we wrote together. Nail said "I've got this riff, my old band hated it." And I said "Dude, this is awesome." And then we did Fade and Until You Bleed so the first rehearsal things were sparking up, ya know? We were just "Wow, this feels really good." But we didn't go "Ok, in two years time we want to be playing Download or touring the country," it was just really organic just thinking about the next rehearsal and thinking about the next song we're going to write. And then when we book a gig we're thinking about that. And then the gigs got bigger and we got more people along. It kind of grew quite naturally for us and as soon as we signed to management more doors started opening, then off we go overseas. It's been a crazy trip, but we didn't actually plan any of this! \*laughs\*

**What advice would you give to aspiring bands?**

We'll we threw ourselves in there and worked really hard at everything we did. The small gigs we started playing in we'd get like, 40 people or so, but we'd still spend all day there making the stage look amazing. We'd get out these red curtains all around it just to make it look stunning. We just wanted to always give people a show and make it a better show the next time we went there. So my advice for bands is to just get out there and start doing that, and as soon as you get a bit of momentum just keep it rolling because momentum can be hard to get. It's got to inspire you to work even harder just to keep everything rolling.

It's no picnic in this country, it's tough for bands because there's a lot of great bands and bummer all venues and bummer all breaks for the bands to get anywhere. But the ones who stick with it and are staunch about it and can keep a line up together, that's probably the hardest thing these days...the hard work pays off, you just gotta stick with it.

**You're about to go on tour around Europe with Halestorm, are you hoping that international success could be the potential for more music?**

Oh, definitely! It's a bigger market, obviously. We do quite well in Germany and the UK, we get a lot of radio and TV time over there. Germany has really embraced us, it's been awesome. This will be our fifth trip back there. It's one of those things where you've got to keep chipping away otherwise they're going to forget about you so we have to keep going back. Ideally we want to sell records over there so this next trip back to Europe we're doing 11 countries in 21 days with Halestorm. It's pretty full on, we're going to be in front of their (Halestorm) crowds every night and they're pulling 3,000 people upwards so it's a fantastic opportunity for us to get our music heard and that's what we want. We want to hit that European market and for everyone in Europe to know who Devildskin is. It's all good for New Zealand music, it's putting us on the map!



## Amazon Surf, Skate & Denim

10% off full-priced items

Not in conjunction with any other offer, only available in-store

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Two Bacon Cheeseburgers for \$4.90

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10% Student Discount

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\$69 new patient exams and x-ray

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Buy two games of Mini Golf or Laser Tag and get the third free

## Only Ur's Beauty Parlour

Brazilian maintenance & eyebrow (thread or wax) Combo for only \$39

## The Poolhouse Cafe and Bar

Half price pool every weekday for students.

## Rapunzel's Hair Design

Women's cuts from \$49,

Half head of foils w/ toner from \$109,

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## Stirling Sports

10% off all non-sale items

## Shosha

Sunday - Tuesday 10% off on all E-liquids and Shisha vases. Must show student ID. Strictly for 18+ only.

## ReBurger

Upgrade your side of fries for free when you present the RAD1 card or app

### Biggie's Pizza

Two for one New York Original 12-inch pizzas

### Bendon

Spend \$50 and present your RAD1 card or App and receive a free Lingerie wash bag.

### Benessere Studios

20% off all Massage Treatments for Students and Rad1 card holders

### The Bog

\$15 Steak, egg and chips Sunday - Thursday all day

### Bowl Line

2 games for \$15

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50% off all perishable food items 4.30-5pm weekdays. Limit 2 food items per RAD1 Card/App holder

### Capers Cafe

2 for 1 Gourmet pancakes, Monday to Friday only

### Campus Shop

Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

- 440ml Pepsi can range

- Bluebird chips 35-80g including

Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

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Special RAD1 discount at all times, simply present your card/app to the driver at the start of your journey

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15% off per card holder, per visit with your RAD1 Card or App.

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### Dunedin Ice Stadium

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### Electrifynz Dunedin

Whole day rental for 1/2 day price (\$45) when you present your RAD1 card or App

### Escape Dunedin

Receive a 25% discount for Contagion in the Savoy with your Radio 1 card

### FlatParty.NZ

Free Lighting Package with any Sound System Hire.

### Gilbert's on Albany

10% off all Bagels, Buy 9 bagels and get the 10th free

### Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased w/ tertiary student ID

### Golden Harvest Restaurant

5% off on Main Menu (Must Present Student ID)

### Governor's Cafe

\$6.50 for Regular Hot Drink + Scone/Slice/Muffin on Mondays and Tuesdays

### Groom Room

Full cut and style with consultation, complimentary drink, wash, hot towel, cut throat finish valid with ID for \$30

### Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

### John Swan & Co

\$14 for engraving of cup, trophies, jewellery, hip flasks and glasses

### Kassandre Lynne Photography

25% off all Portrait Sessions for Students and Rad1 card holders (includes Graduation Photos, Family Portraits, Pet Portraits, Couples, Groups/Friends, and Lifestyle Portraits)

### iBike Hire

2 for 1 bike rental on Wednesdays

### Indian spice

\$10 Lunch combo- curry, rice, naan bread and a soft drink (Mon - Sat 11.30am - 2pm)

### La Porchetta

10% discount on all meals for lunch and dinner (only available in-store)

### The Maharajas

All curries \$12.99 excluding seafood on Tuesdays and Wednesdays

### Nando's

10% off your meal

### Oaken

Buy 4 coffees and get 5th one free

### The Oil Express

Special RAD1 Loyalty Scheme available. Pay for 5 services get one free (special conditions apply but not restricted to single vehicle)

### OpShop on St Andrew

Mad Monday: Visit Op-Shop on St Andrew and negotiate your best offer with us every Monday

### One Supps Dunedin

10% discount storewide (only available in-store)

Buy six smoothies/protein shakes and get the 7th free

### Painted Rock Tattoos

10% student discount

### Pizza Bella

Gourmet wrap and drink for \$15 (add fries for \$2)

### Pizzeria Da Francesca

Upgrade from small pizza to large (Dine in Only)

### Poppa's Pizza

Free Garlic Bread with any large or regular pizza

### Rad Car Hire

Special student discount, 10% minimum. Pick up and return vehicles 24/7. Convenient location near university.

### Ratbags and Innocent Bystanders

\$10 pizza meal. Snack pizza, chunky spuds and garden salad (saving \$6.00)

### Rob Roy Dairy

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday & Tuesday

### Sampan House St Andrew St

Get 10% student discount when you spend over \$20 or more.

### STA Travel

\$50 off tours over 14 days, 10% off travel insurance, 50% off ISIC student card when booking international flights

### Subway

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a foot long meal deal for free

### Sudz Laundry

Fast and flexible laundromat for students. Wash & Dry. Easy, accessible location near University.

### Taieri Lakes Golf Course

Present your Student ID and get a Special Student Green Fee \$20! (50% discount)

### This 'N' That Giftware

10% off storewide

### T M Automotive

\$50 warrant of fitness fee

### Tokyo Garden

Student discount: 10% off every day and 20% off Tuesdays on full-priced meals.

### Vapourium Ltd

\$3 Coffee happy hour Saturday & Sunday, 1 - 3pm  
30% off Vapourium eliquids

### Velvet Burger

Sign up for our GCC Club and get a free burger (any) and scoop of fries

### YHA

\$10 off YHA membership - purchase online at YHA.co.nz and use the code OUSA18

### Zabatsu Hair Art

Half head of foils, treatment, cut and blow-dry for \$99

### Zanzibar

180+ different gins starting from \$8. Present your Rad1 Card and receive \$5 off all deluxe gins (\$20+)

### 50 Gorillas

Burger Bonanza - Beef, Vege or Chicken Burger, Chips and a Drink only \$9.90

with your 2018 RAD1 Card or App!

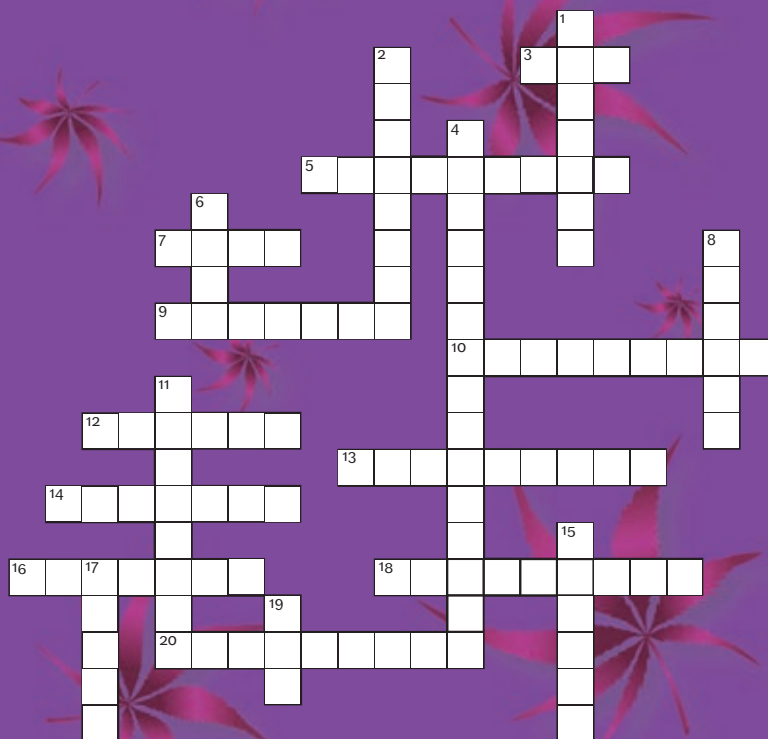
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## Across

3. Government agency who used LSD for years in testing. (3)
5. Amazonian tea that makes you trip balls. (9)
7. D.A.R.E. - To keep \_\_\_\_\_ off drugs. (7)
9. Another name for cocaine. (7)
10. Kevin Smith character who deals weed. (6,3)
12. Essential tools used for doing spots. (6)
13. Rapper who loves smoking weed. (5,4)
14. Drugs are \_\_\_\_\_. (7)
16. Popular drug in the 1990s at warehouse raves. (3)
18. Psychedelic drug found in the peyote cactus in southern USA and Mexico. (9)
20. Quintessential movie stoner. (4,5)

## Down

1. LSD is celebrated every year on a day known as \_\_\_\_\_ Day. (7)
2. Sedative often used to party on. (8)
4. Writer of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. (6,1,8)
6. Not low. (4)
8. Mia Wallace accidentally snorts this in Pulp Fiction. (6)
11. Hank in Breaking Bad got addicted to collecting these. (8)
15. LSD was discovered by this chemist, who accidentally got high by touching it with his fingertips. \_\_\_\_\_ Hofmann. (6)
17. The drug you deal if you wear wraparound sunglasses. (5)
19. Psychoactive cannabinoid in marijuana. (3)



**Answers:**  
**Across:** 3. CIA 5. Ayahuasca 7. Kids 9. Charlie 10. Silent Bob 12. Knives 13. Snoop Dogg 14. Illegal 16. Ecstasy 18. Mescaline 20. Seth Rogen  
**Down:** 1. Bicycle 2. Ketamine 4. Hunter S. Thompson 6. High 8. Heroin 11. Minerals 15. Albert 17. Speed 19. THC

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

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2	7		6					4
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8					4	3	2	
	1						4	5



## Spot the difference!







# MR SANDLER, BRING ME A DREAM

Bedtime Stories

Henessey Griffiths

Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl. Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl. Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl.

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Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl. Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl. Also Bedtime Stories was shit hahaha don't watch it.

Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl. Adam Sandler every week makes Henessey an angry girl.



# MOMMA ZO & AUNTY KELL

Dear Aunt Kell and Mama Zo, are drugs kosher, and what does kosher even mean?

By Zoe Taptikilis-Haymes, Kelly Davenport

Well, we are so glad you asked. Kosher is a Hebrew word and it means "fit" for eating. Are drugs fit for eating? Maybe, if you really wanted to you could chew some ibuprofen but it probably tastes super yuck. Ultimately, kosher drugs is a question of drug administration, and pharmacists are probably better at giving you safe advice about that.

Drug culture is a complicated friend and a fickle mistress. For once we are going to give you some serious, not at all ironic or facetious advice. The most important thing about doing drugs is that you are making all the right choices for yourself.

We cannot tell you to do a butt bong, and we cannot tell you that you acid might cure your depression, or that it might not. Because advice is

just advice at the end of the day, and by no means do you have to take it.

People do drugs for many different reasons. People don't do drugs for many different reasons. So long as you've thought about your reasons and are happy with them, you are making steps to make sure that you are self-responsible and in one way or other a little bit safer.

If you are doing drugs, the most important thing is to be sure you are around the people you feel the most comfortable with. You never know what is going to happen with life and this is especially true with drugs.

*There is a great deal of evidence that supports arguments for and against doing drugs. Here are some facts about drugs:*

- Drugs are weird
- Drugs can be REALLY FUN
- Drugs can be REALLY DANGEROUS
- You NEVER KNOW who's on DRUGS
- COFFEE IS THE BEST MOST USEFUL DRUG (aside from all those super important drugs like penicillin and panadol)
- Guys, just be safe, happy and fill this world with useful actions and love.

Love Ma Zo and Aunt Kell



# CRITIC BOOZE REVIEWS

## Ranfurly Draught

By *William Shakesbeer*

Ranfurly Draught is an absolute nothing beer. It's uninspired, lazy, and boring. It has no distinctive flavour or aroma. Even the people who make it don't like it.

It's a New Zealand draught-style lager, which means it's brown and has no hops. It's one of a multitude of near-identical drinks that are all defined by a lack of creativity and interest.

While they're all pretty much the same, Ranfurly Draught is definitely one of the worst. It's got a distinctively bad aftertaste, mostly due to the fact that the cans are a stupid 440mls, meaning that by the time you get to the bottom it has got warm and gross. It starts tasting like that dishwa-

ter that's left at the bottom of the sink after you cleaned the BBQ grill plate.

The one thing going for it is that Ranfurly Draught is incredibly cheap. In fact, from my research, it is the cheapest beer in the country based on RRP at a major supermarket chain.

Ranfurly Draught is sold at Countdown at \$25 for an 18-box of 440ml cans, totalling 24 standard drinks. By that count, you're at \$1.04 per standard. They're basically paying you to drink it.

Fun fact about the Ranfurlys: in 2010 they made an embarrassingly terrible attempt to rebrand as an upmarket 'Station Pale Ale' and 'Frontier Lager'. They were very, very bad and failed miserably.

Turns out no one is drinking it because it's nice, it's just incredibly cheap.

So drink up and revel in the greatness that is Ranfurly Draught. Then regret it the next morning.

**Taste Rating:** 1/10

**Froth Level:** A bubbling puddle of mud on a moist summer day/10

**Pairs well with:** Curling

**Tasting notes:** Small town racism, homophobia, masculinity complexes



# HOW TO BE A LESS SHIT COOK

## How to Make the Strongest Edibles Possible

Before actually making edibles, you have to decarboxylate, or 'activate' your weed by heating it; this transforms the non-psychoactive THC-A into psychoactive THC. When activating your weed you've got to be careful to heat it up enough so it properly activates, but also be careful to not overheat it so the THC burns. In both cases you'll end up with weak, wasteful edibles.

Most people activate their weed by cooking it in butter or oil, but I like to first activate my weed in the oven to get the most possible decarboxylation and the strongest edibles possible for the amount of weed used.

First, chop your buds up into small pieces (But not TOO small, it doesn't have to be finely ground), and put these on a tray with a piece of baking paper.

Preheat your oven to around 115 degrees Celsius on bake. Once the oven is hot, put the tray in the oven for around 30 minutes.

The exact time and temperature you use depends on your weed, how damp it is, and how finely you've chopped it. Be careful not to heat your oven too hot or leave it in for too long, as you'll end up burning off the THC.

When this is done, it should have gone slightly brown, and be dry and crumbly to the touch.

Now you are ready to actually cook with it. The cooking process should also further decarboxylate the weed.

125g butter, 125g chocolate, Hazelnuts, 1/4 cup cocoa, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup flour, 2 eggs beaten

Melt the butter in a pot. Finely chop the weed, and add it to the melted butter.

You want to keep the butter at a simmer (not a boil) to further decarboxylate the weed. You don't want

to burn it, so watch the butter and stir often. I like to keep it simmering for around 30 minutes.

Add the chocolate and stir together till it is melted.

Mix in the cocoa. Then the sugar, then the beaten eggs, then the flour.

Finally you can optionally add chopped hazelnuts, these add nice crunchy bits to the brownies.

Line your baking tray with greased baking paper, and pour in your mixture.

It should cook in around 20-40 minutes on bake at 115 degrees.

Remember: edibles take ages to kick in. Just because you ate some half an hour ago and aren't feeling anything does not mean that you should eat more. Be patient.



# Love is blind

*The hopeful lovers on the Critic Blind Date are provided with a meal and a bar tab, thanks to the Ombrellos and Cello. If you're looking for love and want to give the Blind Date a go, email [blinddate@critic.co.nz](mailto:blinddate@critic.co.nz)*

## KYLIE

As the designated third wheel for my sister and her boyfriend, I have been a regular little spoon on cold nights. This, combined with taking skillful photos to make it look like I was on dates, was cause enough for an intervention. I was strongly encouraged to contact Critic and give the blind date a go.

I rocked up smelling like an aromatic blend of durrys and gin. The type of musk one can only acquire through breather status. Immediately, I saw someone I hoped was my blind date. We were already so in sync that we were wearing matching outfits, and as soon as I saw his cheeky smile, I knew it was going to be a great night.

Usually, I get caught up in trying to figure out what schneck I want, but the chat was so good that I wasn't interested in the menu. Like the perfect gentleman, he ordered for us; two ribeye steaks. And as the picture of femininity, I of course, completely cleaned my plate. To my surprise, he couldn't finish his, but I didn't mind because he looked just as delicious as our food tasted.

To work out our compatibility, we decided to use a point system where we added and subtracted points for each other, for things we did and didn't like.

Halfway through the date he mentioned there was a girl staring at him, I turned around to find my sister and her friend at another table trying to sneak some pics of us. After being caught out, she headed straight to the table to take a close up photo, before migrating to the bush outside for some follow ups. I am sure that this was minus a few points for me.

We stayed so long that Ombrellos changed into a salsa dancing club. We made up backstories for the dancers and then realised we had been there for almost three hours. My sister came to pick me up, but she 'arrived' so fast, I am unsure if she ever left. He accepted the offer of a ride, even though he was nervous that we would find out where he lived- fair call. Upon arriving, I ungracefully scrambled out of the backseat of the two-door car to say goodbye. He leaned in for a cheeky kiss that was so good I forgot my sister was there.

Critic made my dreams come true, and I think my sister will be getting her bed back in the future.

## KYLE

*Papers, scissors, rock, fuck a game  
I've just lost.*

*Flatmate leans over, lighting bueges I  
must stop.*

*Half dozen deep, leave the flat with  
a leap.*

*Set off with a mission, I knew I was  
fishin.*

*Loose as a goose, I hope to seduce  
This little blond lady, I'll put her to use.*

*To my surprise, her sister sits near,  
burning gaze, I felt in her stare.*

*I think to myself, is this a nightmare?  
but remember wise words, that a man  
never fears.*

*Put luck she is crazy, with her eyes  
opened wide,  
but tonight is the night, I must take  
it in stride.*

*So aside from the sis-ter,, I decided  
to kiss-her  
with a smile on her dile, leaned in told  
her its Kyle*

*She orders steak, and I think what a  
date  
Hoping to leave, and to head to her  
place.*

*So back to reality, I'm done with for-  
malities,  
My game face is on, can't promise no  
casualties.*

*The chat seldom ceased, and from  
this was pleased,*

*Good company she was, and was now  
time to leave,*

*Little she knew, these were hunting  
grounds  
So I loaded my pistol, I wanted to  
pound.*

*Few drinks inside, we relinquish our  
pride,  
And bathroom antics, we did more  
than just try.  
After this date, she was adamant to  
mate.*

*Couldn't hold on much longer, no idea  
that I've wronged her.*

*Grin on my face, she's wearing sexy  
black lace,  
So Back to the bedroom, I told her  
to brace.*

*Taking two to tango, and tango we  
did.  
Flatmates they fret, as the bets they  
were set.*

*Cards on the table, won the money  
I'm able.*

*We went all night, untill she's disabled  
In good old fashion, I gave her a  
trashin.*

*She had no idea, my game more than  
pashin*

*I gave it a punt, and oh loud she did  
grunt*

*Little appetite for desert, the way she  
walked it must've hurt.*

*Dusk until dawn, didn't stop till she  
was torn.*

*Just another night's business, she was  
merely my pawn.*

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### SPECS

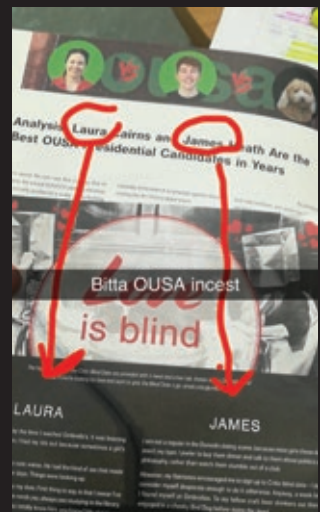
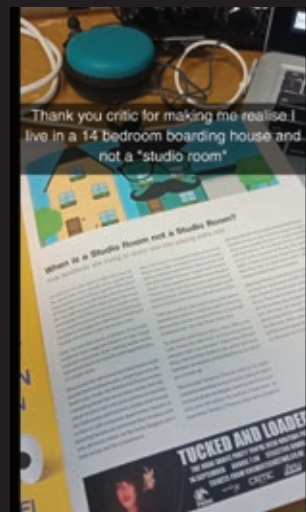
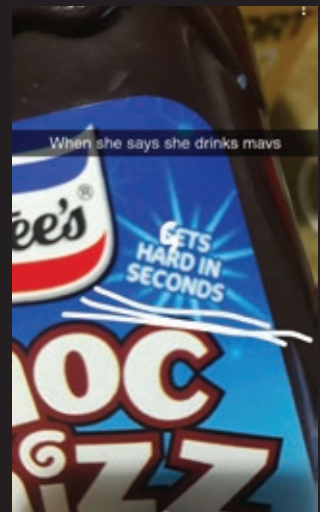
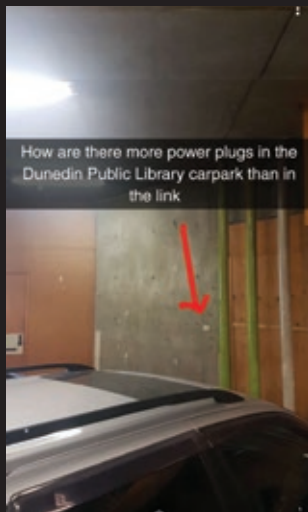
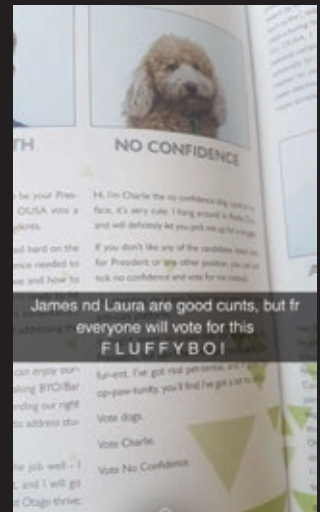
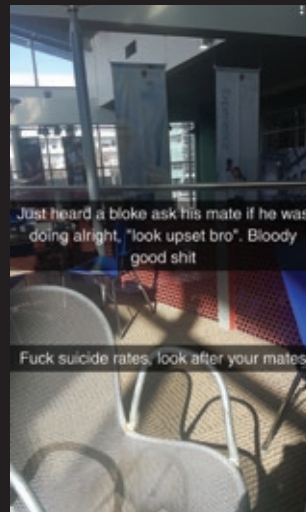
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