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EDITORIAL: BUT FIRST, A DISCLAIMER

The cover of this issue couldn't have more explicitly announced the theme of this issue: drugs! If the overwhelming hype behind the mysterious Boba Ket's drug review last year was anything to go by, it's been one of Critic's most popular themed issues. They printed double the number in 2018. But first, the all-important disclaimer: let's not glamourise this shit.

It wasn't until university that I was exposed to drugs. I grew up in a bubble of privilege where the height of scandal at my straight-laced, all-girls-catholic-high-school was our above the knee length skirts compared to Whanganui Collegiate's ankle-covering gowns. Aged seventeen, I shocked my parents when I recognised the smell of marijuana at an Ed Sheeran concert but didn't know what it was. I just thought it smelled like the local park from home.

But at uni, that changed, and I quickly began to act like I was "in the know". In O-Week, I tagged along with a friend from halls (the only other person from my hometown) as she snorted some MDMA, dressed me in white, informed me I was a "second-year living on Dundas St" and dragged me to the Thirsty 'White Out' host. I later found her climbing trees and growling at people. I pretended like it was normal that another new friend shelved a cap of gear (put a portion of MDMA up her butt, the Google search translated) before a Six60 concert – and then FaceTimed her dad to brag about it.

I joined a group who would park up on the fringes of our hall every night and smoke weed out of a homemade E2 bong, suppressing my coughs the best I could. I later adopted a weed habit, and the group hangouts evolved into solo trips wearing the same hippie pants and oversized shirt I'd dubbed as my "stoner 'fit'". I lost all study motivation, fitness to make it up the hill (charitable word for "slope") to my hall, and fashion sense, apparently.

My personal drugs philosophy boils down to three rules: 1) everything in moderation, 2) don't be a dumbass (this includes testing drugs and checking your drug mixing cocktail won't kill you), and 3) it should *always* be social. You know it's not when the party dies as everyone squirrels away into one room and sits around waiting for their turn to snort a line off a desk; when the thing you're most excited about in the lead-up to a festival is the bitter-gumming of MDMA; or if you find yourself snorting coke in a mate's kitchen on a random Wednesday. Suddenly it's not so funny when your friend's nose is bleeding all the time or they can't pay the rent because they fronted the cost of that gram.

Talk to anyone who's dabbled in drugs and they'll

probably tell you some of their best and worst experiences have happened on drugs – whether it's an illegal recreational drug like acid or MDMA, or a prescription drug like ritalin or antidepressants. You'll bond with your flatmate like never before high as a kite on acid; you'll think you've never felt your heart burst to the seams more than forming a geared up group hug in the middle of the Mardi mosh, holding each other tight, singing to the music and being a nuisance to everyone around you. You'll read a review from a dude named Boba Ket saying, "Yo, I loooooovvvvvvvveeeee shrooms," and how the world adopted the quality of a Van Gogh painting. But then you'll hear about a friend who took it too far and might not come back from a permanent state of psychosis.

Much like the 'faux poverty' of Castle St that allows students from affluent backgrounds to live in brief character-building squalor before jetting back to Auckland for a cushy corporate job, many students enjoy a very privileged position in being able to think of drugs as a fun world to dip your toes into for a weekend trip. We host *Euphoria* themed parties, overlooking the scenes of Rue's withdrawals in favour of the glittery costumes, moody lighting and sexily keying ket. When you hear "drug harm reduction" you probably think of the yellow smiley face of KnowYourStuffNZ spotted at festivals rather than needle exchanges.

Critic Te Ārohi treads a fine line of what's acceptable to print and the content can feel like whiplash – a bit like reading this editorial, I'm guessing. In this issue, you'll find a mix of drug-related content straddling the line of how normal drugs can be – like your dealer being some dude with kids who asks after your health or experimenting with different weird substances you can put in your bong – and the serious side of antidepressant withdrawal and pinching your mate's ADHD medication that (shocker) they actually need. Okay, disclaimer over. Go read about the piss bong.

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ISSUE 4
17 MARCH 2025

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Critic Te Ārohi is a member of the
Aotearoa Student Press Association
(ASPA).

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

LETTERS



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Critic,

I take issue with the actions of the president and political rep of OUSA submitting on the treaty principles bill on behalf of OUSA. Despite Liam claiming he was, "representing the opinion of the vast majority of Otago Students", there was no poll or warning issued to the students to gain their consent to take such a decisive action. Whether we agree with the submission or not I feel we should oppose the weaponization of the organisation that we pay for in the private interests of the executive. Any action that so strongly claims to be the belief of the students should be for the students to decide.

In a time where students are finding it so hard to get by and balancing studies, work, and life seems impossible, I believe you as our media should hold OUSA accountable to focusing on students' direct issues first.

President's response: *Thanks for reaching out! I'll take your feedback on board however we justified writing the submission based on the fact that the Exec asked me (Liam) to write a submission on the TPB in November 2024 on the basis that it would affect i) OUSA's obligation to Te Tiriti o Waitangi as outlined in our strategic plan and constitution, ii) could affect the University's obligations as a Crown Entity with regard to Te Tiriti o Waitangi and thus by extension their obligations to our Māori taurira and, iii) that it is all up an intentional mischaracterisation of New Zealand's founding constitutional document.*

The consent to act on behalf of students comes from the elected student representatives who act on behalf of students and voiced their support for this submission. I think this is just another good example of why it's so important that students engage with the Exec. If you disagree with the actions of the student reps, come to our meetings, read our minutes and reach out. Thanks for your question, anonymous letter writer and I hope I answered some of your concerns. If not reach out at President@OUSA.org.nz.

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

Dear freshers,

I’ve been a student for longer than I care to admit, and I’m one of the very few who’s had the privilege of seeing the entire George Street revamp from start to finish. It took FIVE YEARS. Five years of construction, dust, noise, and chaos. But now, finally, I get to enjoy the pristine, walkable beauty of George Street. And then... you lot show up.

What do I find when I walk down my lovely, newly revamped street? Vomit splatters. Everywhere. It’s like a bizarre game of the floor is lava, only it’s more like the “floor is puke” and I’m trying to hop around to avoid it. And when the rain finally washes it away, what’s left behind? A permanent, disgusting stain.

Honestly, freshers, please. Learn how to handle your piss before you step foot on my George Street.

Sincerely,

George st enthusiast

Hi Critic,

Ahem. “Taika Waiti’s Scarfies film” (editorial, issue 3)? Taika was virtually still in nappies when this movie was made. It is a Robert Sarkies film. You know, Robert Sarkies from Dunedin. Robert Sarkies the ex Scarfie.

Some basic fact checking wouldn’t go amiss.

Sincerely

An ex scarfie

Editor's response: *Shit, you're right.*

Letter to the Editor (Very Important)

No one will go hungry tonight Righteous is the shepherd, who in the face of budgeting and dieting, leads her flock through Center City New World. Gone are the yesteryears of hall food, and now, as decreed by God Himself, the responsibility has been thrust upon her. Reluctantly she must feed the motherless. Heavy is the burden. But she is strong and resolved. She must guide her flock through the Valley of Death (Hyde St), unto the Fields of Elysium (New World). She is not the tallest, Nor smartest or fairest, but boldly she strides and, like Arthur, pulls the McCain BBQ Meatlovers Family Pizza from the freezer. Standing at the head of the Round Table she hears the cries of relief from her knights. No one will go hungry tonight.

Dear Oh Wise One,

In classic first-year naivety, I moved to Dunedin expecting torrential rain, some kind of ever-present ominous storm cloud, and at least biweekly bouts of snow. However, I arrived to find ghastly warm temperatures and rapidly developed an unfortunately placed sunburn. I don't know who to blame for all of this, but it certainly won't be myself (self awareness is a scam).

From a place of distraught,

Snow-deprived fresher

YOUR WEEKLY BULLSHIT ROUNDUP

The Highlanders played the Hurricanes on Friday – but we sent the mag to print before finding out the score

OUSA Clubs and Socs have teamed up with the Orokonui Ecosanctuary for a two-hour guided day trip this Saturday at a discounted rate for students. Sign-ups are on the OUSA website, closing 72 hours before the trip

A local dude parked his ute in the Dunedin harbour last week after forgetting to put the handbrake on, the ODT reports

Congrats to Polytech grads from last Friday!

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

The OUSA exec has confirmed their support for the removal of art and a sculpture created by artist John Middleditch, who was convicted of sexual abuse, from the University of Otago campus. The sculptures in the Dunedin Hospital have been removed.

As many as 370,000 student loan borrowers could be paying more in repayments after April thanks to the Government choosing to freeze the repayment threshold, NZ Herald reports

Kiwi Formula 1 driver Liam Lawson's first race for Red Bull Racing was in Melbourne on Sunday, March 16th

OUSA Clubs & Socs is collaborating with The Bowling Club, offering \$5 Dinner to students! From the 17th, students can order meals online through their website and pick up their order Monday and Wednesday between 5 and 6 pm at the Clubs & Socs reception

Miga Hako (Link's Version) has opened! Go get a rice ball where you used to find Frank's Sandwiches, opposite Campus Shop.

Forsyth Barr Stadium has been turned into a massive, yassified grow room! Lit up completely pink, the new grow lights are designed for optimal plant health, keeping the pitch thriving even in winter

The Commerce Commission is taking meal-kit provider HelloFresh to court for allegedly misleading NZ consumers over subscriptions, 1News reports

Luxon has thrown “cautious” backing behind NZ First's bill to “remove woke ‘DEI’ [diversity, equity, inclusion] regulations” to return to a country “founded on meritocracy”

Radio One's Golden Ticket scavenger hunt is this Thursday, midday on Union Lawn

Power prices are set to rise from April 1st, meaning an extra \$10 or so per month for the average household's bill, Re:News reports

The DCC is putting the “finishing touches” on the George Street revamp, installing three tohu whenua (cultural markers) that tell the “rich and layered stories of Kāi Tahu in Ōtepoti Dunedin.”

Otago Academic Experts Say ‘Gaza – Yes it is genocide’

“The threshold for a case genocide has been met”

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

‘Gaza – Yes it is genocide, and yes, it really matters’. That was the title of a seminar held in Archway 1 at midday last Wednesday, hosted by Professors Robert Patman and Richard Jackson, and Dr Rula Talahma. Each spoke to their personal expertise and experiences to unpick the prickly question: is Israel committing genocide in Gaza? The scholars’ evidence-based conclusion: yes, and New Zealand and the University of Otago should be doing their “utmost” to stop it.

“Genocide” has been a controversial word when it’s come to Israel’s actions in Gaza. Critic Te Ārohi had to tread carefully when reporting on the topic in March last year, only including it inside quotation marks as the opinion of others. However, the word has been increasingly used as fact, not opinion. South Africa presented a case to the International Court of Justice alleging that Israel was committing genocide early last year, and the human rights organisation Amnesty International released an investigative report reaching the same conclusion just last month.

The seminar’s poster announced that the three speakers would “examine the question of whether the violence in Gaza should be considered under the rubric of Genocide: does it meet the threshold for the legal concept of Genocide? What do the experts say? Does it meet the criteria for the academic concept of Genocide? This will be followed by a discussion of why the plight of Palestinians in Gaza matters for Aotearoa New Zealand, its sense of national identity, and its international reputation in relation to issues like supporting human rights and a rules-based international order.”

Co-Director for the National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies Richard Jackson was first up. In ten minutes he sped-ran an explainer of the legal definition of genocide under the Genocide Convention, of which there’s a “growing consensus” around the globe that Israel’s actions match: killing members of a certain group (46,707 Palesintians have been killed and more explosives used than in WW2), causing serious bodily or mental harm (over 100,000 people have been injured, life-saving supplies denied, and evidence of torture), and deliberately inflicting conditions of life calculated to bring about physical destruction (deliberate actions to cause mass starvation and spread of disease).

Richard pointed to evidence including UN reports, victim testimonials, first-hand eye-witness accounts, discussion papers from genocide scholars and experts. All consistent with the manner of evidence that has been used to define other known genocides, he pointed out – both legally and academically, with the erasure and elimination of Palestinian culture. “The threshold for a case genocide has been met,” he said. Further on, he

elaborated, “In fact, it can be reasonably argued that the genocide in Gaza is likely the most well-documented and well-established genocide in history to date.”

Dr Rula Talahma, who completed her PhD at Otago’s Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies, then took the mic. Rula is Palestinian and wore a keffiyeh; she spoke with emotion about her experience having watched the genocide from afar as friends and family members have suffered. She began with the whakatauki, “Hūtia te rito te harakeke, kei hea te kōmako e kō? If the heart is torn from the flax bush, where then will the bellbird sing?”

The genocide’s devastating impacts on the new generation of Palestinians – where “children are raising children” and the death toll means it would take 30 years to mourn every child killed – is removing the heart of the flax bush, Palestine. For Rula, to deny that what is happening is genocide “speaks racism” and has “exposed the hypocrisy of human rights and broken moral [compass].” “Palestinians are told they have not died enough or suffered enough,” she said.

Next to the stage was Professor Robert Patman, who was introduced with his impressive list of credentials including being national media’s go-to man for international relations expertise. He detailed his expert opinion on the international political climate and New Zealand’s “softly, softly” approach has been “ambiguous and failed to show moral and legal clarity” where war crimes have been consistently committed. In his opinion, New Zealand could be a leader in support of Palestine, “whose lives have been systematically trampled on.”

During questions at the end, the three speakers agreed: “You can’t look at the evidence without coming to the conclusion that it is a genocide.” Genocide is unjustifiable on any grounds, and therefore states and scholars have an obligation and responsibility to do their “utmost” to prevent it – and they “don’t see what we’re doing at this university”.

A University of Otago spokesperson told Critic Te Ārohi in response to the speakers’ comments, “The University does not have an official position on the situation in Gaza. We have a long-standing position of institutional neutrality on geo-political issues that do not directly impact on the University.” The Otago Staff for Palestine group have sent a BDS proposal to the University which is “waiting for a working group considering the issue of institutional neutrality to report back to the University before any further discussion takes place at senate.”



Otago University Introduces New Disability Action Plan

Fixing accessibility... eventually

By Stella Weston
Staff Writer // news@critic.co.nz

As of 2023, 1 in 10 students at Otago University declared that they had a disability impacting their ability to study. This number has only increased over time, but Te Kokeka Whakamua – the University’s new disability action plan for 2024-2027 – aims to make things easier for these students. Critic Te Ārohi read this whole plan so y’all don’t have to. You’re welcome.

The New Zealand Disability Strategy describes disabilities as “something that happens when people with impairments face barriers in society.” Society was not designed with everyone in mind, and the University is hoping to address this with their new action plan.

Mental health issues and learning disabilities (such as ADHD and dyslexia) make up almost half of the students supported by the Disability Information and Support Office (DIS). Other disabilities supported by DIS include medical, temporary, mobility, head injury, and hearing, vision and speech. With over 2,250 students affected in one or more of these ways, this plan carries huge weight and can potentially create real and lasting positive change.

The plan was developed through a “student-centred approach.” Feedback from 2019-2022 was analysed to compile a list of barriers and potential actions to address them. A range of student reps (including former Otago Disabled Students’ Association President Sean Prenter and OUSA Welfare Rep Tara Shepherd), experts, DIS staff and disabled students were consulted to ensure the most important areas were covered, and then focus groups were held to gain perspectives on the final plan.

Disability Information and Support Manager Melissa Lethaby, speaking to a press release about the plan, explained that “capturing the voices and aspirations of our disabled student community has been central to developing this action plan, and that commitment will continue through its implementation.” We love to see it.

There are five barriers identified in the plan: technology, attitudes, policy and processes, information and communication, and campus environment. The University “aspires for all students to reach their full potential while studying” and is “committed to implementing the necessary policy, training and operating procedures to ensure we create a barrier-free environment.”

Te Kokeka Whakamua contains five broad goals with specific actions under each to eliminate these barriers. Director of Student Services Claire Gallop explained that the plan’s goals and actions are “ambitious but achievable, and have the potential to make an enormous difference for our disabled taura.” Some of the actions required to achieve the plan’s goals are already underway. This includes introducing disability confidence training for staff and incorporating diverse needs into space planning.

What some students have wondered to Critic Te Ārohi is why some of these actions are being pushed all the way to 2026 and 2027. One student described this as “pretty shit” and wondered “what the Uni was prioritising instead.” They expressed that something as fundamental as disability support, especially a good disability support plan, should be rolled out faster. Another student just wanted to know why there was such a delay in parts of the plan, but the University has provided no clear explanation as to why this was the case.

Aside from the timeframe, the plan is strong, and will hopefully be a game changer for thousands of students. One of the alumni involved in developing the plan, Sean Prenter, emphasised that “Together we will challenge bias. As a collective, we will break down barriers. As a community, we will realise inclusion. [...] My hope is that Te Kokeka Whakamua will help to further extend the support chains on offer at the University of Otago and ensure no student feels like they stand alone.”

The University hopes to raise indicators of student success for disabled students to equal the general student population by 2030. These include raising the pass rate for first-year papers, first-year student retention rates, qualification completion rates, and the number of disabled students reporting a strong sense of belonging to the University community.

Vice-Chancellor Hon. Grant Robertson says the launch of this plan is a “significant milestone”, and hyped up Otago as a leader in disability support. With this plan, they are hoping to do even better. “We want to make sure Otago is a place where all students feel a sense of belonging, are respected, valued, and able to reach their full potential. All staff have a role to play in making sure that happens,” said Grant. For more information, the full document for Te Kokeka Whakamua is available on the University website.





'Woke' UniPol's New Rearrangement

"Femmes, flatulence and fatties welcome!"

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

The latest era of UniPol's constant mode of self-improvement copped the gym some flack on students' favourite complaint hub: UoO Meaningful Confessions Facebook page. "Wtf have unipol done" read the title of a post on March 3rd. The anonymous poster reckoned UniPol has ruined the heavy weight room with its latest rearrangement. The weights have been shifted, plants added, mirrors removed, and machines repositioned. "It's free but I still want a refund for what they've done." Enter Critic.

UniPol is all-access for tertiary students, paid through the \$1,152 student services fee. But with around 44,000 full-time Otago students – Uni and Polytech combined – and only a certain capacity, UniPol can find it hard to cater to the masses. But boy do they try, with constant rearrangements fuelled by equal measures of complaints and long-time manager Dan Porter's research.

Changes to UniPol have stemmed from Dan's interest in continually evolving to meet every students' needs. "So what's it like to be in someone else's shoes?" he asked. His research over summer included reading journals about body image called 'Fat Studies' which triggered "a really large part of what we're doing." In short, the journals discuss body somatotypes (genetics determining if someone's naturally skinny, fat, or athletic) and "society's dominant view" that anyone who was raised with the thinspo of the naughties is all too familiar with.

Dan stressed that it was "super important" for UniPol to be conscious of not having a "negative experience for students because we're simply following the dominant view of society." He said that this "dominant view of society" was reinforced by images around us "effectively telling you what we should be, what we should be doing, what we should be eating, how we should be sleeping, how we should be engaging with other people, how we should be exercising. And it just keeps on going."

The subliminal messaging of the gym could have been catering to this "damaging dominant regiment", Dan reckoned. There had been certain decals (stickers) of people doing sporty things on the way down to the gyms – suggesting the gender and body type that was welcome in those spaces: muscular men in the weights room and netball-playing women in the cardio room. "And it was effectively subtly saying, these are the spaces for you and these are the spaces for you."

Over summer, UniPol replaced the decals with plants for that "restorative outdoor connection". They also repositioned certain

machines in the weights room for privacy reasons, like the overtly sexual hip thrust machine popular for its butt-building function. "That's in a corner area where you can do that with confidence," Dan told Critic Te Ārohi. "Sometimes it can be daunting coming into a gym, so we're just trying to make that experience a little bit easier for people."

One student, Brett, found that the changes were overall more stressful than calming. "I find that everytime I go there I have to do laps [of the gym] to try and find where they've moved everything." Get your steps in, king. When asked about his take on the repositioning of the hip thrust, Brett said, "I'm not even sure where they've put it now. Not that I was looking." Another student, Justin, was pissed that UniPol removed the pull up bars. "I'm not trying to take up an entire squat rack or set of cables just to do pull ups." Both requested Critic to try to get UniPol to fix the air conditioning. What do we look like? A maintenance guy?

It's the latest in UniPol's constant evolution. Last July, UniPol introduced a "low stimulus" area in the Green Gym which the Otago Daily Times claimed had "been given the thumbs up by some neurodivergent students" in an article that neglected to include quotes from said students. UniPol reserved a section of one of their gyms in response to students' feedback that the gym was "too busy", with moans of having to queue for a squat rack.

If you enter the upstairs Green Gym and look to your left, you'll find the gym equivalent of a cubicle-style shower set-up your hall of residence thinks provides adequate privacy. The space is blocked off with giant LEGO bricks (speckled with colour and white) and has "less industrial" equipment than the weights room's stuff that goes "clunk". Critic questioned UniPol about the noise from group fitness classes, based in the same room – arguably high stimulation given their mix of motivational instructions and encouragement from mic'ed up instructors and upbeat music. Dan replied, "Good question!" One without an answer besides avoiding the space during fitness class hours.

The intention was to provide a "low stimulation" space, but Dan admitted it was difficult to block out an entirely stimulation-free zone with the tools they have at hand. They'd considered things like "low stimulation hours" like some supermarkets have introduced, playing quieter music, dimming the lights and "shushing" any loud noises. But Dan explained it was unrealistic for the gym – they'd have to prohibit sport activities like basketball during those times and shoulder tap grunting and farting noise-cancelling-headphone-wearers.

Fringe Festival's 25th Opening Night: Cake, Comedy and Pass the Parcel

A beautiful clique you'll want to be a part of

By Isabella Simoni
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

The time has finally come for Dunedin Fringe 2025, and what an exciting time it is! Last Wednesday marked the opening night when lovers of the arts, old and new, gathered to celebrate the festival's 25th birthday – and it came with the to-be-expected bells and whistles that would make your high school art teacher swoon. There was low lighting, sparkly decor, beer, cake, comedic flair – and an excitable Critic Te Ārohi in the front row.

Fringe Festival spans eleven days (until March 23rd) with over 500 artists and crew staging around 80 events. The festival is uncured, meaning anyone eager to showcase their creativity needs only to register. Each year, this opportunity draws artists (from many disciplines) to Ōtepoti, where they connect with local audiences through performance art, comedy, burlesque, dance, workshops, theatre, and pretty much anything in between. Dunedin Fringe is the perfect occasion for established artists to test their new projects, and for unknown artists to enter the scene!

Fringe's birthday night was kicked off by a duo of MCs who assured us that we would all be laughing together for the rest of the evening (don't threaten Critic with a good time). Dunedin Mayor Jules Radich made an unexpected appearance, giving a short address concerning the awesomeness of Fringe, and then

turned over the stage to a game of pass the parcel. In between each layer, the lucky recipient discovered a chocolate and two free tickets to an upcoming Fringe event. Critic managed to score six tickets to three different shows, gained by the music being stopped on us and a parcel being chuckled at our head.

The atmosphere of the evening could only be described as lovely by the guests at Te Whare o Rukutia. Everyone appeared jolly, and a feeling of support imbued the room. To quote one attendee, "It felt like everyone there already knew each other – a cliquey group of weirdos that I want to be a part of." As advertised by Fringe, and now backed by Critic's first-hand experience, this feeling of community extends through the entire festival. It is, among many other things, what makes Dunedin Fringe so special.

Across the next eleven days, Dunedinites can look forward to heaps of different events. The range of content this year is so broad that there's truly something for everyone. Ticket pricing ranges from koha (pay what you can) to around \$35. It doesn't matter whether your interest lies in ASMR, science, Harry Potter, cultural arts or socially-acceptable stripping – there is something for everyone. For more info, check out their website www.dunedinfringe.nz

Market Day Moolah-Making Money? Where?!

By Harry Almey
Contributor // news@critic.co.nz

Radio One Market Days made a return last Wednesday, the collection of random stalls you see crop up every so often by Union Lawn or the Link if it's grotty weather. If you missed it – calm yourself and slow that naughty racing heart of yours – it was the first of five this year. Critic Te Ārohi sent our artsiest reporter to wander the stalls of Otago's up-and-coming entrepreneurs.

Market Days are sure to cater to student needs with all manner of taste. The stalls proudly display everything from crocheted creatures, perfect prints, dick-shaped candles, and even the "extreme non-vanilla" according to stallholder Batty Batwitch. Woof. And it's free for students – both to go and sign up!

Critic yarned to a few stallholders to ask them about the behind-the-scenes of Market Days. Each reported a positive experience from their crafty perches. They felt well supported by the venues, staff, and allocated furniture. Illustrator Bruna, who sells art at the market, said it was "super fun". "Sales were good and the kids were awesome," she told Critic, saying she would "absolutely" do it again.

Not Your Nana textile stall's Desi told Critic that she was a (market day) veteran, having sold her wares there for over a decade. "I once completely forgot [a market] back in 2019. I was mortified," she said. "They run far smoother than a decade ago." Crochet queen Maiya said, "I love market day. I just wish more people knew about it."

Combining stallholder expertise and student zest, dynamic duo Batty and Chloë are avid market-goers. Batty has helped Chloë

become a seasoned marketeer throughout six stalls — selling everything from batty (heh) accessories to prints popular with medical students for their "anatomical accuracy" — developing skills that have helped her in retail work. Herself a veteran stall-goer, Batty insists that these events "are the best markets in Dunedin."

Maiya, who applies her Polytech education at the market, asked us to plug a heartfelt message for those who visit Market Day: "Support artists." Factoring in only material, not labour, into her pricing, she encourages us to not compare market day prices unfavourably with "certain online marketplaces."

Undoubtedly, the secret sauce of Market Day's success is its stall spot pricing. Charity stalls are \$10, individual-run stalls \$20, commercial stalls TBC, and student stalls are titillatingly free. You heard that right. F-R-E-E. The risk is low, and the opportunity for a profitable yarn high.

Applications open 3-4 weeks before Market Day on the OUSA Facebook and close about 10 days before – something aspiring stallholders should bear in mind. The next one will be held on the 26th of March. Stallholders humbly plead that you exercise object permanence and come to see them if they are in Union Hall (yes – it's a bit trickier to find, but they get lonely). The dates for Market Day are already on the OUSA calendar and Critic semester planner, so you're left with very few excuses to miss any.



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Daddy Grant Debuts Annual Arts Lecture

Some much needed BA student glazing just dropped

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

The Uni debuted its (slightly tongue-twisting) inaugural annual School of Arts lecture last week, themed around ‘What did the arts student say to the future?’ Hosted by Otago’s most well-known BA graduate, the Vice Chancellor Honorable Grant Robertson himself, the lecture included frank discussion about how useful the skills arts students gain are for the future (and no, they did not shine away from the shit arts students cop). Critic Te Ārohi was amongst the packed Burns 1, with an audience that was more shuffleboard than Suburbia.

Despite the future focus, this is a lecture with a past, returning after a brief but hectic hiatus. Originally meant to take place in October last year, it was postponed due to ‘security concerns’ the day after Campus Watch clashed with pro-Palestine protesters in the Clocktower on the 9th, resulting in the arrest of one student. Unsurprisingly, the lecture is a brainchild of the School of Arts, a subset of the Division of Humanities. This encompasses theology, philosophy, languages and cultures, history, English and linguistics, classics, and the Centre for Irish and Scottish Studies programmes. So if you’re enrolled in anything like that, lend Grant an ear and us an eye.

Grant acknowledged the delay when he began his speech, but had amended his lecture to include relevant developments since then. The main one was the cancellation of humanities and social science funding by the current government (RIP Marsden Fund). This is one of the snazziest funding methods available to researchers in Aotearoa, so humanities getting kicked out was unsurprisingly condemned by staff all across the University. More uplifting discussion centred around how arts students contribute meaningfully to the University community, contributing to groundbreaking research initiatives such as the Hereditary Diffuse Gastric Cancer Team and He Kainga Oranga/Housing and Health Research Programme that have won the Prime Minister’s Science Prize two years in a row. Share the STEM love around!

Grant also offered a five-point action plan to “give arts graduates the most powerful story to tell the world.” These involved

“[re-asserting] the value of the arts to the University” and “busting the myths” that surround an arts education. Getting broader, he mentioned University rankings, and specifically how arts is upholding Otago on the global stage (“Make the case to the world!”). Throughout the entire lecture, he drew on his own experiences as an arts student, not shying away from recalling his trauma from having his mind “tortured” by the late politics professor James Flynn. He even cracked some BA jokes that we’re pretty sure still circulate on campus thirty years later (“What did the BA graduate say to the BCom graduate? [...] Would you like fries with that?”), landing giggles from both the distinguished and dusty audience members.

Like your mate during kick-ons, Grant grew more philosophical in the final two points of his lecture – a hangover from his student days or political past coming to light. His fourth point was to “break down the silos”, emphasising that “we have to be prepared to innovate in how the arts are taught, where, when and by who.” This fed into his final point (which was a bit ironic as ex-Finance Minister). “We need a new funding system for tertiary education. There needs to be more certainty in University funding.” Preach.

One of the (few) students in attendance, Harry, told Critic Te Ārohi that he thought Grant was “engaging, articulate and witty.” But he also reckoned that it was hard to see him through any other lens than as a Labour minister – like trying to call your teacher by their first name after high school.

With an arts education appearing to be permanently on the chopping block – five big booms for Asian, European and German studies – the lecture series points to an optimistic future for the School of Arts. For BA students, (the few in attendance, at least) a good dose of hope was paired with a fatherly slap on the back and the sentiment that “there’s more in your future than being an overqualified barista.” Thank God for that.



Execrable: Fishy Constitutions and Fish of the Year

Academic Rep Stella outs herself as a horse and fish girl

By **Nina Brown & Hanna Varrs**
Editor & News Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

The Exec meeting last week didn't bring the same level of drama as the week prior. They managed to stay out of confidential committee for the duration of the meeting, which unfortunately meant Critic Te Ārohi had to take notes the whole time – admittedly zoning out during the 20 minute club constitution discussion. Here's the tea.

Mr President Liam merrily began the meeting at 9:02am (again) after a brief delay caused by a Precinct coffee delivery from Stella's boyfriend. OUSA CEO Debbie's absence was noted, who Liam had essentially told not to bother joining given the lack of OUSA-related items on the agenda. She happily obliged – perhaps with flashbacks of Bailey the dog's flatulence the week before.

The Exec round-up revealed everyone's feeling the ramping up of uni assignments. As Liam's dissertation is due soon, he announced he'd be taking the latter part of that day to give it some attention – ignoring two “urgent” emails from Prof Robert Patman as a result, who that day had a seminar planned speaking about the genocide in Gaza. Coincidence? “If anyone sees Robert Patman, you don't know me,” he joked.

Other Execcy comments included Stella reiterating how “dumb” (which she said three times) the 15-point paper proposal from one unidentified Uni group is. She is planning to write a discussion paper expressing these thoughts. Residential Rep Callum was gearing up (planning, not taking MDMA) to visit residential colleges and introduce himself to the freshers. Welfare Rep Amy was still in meeting planning mode. Everyone's favourite BCOM student Daniel had again been “talking about finances”, and noted that Liam had spent \$8.86 on coffee in January. “I'm really getting away with murder here,” said Liam.

One of the ‘big deals’ for OUSA coming up is the establishment of the Aotearoa Tertiary Student Association, the phoenix that rose from the ashes of the New Zealand Student Union (NZUSA). “There's just a lot of acronyms,” Welfare Rep Amy complained, staring at the latest ATSA minutes – including quips from a seemingly bored secretary given they notes that AUSA was “rawdogging peanut butter for lunch.” That'll happen when you invite a bunch of student associations to a meeting. Unfortunately, it seemed as if ATSA was starting down a similar path to its predecessor, with conversation “[freezing] up” when it came to discussing money and paying working groups, according to Liam. Based on what Liam described, it seems like no work on ATSA can be done until this is resolved, and the ball is in the Auckland Student Association's court to get things rolling again. Watch this space.

Postgrad Rep Josh had an update from the Society for Postgrads (funnily enough). The discussion was mostly budget-related, with Liam realising that he still needed to authorise payment for this year's budget and pay it through. This would have been no problem, but was compounded by the realisation that he would

also need to pay for the 2026 budget this year (“That's tough – okay..”). Double homicide. Some shots were fired at ex-Pres Keegan for failing to send through the 2025 budget last year, before the budget got approved (yay Postgrads!).

Perhaps the most enthusiastic part of the meeting was Stella's agenda item: Fish of the Year (“I'm a fish girl”). This came after the previous agenda item about volunteering for Riding for the Disabled, where she'd also come out as a horse girl. She announced her determination to back “insert animal here” as much as possible this year, expressing disappointment over having already missed the insect competition.

After a loud debate over whether to accept Stella's nomination of the shortjaw kōkupu, noting its endangered status due to us Kiwis eating their babies in fritters (whitebait), or the “fuck ugly fish” Liam counter-Google'd and a “whale shark, fuck yeah!” Stella won, and immediately submitted a vote for the kōkupu on behalf of OUSA – prompting a quip from Liam about using Exec powers for personal political agendas.

Almost an hour into the meeting and it was beginning to drag. It was around then that they reached the club affiliation agenda item, one which Critic Te Ārohi didn't anticipate taking 20 minutes. The constitutions submitted by three clubs for the Exec's approval – the Swiftie Club, Mahjong Club, and the Jewish Students Club – were not up to scratch, apparently.

Amid frankly rude giggles about the Swiftie Club and suggestions for Taylor Swift to be made a life member (Callum reckoned it couldn't hurt to email), concerns raised by the Exec about the constitutions focused on the fine print: issues included not having OUSA policies, such as non-discrimination clauses, and unconstitutional proportions of non-students on execs. Clubs and Socs Rep Deborah intended on getting back in touch with the clubs with a “try again next time”.

Upcoming events of note on the Execcy's calendars were St Paddy's Day, ANZAC Day, a visit from Chris “Chippy” Hipkins, Laps for Life for suicide prevention (Liam asked Critic not to note that he reckoned it would help him to “score brownie points” with the organiser, who's on Uni Council) and OUSA's 135th birthday celebrations in May that would be organised by the ‘Committee for Enjoyable Occasions’ (not kidding) – including a dinner with an anticipated \$150 a head.

Returning Exec members Liam and Stella dished out some advice for the first two events: not to take any media calls on St Paddy's Day (“it will not be favourable”), to “pick up cans and shit” at the Cemetery after students piss up there (“great publicity for us”), and to bring gloves if anyone's holding a flag at the ANZAC day service. Oh, and to make sure not to wear pyjamas to the dawn service.

Critical Tribune



Breatha Exiled from Castle St Flat After Admitting, “I don't fuck with DnB that much bro.”

Alleged victim now anxiously posting on Castle25 to rent his shitty room

By **Anderson Coomer**
Shitposter // criticaltribune@critic.co.nz



Alex, a second-year student, formerly known by his peers as ‘Fridge’ has been reduced to being known as ‘Champ’ in a turn of events that resulted in his tenancy being informally terminated at his Castle St flat. This follows a shocking admission, whereby Alex firmly stood behind his stance of DnB being shit.

In a news tip to Critical Tribune, Alex stated that his comment at a Flo-Week host, “I don't even fuck with DnB that much bro,” perpetuated the flat's tensions, which ultimately took the form of a “Moses-like exile from Castle St.”

Alex tried to take his former tenants and landlord to the Tenancy Tribunal, only to find that the father of one of his former flatmates had resurrected the corpse of Rob Kardashian and hired Alan Dershowitz in defence of the remaining

flatmates. The flat's legal team communicated to the tribunal that, “If he doesn't hiss, it's a classic case of the ‘glove doesn't fit.”

Still having to pay rent until “the boys” find a replacement with a suitable appreciation for DnB, Alex expresses concerns that he'll be paying the rent for the rest of the year. “No one actually likes DnB, everyone else just pretends [...] Fuck, now I'm going to have to live with those wanna be breathas on Harbour Terrace. I may as well egg myself at this point.”

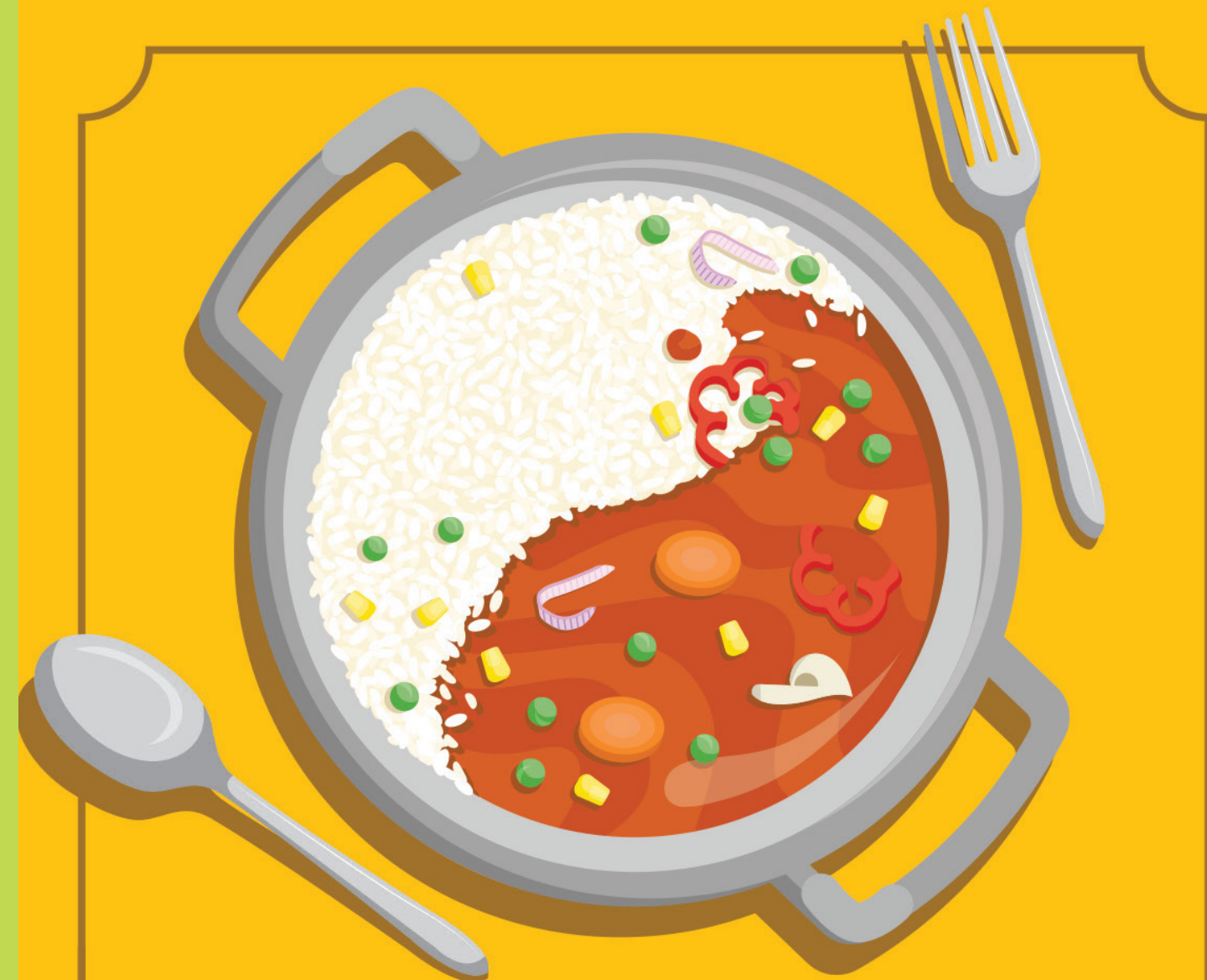
As of print, Alex was last seen anxiously posting on Castle25, advertising his shitty room with the description, “Sunny room, with nine other guys, who are serious about putting their head down to study but enjoy a few social drinks on the weekend. \$250 pw.”

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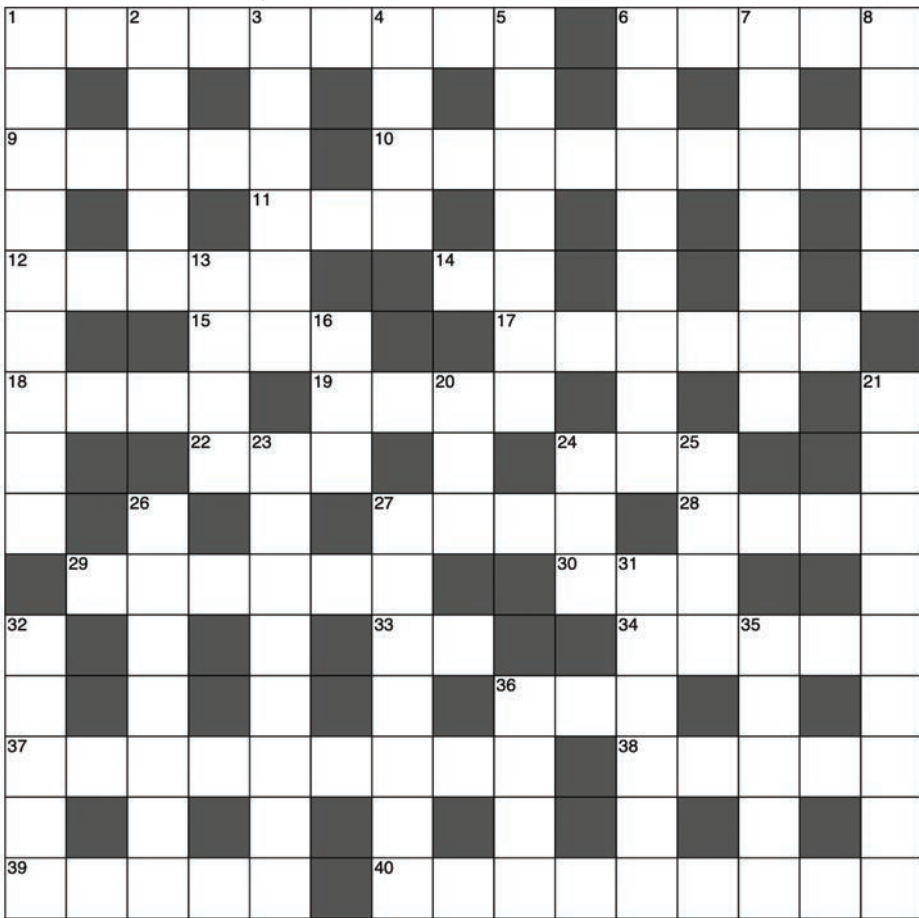
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 LSD & MDMA (2)
6 Hiccup's dad
9 Kunekune noises
10 Moisture-preventing action
11 Take to court
12 Cold fish on rice
14 Drug-induced death (acr.)
15 ___hanui, te reo for "big love"
17 Supernatural
18 ____ Tasman
19 Dice toss
22 Active chemical in 27A
24 What Eminem does
27 Marijuana
- 28 Low-fat cheese
29 Hozier wants you to take him there
30 Acid
33 Boozer's support group (acr.)
34 WiFi transmitter
36 Chinese steamed bun
37 "Gotta catch 'em all" app (2)
38 Gorilla grip cooch exercise
39 Fancy sheet fabric
40 American hippie festival made famous in '69

DOWN

- 1 Weed & alcohol
2 Nitrous oxide & balloons
3 Army affirmative
4 "As I ____ and breathe!"
5 Painkiller
6 Common hot sauce
7 Crushing it (3)
8 2D is used to whip this
13 Stop
16 Tolkien villain and Dunedin bus lords
20 Falsehood
21 Freddy Mercury actor (2)
- 23 Apocalypse quartet
24 Deadlift (acr.)
25 Lovely Bones villain is one (abbr.)
26 Tasty bird
27 NZ Kid's TV show with slime (2)
31 Lights up
32 The Proctor has the power to do this to naughty students
35 Millennial term for "dog"
36 U2 lead singer



ISSUE 3 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 8. GOOD WILL HUNTING 9. DNA 11. PIPE 12. DNR 13. CTR 15. ORION 16. SKI 17. NES 19. NAP 20. TOY STORY 21. PLUG 22. LEGO 23. AN ADVERB 24. TAB 25. ZOÉ 27. ASB 29. TRIPE 31. ODA 33. EEL 34. ECHO 35. ARE 37. AVENGERS ENDGAME
DOWN: 1. BORAT 2. ADHD 3. WIZARD OF OZ 4. SHRINE 5. ANDES 6. FINDING NEMO 7. AGORAPHOBIA 10. NO 11. PONY 13. CAT IN THE HAT 14. ROYAL BALLET 18. SPRAY PAINT 23. AERO 26. OTHERS 28. BEIGE 30. ER 32. DRAMA 36. EDGY

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EASY

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WORDFIND

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S I G C E A F R F G U M J K D U N G S N K T T K T L Z O E Y

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TOASTIE
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SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Illustrated by Ash McFarlane

There are 10 differences between the two images



Illustrated by
Gemma McKinney

Last year, The Great Critic Drug Review by Boba Ket wasn't just popular — it was voted the most popular article of the year in the 2024 Critic census. Otago's biggest drug connoisseur, Boba Ket, risked life and brain cells to give students the inside scoop on which drug combos were whack and which will keep you out of Student Health. The piece spread like scabies. People were citing Boba's takes in casual conversation, reconsidering their acid trip plans, and an ODT reporter even reached out to comment on how "er, interesting..." they'd found it.

Given Boba's cultural impact, the pressure was high to deliver on this year's drug themed issue. This got Critic thinking: the high is just one half of the drug-taking experience. The other half? Getting the goods. Before you even touch a tab, pack a cone, or rack a line, you have to meet a dealer. And that means crossing paths with some, er, interesting... characters.

And so, Critic Te Ārohi proudly presents: The Great Critic Drug Dealer Review. Stay tuned for a twist at the end.

BROSEPH

By Green Latifa

I don't know why, but I was a super mega baby about buying weed for ages. I didn't know any dealers and, before I connected with Broseph, I used to get my green by proxy. This meant a lot of sidling up to my smoking friends with a: "Can you pick up for me too on your next run? Promise I'll pay you back." Not particularly charming nor effective. While I was suffering from migraines, my partner acted as my middleman-green fairy, sourcing when my pain flared up or I just wanted to check the fuck out. I always knew someone who knew someone, but knew no one, y'know?

That is, until I was put in touch with Broseph. Oh, Broseph; the normally grating Snapchat notification sound of adding me back sounded like the trumpets of heaven above. Your fugly avatar is in the image of a saint beholden to mine eyes — I burn effigies to thee with a Bic and suck them down through the resin-blackened stem greedily. I was high as tits writing this. 'Tis some good shit.

This particular batch is recent, actually. I noticed my stash was low earlier, picked up the phone, and Broseph had a Snap story up offering. Mean. I sent a message and then got distracted doing chores, only to later see that Broseph had replied right away (points for punctuality, punctual stoners are a rare yet sacred breed). I sussed a lift to his place (he does pick-up only, which works for me. I could walk, but ceebs) and maneuvered some cash up into my sleeve, because of fucking course I did. I call the process of picking up weed "going to the Marijuana Store."

To be cringe is to be free and, in Broseph's case, a storefront is exactly what his place feels like. Gloriously efficient. As impersonal as desired. Just with a lot more bong ash outside. Sometimes, I can giggle and chat, maybe get a free cone or three (good lad never drains my fid). Other times it's a: "Yeah, I'm doing good, thanks. And you? Sick, catch ya." I have optimised the process to a seven minute round trip, if need be — and often, do-be.

As a non-driver, I respect that Broseph doesn't drive. But as a non-driver-slash-stoner, I wish that man could drive. Picking up from his window is basically a quasi-drive-thru experience. I've even 'ordered' from the car at the foot of the drive before walking up to the window for pickup. I'm lovin' it.

This time around, I took the efficient route. I strode up Broseph's driveway, barely even pausing to admire the view. It had just rained and was starting to spit — perfect weather for avoiding small talk. Broseph propped open his bedroom window, and in a fluid motion spanning generations, cash was exchanged for drugs. "Talk later," I muttered, vaguely motioning upward before scurrying off through the rain with my precious bounty.

Size: Remarkably consistent fids, packed to the brim and, I assume, weighed. I'm trusting that they're weighed out. To what weight? Regular, I hope, though I can never be sure. I haven't felt brave enough to buy drug scales to check, because what if I've been getting ripped off this whole time? I doubt it, but I have to admit there's a Schrödinger's stoner thing going on.

Quality: Real fucking good, really fucking consistently, which is why I don't get mad about the size (yeah, I know, shut up). No stems, no seeds, super dense bud. It takes a lot to put me under and I'm never disappointed.

Ethics: Pretty solid, as far as drug dealers go. He doesn't deal party drugs (which is where things get dicey), just weed and the occasional shrooms. Broseph's always stocked up — he got into the biz sourcing weed for his ailing dad, who he takes care of. Ethically, that's pretty freaking cool.

Star rating: Five stars, Broseph, and I dunno — want a blue V as a tip? I think I have a cool keychain that you can have if you want.



Disclaimer: The content in this article is not intended to endorse or encourage the purchase, use, or distribution of illegal substances. All anecdotes are intended for entertainment purposes only. Always make informed and responsible decisions about substance use, and seek professional help if needed. Identifying details have been changed to protect reviewer and dealers' anonymity.

STONER NEXT DOOR

By John F Cannabis Jr

When I was little, I believed neighbours brought you baking when you first moved in (or fruitcake if *The Sims* was anything to go by). Instead, my first adult-neighbour brought me a fid. Having a constant supply of drugs from right across the road will eventually hammer in the idea of “everything is good in moderation”, but the sentiment really didn’t click for me until I’d moved away. For now, I was high most evenings on every strain of God’s wonderfully green Earth: medical, indica, sativa, Mango Kush, and even some weed that had somehow been bred to be purple.

I dunno what the fuck was going on but this guy showered my flat with free vapes (including a weed vape – a “dried herb vaporiser”) and took us out on a party bus one time with a bunch of randoms. He wasn’t the most reliable of dealers, often leaving us on delivered (sometimes I would take matters into my own hands and knock on his window), but I ended up on decks on a fucking party bus due to this guy. The Instagram stories went hard. He even let me trade some of my dad’s codeine for a fid. Writing about it now, I do think my flat may have gotten slightly played, because we bought so much shit from this guy. In fact, we’d become such loyal buyers that he was probably reimbursed for the vapes and bus trip. I’d even tip him \$10 if I was feeling it.

Size: Decent, but depended on the mood he was in (aka what cocktail of substances he’d taken).

Quality: No complaints – but then, I don’t have much else to compare it to.

Ethics: Couldn’t say. He kept pretty tight-lipped given I write for Critic. Guess it paid off.

Star rating: Couldn’t rate a stoner-daddy any lower than a four and a half – great kush, sick deals, good cunt.



GREEN DOCTORS

By Se\$ha

I’ve been a legal consumer of medical marijuana for almost a year now. There are lots of clinics, and I myself go to the Green Doctors. I say “go” but they’re based in Auckland and operate primarily over phone or video consult. So, I get my weed couriered to my doorstep, wrapped in bubble wrap like it’s a fragile antique. And I fucking love it. No shame, no paranoia – just the system looking at my chronic illness and going, “*Fuck that sucks, have some otherwise-illegal drugs.*” Small-talking to dealers is also the last thing I want to do when I’m keeled over in a ball. Limping to a drug dealer’s house feels like ass. Picking up weed from the University Bookshop when you miss your delivery is weird, but preferable.

I got in touch with my Doctor-dealer with a form, some paperwork, and a short phone appointment. I confessed that weed I’d illegally bought from someone who may or may not have been my cousin had helped me before. My doctor was basically like, “Hell yeah, brother!”.

Weed is still criminalised, but as of 2020’s Medical Cannabis

Scheme, it is legal to consume Pharmac-approved products with a valid prescription. Once you go legal, there’s way more products to experiment with, from CBD oils to balanced flowers for teas. I have severe PTSD, scoliosis, endometriosis, among other conditions. As I sat down to write this, my left ribs decided to slip out of place – a common occurrence. Loading up my doctor’s supply in a bong hit (my medicinal vaporise broke, I swear) allows me to finally breathe (and cough my lungs out).

A mild body high works better than the heavy painkillers I used to be on. Codeine blows, and while opioids *do* work, I appreciate functional bowels. Medicinal weed makes my body-mind connection so dialled I can pinpoint pain spots, massage them out, or even do a bit of trauma work. It clears some space in my brain – a couple of blissful hours where I know my body won’t break or get ambushed by intrusive thoughts.

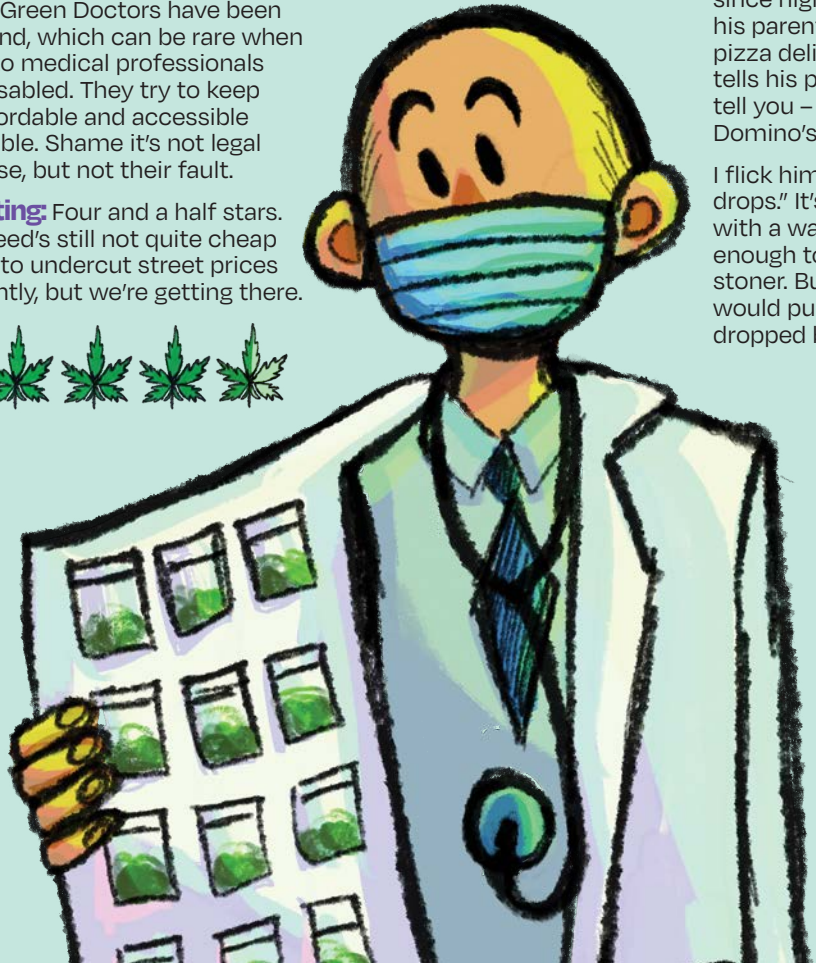
The range of Pharmac products, combined with Green Doctor’s discretion, means you can tailor your stash exactly how you want. I keep an emergency “holy fuck I’m dying” prescription (22% THC, indica, etc.) but I mostly stick to the cruisy low-THC, balanced CBD stuff. When my doctor prescribed it, he said it was so mild you could take a dose in the morning and go to work just fine. And lord knows I do. My handwriting on the Critic whiteboard gets a little worse on those days, especially if I overdo it, but hey – it all comes out in the wash. Aside from that one time I used a permanent marker by accident.

Size: Basically only sold by the ounce, but yeaboi.

Quality: The poetry of numbers renders words redundant: Tilray whole flower, indica, 22% THC (<1% CBD), 15g Equiposa whole flower, sativa, 9.0% THC, 8.3% CBD, 15g

Ethics: Green Doctors have been super kind, which can be rare when talking to medical professionals while disabled. They try to keep it as affordable and accessible as possible. Shame it’s not legal otherwise, but not their fault.

Star rating: Four and a half stars. Legal weed’s still not quite cheap enough to undercut street prices sufficiently, but we’re getting there.



DRONE-DUDE

By Sir Smokes-a-Lot

You know how in America you can get same-day Amazon deliveries? Some cracked supply chain magic lets them grab your order from a warehouse the size of a small country, strap it to some buzzy (heh)-looking drone, and drop it at your doorstep within hours. I figured it’d take decades for New Zealand to catch up, but my dealer? My dealer is trailblazing.

Picture this: exams are done, I’m up North, the weather’s actually decent for once. What’s the plan? Get perma-fried all summer, of course, and blend my brain into 2025.

Naturally, I hit up my home dealer. This guy’s been hustling since high school. Dropped out in Year 12, still lives with his parents, and the only real job he’s ever worked was pizza delivery. I have no idea how he does it (pretty sure he tells his parents he’s a day trader or something), but let me tell you – this man’s delivery game has leveled up since his Domino’s days.

I flick him a message, and he hits me back with: “On the drops.” It’s a perfect scenario, because (a) if you’re cool with a walk, you’re not a real stoner, and (b) if you’re sober enough to drive to pick up, you’re definitely not a real stoner. But when he meant drops, I thought my dealer would pull up in his Toyota Altezza. Instead, he told me he dropped by drone. I called cap. Bro was not capping.

This absolute visionary flies the fid right to my street. And I kid you not, he sends me a photo of where he dropped the bag. It was genuinely like Uber Eats – the only thing missing was a 5-star rating and a tip option.

I abused this revolutionary service all summer. Never had to walk more than a few metres, and no awkward small talk about people from our school I barely spoke to, who are somehow already having babies. The only downside? The drone can’t fly in the rain. Fix that, and we’re in a golden age.

Dunedin dealers, I need y’all to step up. Innovation is moving at light speed, and you’re still out here ghosting people and selling 2g fids.

Size: He’s an OG. My man would never skimp out on me.



Quality: I’ve had some Oregano bullshit before. This stuff gets me cooking.

Ethics: He’s faster, more efficient and forces better service out of all our drug dealers. If that’s not ethical, I don’t know what is.

Star rating: 6 stars if possible. Man’s revolutionising the game faster than Jeff Bezos on crack. If all dealers went drone, the world would be a better place. The only reason I’d ever move back home, tbh.



BRO WITH KIDS

By Emily Blunt

You’ve heard, as I have, never to buy drugs from a man in a white van. But what if I told you it was silver and you get to pet dogs while casually sliding a fifty through the window?

I was first introduced to Bro with Kids in my first year, by the first friend I made at uni no less. An epoch of firsts (some of them), if you like. I was given no description other than “he looks like a father of three,” and, if I was lucky, I would meet a furry fellow or two (dogs, you freak). I messaged him and eagerly waited for a response – which, surprisingly, I got within the same minute. Bro with Kids may be punctual, but it’s not his punctuality you have to worry about. It. rly wthr nt. u cn read his txt rt.

After munching down a dining hall dinner and chucking on my puffer, I made my way to a side street stupidly close to my hall of residence and waited, shivering while clutching a fifty in my hand. It wasn’t too long before the man tore up the steep, tree-lined hill in his van, and greeted me with his typical: “Hey mate.” After our initial meeting, and a wonderfully citrusy batch of the fun stuff, I knew that he and I would be good friends. I’ve invited him in for a drink before, though he politely declined as he wished to stay on the ball while doing deliveries (sober king). He





seemed like the kind of bearded man that I would trust to make me a sofa bed if I greened out, blow out the candle and shut the door softly behind him as he continued on his merry way for the evening.

If you're geeky with your green, Bro with Kids isn't for you. No fancy strain names or Rick and Morty baggies here – though, I suppose I've never really asked what his stuff's called. His style isn't anything extravagant, and you probably won't become besties. But if you want a dependable dealer and some yummy weed, he's your man.

Size: What you'll receive is your average fid. Not too big, not too small, but *just* right. Who doesn't want a generous portion of porridge?

Quality: Nothing to write home about, but like your dad with a day off and a toolbox it gets the job done.

Ethics: Can someone be considered a bad person if they're a dog lover? Especially when you can tell they definitely let them sleep on the pillow? Yes, they definitely can be. But this dude's heart seems pure.

Star rating: Would've said four stars, but after finding out there's a drone-dropping dealer out there, Bro's rating drops down to a bang-average three.



FRIEND OF A FRIEND

By Stoney Daniels

I love 21sts for many reasons – the free food, the declarations of platonic love through the speeches, and meeting people from all aspects of the birthday person's life. After meeting my would-be drug dealer at my best friend's 21st (they were childhood besties) I'll add "underground networking" to the list.

After our initial meet-cute, the arrangement continued via Snapchat (classic) where I could hit her up during my last class of the day and pop by their flat on my walk home to

grab the goodies. This shit would get me so fucked up I was often a one-cone-wonder, spending the evening melting into my couch. My dealer is a Snap fiend, and based on the pet her bitmoji has next to them on maps I'm going to guess she's a Snapchat premium user (can this be claimed back as a business expense?). This made her punctual, though I was probably half-swiped a handful of times.

Honestly, I respected her game. I knew she was studying a business-related degree (the worst) so I guess she probably had a SWOT analysis written up and a marketing plan in full force. Given her major, it should come as no surprise that the chat would often revolve around interesting things happening in Elon Musk's life.

Size: Not huge, but power made up for it.

Quality: They say the stickier the better, and with this bud I'm like Pooh with a honeypot

Ethics: Er, how ethical can being a drug dealer really be?

Star rating: Three and a half stars – convenient and yummy, but points deducted for suspected swipes and dry chat



MY RA

By Kim Bong Un

I've had many a dealer in my time. Back home there was just about always a tinny or fid that could be bought, whether it was the shady senior from my high school, or the guy that had more piercings in his face than spots on a Dalmatian. But moving to Dunners, I left those connections behind me.

I bounced around a few people, buying around, never really settling down and finding the one. The dealers in Dunners often left me underwhelmed, not fulfilling my desires. Fresher me was getting ghosted and snuffed with 2g fids. I started to think maybe *I* was the problem. I'd started to lose hope. That is until that one fateful day I had cones with my RA.

My RA began as any other RA does: a friendly, sensible dude. He found out that I smoked over a random convo about the best places we have had cones (Signal Hill goes pretty hard). While he was on duty, he'd see me and the bros going out for a bong and give us the nod. It was only fate we'd do it together, one day. I always thought that it would be after we left the hall, cos duh. That is until I got the cheeky "come to my room x" text.

The first time we smoked together, we used a pipe. Not my go-to, but I wasn't about to pass up the chance to smoke with my RA. So I rolled with it. We leaned out the window, took a few hits, and I got fucking blazed. I wanted what this dude was smoking, because the separation between me and his bed did not exist.

Over time, my RA got a scope of how many people smoked at my hall. He'd always see people leave and come back with their hoods up or an ice cream from the mandatory Rob-Roy munchies mish. Not one to pass up a business opportunity, he bought a fuck-tonne

of buds off the black market and began dealing from his room. "Anyone you know that smokes, send them my way," he'd tell me. I remember thinking, "*Fuck this dude could get in some serious trouble.*" But then there was an offer of discounts for referrals, so "*lol never mind*" followed.

My RA gave me some of the phattest scores I've had in my life. I once got a 5g fid. And a 7g for \$65. Definition of mates' rates. Sure, it was stupid as fuck. If he got caught he would have been fired, losing both his home and his job, not to mention the hall's no drug policy which would see him kicked out of university. Thankfully, he never got caught. This was four years ago. I still think about him to this day.

Size: As mentioned – PHAT

Quality: Fucking great to be fair, the cherry on top of the convenient pie

Ethics: Plug for a mate, good cunt. Plug for your residents, what the fuck?

Star rating: He got away with it. Five stars, credit is due.



ANYONE
YOU
KNOW
THAT
SMOKES,
SEND THEM
MY WAY



THE VERDICT: BY BOBA KET

It's Boba, baby; I'm back.

If you don't know me, I reviewed drugs last year for Critic and people rated it (thanks for the love). Since then, I've done a few more drugs. Mainly ketamine, it's been super horsey (hah). But I've cut down a bit, so I haven't smashed enough to write another full review. We'll get there eventually. Just maybe not the Jedi flips.

Drug dealers are, in my opinion, the most underrated aspect of the drug-smashing process. There's something so pure about a first-time drug deal. It's the only natural high (adrenaline) in the process. I've never had an experience with a drug dealer (except the one that gave me laced bud, but they were a good cunt about it and gave me a free bag after). There's downsides to handing dealers cash to fry your brain, but you gain a lot of perspective on life too. You realise the important things (drugs are fun) and discard the unimportant things (Uni readings). Just kidding.

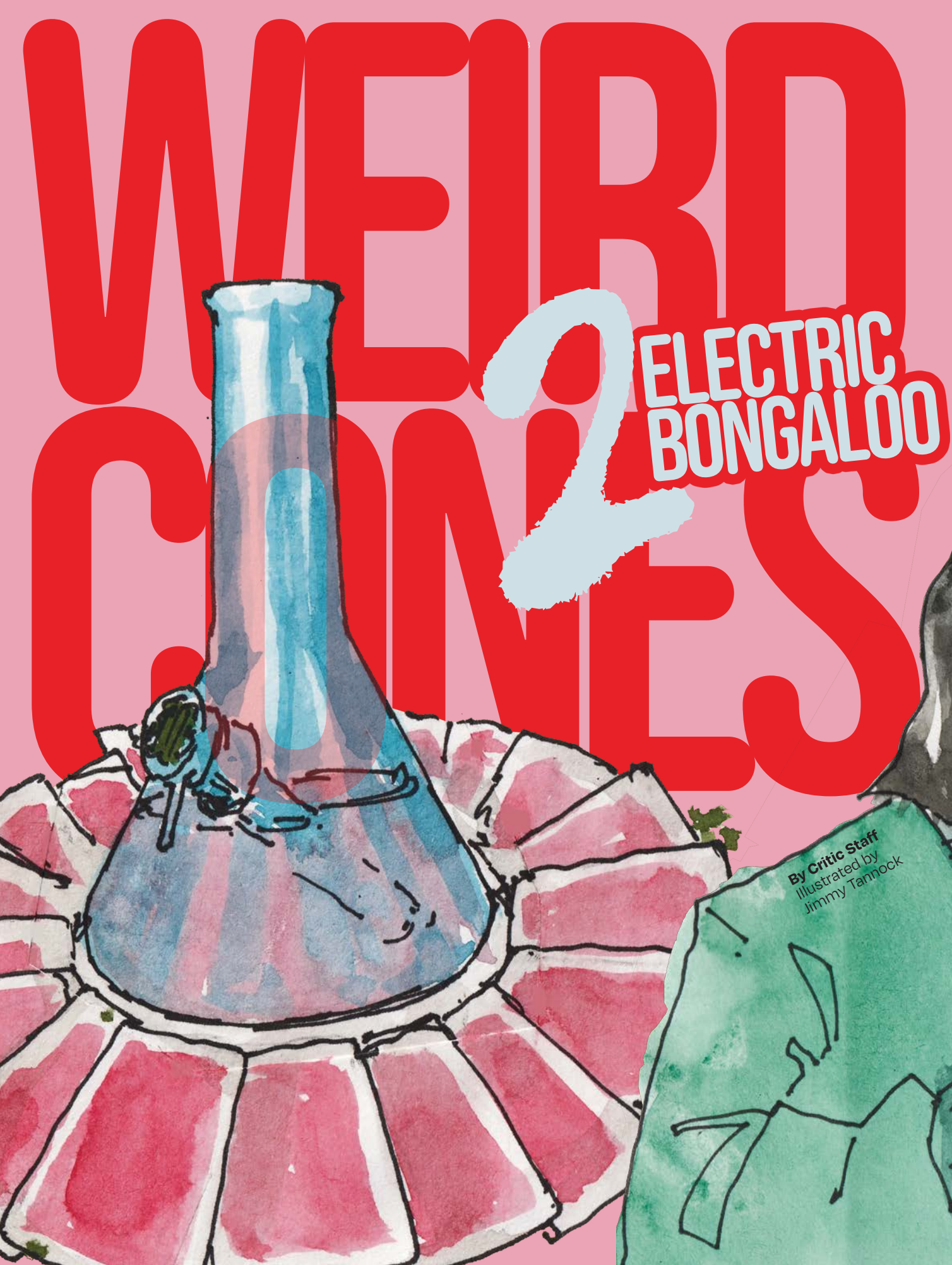
These reviews show that you shouldn't underestimate dealers. Some of these guys are playing 4D chess. I mean, becoming an RA to gain clientele? Brother, that's genius. Becoming a doctor just so you can sell buds legally? Seven years of med school is pretty intense, but shit, I respect it. And finally.... drone drops? This dude is living in 2040. I can see the future already. Drone cops raiding drug deals over our heads. The real war on drugs will be fought with Wifi signals.

If anything, these reviews highlight the (illicit) connections that substances create. When you're tweaking out with other people, there's no social etiquette holding you back. It's just vibes. I love a good tear-down – but it's no accident the reviews are generally positive. Everyone rates their dealer (or maybe no one sticks with a shit one).

Either way, I'm going to end this with a pledge: here's to our dealers. Where would we be on Hyde Street without them? 2025 is the year of appreciating your plug. They (mostly) show up when you need them, provide a quality service, and make after cones possible. I won't write to you in jail, but I will dap you up and pretend to be interested in your "rare import" that's probs cut with Raro.

Chur,
Boba Ket.





The idea of doing a sequel to one of our favourite articles ever, 'I tried to rip bongs through household ingredients', has been floating around the writers' room for years now like a cloud of questionable smoke. The original included bongs of raw eggs, sardines, and instant noodles, among others – a tough act to follow. Well, you only get one chance at a 100th birthday Drugs issue, so fuck you: we got someone to smoke their wee.

This is a tale of innovation, bravery, and teamwork. This is our Odyssey, in which our humble staff of stoners set out to defeat eight fearsome fluids, each more treacherous than the last, with the full knowledge we would have to look each other in the eye again after. Follow along with us, brave soldier, and may your gag reflex have might.

We also drank the bong water afterwards. Godspeed.

5PM: CHOCOLATE PROTEIN UP&GO

Half of Critic (which half? We'll never tell) met up in a lounge one fateful arvo, jostling grocery bags in tow. With all of our questionable substances finally in a room together, we decided to start with the tamest one as possible – a strategic, though cowardly, move. Who doesn't love an Up&Go? (The vegans, who sat this one out, became more vegan after watching). We theorised that the breakfast nutrients would fortify us for what was to come, and hopefully provide just enough nostalgia to to subdue the nerves. After all, Up&Go is billed as the perfect way to start your day; we hoped it was at least a decent way to start off the night.

Suck-o-meter: Heavy. We did not expect it to be this hard. The milk bubbled and frothed almost up to the mouthpiece – the smoke ended up getting trapped in the milk bubbles so that you had to blow down the bong to get anything out. It was way too thick, but you could still make it work if you swirled the Up&Go around while pulling. There was a cry of "I can feel the protein in my lungs!" It made your cone taste like melted chocolate ice cream – we obviously called bullshit on the first person who said this, but it was true. Unless you got it near the end, when the Up&Go had both "Essential Fibres!" and burnt weed fibres. 7/10.

Bongwater Tasting Notes: The best way to describe this is when you go overseas and get a special flavour of something. It was as if Up&Go had a Green version, or a really weird older sister that you rocked with. Minus points for milky-mouthfeel. 9/10.

6PM: KING'S CUP

A Dunedin night is nothing without a few drinks, and we'd already done a funnel on entry. And then played drinking games. Then had chatty drinks. Anything to loosen the worries and the lungs. This all culminated in every breath's favourite mouthwash, and a must-have for this experiment: the King's Cup. On the menu that night was a daring blend of beer, wine, Clean Collectives, Peach Hyouketsu, Majors, soju, and more (a mystery!). It smelt like facing Fresherdom again; our Dunedin lives flashed before our eyes – Maybe I should've done a Masters after all – as we considered Googling whether it's okay to boil that shit. Our two attending BScis were already high though, so we decided it was fine.

Suck-o-meter: It didn't really feel a whole lot different to ripping a usual cone. The only thing that put us off was the fear of death, as we'd heard inhaling heated alcohol was bad for you. It was also harder to light the cone and then smoke it through – maybe something about boiling temperatures and fumes? We swear we felt exponentially more fucked up after smoking this. (Note: this is because we essentially snorted straight ethanol). 8/10

Bongwater Tasting Notes: It tasted like an RTD. Which? Any. It was like a miscellaneous RTD you'd find in Leith Liquorland's dumpster, or like licking the bottom of a glass recycling bin. It didn't even taste cannabis-infused. Boo. 3/10.

By Critic Staff
Illustrated by
Jimmy Tannock

7PM: KFC POPCORN CHICKEN SNACKBOX WITH COKE ZERO (BLENDED)

The second someone suggested KFC in the planning chat, we knew we had to make it happen. KFC has long been the morning solution to any bad decisions made the night prior, and sorting munchies after a sesh is nothing if not a struggle. And so, in an attempt at killing two birds with one stoner, we figured: what's better than just smoking your snack? In practice, the sight of the bong alone gave us heart palpitations and made us consider doing lines of sertraline just to cope with the choices that led to this. The blended paste looked more akin to Saint Clair after a rainstorm, complete with its own thick, gravy sediment layer. Truly remarkable striations.

Suck-o-meter: Maximum suckage. Thick, oily sludge. Asthmatics steer clear, ripping a cone through this was life-changing in a bad way. We had to get a stick blender and get this to a consistency where we could pour it into the bong. It was grim. If you've ever seen someone try one of those eating challenges where they mix it into a goop with water to get it down quick, it was like that but worse. 1/10.

IT WAS GRIM.

Bongwater Tasting Notes: Like ashing your joint into your potatoes and gravy by mistake and then trying to wash it down with last night's flat coke. The chicken chunks pair nicely with converting to veganism. 5/10.

8PM: CHICKPEAS IN SPRING WATER

A vegan's wet dream. It made for an oddly pretty bong – the chickpeas mostly settled in the ice catcher, glistening. A bit like a lava lamp one forgot to plug in. After the hell that had been blending the KFC, we figured we'd let the chickpeas go au naturale. (Also, no one wanted to clean the chicken mush off the stick blender.) When we showed her pictures, our editor reckoned it looked like Orbeez. Much like that one mate that just needs to crash at yours for a little, the chickpeas ended up being really hard to get out of the bong. After our pitiful attempts at battling legumes in glass vessels, we were left with a kitchen covered in chickpeas and weed. Such a pain.

Suck-o-meter: Went pretty well until the smoke got trapped beneath the chickpeas that we couldn't get down the neck of the bong. We had to part the chickpeas like a stoner Moses to let the smoke through and pull extra hard. We'd even cheated a bit and added more water than what was in the can. Not enough spring water in the can to fill a bong. Critic will be passing our feedback on to Pam's. 7/10.

Bongwater Tasting Notes: Springwater tasted warm and like a wack miso soup. Couldn't get chickpeas out without shit going everywhere, so like any good stoner, we said, "Fuck it, we'll do it later." We didn't. 7/10.

9PM: CREAMED CORN

Think back to the last time you had creamed corn. Probably never? Same. Not as creamed as you'd think. You can imagine our shock when we opened the can and realised, "Wait, this is really, really thick." Like a parent making raro for sports day, the only solution was to severely water it down. Cue us putting a heap of water in and desperately stirring in an attempt to make something that didn't look like PVA glue. What we were left with was a David Seymour school lunch, complete with all the corn still sat at the bottom. Like a shit, minus the shit.

Suck-o-meter: Extremely, troublingly viscous. The force of suction needed inevitably led to a few kernels hitting the back of your throat. In some ways, it tasted even sweeter than the Up&Go bong. Quite a few people passed on this one due to how sheerly unappetising it looked. It made for a sweet, nutty corn-tasting cone. Lungs felt humid after. 2/10.

Bongwater Tasting Notes: It was like soup, but if soup was a towel and someone had swirled it around in the dirt outside and then put it back to where it came from. It felt distinctly heavy, and tasted like digestive issues. 4/10.

10PM: STRAWBERRY FLAVOURED LUBE

We almost chickened out of buying the strawberry stuff when we saw the price, but the curiosity on whether you'd taste it mid-cone was overwhelming. We didn't think to check the ingredients til the day of, and by then most of us were at least four cones deep and could only really giggle about it. While you'd think this would leave us in the hospital trying to explain how this wasn't a weird sex thing,

it turns out this bong was so good that we ended up asking, "Did we just make an invention?" Seriously – consider the Durex strawberry lube.

Suck-o-meter: It was a water-based lube diluted with more water so it was pretty easy. The hardest thing about this was how lubed up everything was. Take a moment to picture multiple professional journalists fighting over a slippery, slippery bong. This was worth it though – it tasted like a fucking Chupachup. Our respiratory systems were definitely shiny after ripping this, but it was yummiier (and probably worse) than any strawberry vape, ever. Did the mahi, got the treats. 8/10

Bongwater Tasting Notes: DO NOT DRINK THIS! Bloody foul. Sickly, strawberry flavour that burnt our tongue and we had to scull water afterwards to help. 2/10.

11PM: PISS

This was fucked up. This was like, real fucked up. From the second people turned up with a Powerade of piss and a disposable bong (bottle, blu-tac), shit started to get real. In life, certain moments call on you to reflect on what you're doing, and in the moments before the cone, all our volunteer piss-smoker could say was, "God, I hope someone finds this entertaining." Outside in the yard, we couldn't help but watch on in a mix of awe and disgust.

Suck-o-meter: The piss bong pulled like a normal bong, which makes perfect sense if you think about it (piss is more evolved water). However, this was about the mental game. Seriously, if you ever get to the point in your life where you end up doing this, reevaluate. However, if you do it, just know that while it'll smell awful at first, you won't be able to notice it during and after ripping.

Bongwater Tasting Notes: Unlike Grylls, piss drinking was a step too far. Vomited after. 0/10.

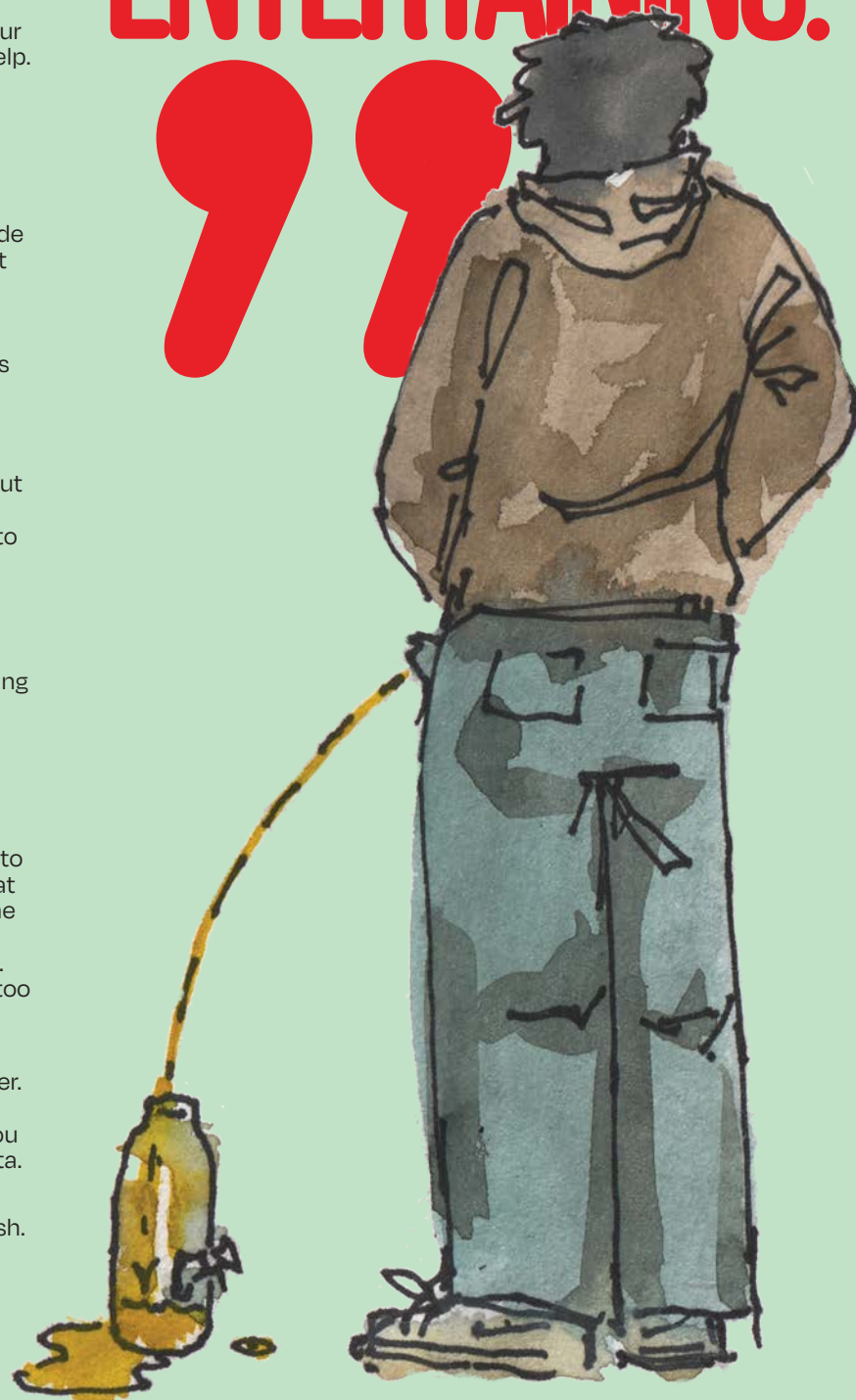
12AM: LISTERINE

With all the lovely brews we'd ingested over the night – and with some of us having folks at home to go back to in a somewhat respectable state – what better way to clear the previous air than with some mouthwash? After the success of the lube bong, we figured this would be basically like a mint Solo. Super tempting since by now, everyone was way too lazy to hit Night 'n Day.

Suck-o-meter: Not difficult at all, and especially welcome after the last cone. Most pretty thing ever. Sparkly, a little bit of foam on top. Hitting this was comparable to hitting a harsh menthol vape, so you couldn't do massive pulls. It was still pretty gangsta. 9/10

Bongwater Tasting Notes: Slightly ashy mouthwash. Handy to swish around at the end of a night, especially with everything we'd been through. Perfect AC's set-up. 10/10.

GOD, I HOPE SOMEONE FINDS THIS ENTERTAINING.





The personal experiences of antidepressant withdrawal

By Jordan Irvine

Content warning: Mentions of suicidal thoughts

I have been taking antidepressants for nearly five years now, and though they're infamous for their side effects there is just one thing I can't get over. Weirdly enough, I've made my peace with the weight gain, mood swings and sexual dysfunction – rather beat depression than beat my... – but I'm always in fear of withdrawal. To be completely honest, SSRI withdrawal (Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors, the most common class of antidepressants) and its gruelling side effects has been, and continues to be, likely one of the most destructive aspects of my life. With a good GP, and a psychiatrist who knows the ropes, there isn't anything to worry about, but I have had to experience multiple instances of withdrawal. It blows. I've also found that it is often not talked about: both by people who take antidepressants, and the doctors that prescribe them. This also blows.

I started off with seeing a school counsellor in Year 13 to help deal with my depression and anxiety, but they

really didn't help a lot. Eventually, I got to go to some professionals who were much more equipped to help with my issues, and I was given antidepressants for the first time. I was able to go to a psychiatrist who put me on fluoxetine (brand name: Prozac). This was one of the worst months of my life as I suffered from thunderclap headaches which resulted in me with my head down on my desk in history not wanting to move at all because the pain was unbearable. I became hypersensitive to everything around me and increasingly more anxious but most importantly, I still felt depressed. I then moved onto escitalopram aka Lexapro which honestly just did nothing at all. I felt like a shell of a human being. Finally, I got put onto sertraline aka Zoloft which I still take to this very day. It was only in talking to fellow SSRI enthusiasts that I realised my dose of 150mg is significantly more than others, who usually are on 50mg. This is probably poor dosing on their part, but when so much is unknown about depression and SSRIs, doctors seem to love a 'go hard or go home' approach to prescribing.

Most people on SSRIs that I talk to are in two camps: they don't work, or they have saved their life. Luckily I am on the latter side, but it should be known that without therapy, the drugs would not help so much. Any health professional you talk to will mention that SSRIs and therapy should go hand in hand for the best result. Those who believe that SSRIs don't work, mention that the drug made them numb, a common fear for those considering taking the drug. It's a prevalent misconception that it's the drug making you numb, when truly, that drug is not right for you. Depression is the body's response to one overwhelming emotion, and since the body can't just bury one emotion, it shuts all of them down, leaving the numb feeling often described. What's most important is to communicate with your doctor about how you feel so you can get better. When talking to one student I approached, Bee, she mentioned that when she switched from one medication to another, the withdrawals were not a good time for her. "Everything felt like it was shutting down. It was the most horrible two weeks of my life." Bee was grateful that she has a doctor that listens to her concerns and keeps her informed about the side effects of antidepressants. "Some of my friends don't even know you can't have grapefruit or it's dangerous to do shrooms or acid while taking them," she says.

The biggest issue and the main reason I deal with withdrawals is because of lack of access. I will start to run out of my meds and it is hard to get an appointment at Student Health due to long wait times. And to be honest, the expense of booking an appointment just for a five-minute sit-down answering the same questions with the same answers is tiring and upsetting. Fortunately, I have the luxury of having grown up in Dunedin and of having a GP in Mosgiel, but for many students that is not the case, especially after graduating. Prescription medication is free if you have a Community Service Card or go to Chemist Warehouse (for now) – a plus for those students who do not have much money to spare, but otherwise it'll set you back \$5. When I have withdrawals, it means that I suffer from the brain zaps to an intense degree. For those not in the know, 'brain zaps' is a term for a common side effect that feels like it sounds: having a tuning fork struck against you. Often, I would need to grab onto something around me to not fall over. Frustrating, but not as bad as the overwhelming suicidal thoughts that come with it. Even when I do not feel suicidal, the removal of antidepressants means the intrusive thoughts start to kick in. If I did not have the support network that I do have, I would be a lot worse off.

In response to a Critic Instagram story asking for students to share their own experience, one student said they had been taking Escitalopram since they were fifteen. By age seventeen, they were doing a lot better – so they just stopped taking them. "Won't do that again! Shit idea." They said it made them "super dizzy" from withdrawal and caused them to lose their appetite completely. They then spent half of first-year without meds before going back on them. "Had a mental breakdown and ended up on Sertraline (so much better I feel like a real person)." They admitted they were "humbled pretty quickly" and noted how you should go to a doctor before cutting yourself off. So I did go to a doctor.

Dr Ryan Ward works for the University of Otago in the Department of Psychology as a lecturer and researcher. I asked Dr Ward questions about why people take drugs and how it affects them, specifically antidepressants and the effects withdrawals have on a person. He explained

that SSRIs work by blocking the reuptake of serotonin in the neural synapse: "Essentially, this allows serotonin to remain active for a longer period of time."

Prescribed by doctors for anxiety, depression and other mood disorders, antidepressants usually take 6-8 weeks to kick in, but sometimes longer. "The reasons for the time lag are unknown, but there is evidence that the brain takes some time to adjust to the changes introduced by SSRIs," he told me. Some of the side effects of SSRIs go away after a few weeks once the body adjusts. These side effects include nausea, diarrhea or constipation, loss of appetite, headaches, dizziness, drowsiness, insomnia, increased agitation or anxiety, reduced feeling of emotion, restlessness, reduced sex drive and other sexual issues, dry mouth, sweating, and weight gain. It should be noted that these do not impact everyone on medication but are very likely. Yippee.

When withdrawals kick in can depend on which SSRI is being taken. All of them have different half-lives (a rough estimate of how long the drug is active in the blood). Withdrawal can begin as soon as one day after discontinuing use or can take as long as two weeks after – with symptoms fairly similar to those of taking the medication. "There are a number of common withdrawal effects," Dr Ward explained, including dizziness, headaches, nausea and vomiting, flu-like symptoms, insomnia or vivid dreams, and brain zaps, relapse of anxiety or depression, irritability, mood swings, and confusion.

"Again, not everyone experiences all of the symptoms of withdrawal and they vary in severity depending on the specific SSRI, dosage, and how long the person has been taking it," Dr Ward reiterated. He explained that there are small things you can do to stop these effects. "Taking pain meds for headaches, staying hydrated, practicing good sleep habits, and practicing relaxation techniques and increased mindfulness can help deal with withdrawal symptoms. Also talking to friends or having some sort of support network is helpful."

Conclusion: it's fucking grim. In New Zealand there's a culture where it is expected that the person struggling needs to reach out, but that responsibility should also be with your friends, family, coworkers, and doctors to make sure you're okay. It's a shame that the burden is on the person who's already struggling. I would not be in the position I'm in if I didn't have friends drag me along to counseling. Dr Ward even said, "At the end of the day it just comes down to the fact that we really don't have a good idea what causes depression and so we really don't know the best ways to treat it." So for now we're stuck throwing shit at the wall and seeing what sticks, but at least that's progress. Psychedelics and ketamine see increasing studies for their potential in easing depression and anxiety symptoms, funding allowing. But until all those kinks are figured out, the best thing you can do is talk to someone you trust or a doctor.



Tellu3

\$40, 14 arcade games, Weeded-up.

By Zoe Eckhoff
Illustrated by Bella Styant

Dolphins get high off pufferfish and wallabies ransack opium from the poppy fields. So what did we do? We tapped into our innate animalistic tendencies and got high to play arcade games. Sober or no, the arcade is an iconic spot.

For the purposes of this article and accurate retelling, Critic Te Ārohi remained sober (sadly) for this experiment while two anonymous test subjects partook (enthusiastically) in the practical side of things.

We all love those ‘Cooking While High’ YouTube videos. Stuff like this is the heart and soul of social media; it allows us to understand these experiences without necessarily having had them ourselves. And so, \$40 was withdrawn and sacrificed in the name of journalism. The plan was simple: each test subject would take roughly 2 grams worth of weed each, while Critic would take notes as they made their way through as many games as we could afford (fourteen) to find out which were the best to play while high.

The arcade was immediately over-stimulating when Critic Te Ārohi frog-marched our test subjects in – colourful flashing lights, loud noises, and little kids running around didn’t mix awfully well with the weed trip. Nevertheless, the two loyal subjects prevailed. Thus, the games began.

KING OF HAMMER II THUNDER

The mid-est of mid

This game is one of strength. You take a large hammer and smash it onto a big button as hard as you can to propel the flashing lights as high up as possible. The more power you use, the more tickets you get. Starting off with this game was a mid idea to say the least. Not a very rewarding experience and not enough fun colours to make it worth the amount of money you spent on it. A lot of weeded-up power was put into that slam, and still only got about 10 tickets from that thing. So did we win? No. But was it slightly better on weed? Eh, still no.

Rating: 3/10

MARIO KART

Yahoo!

An absolute classic experience. You race around a course as goofy-looking cartoon characters from Super Mario. Sick. The weedy experience did apparently make the big screen feel pretty intimidating, according to one test subject, but getting to drive with a physical wheel as you melt into that plastic chair is a whole new experience. Did we win? Yes! However, the “Game Over” display at the end was saddening, and slightly stress inducing.

Rating: 8/10

GUITAR HERO

This rocks

Perhaps the arcade machine took the choice of band – “Rage Against the Machine” – as a personal attack, as it broke down half way through us playing Bulls on Parade, but even so, this one was pretty fun. It was great revisiting the cult classic game where you pick a song and play along with a toy guitar, flicking buttons and strumming to the beat as best you can to varying difficulties. Despite the intense concentration required to play this game, the changing colours were very entertaining. It may have decreased performance, but it did increase the fun factor. Did we win? In our hearts, yes.

Rating: Broken / 10

JURASSIC PARK ARCADE

DINOSAURS!

Now this was something else. You sit in a booth and shoot at dinosaurs. The booth provides safety and privacy where you can enjoy yourself in a more comfortable environment, and the dinosaurs are dinosaurs (need we say more?). It was a little hard to beat, and admittedly, we did spend a bit of extra money to revive ourselves. But that fact is more of a testament to the entertainment factor that this arcade game provided. It was intimate, it was immersive, and our test subjects said it felt sick while stoned. Did we win? Yes. There were dinosaurs.

Rating: 10/10

ONE - NBA

Who am I? Kevin Durant?

A basketball game; shooting balls in hoops. This was a great screen break from all the dense stimulation you get staring into coloured pixels, and a lot more hands-on. The thing about being stoned is you really just wanna sit around. So, it happened, but there’s nothing to write home about. Did we win? Well, we probably won’t get drafted.

Rating: 4/10.

HALO - FIRE TEAM RAVEN

Halo was not a religious experience

Another sit-down shooter game. Once again, the booth experience was very pleasant, but this game just didn’t evoke as much excitement. Not enough fun colours, not enough cool dinosaurs, and we didn’t win.

Rating: 6/10.

CLAW
eStupidGame

Claw machines. To be real, gambling is fun, but claw machines feel too skill based to give the same rewarding dopamine-hit like a slot machine would. They're rigged, and no one can convince Critic otherwise. Especially when you're high and just want the treat without the mahi. Claw machines are an absolute miss. Whoever invented these things is definitely a sadist.

Rating: -2/10.

SUPER BIKES 3
"Holy shit it moves"

This one gets a solid "hell yeah". A racing game, similar to Mario Kart, except you get to sit on a sick ass bike that physically tilts as you move around the course. The sitting aspect was great. While it didn't have the same fun colours as Mario Kart, it made up for that with the whole sick-ass-bike thing. Big fan of this one (and we won).

Rating: 7/10.

TRANSFORMERS
Robots while we're high

Yet another shooter game. The booths while high just hit right every time. Getting to sit down in those intimate spaces paired perfectly with the trip. The robots were sick, the gameplay was cool, and there was a special lever you could pull for a power up which really added to the experience. But, alas, despite our victory, there were no dinosaurs.

Rating: 9/10.

HAPPY MINER
More like Not Happy Miner

Claw machine number two. Another fail. Critic thought this one would be at least a little more rewarding. It was one of the candy claw machines, and the candy was moving in a circle on a conveyor belt as you tried to obtain it. The candy would have been a wonderful addition to the experience. Except we got no candy. But even if we had, there was a second step to this machine where any candy you did manage to airlift would be taken to a secondary mechanism, a coin pusher. Too many extra steps. Too complicated. "Guaranteed win" my ass. We did not win.

Rating: Pissed off / 10.

FULL TILT
A gear grinder figuratively and literally

This game was interesting. A ball is dropped at the top of a tower of cogs that you control the movement of at the base of the machine using a larger cog. The goal is to strategically manipulate the cogs in the right way so that the ball falls into a hole with a high ticket number at the bottom. The test subjects enjoyed the concept, it was just the right amount of hands-on-ness where you didn't need to do too much and it still kept you captivated. Did we win? No, but it made one test subject want to sell their car.

Rating: 5/10.

MONSTER DROP
Two words: Pyramid Scheme

It seemed simple enough. A ball would be dispensed from above into a cylindrical tube when you press a button, and the goal would be to time that drop so that it falls into a hole with a high ticket number. We only got about 10 tickets from this machine and for some reason something about this particular button pushing mechanism felt too complicated. But, that's probably the munchies talking from the previous lack of claw-machine-candy. Did we win? Who knows.

Rating: 2/10.

WILD WEST SHOOTOUT
'BEER TOWN'

Yet another shooting game, this time without the booth experience unfortunately. But, this game had 'BEER TOWN' so the booth's absence could be forgiven. The standing-up part brought the rating down slightly, but the weed trip combined with western bad guys was wonderful, and 'BEER TOWN' is pretty funny. 'BEER TOWN'.

Rating: 9.5/10

POWER ROLL
Short but not sweet

This was the final game of our experience. In this one, you launch a small ball up a hill in a sort of slingshot mechanism. The goal is to use just enough force to hit the jackpot or at least a solid ticket reward. This one had lots of fun and entertaining colours but didn't last very long – not that there's anything wrong with that, but also there is.

Rating: 4/10

This was quite the experiment. If only all scientific reports were a little more of an easy read, it'd make science majors a little less depressed. Or, less likely to resort to illegal drug use for that matter. It must be reiterated, this is no scientific report, nor a perfect experiment. But hey, if the Wallabies can do opium, what's the harm in a little animalistic-fun?

Our findings? 14 games in total, \$40, and an hour of everyone's time. This yielded 232 tickets which rewarded us with two Zombie Chews. Each worth 100 tickets. Tutti frutti (though not as fruity as we imagined) and Coca-Cola were the flavours of choice. Overall, the dinosaurs were awesome, and both test subjects said they'd do it again.



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 then alcohol.

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

Mr Drugs: Yes, but better.



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- 'BETTERLAND' ALBUM RELEASE TOUR
 THE CROWN HOTEL
 w/ Sam Charlesworth and Purple Dog.
 Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz. 8pm.

1
91 FM

Southern Events

By Jonathan McCabe

that allowed them to make some big purchases, like the 40-meter-long truss cube.

Southern Events don't just hire gear to Castle Street flats. They also run flat balls, provide DJ services, organise gigs, and promote ticketed events. Sam estimated that quotes for Flo- and O-Week hosts on Castle Street ranged between \$2000 and \$6000.

Shitposting on TikTok and Instagram Reels has been key to their success – so-called “Gen Z marketing”, Ben surreally boasts that the two accounts received “2.2 million views over the last 22 days.” Clips of their setup alongside captions reading “Yo wtf are my neighbours up to” and “POV: you’re trying to sleep in your new Dunedin flat,” have given the boys a taste of virality. As Ben puts it, “More views is just more money!”

Southern Events operates in a very niche market; running ticketed events in Dunedin is risky business. Many out-of-town promoters struggle to tap into the student market, especially since last-minute ticket sales are the norm (no one wants to clash with their mate's 21st) – making it harder for promoters to predict student's behaviour and invest big money into running gigs. Morgan finds that "You gotta know what student events are coming up. If there's a big flat ball, that's gonna knock out half of the third years' availability."

To adapt to the student market, Southern Events is organising monthly gigs at Errick's called 'Full Send'. Sam aims to "make them consistent" – that way "there are no questions asked whether they buy a ticket or not," with the hope that everyone will buy early to get the "cheapest tickets."

If you want to use Southern Events for your next party, message them on Instagram @southernevents nz.

Rocking up for an interview with Critic Te Ārohi, Sam and Morgan are dressed in matching Southern Events hoodies (you've gotta love a man in uniform). The lads' chill demeanour was complemented by their money mindset. Before even getting the chance to whip out the voice memo app to hit record, our conversation was interrupted by Morgan's phone ringing. He quickly handled an issue with tickets, then proceeded to explain how the business began.

Morgan first appeared on the scene as a resident DJ at Subs, Dunedin Social Club and the bar formerly known as Eleven. The money he made was used to invest in equipment and he started renting out this gear as a side hustle. As the business grew and grew, Morgan built up connections alongside his reputation across Ōtepoti. "[In early 2024] it just got to the point where I had to take it full time," he says.

When setting up a stage for the Hyde Street Party in 2023, Morgan brought in Sam and James to help with some online promo because, as Morgan puts it, "These guys were pretty hot on social media." Subsequent business talks lead to Morgan selling a third of the company to each of the boys, a move that "basically tripled" their set-up. Further mogul moves were made at 2am in a bar when the boys decided to put down 70k on equipment – an investment

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12 MAR

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Now onto Cage's first leading role, portraying Randy in *Valley Girl*. It is the 1983 version of the weirdest part of this film. There are the classic Cage-isms that he will hone in on for future works but there is also a very horny mum, peanut butter on sushi, and one of the best soundtracks of all time featuring new wave classics like 'Love My Way' by the Psychedelic Furs and 'I Melt With You' by Modern English.

Rumble Fish is another one of his uncle's films, and often people say Nicolas Cage is a bad actor but holy shit Matt Dillon sucks too. Maybe Uncle Frank isn't as good a director as we think he is. The Cage doesn't have a big enough part to remark on his performance. *Racing with the Moon* has Nic starring in a supporting role to Sean Penn, and he has a great performance. I think this is the first showing of Cage's talent as an actor. He works comedically and dramatically, so I recommend this if you want some early Cage.

The next film is another Coppola epic, *The Cotton Club*, where the Cage is the brother of a jazz musician who saves a gangster's life and becomes involved in the scene. The movie was made in 1984 and is set in the '20s, so the Cage says the N-word a lot. Sadly, it's the best Coppola-Cage film so far (even if it's two hours long).

Nicolas Cage screams "Birdy I can't swim!" in the film *Birdy* where his friend likes birds and thinks he is a bird. He also says, "No! We're talking tits here. Big tits, round tits, fleshy tits, full tits." He then continues arguing with his friend about tits. This may sound stupid but honestly this is the best film so far, as this dramedy about the Vietnam War and its trauma brings the best out of Cage with a performance that is both sincere and aware of its content. Essential watching for

Nic Cage fans. I can't say the same for the film *The Boy in Blue*. This film is like the worst and most boring parts of all the Rocky movies but it's about rowing. Cage wastes a good performance on a dull story.

Peggy Sue Gets Married is another Cage-Coppola partnership. The film is mainly set in 1960, so Cage has a weird nasally voice and bleach blonde hair. He sounds like Milhouse from *The Simpsons*. A film that is enjoyable to watch but distracts you with Cage's bizarre existence in it. Also, he says "intercourse" instead of sex and says "wang" instead of literally any other word for penis. Raising Arizona is a comedy/crime/drama written by the Coen Brothers and Cage's best acting to date. He has an understated performance that works well for the film's funny premise (he steals a kid because he and his wife can't have children).

Moonstruck was the breakthrough film for the Cage, for some reason. It's a cool film. He falls in love with Cher even though she's engaged to his brother. He's got a wooden hand that is not super relevant. It's a nice film, very Italian. It was the star of the show rather than a blur in the background.

Cageiness: Kicked up a gear

Welfare Check: Mainly bored

Total Films Watched: 15/137



By Zoe Eckhoff and Lotta Ramsay

PRO-BONG:

You'll remember your first bong-rip like your first kiss. It's sensual, sparks are flying and lips are touching. What's not to fall in love with? Just like kissing, you might need a YouTube tutorial or two to get it right, but it's easy to pick up and from then on you're sorted. Want to get kinky and creative? There's endless bong design options. From store bought specialties such as a terrarium bong, tarot card bong, pickle jar bong and dragon bong...to the more homemade granola-mom options such as the classic water bottle bong, or even a bike pump bong. There's options for anyone!

Now admittedly, they do look a little like an intimidating sex toy, but if you're too scared of the big ones you can easily find a small one to suit your taste. Girl-ify it, glitter-ify it, sex-ify it, hell - dress it up like a Polly Pocket! How could you possibly decorate a joint? The answer: You couldn't unless you're willing to breathe in the burnt contents.

Who has the time to sit and roll a joint anyways? It's a plain pain in the ass and there's no sugar-coating the process. You either roll a good joint or a shit one. All you've got to do with a bong is pack a cone to your desired amount and, in the name of Beyblades, let it RIP! So, next time you're in the ever-enticing R18 section of a sketchy \$2 shop, gazing into the glowing glass cabinets of boundless possibility and deciding between that and the monotonous filters and papers below the payment counter, remember these inspirational words: "Sing my song, puff all night long; As I take hits from the bong" - Cypress Hill

PRO JOINTS:

I adore a good bong. I probably smoke more cones than I do joints, and agree with the consensus that bongs are faster and more efficient (unless you cough it all out immediately). However, if I had to go the rest of my life with only joints, or only cones, I'd choose joints every time.

Being shown how to roll a joint is a cherished memory. A touching moment, the passing on of a tactile, tangible skill. Worthy of a commemorative painting or decorative plate. Being taught how to smoke a cone, on the other hand? Tragic. Smelly. Humiliating. NOT mantelpiece material. That memory's going in the mental vault.

Reclining and smoking a joint is an inherently relaxing activity, while ripping a cone is hit or miss. There are so many times I've had my deep breath and mental pep talk before hitting what should be a great cone, only to fuck it at the final stretch and sound like a cat yacking up a hairball. It doesn't happen often, but just enough to keep me afraid. Jays wouldn't do me like that. They're patient and gentle. They don't go straight for the deepthroat like a cone (rude, btw).

I'd 100% rather be caught in the middle of smoking a joint than hitting a bong. I know this for a fact, as my parents have walked in on me doing both. Several times. It's so, so much worse to be asked about your laundry mid-inhale, wearing a bong like a fucked up gas mask, just to get spooked by your dad's voice and half-cough, half-drool a brim's worth of smoke back to whence it came. Fuck that. Fuck that so, so much.

You can bring a joint into places easily, good luck doing that with a bong. It's more romantic to share a joint than to share a cone. You can roll joints with tasty menthol filters, and the only bong equivalent is the Listerine we tried on page 31. You have much better conversations passing a joint than during cones, where you're likely to get too fucked to talk too soon. Joints can be pre-rolled. You could figure out how to pre-pack multiple cones in advance if you wanted, but that would make you a dingus. Smoking jays with people you just met is fun. Smoking cones with people you just met is vulnerable. You don't have to clean resin out of joints, or worry about spilling bong water.

If I wanted, I could have a joint in my mouth while writing this, but I'm pretty sure I'd have trouble sipping on a bong while typing. Also, it's jay day, not bong day.

BONGS OR JOINTS?

Ahhh the good ol' critic drugs special <3 I'm sure this week when you flicked to the recipes you were expecting brownies, but I love to keep you all on your toes. With this recipe you're baking ;) you get that hit of chocolatey goodness, and you've whipped up the perfect munchy for all possible occasions. They are quick and easy to make and stay fresh for the whole week. Sounds like a good time to me so give 'em a go!

INGREDIENTS:

BIKKIE

200 g butter (softened)
½ cup white sugar
1 ¼ cups flour
½ cup cocoa powder
2 cups cornflakes

ICING

1 ½ cup icing sugar
25 g butter (softened)
2 heaped Tbsp cocoa powder
¼ tsp vanilla essence
Boiling water

Cream the butter and sugar using an electric beater or a whisk

INSTRUCTIONS:

Step 1. Preheat your oven to 180 degrees and set aside a large tray lined with baking paper.

Step 2. In a large mixing bowl, cream the softened butter and white sugar together until light and fluffy. Approx 5 mins.

Step 3. Add in the flour, and cocoa powder, folding carefully until combined. From here, gently mix in the cornflakes.

Step 4. Once combined, place golf ball sized spoonfuls of the mixture onto the prepared tray.

Step 5. Place the tray into the oven and bake for 15 mins. The biscuits should still be soft, but will hold their shape and are set.

Step 6. Set the tray aside to let the biscuits cool completely.

Step 7. Once cooled, make your icing. Begin by placing the icing sugar, cocoa powder and softened butter into a small bowl. Mix these together until they have formed a chocolatey buttery paste.

Step 8. From here mix in the vanilla essence and 1 Tbsp of boiling water.

Step 9. If the icing is too thick to spread, add another 1 Tbsp of boiling water. If you find it is too runny, add in a dash more icing sugar. Play with these until your desired consistency is achieved.

Step 10. Finish your bikkies by spooning the icing on top, and decorate with a piece of walnut or corn flake! Enjoy :)

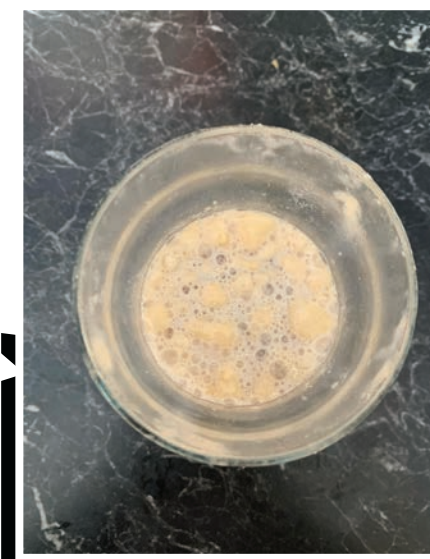
*MI GORENG GRADUATE
By Ruby Hudson*

don't over bake or you are in for some dryyyyyy bikkies! Speaking from experience oops

*Makes: 12
Time: 45 mins
Price: \$\$\$\$*

BOOZE REVIEWS
BY GIN SWIGMORE

PROTEIN BEER™



"Bro, my business creating 0 calorie lemon-flavoured RTDs has gone under, who knew the market was so flooded?"

"Bro, my DJing career has failed and my dad has cut me out of the trust fund because of my crippling weed dependency. How are we going to fuel this lifestyle?"

"Bro, Protein Beer, bro."

HYPOTHESIS:

Beer, but it gives you gains.

METHOD:

Step One: Ingredients

1x 330ml full cream Speight's

2x scoop of vanilla protein powder (30 grams of protein)

Step Two: Mix Critic opted for putting it into a pint glass and mixing it together with a spoon, in an

attempt to avoid excess froth from putting the beer in a shaker, or the potential

explosion of blending your Protein Beer float.

Step Three: Drink

For the love of God do this quickly. Finish it before the protein curdles in the beer.

Please.

Step Four: Profit?

FINDINGS:

At first glance, the Protein Beer kind of looks like an iced coffee, settling into a weird light brown colour – although you can still see 'protein sediment' swimming about in the beer. The drink doesn't smell particularly bad; however, the 'chemical reaction' of the protein and beer 'froth' at the top made Critic feel a little bit uneasy, before still choosing to consume this drink.

At the point of first contact (when the vanilla protein was completely dissolved and was somewhat un-offensive but yet not even close to a description of 'nice'), the drink can be best described as a liquidated alcoholic Weetbix that was loaded with a shit-tonne of sugar.

Now, after forcing down a couple of sips, is when the protein powder starts to clump at the surface, resulting in an almost instinctual gag reflex whenever the Protein Beer makes contact with your mouth. Despite it really not tasting that bad, the idea of what you're putting into your body does a lot to inhibit its drinkability.

After the protein had truly curdled, this drink became truly difficult. Something about having to chew your vanilla Speight's and sift chunks through your teeth really doesn't make it a refreshing drink to sip in the sun on a Sunday arvo.

DISCUSSION:

While this variation of the Protein Beer has its limits, the concept has great potential – including the addition of either nicotine/caffeine to enhance the boost of this beverage. Further experimentation with different/unflavoured protein powders is needed.

Next time, and there will be a next time, the experiment will opt for the ingredients of vanilla protein powder, milk, Kahlúa, and a touch of vodka. A protein White Russian, if you will.

RESIDENTIAL HALL VISITS



We all know the state of housing in Dunedin, and far too many of us have undergone a baptism of cold, mould, and being told that's how it is and not to expect better. But with the illusion of a Dunedin summer fading we need to face the fact that an "indoor outdoor flow" shouldn't be a literal breeze in your bedroom. The issue of housing is nothing new but what we don't understand is the true extent of the issue. Is it confined to flats or does it stretch further into halls of residence and uni flats?

That's why starting this week, OUSA will be visiting halls over the next couple of weeks to introduce ourselves and have some face to face convos about the hall's experience and everything it entails. The goal being to provide a conduit for students to provide meaningful feedback and facilitate actual change, with the reestablishment of two committees:

Residential committee – providing a way for students to have a voice in the governance and decision making of the halls of residence

Subwarden committee – sub warden's don't qualify for the university union, this gives them them a fair opportunity to tackle common issues

Having these key committees firing on all cylinders means that both residents and subwardens won't be subject to the changing tides of the powers that be, and enables OUSA to be reactive to the needs of all students in these spaces.

To all those battling in flats don't worry we are coming to you next, until then if you have any issues don't hesitate to get in touch at residential@ousa.org.nz.

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Residential Rep

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+ FREE Hour of Data everyday

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Illustrated by
Tevya Faed

DANIEL JUMNS - 4

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It's time to revamp your Spotify playlists. You have been listening to the same 20 songs on repeat and are missing out on some really amazing new releases. New songs will also give you a new lease on life and as the sun disappears, lord knows you need something to keep you afloat.

End-of-rainbow treat: A cold Guinness

★ PISCES ★

Love is in the air for you Libra, but your inability to make a decision is going to push you down the cursed path of a situation. Remember to keep your head up and keep pushing for commitment. Hopefully in about six months you can lock them down to be official.

End-of-rainbow treat: A fid of Purple Haze

★ LIBRA ★

Your flatmate's passive aggressive pile of dishes will push you over the edge this week and trigger you to do a full hate-clean of the flat. Your flatmates won't say thank you or anything but know that deep down they are just a little bit more scared of you.

End-of-rainbow treat: A fresh new phone charger

★ ARIES ★

You're going to come up with a million dollar idea this week. Remember to write it down, otherwise you will be a broke for life.

End-of-rainbow treat: A petrol voucher

★ SAGITTARIUS ★

Your brain is operating on a different level than everyone else, so try to be a little bit more aware of your surroundings. Kick-ons is not an ideal place to bring up why Decartes is your favorite philosopher, and will just make you look like a dick.

End-of-rainbow treat: Some coke,

★ AQUARIUS ★

This week you will earn 1,000 aura points by saving a kitten from a tree or the Dinnurs equivalent, posting a lost ID on Castle 25 with the caption 'box on return, chur'.

End-of-rainbow treat: A Pint Night line skip

★ SCORPIO ★

It feels like your lecturers have a vendetta against you, and maybe they do, but you have got to remember that their BlackBoard announcements go to everyone else in the class and they are not targeted messages to your anxious ass.

End-of-rainbow treat: Clean, mould free curtains

★ CANCER ★

A really big ego check is coming for you this week, whether that be falling off the bar at The Bog while jiggling or falling down some stairs at Central during the lunch rush. Try not to take life too seriously after this, it was definitely needed

End-of-rainbow treat: A box of Major Majors

★ LEO ★

Time to stop being so uptight. Do some yoga, smoke a cone, and let loose. No one cares as much as you and no one should care as much as you do.

End-of-rainbow treat: A will to live

★ CAPRICORN ★

Dude, you gotta budget better. A money making scheme that many have doubled their money through is the casino. Go put your rent money on the blackjack table and watch the profit roll in.

End-of-rainbow treat: A week's rent

★ TAURUS ★

You will send an email that takes at least half an hour to draft, purely because you don't know how to sound professional anymore. You probably won't get a timely reply, but at least it's sitting in their inbox.

End-of-rainbow treat: A robot vacuum

★ VIRGO ★

You have double booked yourself this week, but you can't remember what. This is a sign to start being more organised because you hate the feeling of getting a "Where are you?" call.

End-of-rainbow treat: An OUSA frunch Samosa

★ GEMINI ★

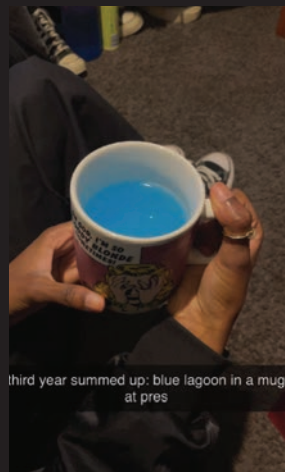
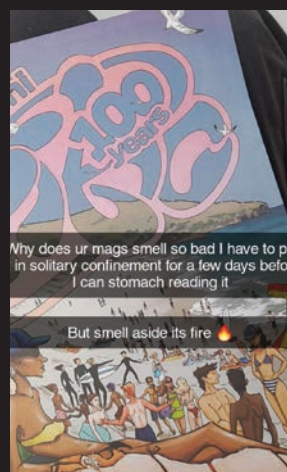
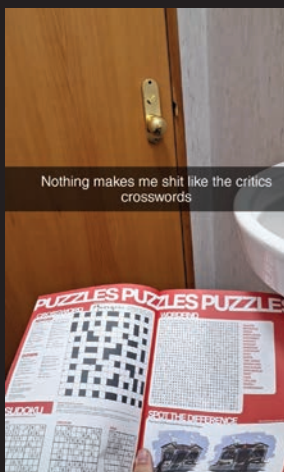
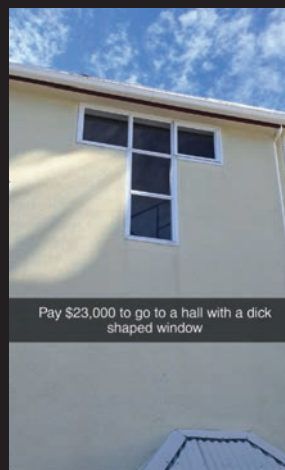
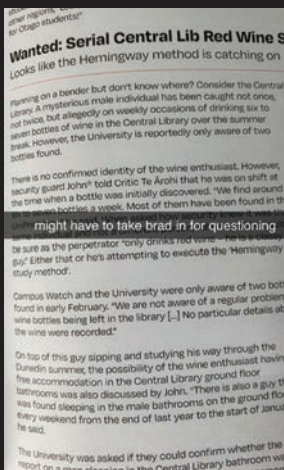
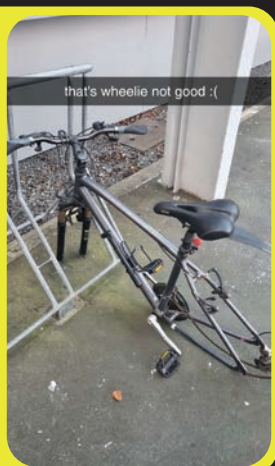
SNAP OF THE WEEK



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

SNAP OF THE WEEK

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE



THE GOLDEN TICKET SCAVENGER HUNT

Thursday 20th March
between 12-2pm on Union Lawn



Follow the clues and find one of the Radio One GOLDEN TICKETS around campus

Find the ticket and win \$91 in cold hard cash!

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To commemorate **100 years of Critic**, we're proud to announce a book proposal!



A centenary only happens once, and we need your help to make this project happen. Scan the QR code to check out the book proposal and details for pledges and donations

