

THE BELIEFS ISSUE

Issue 23 – 12th September 2011

And critics said



The rise of the Evangelicals | To be or not to be Vegetarian
Hone Harawira | Which religion should you sign up to?
Harlene Hayne Exclusive Interview | News, Opinions, Reviews

SECTION ZERO
- PRESENTS -

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*Special thanks to St Pauls Cathedral for allowing us
in to shoot the cover this week. Chur bo.*



91 FM



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A black and white illustration of an angel, likely a Guardian Angel, depicted in a style reminiscent of stained glass. The angel has large, detailed wings with feather patterns, a circular halo around its head, and a small star on its forehead. Its hair is curly and voluminous. The angel's hands are clasped together in a prayer position. The robe is decorated with floral motifs, including a large flower on the left side and a cross-like symbol on the right. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a window or a wall.

Then again, while New Zealand may claim to be secular, there are still some jarring inconsistencies in our society. In 2007, MPs voted to keep the prayer at the start of every parliamentary sitting. This isn't just any old prayer, congratulating God on his fine work with the lambs and the pretty flowers. It goes a little like this: "Almighty God, humbly acknowledging our need for Thy guidance in all things ... we beseech thee to grant that we may conduct the affairs of this House and of our country to the glory of Thy holy name ... through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." The New Zealand MPs can't even use the US excuse, that "God" could refer to any number of deities; they just dropped the J-bomb, after all.

The whole opening prayer thang isn't just restricted to our elected officials, it's pretty common practice in the older public schools around the country. I love vintage as much as the next op-shop hoarder, but using the "it's traditional" defence just doesn't make up for the fact that such behaviour prioritises one religion over another. Praying itself isn't the problem; it's using religion-specific, or belief-specific prayers that's not so great. Perhaps a little "Hey bros, let's make some good decisions today" would be less alienating to the Muslims, Buddhists, Jews, atheists and so on in parliament. Similarly, a "hey isn't this school great and isn't the weather nice today?" could be a more appropriate start to the school assembly.

Although the numbers of atheists is rising (34.7% in the 2006 Census, up from 29.6% in 2001), our almost religious fervour around the Rugby World Cup is showing no signs of slowing down. I particularly enjoyed following the coverage of the World Cup build-up, from the brain-damaged folk who get themselves tattooed with “Congratulations to the world champions All Blacks 2011 NZ”, to the frantic letters to the editor begging everyone to please get along lest we look stupid in front of the tourists (side note: it may be a giveaway that we’re not the most advanced nation in the world when Rugby World Cup attendees have to use portaloos because the stadium forgot to build enough toilets).

At the end of the day (and as trite as it may be) regardless of the content of our beliefs, whether they be in the spirit of the All Blacks, the abhorrence of exclamation marks, or the flying spaghetti monster, we should be free to hold them without judgement, and without feeling alienated.

Julia Hollingsworth

LETTER OF THE WEEK

The letter of the week wins a \$30 book voucher to spend at University Book Shop.



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CRITIC: ALWAYS HELPING OUT THOSE IN NEED

Dear Critic,

I am writing to express my appreciation for your fine work. Last week whilst out jogging in the wilderness that surrounds Dunedin I was suddenly struck by an uncontrollable urge to poo. Finding myself stranded miles from the nearest toilet I was forced to evacuate my bowels in the depths of the forest, whilst being awkwardly watched by what I can only assume was an especially inquisitive baby Pukeko.

After doing the deed I found myself knee deep in faeces, without a scrap of toilet paper within a 5-mile radius. Luckily I had my copy of Dunedin's finest (and only) student magazine, which I used to wipe myself off whilst the Pukeko leered at me accusingly.

The paper was a little scratchy, but overall I shouldn't complain about the tactile feel of the magazine after it rescued me from a very squelchy run home.

So here's to you Critic, your shit rag really helped me out.

Love,

Pun Intended

MULTIPURPOSE

Dear OUSA,

Thank you for your uncomfortable and generally unpleasant to look at giant pillows.

I would say that they were totally useless, however we have discovered they are very useful for putting out stovetop fires.

Sincerely,

the guys at the 886 george street flat

Glad to here that OUSA is helping to save lives,

Heck we go good

Safe, Slow, Sensual love from

The President

PRESIDENTIAL GROWTH SPURT

Logan Edgar, you are effectively the CEO of a \$2.5 million organisation... Grow the fuck up and act like one!

p.s. mate ask mum to teach you a few more English words as your slang don't quite cut it... My OUSA membership is beer money next year!

[Ed: When asked for a response to this letter, Logan provided the following picture]



TALKING STATS IN OUR SPARE TIME

Dear readers of The Eagle,

That's twice now that The Eagle has quoted David Farrar's wee gem about the richest 10% of New Zealanders paying 76% of net income tax (actually, Farrar said the richest 10% of households pay 71% – so congratulations on incorrectly quoting an incorrect figure).

Even if we accept Farrar's raw data (supplied by Bill English, who hasn't revealed where he got it from), his methodology was misleading and utterly flawed. Due to very low-income households paying negative net tax, Farrar's 71% related to a pool of net tax which, on his figures, totalled not 100% but 154.5%! Awkward.

In fact, the correct figure is 46%. Taking into account GST (a regressive tax) it is 43%. While 10% of households paying 43% of net tax may seem like a lot, this 10% earn over 30% of the country's income and control 50-60% of its wealth. These figures are all accurate.

Mind you, it's probably no longer necessary to bother refuting any statistic The Eagle provides (though props to Dan Stride for consistently and accurately doing so). The Eagle has quoted so many dodgy figures this year that his credibility is utterly shot.

Hugs and kisses,

Sam McChesney.

Dear Sam

The Eagle's columns are peer reviewed by the Hawk of Freedom every week, and rest assured that the stats are all legit. You may be right that the 71% stat is misleading - but your 46% stat is equally misleading as it does not take into account the bottom 44% of households who

bludge way more money than they contribute.

A better way of setting out the stats might be: The top 10% pay 36% of total gross tax (which is way more than their fair share), but receive only 1.5% of gross tax back through transfers. Whereas the bottom 44% only pay 17% of total gross tax AND receive 30% of total gross tax back through welfare and other transfers.

To the Eagle's eyes, this looks like a messed up system where the bottom half are bludging off the productive people. Yet socialists actually want the top 10% to be whacked with even more taxes, as if the burden wasn't heavy enough already. This is why eaglets flock to Australia.

– The Eagle

BEER GOD = POPULAR

Dear Tiddy Smith,

I really liked your story about the mysteriously omnipotent beer brewer who coerces everybody into joining the Emerson's club. I am an aspiring beer brewer, and I am keen to learn such strong-arm techniques. How did he go about it? Did he gain a monopoly over beer supply in Dunedin and then require would-be consumers of his products to join the Emerson's club prior to partaking in his tasty brew? If so, your story's parallels to OUSA are indeed compelling. However, that's not coercion, that's just making the most of favourable market conditions. Can you tell me about *actual* coercion, please?

Yours Sincerely,

I also like long, drawn-out analogies but typically I prefer them to make sense.

P.S. your analogy assumes that a) rights always trump democracy, and b) these things are a matter of immutable, abstract principle rather than *context* (e.g. your suggestion that OUSA's "coercion" is on a par with enslavement or, to use another ACT favourite, gang rape). In case you hadn't noticed, these are the main points of debate over VSM. So even if you're right about OUSA's "coercion", which you're not, all your argument does is preach to the choir.

PLANS NOT SO GOOD

Dear Critic,

Who was the person that put together the wall planner calendar for this year? It seems we finish November on Wednesday the 30th and begin December on Wednesday the 1st of December. Makes for some interesting planning for that month. Perhaps next year they will cross check the planners before sending them to print?

Yours truly,

Fan of proof reading.

LEFT WING GUSH FEST

Dear Two Left Feet,

Your column on Libya and Muammar Gaddafi (5/09/11) was one of the best columns you have written this year. Without descending into the ideological scrum that dominates current affairs discourse, you are able to call a spade for what it is (Gaddafi being evil). It's sad that many can only judge a person or situation based on their ideological leanings. Despite the long-list of Gaddafi's excesses (Amazonian bodyguards being among the least!) which we are now only beginning to grasp, it is sad that many on the left who have traditionally stood for progressivism and human rights can't see Gaddafi for what he actually is beyond his revolutionary orientation. These would probably be the same people who worship Stalin, Mao Zedong and Kim Jong-Il while ignoring their excesses. Still, I would be reluctant to completely embrace the National Transitional Council (NTC) or the West as angels. While they should be commended for removing a tinpot and corrupt dictator who has outlasted his democratic mandate. Still, these actors have some shortcomings or less altruistic motives. While I sympathize with the democratic goals of the NTC, they need to rein this anti-black persecution before it turns into a monster. Since the Libyan Civil War began in March 2011, there have been attacks on countless Black migrant workers just because of the colour of their skin. This is not helped by the fact that Gaddafi has hired mercenaries from sub-Saharan Africa and Gaddafi's efforts to strengthen ties with the African states. A new democratic Libya (which the NTC is fighting for) should have room for all Libyans regardless of their race, gender and creed. I see striking parallels between David Cameron over Libya in 2011 and Tony Blair over Kosovo in 1999. Both men justified their military operations in the name of protecting human rights. I wish President Obama would play a greater role. With Gaddafi being consigned forever to the scrap-pile of history, my only wish is that the West will try to foster genuine

democracy in Libya rather than propping up corrupt dictators as in the past. I hope they put the democratic rights of Libyans and other Arabs or Africans before economic interests like oil or strategic interests like Africa Command. The events of 2011 represent a third leaf in Libyan history, I hope they get it right this time.

Cheers,
A Friendly Whig

Dear Friendly Whig,

Thanks for your letter! I certainly share your reservations about the NTC – as I'm a bit constrained with my word limit I pretty much had to limit my remarks on that matter to just a couple of sentences, but of course you're right that the indiscriminate violence against black Africans is very worrying. It's also noteworthy that the NTC's tactical commander during the invasion of Tripoli had just returned to Libya from Afghanistan, where he had been fighting alongside the Taliban! So the alliance between the NTC and the West is certainly a marriage of convenience and a case of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend". How successful it will be, time will tell – despite the situation in Libya being vastly different to Egypt and Tunisia, hopefully the NTC will remain true to the principles (such as they are) of the Arab Spring.

However, I don't agree with you that Obama should become involved. I think besides the humanitarian motive there is also a strategic motive for the Libya intervention – namely, to help restore the West's reputation in the Middle East. I think the reputation of the US is still so poor that for them to become involved would taint the operation rather than restore the US's reputation. Britain and France are doing fine by themselves, so I think the US needs to sit this one out. Also, I just don't have faith that if the US were to become involved they wouldn't screw it up. They have a totally dysfunctional political system which is more oligarchy than democracy. Any involvement by them, no matter how well-meaning at first, is likely to become captured by

special interests. I think future interventions in the Middle East need to be led by the EU, not the US.

Best wishes,
Sam McChesney

LOVE-GO-ROUND

I have worked in the Otago University Students Association for many years now, and have been finding Logan Edgar's column and rebuttal the best I have ever seen.

He is engaging with the student body and is doing a bang up job.

Much love to you Critic (and Radio One for that matter), and Logan

Tim Couch

NOTICES

ZUMBA

Zumba Fitness at AlHambra rugby rooms. Every Monday Tuesday and Wednesday at 6pm. All abilities welcome, no need to book. Just rock up and join in. \$4 with Student ID, \$6 for non students. www.facebook.com/emilyzumba.

HOSPICE FUNDRAISER

Hoofing it for Hospice Fun Run and Walk: a fundraiser for Otago Hospice. 25th of Sep, 10.30am at Hancock Park (Pirates Rugby Club). 8km run or 4.5km walk. Lots of spot prizes. See www.hoofingitforhospice.info or find us on facebook. \$7 for students. Be there or be square!

LETTERS POLICY


Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to PO Box 1436, Dunedin, or drop into the Critic office. All letters must include full contact details, even if you don't want these printed. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific person or group will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances negotiated with the Editor. Critic reserves the right to edit, abridge or decline letters without explanation. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

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TOP 10



Critic rates the Top Ten Most Ridiculous Beliefs of recent times.

- 01 Religious beliefs.
- 02 Anything Margaret Mutu believes.
- 03 That Logan Edgar has a firm grasp on OUSA policy and regulations.
- 04 That Logan Edgar cares about the above. The man has foursomes to attend after all.
- 05 ACT.
- 06 ACT on Campus.
- 07 That we won't receive an angry letter from ACT on Campus about Nos. 6 and 7 on this list.
- 08 That AUT is a real University.
- 09 That Tourism is a 'rigorous' subject.
- 10 That you are still going to get into Med School.

Nom nom nom

A man has been caught smuggling live lobsters out of a grocery store in America.

The man, who also stowed two jumbo bags of shrimp and a pork loin in his crotch, was rumbled by an employee before he could get away with his three course meal, and failed to evade his captors, despite throwing the pork loin at one.

To compound the man's problems, he was also on parole at the time of the theft, so he is now facing prison food for the foreseeable future.

On the positive side at least he didn't get gelded by a lobster.



New Zealand's very own Fly My Pretties are coming down to little old Dunedin on October 29, and to celebrate, we have

an amazing prize pack to give away, including a dinner for four at Lonestar, a chance to meet the Fly My Pretties cast, four signed DVDs and CDs and four tickets to the Fly My Pretties gig. To be in to win one of the prize packs, comment on the *Critic* Facebook page with your favourite band member and why they're your fav. The winners will be announced on our Facebook page at the end of September.



120

percent increase in Bible sales at Amazon.com after The God Delusion was released.

7

days of a Jewish baby's life he gets to keep his foreskin.

969

years of age of Methuselah in the bible.



Toy Poodle less useless than previously thought

Still pretty useless though.

A toy poodle managed to partially redeem the uselessness of its entire breed, after leading firefighters through a burning basement to rescue a 19-year-old man asleep in the building.

Despite the toy poodle having a well-deserved reputation as the most useless thing

in the world, the dog in question helped get the man out alive, and in doing so became the toy poodle version of Lassie.

Animal lovers will be heartened to hear that while the rescued man had to be treated for smoke inhalation, the dog was totally unharmed.



The Good

Wasabi Rice Crackers

Love sushi. Love sushi condiments (despite the fact someone once mentioned that pickled ginger looks like skin, and now I feel vaguely like Hannibal Lecter whenever I visit Sav Jap and load my ramekin high with its awesomeness). Anyway, the wasabi-rice cracker cross-species baby is the goodness. The burny salty goodness.

The Bad

Complaining

I realise there is more than a smidgen of irony in my complaining about complaining, but on we go. Complaining is dull, dull, dull, yet it makes up an approximate 90%* of all student conversations. Example: "Oh its so cold/hot/rainy today, and I have SOO much work to do as I spent all week in bed watching TV shows online, but then our internet went reaIIlllly slow and I'm getting fat because I didn't move for a week..." I would rather scratch out my corneas with a blunt compass than listen to this drivel.

**Number pulled from Kim Kardashian's kaboose (see what I did there – Kris'd approve). I'd say mine, but hers is far bigger.*

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Winter Bodies

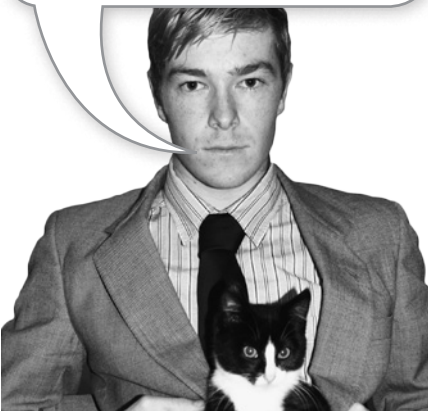
Out for their annual airing on Union lawn. Pasty, hairy limbs galore. Repulsive.

– **Kate Macey**

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

"Writing a budget for OUSA at the moment, BSNS108 you beauty!!!".



On the piss

Authorities in Sweden had to remove a moose from an apple tree after the animal passed out drunk on fermented apples.

The beast apparently had a fair few of the overripe apples, extinguishing the available ground-based supplies. Enjoying the feeling of being half-cut, the moose attempted to scale the heights of the nearest tree to feed his habit, in the process becoming stuck halfway up.

The boozy moose is reportedly no stranger to the addictive apples, with one local telling media that the moose had almost collided with her car early in the week whilst a few apples deep. Despite his frequent indulgences, the moose was unharmed, and even managed to get up and stagger off when relocated to terra firma.

300,000

living species yet to be classified.
Chore.

122

years of age of oldest person ever recorded, Jeanne Calment of France.

Harlene Hayne

Otago's new Vice-Chancellor

Critic's Aimee Gulliver was welcomed with coffee, tea and biscuits upon her visit to the hallowed halls of the Clocktower, to meet with Otago's first female Vice-Chancellor, Harlene Hayne. Hayne has replaced Professor Sir David Skegg in the University's top governance position, after Skegg finished his seven-year tenure at the end of July. Hayne not only made Gulliver look positively gigantic in comparison, but kindly welcomed Gulliver back anytime to talk about any issues students are having. Needless to say, Hayne's coffee plunger may not have seen the last of us.



How have you settled into the role of Vice-Chancellor?

Well, my start date was August 15, and the first few weeks on the job have been absolutely fantastic. It's the best job in the world. I've worked at the University for 20 years in January, so I've been here for a very long time. Having come in from Otago, a lot of it is very familiar to me. I've been able to skip through a lot of the preliminaries that you otherwise would have had to go through coming in from the outside.

The Vice-Chancellor's day is fantastic. Yesterday, I met with the Ambassador from Argentina, I get to meet with students, I meet with general staff, academic staff all day long, do all kinds of really exciting things. Every hour is something different, it's really really good.

Has the role been a big step up from your previous position of Deputy Vice-Chancellor?

It's a different kind of job. All of these jobs are all-consuming, seven-day-a-week jobs. You take it home with you. But there still are only 24 hours in a day, even when you're the Vice-Chancellor. It is a step up, but I've had outstanding briefings from all the senior administrative staff here, and they've been very supportive in helping me learn the new things I have to learn.

Because I was selected as the Vice Chancellor before the earthquake, I have been really actively involved in dealing with the issues related to the earthquake and Christchurch from the very beginning. That's probably one of the biggest challenges I'll face over the next five years, helping Christchurch recover from the earthquake – our building up there is still closed.

It is a big step up, but there is a lot of support here. It's not like you do this job on your own, there's a whole fleet of people up here who do really important things.

How does your leadership style differ from that of David Skegg's?

David's tradition of scholars leading the University will continue. The Vice-Chancellor and the Deputy Vice-Chancellors all have to be scholars, they have to be active academics in some form of education, whether it's classroom teaching or student supervision. It's what sets Otago apart from all the other universities in New Zealand. Otago is the only university in New Zealand where all of the senior administrators continue to be active academics, and I think that's a very important thing.

Things are probably going to be a little bit louder and a little bit less formal than they were with David. Probably only the people around here will notice that – the rest of the University will, as they should, just ignore the Vice-Chancellor.

What do you think of the focus that your gender has received in this role?

I am the first woman, there's absolutely no doubt about that. But the thing I find interesting about it is a lot of the things I've done in my career no one has ever mentioned my gender. I'm often the only woman sitting around a board table and no one has ever pointed it out. I've ignored it, and so has everyone that I've worked with, so that's the thing about it that surprises me, that now all of a sudden there is a lot of focus on it. It's made me rethink why it's important.

I stopped to think about it, and it is important for young women. I have two daughters, and it's always been important for them to see that women can be mothers and wives, and they can have active careers. That has been important for them in shaping what they want to do and I'm assuming that it will be important for other young women too. You really can have it all, there are no barriers. And certainly at Otago, there have been no barriers put in place over my gender, ever.

Have you felt the pressure for a domestic enrolment cap at Otago?

The University of Otago did about five years of work on thinking about the limitation of enrolments before it actually came into place. So the strategy that the government has recently introduced has already been done

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here. They're sort of following us, rather than the other way around. There was a lot of nervousness about the limitation of enrolment, but the reality is, no student who achieved UE was denied a place at Otago.

The question is what's going to happen in 2012, and we don't know because we don't know what the demand on the University of Otago is going to be in light of what's happening in Christchurch. All of the forecasting suggests that Christchurch-based students are still going to go to Canterbury, but that there may be some redistribution of students around the other feeder areas, like the Nelson and Marlborough areas. If that happens, there might be some pressure on places, but I think it's a healthy competition, like wanting to be in the All Blacks. That's how we want to position this place. We want the best and the brightest and the most talented students in New Zealand and we're doing a lot to try and attract them here.

What are your thoughts on Orientation Week at Otago?

There are a number of really great things about Orientation here. There are some things we need to tone down, and some things that we need to kick up a bit. We already agreed, even before VSM, that OUSA and the University would work together on Orientation for 2012. That will still be our plan, although the specific plans haven't been discussed yet. I think one of the things that has been missing from our Orientation is an academic orientation to the University. In the transition to University, students often don't realise that this isn't just a bigger high school. There are some very special things about being in university. After you're here for a while you start to take them for granted, but they're not obvious from the get-go.

So some of the things we want to do in Orientation next year is not to suck all the fun out of it, but to make sure there's lots of fun. But also make sure there's some semi-serious stuff so students actually orient to the academic life of the university – to remind them what an amazing privilege it is to be able to come to university. Most students don't realise, for example, that 75% of the bill for them to be here is paid by the NZ taxpayer. It changes your view about what you're doing here and what your obligations are. It's not that we're sucking the fun out of the place, this should be fun. This should

be the best four, five, six years of your life. But I think that comes with some responsibility. You're here to do a job, and the NZ taxpayer, the person who is checking out your groceries at the supermarket, they're paying your bills.

The other thing we haven't done as well in the past is orient parents to the university. Again, for many students during that first transition year, they are going to require some kind of family support, emotional support and understanding. For a lot of students at Otago, they're the first in their family to come to university. So their parents don't know that this isn't just a big high school. We want parents to feel welcome here. We want them to feel like they are bringing their young people to a safe place.

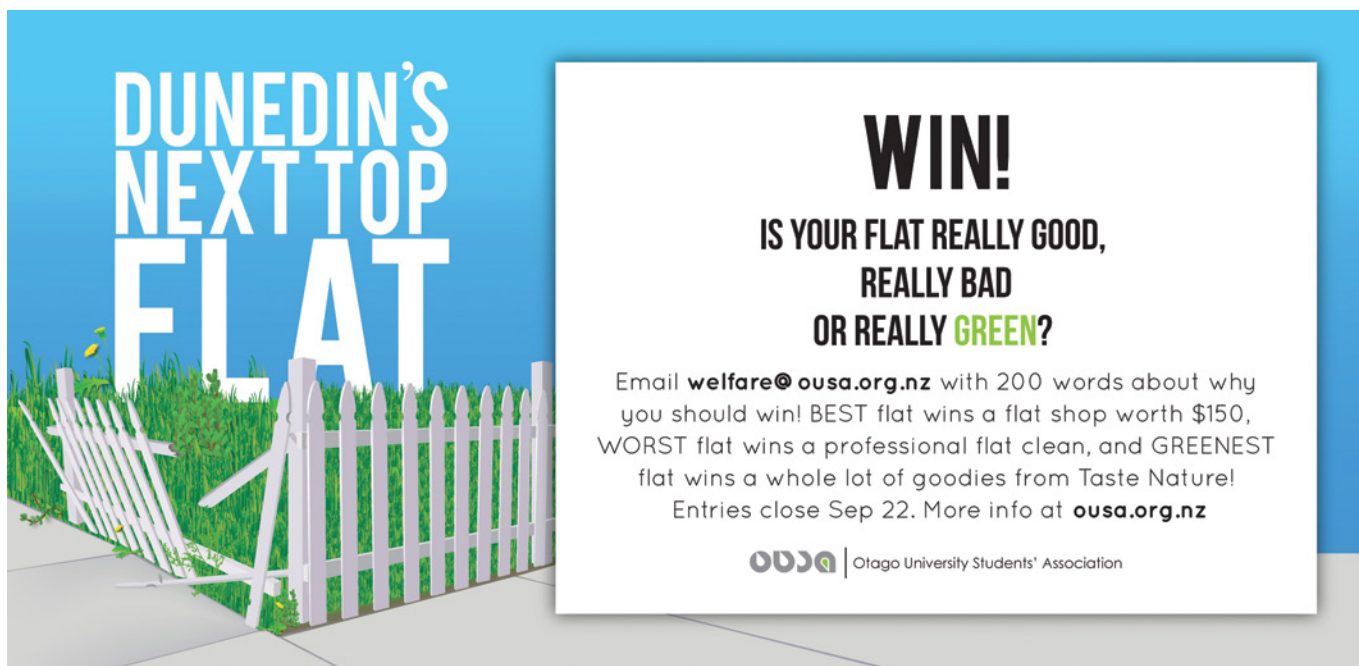
Orientation will have this other flavour to it, information, in a fun and exciting way. Admitting students to this great brotherhood that is Otago. We do a great job at the end, our graduation ceremonies are second to none. We talk about the induction into being an alumnus, but we don't do such a good job at the front end inducting people into becoming an Otago student. A lot of research into this area has been done, and a lot of students get homesick, or they fail because they don't understand the rules of the game – not because they're not smart, they just don't know what they're supposed to be doing.

What is your vision for the implementation of the Campus Master Plan?

I think it's wonderful. It's a vision, and that's the thing people need to keep in mind. It's not necessarily a road map, and if we were to do everything that is in the Campus Master Plan, it would probably cost more than the New Zealand GDP. We have the Master Plan, but at each step along the way we review the decisions of the consultants. We have a Priority Development Plan which essentially plucks projects out of the Campus Master Plan and puts them in a priority list. Again, we have to live within our means and there are fiscal constraints.

Do you read Critic?

Parts of it I do, yes. We get it, and it sits on my coffee table. Some parts are phenomenal, and other parts I think probably not so much.



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World first study tests employability

Otago is one of eight New Zealand universities taking part in a groundbreaking study examining the influence of a university education on graduates.

The Graduate Longitudinal Study New Zealand (GLSNZ) aims to identify factors that make New Zealand graduates successful. It also aims to understand the value of a New Zealand tertiary education by exploring how graduates fare in the years following university, in terms of their lifestyles, employment, career development, and their health and wellbeing. For the GLSNZ, the 2011 students taking part will be asked to participate in an online survey at three future time points: in two years time, five years time and ten years time.

The study is being led by Professor Richie Poulton, who is Co-Director of the National Centre for Lifecourse Research, and Director of the world-renowned Dunedin Multidisciplinary Health and Development Study, which has followed the lives of about 1000 people from birth to the present day.

Approximately 14,000 final-year university students will be involved in the study – a broad representation of the 40,000 students completing their studies at New Zealand universities during 2011. Poulton describes the representative group as “reflecting the total picture in regards to a bunch of demographic factors; age, ethnic background, course type, undergraduate and graduate, intramural and extramural.”

Poulton says the survey will provide the most detailed picture to date of what actually happens to graduates after they leave university.

“In the sense that it will be a broader, deeper study in terms of the measurement, it’s a world first,” says Poulton. A strength of the study lies in delaying the period in which students are first contacted again, as it often takes longer than the previously measured six months for graduates to start using their degree.

The GLSNZ will provide critical information to both universities and government policy makers, and will help to optimise the value of the New Zealand university experience. In this way, it will be of great value to New Zealand, potentially impacting on social, educational and wider societal outcomes.

Poulton says, “when you come to university, you learn a lot about life as well as academic stuff. Hopefully the values you acquire make you want to contribute to the wellbeing of the greater good. This is hard to measure, but it’s one of the things we are looking at specifically.”

A marketing campaign is to be launched around campus to raise awareness of the study. Poulton has left this to the experts, describing himself as “an old fuddy duddy like Dad at the disco,” but assured *Critic* that the campaign was “very edgy.”

Following this, Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne will send selected participants a letter asking them to become involved. The GLSNZ is an online survey, and those participants invited to be involved in it will be emailed a link to the survey page, along with a login and password details.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Joyce up to his usual tricks

Students may be left without essential student services under a proposal from Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce.

The objective of the proposal is to establish a framework for how compulsory fees and student services are administered by universities. This framework aims to create transparency and accountability in decision-making on these issues.

Part of the proposal states the categories of student services that can be funded by compulsory service fees. Under the proposal, service fees can cover advocacy and legal advice, careers information and guidance, counselling services, employment information, financial support and advice, health services, student media, childcare services, and sports and recreation services.

The planned implementation timeframe of the proposed changes has drawn criticism from NZUSA co-president, Max Hardy. "[Joyce] is expecting associations and institutions to adjust to a massively altered funding environment in just a few short months. They couldn't have done much more to make this as difficult as possible for the sector to manage," Hardy says.

"We hope that the Government has made an oversight and will be fully engaged in the consultation process."

The Minister is currently seeking submissions from anyone who is concerned about the proposed changes.

– Stella Blake-Kelly, *Salient Magazine*

Rugby fans invade Dunedin

Everybody glad the Vikings don't play the game

Rugby World Cup fever is set to hit North Dunedin over the coming weeks, as the city plays host to several teams, including Argentina, Georgia, Romania, Ireland and Italy. The highly ranked English team also appear to be spending some of their time/money in Dunedin, with several players having been spotted enthusiastically investing their salaries on number 29 at the roulette table in the Dunedin Casino.

Accommodation anywhere closer than Mosgiel has been booked out. A spokesperson from the Scenic Hotel Dunedin City said the hotel was booked throughout the World Cup, and that, unsurprisingly, nights surrounding game days had filled up the quickest. A representative from upscale Queens Garden brothel La Maison told *Critic* she was confident they would see an increase in business, "especially as visitors to the city will be looking for the classiest establishment". Bars are also expecting to make money for once, with the city filling with people who actually have a disposable income. However, not everyone is pleased with the influx. One student was extremely worried about how Dunedin North KFC would cope with the increase in demand. "I mean it takes twenty minutes to get a snack burger on a quiet Tuesday night, imagine when the city gets really busy."

– Lozz Holding

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AIRWAYS

NEW ZEALAND

ODT: Playing pokies not solid idea for student summer job

The *Otago Daily Times* ran another ground-breaking article last week, revealing to the world at large that gambling on the pokies is not a great way to make money. The article focused on 'Tony', a former Otago BCom student who lost "thousands" playing the pokies during his time as a student.

Critic responded to the piece by quickly shelving plans that called for most of the publication's post-VSM income to be derived from twice-weekly trips to the Dunedin Casino, before sitting down to write a disparaging article about the *ODT*'s attempt at 'journalism'.

Amazingly, *ODT* managed to spin the tale of a degenerate accounting student blowing his student loan money into an 1173 word story, which is a solid three times longer than the regurgitation you are presently reading.

The article opened with the suitably

outrageous suggestion that Tony's accounting degree was somehow partly to blame for his obsession with the pokies.

"A head for numbers and figures initially gave Tony a 'sense of control' when he started playing the pokies, until his monthly bank statements highlighted the 'horrendous' amounts he was losing on a regular basis."

"As part of his studies, he became accustomed to having figures and dollars on his mind and he became adept at analysing the amounts of money he was gambling".

Critic, impressed by the man's honed powers of self-deception, and his startling ability to read a bank statement, made a half-hearted attempt to find out his identity, with a view to offering him employment in *Critic*'s non-existent accounting department. We imagine his control of our expense account would be lax at best.

Meanwhile, for a professional perspective on the issue of problem gambling, *Critic* turned to our own resident gambling addict, degenerate reporter Lozz Holding. Holding told *Critic* that a good gambling addiction was hard to develop on \$160 a week. "I would like to have a romantic gambling addiction, the kind where you lose your family, sleep in a gutter, kick the habit, find redemption, and then score a book deal. But when you are reduced to betting \$2 a spin on red, it just doesn't pack that emotional punch."

"Also, why was he playing the pokies, everyone knows you can't beat pokies. Roulette, now roulette's a different story."

Holding went on to describe an intricate system he employed at the roulette table, which primarily consisted of doubling his bet every time he lost. Solid.

— *Staff Reporter*

Polytech member slams student butts

An Otago Polytechnic lecturer has slammed students for littering cigarette butts on the streets outside the institution, saying that inconsiderate smokers "make it look like a British council estate".

Speaking to the *ODT*, design department staff member Simon Swale despaired of the situation, saying that despite the Polytechnic being nominally smoke-free, the presence of "tribes of smoking students" was lowering the tone of the place.

In the spirit of investigative journalism, *Critic* headed down to the Polytech smoking 'hotspot' described in the *ODT* to find out student views on why some students were despoiling the pristine concrete of the Polytechnic they attend.

One student *Critic* spoke to blamed the littering on a lack of bins and laziness. Another student said that the littering was symbolic of an existential backlash against the bourgeoisie who controlled the Polytech design department.

Critic was unsure which of these explanations was better so chose to publish them both.

Meanwhile, sources inside *Critic*'s senior management team speculated that the *ODT* published the slightly whiny article as part of its commitment to report on every minor complaint raised about students by anyone over the age of 30 in the wider Dunedin area.

— *Gregor Whyte*

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Robber run ragged by rapacious redhead

Two University of Otago students managed to chase down a burglar whilst dressed in their slippers, after the man tried to take three iPods from their Dundas St flat.

The *ODT* reported that students Kathryn Kennedy and Emily Reynolds became aware of the intruder after hearing loud noises from their downstairs lounge. The pair heard a male voice downstairs asking "Is Josie here?" Unsure about what was happening, both girls went downstairs and were alarmed to find a man wondering around their lounge. On seeing the students the man hastily left the flat.

The pair realised they had been robbed when they noticed three of their iPods were missing. They confronted the man outside their flat, who handed back two iPods after they began calling the police.

The man then tried to make a run for it through campus but was chased by Kennedy, a former sprinting champion. Using her mobile to inform police of the man's whereabouts,

Kennedy pursued the man for about ten minutes before the police found him.

According to the *ODT*, the man was "visibly tired" by the time police caught up to him. The 31 year-old parolee is well known to police, and after the incident he was returned to prison to serve the remainder of a 2 year 3 month sentence for burglary.

– **Teuila Fuatai**

VSM, HAPPENING FO' REAL

The Voluntary Student Membership Bill has completed the Committee Stage through Parliament at a Members' Sitting day last Wednesday September 7. No amendments to the Bill were accepted.

In a last minute bid to shut down the Bill, Te Mana Akonga (the national Maori Students' Association) formally lodged a claim to the Waitangi Tribunal seeking an urgent Tribunal hearing into the impact of the bill on Maori students. Te Mana Akonga says that the Bill will diminish the right of Maori students to form roopu, achieve adequate representation

and ensure fair policies. A motion to refer the claim to the Waitangi Tribunal was dismissed by Parliament. NZUSA Co-President David Do said that Maori students were in a much more vulnerable position than other students and could be "disproportionately effected".

OUSAs Executive members said that the recent developments were "very bad".

Do was disappointed with the result, and said it was quite clear that National doesn't care what students think. "Going against advice, evidence and the weight of public opinion, one has to ask - has National sold students down the river to save a failing fringe political party from disintegration?"

The next scheduled Members' Sitting Day is Wednesday September 28, at which a maximum of 12 ten minute speeches will take place before the final vote on the Bill takes place. A spokesperson for Parliament stated that off the top of his head, he couldn't think of any Bills that hadn't passed at the third reading.

– **Staff Reporter**

CHRONICLES OF CASTLE

Not much has been happening in the 'hood, most people cruised home for the break or headed to Wanaka and Queenstown to 'carve up the fresh', leaving me with some looney fence tagging and the odd story to share with you.

Addiction has become a prevalent problem up and down the street; people find that they can't go two minutes let alone two days without their fix. When the heat comes on (normally around exam time), people seem to rely on it the most, attempting to keep their minds away from the struggles they face. Addicts can be easily identified with common traits becoming apparent after only a small amount of observation. They have their routines mastered and can type in their email and password in sub-five second times. Yep, Facebook addiction is a widespread, real life problem.

It has become second nature to check the 'book as soon as the laptop is up and running. The addiction has lead to overuse, everyone has those annoying friends who mistake 'What's on your mind?' with 'What's your petty, annoying problem?'. These are the ones with Facebook Tourette's who do the cliché 'OMG it's snowing' status. Then there are the classic flat chats, where completely unnecessary flat-related conversations are plastered all over News Feeds.

Anyways back to the ghetto. Code (rugby) chat is reaching new levels as the World Cup is finally upon us. Girls are gutted because boys are going to be sinking beers and watching code for the next month and a half. The only interaction with girls will most likely be a 2am 'wea u?' text, checking if anyone is DTF.

Despite no one even being at the Beehive,

its continued destruction amazes even the most experienced Campus Watch. The lounge has taken on a new colour scheme as some dickheads sprayed the walls with BBQ sauce and flour, being applied in what looks like an abstract style. One poor boy had already headed home for the break when a yobbo obliterated the door to his room. There's rumours that the culprit was in fact a girl who must have been desperate to have the 'guru of gash' deal to her (these rumours may or may not be true). But considering the door was deadbolted in two places, I think it was more likely a boy (no sexism intended). That's about all for now, but I'm sure the code will give us some good yarns. Oh and if anyone knows who retro girl up Treble Cone was, let me know so I can Facebook stalk her.

– **Sam Reynolds**

execrable

exec /ɪgˈzɛk, ɛg-/ ► **noun** informal an executive: top execs.
ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.
 /ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)l/ ► **adjective** extremely bad or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.
DERIVATIVES execrably adverb.

Critic suspected we were in for a long meeting when we looked around the boardroom and saw three of OUSA's constitutional gurus in attendance. Depressingly we weren't wrong.

The three musketeers had all come along to talk to the Exec about the broke-as-fuck Constitution, and the amendments they propose making to fix it. The discussions were nothing if not tedious, and mostly consisted of people saying shit like, "consider justly clause 3.4.1.6A part iii, its ramifications for subclause 8.3.6 are truly hegemonic and could possibly cause an albatross". *Critic* toyed with the idea of jumping, but thought better of it when we realised the one-storey fall probably wouldn't kill us.

Concerns were then raised over getting quorum for the constitutional amendments, which failed at the first referendum of the year due to abstainers. Francisco pointed out that,

for those abstaining from making a choice, "abstinence still counts for the percentage of the vote." Unfortunately the 15 people he was addressing were likely the only people who didn't abstain last time, so his message probably wasn't all that effective.

One of the constitutional points *Critic* did pick up on through the enduring torrent of boredom concerned voting in OUSA elections, and who should be allowed to vote in a VSM environment where not all students will necessarily be members. The Exec was pretty split on this, so watch this space for the final decision.

At this point we got kicked out of the meeting for the Exec to discuss the Budget. We weren't the only ones to go, Logan left partway through these discussions to go to a whiskey bar meeting. He should have just told them he was off to see a man about a

dog, most of the Exec would have bought that without so much as a raised eyebrow.

In more upbeat news, the Free Box has been a rip-roaring success, and Francisco is keen to keep the initiative going. The Exec eventually supported this, after some mildly entertaining banter about boxes in general. Fran is planning to get a clothes rack to hang up donated fashion pieces, which led to a discussion as to which was better – rack or box? Eventually Francisco concluded that rack is both better and tidier than box, and is investigating the possibility of two racks, one box. *Critic* senses the potential for a sequel to "Two Girls, One Cup", especially in light of the OUSA Youtube Channel that is in the works.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Bouncing off the Halls

Sex is a fascinating topic. According to everyone's old mate Darwin, sex is the sole purpose of our existence, and nowhere is this truer than the colleges of the University of Otago. At Otago the usual courting process involves twenty alcoholic drinks followed by a vast array of sloppy dance moves at one of Dunedin's quality nightclubs. Once back at the cave, the male will attempt to insert his semi-erect penis into the female in a display that resembles a kitten playing with a defrosted sausage. Three minutes later the deformed offspring is conceived, and the female will spend the next few years making more on the benefit than she would have with her tourism degree. Such is the miracle of life.

For those that are so ugly that they cannot entice the opposite sex into making an unfortunate mistake, even whilst twenty Cruisers deep, masturbation has to suffice. A Caucasian

male, residing at the particularly unfortunate mistake that is CityCol, is now well known for his take on the popular pastime, commonly referred to as 'danger beating'. The inhabitant, affectionately known by his peers as 'Manbaby', is often found dwelling in the hall's computer lab, wackin' away aggressively until someone comes in to finish their Stats homework. At this point Manbaby whips his tackle away, hides his web browser, and acts like nothing has been going on. Unfortunately for this adrenaline junkie, disturbed onlookers have witnessed his YouPorn fuelled antics through an adjacent window multiple times, and he is now considered a frightening sexual deviant as well as being ugly. Not a combination that bodes well for his future love life really.

Meanwhile OUSA's very own President Logan Edgar, rumoured to have been a

chronic masturbator in his youth, had a frightening sexual encounter of his own, after being dragged back to the dark lair of sexual hijinks that is Arana College. The future first lady involved, who Edgar described as 'spermy as', decided she was pretty chuffed with her catch and didn't want him to get away. Her solution was a pair of pink, fluffy handcuffs. After giving her the presidential treatment (both minutes were reportedly 'awesome'), Edgar found himself unable to remove the handcuffs due to the bulging wrist muscles on his left arm (the President is left-handed if that helps clear things up). Desperate to return to his office so he could get back to flirting with Act on Campus, Edgar ran across the hallway to the neighbours, who had to use a pair of pliers to remove the cuffs.

Edgar plans to call the child Houdini.

– **Lozz Holding**

VOTE CHAT: ANNETTE KING

Politics lecturer Bryce Edwards continues his weekly chats with New Zealand politicians each Friday at Noon. Last week, Labour Party deputy leader Annette King talked to Edwards about her political past, atheism, and the threat from the big bad National Party and their cheesy-grinned leader.



Ah technology, once again sticking it right into good old print journalism: Last week Vote Chat took a turn into the twenty-first century, as it was moved from its traditional domain in the Archway Lecture Theatre to the awfully fancy Otago Uni Media production unit to be filmed live, live streamed, live twittered, and even watched live, by some real live people. While the purists muttered about losing the informality that was the original *raison d'être* of Vote Chat, the young 'uns vigorously worked the thumb pads on their mobile devices in an endless battle to out-tweet the rest.

As the technology raged around them, Bryce Edwards and Annette King managed to carry on a conversation about King's political background and future hopes. It's hard not to like King. She's a lot like a kindly aunt; you half expect her to bust out some baked goods for everyone to enjoy after the interview. She is, in fact, a very experienced political operative. She hails from a long line of West Coast coal miners (read; unionists), and joined the Labour Party herself following the election of ol' Norman Kirk to the top office in 1976 (Kirk was pretty balling: he sent NZ Navy frigates to protests against nuclear testing at Mururoa Atoll, and banned the South African rugby team from touring here due to their state's apartheid policies).

King started out as a solo parent, and has always been an advocate for social justice. Interestingly, she was one of the first politicians at Vote Chat to describe herself as an atheist (most having so far associated with the Anglican or Presbyterian faiths). Politically she describes herself as a centre left liberal. And she has the voting record to prove it: she pushed hard for homosexual law reform in 1986, despite the risks to her electorate seat. She wouldn't support legalising weed, but because it's carcinogenic, not because of its inebriating affects. She didn't

support euthanasia reform, concerned that the elderly would be taken advantage of; she will vote (as she did originally in 2001) to keep the drinking age at twenty. It seems that she is concerned with the welfare of individuals, rather than with the protection of abstract freedoms.

King first entered parliament in 1984, as the MP for Horowhenua, and has been the electorate MP for Rongotai since 1996. She served a range of roles in the fifth Labour government, as Minister of Health, Police, Transport, and Justice respectively. Following Labour's defeat in the 2008 election, King became the new deputy leader of the party. Being part of the leadership team in a party just voted out of government is a thankless task (just look at Phil Goff). You aren't really expected to lead the party back to victory at the next election; you are expected to reflect on your party's soul, to take the time that being in opposition provides to realign your party, and make sure that it offers a real alternative to the incumbent government. Labour has so far failed to do that. Rather than put forward a bold idea of what Labour will do if elected, they continue to hark back to what Labour has done in the past; their argument for the upcoming election seems to centre on the idea that 'if you don't vote us back in, all our good work will be undone by National'. Where fresh faces are required, Labour has defended the old guard.

King comes across as solid and relaxed, but not dynamic and not reforming. Not the kind of person that you would vote to replace an apparently competent government. She represents Labour's attempt to return to government by relying on the old ways, and the old incumbents. King will be back in parliament after the election, but it's doubtful she'll be leading much of anything.

— Joe Stockman

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PATHWAY TO THE SEA—
ARAMOANA
Ralph Hotere and Bill Culbert

Ralph Hotere and Bill Culbert *Pathway to the Sea—Aramoana* 1991 (detail) paua shells, rocks, fluorescent tubes. Collection Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa



Jesus Loves You

— Or at least, the Evangelicals —

By Charlotte Greenfield

NEW ZEALAND IS NOT A country known for its religious piety, even within the increasingly secular Western world. Confirmed atheists and agnostics can happily occupy the role of prime minister, there has never been a 'church of New Zealand' and 1.5% of the population identified their religion as 'Jedi' in the 2001 census, suggesting this is not a question New Zealanders approach with the requisite weight and gravitas.

While *Critic* can't cite the statistics to confirm it, it's easy to assume that Otago is one of the more heathen spheres of our already secular society (in fact, Wikipedia, which also fails to cite its sources on this issue, claims that the majority of 'Jedi' responses originated in Dunedin). Many Otago students are fairly cynical towards the kind-hearted souls waiting to give them sausages in the early hours of the morning during O-Week and the traditional scarfie Saturday night pursuits aren't well-suited to 10am Sunday church services.

But take some time to procrastinate on the Statistics New Zealand website, and you may come across some data that will undermine your atheist-leaning assumptions. Over half of all New Zealanders identify as Christian. Despite a 5% drop in the number of Christians between 2001 and 2006, certain churches are noticeably growing. Evangelical, Born Again and Fundamentalist religions (which are all lumped into the same group) rose 25.6% while Pentecostal religions increased by 17.8%.

Incidentally, the Orthodox and Catholic churches also recorded growth, but much of this is attributed to immigration rather than conversion, with a similar pattern seen in the increase in Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims.

It's a generalisation, as most discussion around religious groups tends to be, but the stats suggest that New Zealanders, born in New Zealand, are heading to the newer churches rather than the traditional Catholic and Protestant churches our grandparents went to. But what's the difference? The first step is figuring out what we're actually taking about. The term 'evangelical' is thrown about, often as a synonym for 'radical' and bringing to mind images of Jesus camps, purity rings and Americans with a vendetta against Harry Potter.

In reality, 'Evangelical' is better used as a descriptive word, rather than to brand a set group of people, and evangelical elements can exist in a wide variety of Christian groups. "Scholarship sets out four factors in evangelism", according to Dr Tim Cooper from Otago's Theology department. "Firstly, they are intensely biblical in focus. Secondly, they are very concerned with the Cross of Christ, of Christ dying for our sins. Thirdly there is a sense of activism and the weeding out of sin in society. Finally, there is concern with spreading the gospel and wanting to convert people". This last aspect is what makes Evangelical churches notable to the general public, but the people handing you flyers on the street do not necessarily make up a unified sect. "There are pockets of Evangelicalism within Anglican and Presbyterians, and that's the type that's growing," says Tim Cooper.

Related to, but different from Evangelism, is Fundamentalism. "Fundamentalists are more leaning towards wanting to shut out the world, whereas the goal of Evangelicals is to engage [the world]." It all gets

confusing when people talk about Evangelicals who are actually Fundamentalists, yet are also Pentecostals. Pentecostal churches are often the ones we hear about in documentaries such as *Jesus Camp* and *Elim and Destiny Church* both come under the Pentecostal umbrella. Such churches can be equated with Evangelism, however, says Cooper, “Pentecostal churches are more marked by Fundamentalism.”

But for all the complications surrounding labelling, the people ticking the boxes on their census forms seem to have no trouble figuring out what group they belong to. Why are these groups growing? It is an “open question”, Cooper admits. In the case of Evangelicals, it could be the mere fact of their evangelizing. It is not hard to conclude that the best recruiters are those who actually go out and recruit. But there is not growth in all groups with Evangelical leanings, such as Baptists and Open Brethren, so there must be more to it. Rather than just shouting the word of God the loudest, the groups that do better are the ones that engage with the people they are trying to spread the word to.

Talking to Aaron Thomson from Student Life, a Christian movement aimed at promoting Christianity to university students, he points out that “church attendance in New Zealand has been in decline for decades and is at an all time low. It would seem not many people are interested in going to a religious building to hear a religious speaker speak on a religious topic. ‘Religion’ seems dull, traditional, boring. Religion is what people have done with God. It is rules, regulations, prescribed ways of connecting with God.” Student Life and many other modern Christian groups often create more flexible fora for worship. Surrounding this are a multitude of social events and a sense of community. At Student Life, says Thomson, “we run a huge number of events across the calendar year geared at providing opportunities for people to grow. This can be through meeting others, making friends in a small groups through our weekly meeting topics or through opportunities for students to serve others in the community.”

As an example of steps taken to proactively engage with students, Thomson showed me Student Life’s brochure, a very snazzy mini-magazine full of artistic photos and tongue-in-cheek diagrams, a far cry from the pastel coloured, lamb of God adorned leaflets so often distributed by unidentified Christians sweetly prophesising paradise if you join them and hellfire for eternity if you don’t.

I spoke to a student who used to attend a Pentecostal church. She is not religious herself but explains the

just a social life. “It gives them stability, community, a sense of purpose. And a reason not to do bad shit. For people from some backgrounds, if you don’t believe in something then why not get involved in bad stuff, or sink into depression? It gave those people a safe, happy place, and a sense of joy in their lives.”

Jonathan Jong, an Otago PhD student who left a Pentecostal church for an Anglican one, sees this as the attraction of certain churches: “if we’re talking about conservative Evangelicals, then I tend to think of people who want certainty, people who can’t tolerate ambiguity are attracted to conservative religions generally. In an increasingly uncertain world, steeped in post-modernity (even if we do not have a firm grasp of what that means), people do seem to want a firm foundation of some sort. It is comforting, I’ll

admit, especially to be able to pin morality down.” He believes there are issues in the way some conservative Evangelical groups are run. “I don’t think Evangelical groups are sufficiently democratic. In my own experience, at least, the leaders are charismatic, insular, and almost unassailable. There is little room for discussion, and less still for disagreement. This is especially problematic if the leaders in question are poorly theologically-trained. There is a lot of nonsense that comes across the pulpits that could be avoided by taking three years off to do a theology degree at Otago. Or, maybe better still, a philosophy degree. I’d like to see better trained leaders, and more room for criticism.”

This is a common criticism levelled at religious groups generally and Evangelical and Fundamentalist groups in particular. In reality, it probably has a lot more to do with the personalities of the leaders themselves rather than anything inherently religious. And some personalities are better at constructive dialogue than others. Aaron Thomson has certain views of the Bible that might not be popular with many students, however we were still able to happily hold a conversation, despite our widely varying viewpoints. He thinks there needs to be more dialogue between religious and non-religious groups and both Thomson and Jonathan Jong agree that the non-religious can be just as guilty of extremism or dogmatism as any Christian group. In the case of militant atheist Richard Dawkins, Jonathan Jong thinks “he’s sort of a petulant adolescent of another kind. Belief (whether *for* or *against* religion) goes from uncertain to dogmatic, and there are dogmatic Christians and dogmatic atheists.”

It may be that the simultaneous growth in Evangelical churches and in atheism reflects a similarity that neither would like to admit. According to Jonathan Jong, “a way to see this is that people are getting more polarised. Atheism and agnosticism might be on the rise, but so is conservative religion. Both are surging. And I think it’s best thought of as a run toward dogmatism, regardless of content. As I said earlier, the world is an increasingly uncertain place and certainty about existentially-significant issues is comforting, even if the certainty is in the direction of disbelief”.

In my own experience, at least, the leaders are charismatic, insular, and almost unassailable

It gives them stability, community, a sense of purpose. And a reason not to do bad shit

appeal. “They’re fun. There’s always people to talk to and friends to make. There are events on and you’re always part of a group. One night they had a ball and the youth group leader ordered a limousine for us. They have board game nights, movie nights, bowling, swim events, camps, we did lots of singing and dancing, and just being ridiculous, and dressing up. And there’s always a lot of food.” For some Born-Again Christian friends, the commitment to the church provided them with more than

WHICH Religion SHOULD YOU SIGN UP TO?

There's more to religion than just the Big Three (Christianity, Judaism, Islam). There are religions for people who believe in aliens, religions for people who want multiple wives and even religions for people who hate Facebook. Luckily, **Basti Menkes** has put together this handy and highly accurate quiz to help you decide which religion you're best suited to.



McDON'T-BE-A-



-CHICKEN BURGER

BY KARI SCHMIDT

Most of us aren't dicks. We don't want animals to be harmed, and we don't like hearing about it when they are. And yet, many of us never stop to think about the impact of consuming animals, both on the environment and the animals' standard of living, and we continue to eat factory-farmed products, thereby supporting an industry that actively harms farm animals. Out of thought, out of mind, as they say. Enough is enough, says **Kari Schmidt**: we've got to start acting on what we believe.

A (VERY) BRIEF OVERVIEW OF OUR ANIMAL-RELATED BELIEFS

Way back when, the famous philosopher Descartes referred to animals as mindless automatons, and described the squeals of animals being experimented upon as the sounds of "malfunctioning clockwork". Since then, attitudes to animals have, thankfully, developed somewhat. In 1635, the first Animal Cruelty Legislation was established in Ireland (forbidding, quite rightly, the tearing out of sheep's wool and the ploughing of horses' tails) and in 1822 'Martin's Act' – which prohibited cruelty to horses and cattle – was enacted. This legislation passed with the support of the abolitionists, probably because Gary Francione's analogy between slavery and animals would have been strong in their minds. Like the common conception of women, children and black people prior to the abolition of slavery, animals were (and are) considered not only less than human (akin to blacks constituting 3/5 of a white man under the American Constitution), but also the property of humans, with no rights of their own.

Clearly Descartes' conception of animals is entirely antiquated; nobody today would argue that animals are just machines. But, despite our supposedly enlightened view of animals, what we do in practice hasn't caught up. In effect, we continue to treat animals as automatons, viewing their products as objects entirely distinct from living and breathing entities.

THANK GOODNESS FOR THE LEGAL SYSTEM...RIGHT?

In theory, New Zealand's Animal Welfare Codes has been set up to counter animal cruelty on farms. The New Zealand Animal Welfare Act talks

about alleviating the pain and distress of animals (s11), our obligations to animals (s10) and section four defines 'physical, health and behavioural needs' as including, for example, the "opportunity to display normal patterns of behaviour."

However, we still have sow crates and battery hen farms. How can the legislation and the reality be so diametrically opposed? Well, there's a loophole of course. Section 13(2)(c) provides a defence to ss10 and 11, basically that if you can prove that the minimum standards established by the relevant code of welfare were equalled or exceeded, then you won't be liable. (You might feel a bit like you're chasing the rabbit from *Alice in Wonderland* here, but bear with me). Section 73(3) states that the National Animal Welfare Advisory Committee (NAWAC), which determines the Codes, may, in *exceptional circumstances*, recommend minimum standards and recommendations that do not fully meet the obligations in the Act. NAWAC has to consider a variety of factors – feasibility and practicality, religious and cultural practices and, of course, economic effects.

In reality, this last factor dominates the thinking of the NAWAC. That is why sow crates and battery farming continue to exist – any review by the NAWAC is based on economic grounds, evading the moral, ethical and environmental issues at stake. Progress has been made – we are now phasing out the sow crates. However, many animals continue to live in appalling conditions, simply because the practical reality of our legislation does not adequately provide for them. One possible way around this is to give the environment, including animals, distinguishable rights, allowing human beings to advocate on their behalf, and giving animals a sort of legal standing.

MOTHER EARTH TAKES ANOTHER BLOW

It's not only about ethics- eating animals and animal products is also an environmental problem. Animal production is far more energy-intensive than vegetable production and has far greater an impact on our environment. The United Nations' Environment Programme's international panel of

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sustainable resource management states says that the impacts of agriculture are expected to increase substantially. It's simple math really; the more the population grows, the more food is needed. Unfortunately, biomass and crops for animals are as damaging for the environment as burning fossil fuels. And that's not all – environmental damage also wreaks havoc on the lives of animals and on biodiversity. But, unlike with fossil fuels, it's difficult

to look for alternatives: people still have to eat. The only way to reduce the impact on the environment would be with a substantial worldwide diet change away from animal products.

A CAGEY ISSUE

Fact: under our current Animal Welfare legislation, pigs and chickens still suffer. According to the Animal Justice Fund website, a battery hen lives for about 18 months, even though the natural life span of a hen is typically five to seven years. Sadly, about 83 percent (of New Zealand's 3.2 million egg-laying chickens) are in cages. As well as being smaller than a room at a hall of residence, in their cages battery hens can suffer from brittle and broken bones, foot deformities, feather loss and injuries due to pecking from cage mates. About 45% of New Zealand's 21,000 sows live in sow stalls in which they can't walk or turn around. And they're not happy chappies- as you'd expect, they suffer from psychological distress, frustration, lung and heart disease, leg problems and lameness, and display stereotypic behaviour such as bar biting.

Of course we don't see any of this when we open a packet of bacon or break open an egg. But, kept in tiny cages about the size of a phone book or sow stalls, many chickens and pigs aren't able to move around or exhibit their natural behavioural tendencies. This is despite the fact that pigs are able to play simple computer games and are more intelligent than dogs – an animal typically excused from human cruelty due to its designation as a 'man's best friend'.

Most people would be against animal cruelty if you asked them in such plain terms. And yet we still eat factory farmed products – chicken, eggs and pigs, all of which suffer under New Zealand's current Animal Welfare laws. And the reason for this is simple – out of sight, out of mind. As Sue Kedgley stated, it's difficult to really get access to factory farms in New Zealand and to expose dubious practices via the media. Simply put, the property rights of farmers trump any kind of civil action in this respect. But the reality is that animals are mistreated under our current system, and that the law doesn't act as an adequate safeguard in this respect.

THE QUESTION OF BELIEF

A lot of the time activist groups can sound self-righteous and preachy, presenting their point of view as indisputable fact, rather than simply one way of looking at things. Ultimately, their cause is a matter of belief and although belief is often presented as an absolute, it is necessarily individualistic and thus disputable. That's why you can't impose your beliefs on others; it doesn't translate like that because belief is based on morals and morals aren't clear-cut.

Given this, I'm not arguing that everyone should believe in eating free-range or vegetarian/vegan, or that everyone should join SAFE or the Student Animal Legal Defence Fund. Everyone should be able to make up their own mind in regards to their beliefs, based on their personal set of

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morals and the information at hand. And here is where we reach the crux of the argument; the problem is that most of the time, people aren't fully informed about the issues. Or even partially informed. Whether subconsciously or deliberately, we avoid finding out simply because it is easier not to have deal with the issues. And when something is out of sight and out of mind, it can't affect us.

Belief shouldn't be forced on others. But in forming your beliefs you should at least be well-informed and make educated decisions. I honestly think that were people to really access the facts and face the reality of animal cruelty in New Zealand, the only logical conclusion would be to act on this discovery.

JUST DO IT

It's not as though New Zealand is entirely morally diffuse when it comes to animal rights. Again, sow stalls are being phased out, many people are prosecuted for acts of animal cruelty and proposals by Federated Farmers advocating for the factory farming of dairy cows were recently rejected by this government. But our current legislation is not yet wholly adequate, and this is something that can be faced and readily countered through personal or collective action, particularly in regards to caged hens where there has been little to no impetus by the government to make substantive changes. You could eat vegetarian, vegan or free-range. Join SAFE or the Student Animal Legal Defence Fund, campaign for a cage-free campus or read SALDF's ANIMALzine (if you'll forgive the shameless plug). Actually go on to the farms and expose these practices. Write submissions when Parliament does review our Animal Welfare legislation (as members of SALDF did earlier this year). Such activism has led

to sow stalls being phased out in the next five years at the behest of such activists as Sue Kedgley. Simply get informed and talk or write about the issues. Be aware of the different political parties' positions in regards to the environment (which again I consider to include animals) and factor that into your vote. Advocate for legislative or other institutional change through petitions. We are never powerless, just lazy or uninformed.

If you're aware of the substantial pain and discomfort that chickens and pigs experience in New Zealand and can continue to live and eat as you do, without taking any kind of action, that's one thing. What is infinitely worse, in my opinion, is basing your beliefs and practice on ignorance or not acting on your beliefs once they are established. And that is really how I conceptualise of any form of activism, however small. Not as preachy and self-righteous agenda setting, but simply the act of looking reality in the face and refusing to be ignorant. The actions that stem from that simply being a logical consequence for most human beings as most people, if they really did decide to face the truth, couldn't in good conscience stand by and do absolutely nothing. As Leon Trotsky said, "If slaughter-houses had glass walls..."

This article was inspired and informed by a lecture given by Vernon Tava and Sue Kedgely earlier this year, organised by the Student Animal Legal Defence Fund.

Hone Harawira



When Harawira got on the stage in front of the audience for the inaugural Otago University Vote Chat live stream, he was composed and calm, quite unlike the boisterous heckling we saw during the now infamous Don Brash run-in. But Harawira's visit was poorly timed, taking place during the mid-term break so few people were privy to his eloquent discussion of VSM, Mana Party policies and his distaste for the Labour and National parties. Here's a sample of some of the issues he elaborated on while talking to *Critic's* Georgie Fenwicke.

You talked about the power of the party line to subvert political talent and the personal politics of many of politicians in larger parties. What is your view on MMP?

When I talk to Maori, I say just think of it as More Maoris in Parliament and you will know how to vote. I don't want to sit down and try and explain the technicalities of MMP, I just want to support it.

Where you a supporter of it when it first came in?

Oh yeah. The strange thing is I have not relied on MMP myself. I won my seat in 2005, and I won it again in 2008 and then again at the by-election. I have seen the change in MMP in my time and have watched it since it was genuinely the old white boys' club to having a few brownies and now there are twenty members in parliament who are Maori. There are those from the Indian subcontinent and from Asia, from all over the place. I think that can only help us as a nation to have a broader spread of ethnicity and a broader range of thinking.

You have proposed to replace GST with what you have termed a Hone Heke Tax, which is a Financial Transactions Tax. Could you explain this to our readers?

According to the Treasury in, I think, the 2009/2010 financial year, New Zealand experienced \$9.3 trillion in financial transactions. That is a lot of money. We don't see so much of it because a lot of that money is traded on the world financial markets with dollars floated here, there and everywhere. At the moment, our current tax regime brings in \$55 billion. You wipe that out and you make one tax which is 1% on all financial transactions, which is \$93 billion. You see what I mean. So ordinary people are only paying a 1% tax and the super rich who are paying nothing, if they actually paid on the amount of money that is flowing around the place, we double the amount of money the government could have. So when I talk about GST off food, more money for education, more money for housing, more money for employment the money is actually there, it's just that the super rich do not have to pay it.

What other actions fit into your plan of turning economics of profit into an economics for people?

Full employment. Helen Kelly who is the boss of the CTU (New Zealand Council of Trade Unions) told me the other day that the tax cuts to the super rich in 2010 were enough to put everyone on the unemployment benefit in 2011 into full employment at the minimum wage of \$15 an hour by Christmas. Wouldn't that be a wonderful thing? The scary thing isn't that National is not going to do it, the scary thing is Labour won't.

You were sworn in once again to parliament as the member for Te Tai Tokerau where you pledged allegiance to the Treaty of Waitangi instead of the Queen...

Not instead of the Queen, just before her, she came last.

In terms of the Constitutional reform which is going to be undertaken in the next few months, do you think we should become a Republic?

I don't care either way. I just think the Treaty should be protected in our constitution. I don't want it to be tossed into legislation and out of legislation like it is at the moment. I want it to be above legislation so that all legislation has to adhere to it.

What level of priority are you giving to your attendance in parliament at the moment? Are you more concerned and getting out among the people?

I will always be more concerned about getting out and being among the people although I will attend to my obligations to parliament as required by law. I understand that there is a Voluntary Student Membership coming up next week.

And your views are?

I will oppose it as hard as I possibly can. In fact, my speech is being drafted for the Maori Students' Association and is being circulated amongst other student groups to see what they think. I am trying to maximise in my speech what students actually want from this bill, or what they want to be said about this bill. Student associations are the life blood of an independent student life. Without an independent student union, everything becomes very much the dictate of the structure, the cost of the course and the private entities who will then be encouraged to come in and provide services to students. Education becomes privatised. It is not consistent with the democratic process and I oppose it hugely.

What are some of the other key Mana Party policies you think will interest students?

The simplest ones are feed the children. The second one is free education. If we want our young people to stay here, we do that by investing and paying for that education. That is the way they did it in the old days and it worked. Third one is full employment. If you have full employment you have the ability to change people's attitudes, to change the way they think about themselves, their family and those around them. And finally, a fairer tax regime so that everyone pays their share. If we have a fairer tax regime then feeding the children, free education and health for that matter are immediate possibilities.

Opinion



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AFFIRMATIVE

Is code just not doing it for you anymore? Switch to rugby league. It's heaps better.

History is a good place to start. It tells us that rugby union is a game for boring bourgeois traditionalists. League was formed as a sport by a group of disaffected working-class union players who couldn't afford to play as amateurs and wanted to rewrite the rules to create a more entertaining spectacle. The parallels with the World Series movement in cricket are striking.

As a result of union's conservatism, it is stuck with a set of over-complicated rules that no end of minor tweaking has ever managed to clarify. Crowds don't want to watch scrums, lineouts, pick and go or excessive kicking. Union's rules could be simplified to showcase the skills fans want to see – running rugby, big collisions and a creative kicking game. But then we'd all be playing rugby league.

You're probably sick of the Rugby World Cup already. Don't worry – the Kiwis' league team won the more important one three years ago. And the joy of such an underdog prevailing is one that no All Blacks fan ever feels.

The social impact of sport matters too. Tragically, the conventional wisdom claims that league players don't always respect women. An outrageous claim – the NRL has a Women in League round, and reports of antifeminist behaviour by league players are a grand conspiracy from the union-biased media.

The real outrage should be over union's appalling record on race issues. Twenty-eight African nations boycotted the '76 Olympics because the All Blacks toured South Africa that year, and the '81 Springbok tour is a dark stain on New Zealand's history. Despite all this, the NZRU still doesn't get it – in 2010, it took a significant campaign of media pressure for them to finally apologise to Maori players who weren't selected on racial grounds for tours to South Africa from 1928 to 1960. League is far more enlightened. Also in 2010, on the second anniversary of Australia's long-overdue apology to the Aboriginal stolen generations, Kevin Rudd was watching the Indigenous All Stars team play in a game of rugby league that raised more than \$A2 million for Aboriginal health and education programmes.

And David Lange, Roger Douglas and Helen Clark are all big league fans – which should cover most people's political tastes, all within the fourth Labour government!

And Ray Warren is the greatest sports commentator ever to pick up a microphone.

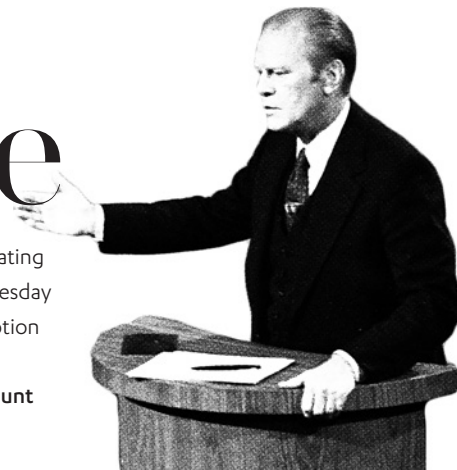
And Manu Vatuvei plays the trumpet proficiently.

– Will Chisholm

Debatable

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is *"That rugby league is better than rugby union"*.

Will Chisholm argues the affirmative while **Paul Hunt** argues the negative.



NEGATIVE

Union is universally more popular across the globe than League. We only need to look at the comparative World Cups. Union attracts far more sponsorship, viewership and contains more teams with a realistic chance of winning. Union can even claim to be a nation's (ours, obviously) national sport. League plays second fiddle to cricket (great game also) in Australia, and barely features on any other nation's radar.

Firstly, let's respond to the assertion that union is a game for 'boring bourgeois traditionalists.' Let's take the example of a secondary school union competition known as quad. The two schools for comparison are Wellington College and Christ's College. Taking an objective approach, Wellington College is a school which is demographically diverse and inclusive; it accepts all people within its zone regardless of how much their parents earn. It excels in a diverse range of fields including kapa haka and Stage Challenge. Christ's College, in contrast, only accepts students from privileged backgrounds, who just employ each other, epitome of 'boring bourgeois traditionalists.' Given the analysis Chiz (from Christ's) provided, one would expect Christ's College to be better than WC at Union. Is this true? No. WC recently won its ninth consecutive Quad title beating Nelson Boys. Christ's couldn't even make the final. They might just be unlucky that such a great school is competing at Quad. But it proves the point - rugby is generally played better by individuals who go to diverse and well-rounded institutes, not the bourgeois elite.

Secondly, union is much more dynamic and unpredictable than league. Take the example of scoring a try in league. The fact you have to hand over the ball after six tackles means there are only two ways to score a try. One is that the team is close to the line and grubbers or bombs to a winger, or the ball is passed along the backs and the other team is outflanked. Whereas in rugby set pieces, ruck/mauls and the ability to hold the ball as long as you want mean that tries are scored in a variety of ways. Mess at the breakdown is good. That's why Richie McCaw is popular - it's much more skillful to play the referee and other team to win back possession, than to make six tackles.

The comparison with World Series cricket is silly. In league and union, players either play one or the other at a point in time. The same players play all formats in cricket. Daniel Vettori is the best 20/20 bowler, one-day bowler and best test all-rounder all at the same time (God, he's good). Secondly, test cricket is the best form of the game anyway. John Key likes union, and he's more popular than those three put together.

– Paul Hunt

DIATRIBE

It is a common belief that the “Exam period” of Otago life is detrimental to student romance. During exam-time and a few weeks beforehand is apparently a terrible time for scuxing, flirting, sexing, doing spade work or making sweet love. It is commonly thought that as people go out on the town less and there are less parties and less events, it is less likely that you will meet that special person you fancy (or, at the very least, someone keen to get it on). In essence, the end of semester is apparently the opposite of O-Week, which for some is the pinnacle of rowdy sexual encounters and regrettable hook-ups.

This belief is false. In fact, the exam period provides a myriad of circumstances which combine to make it the most sexual time of the year. The mass population shift of people burying their heads and brains into books and lecture notes is actually the greatest sexual catalyst possible and you are probably just not aware of it yet.

This is the case for a number of reasons:

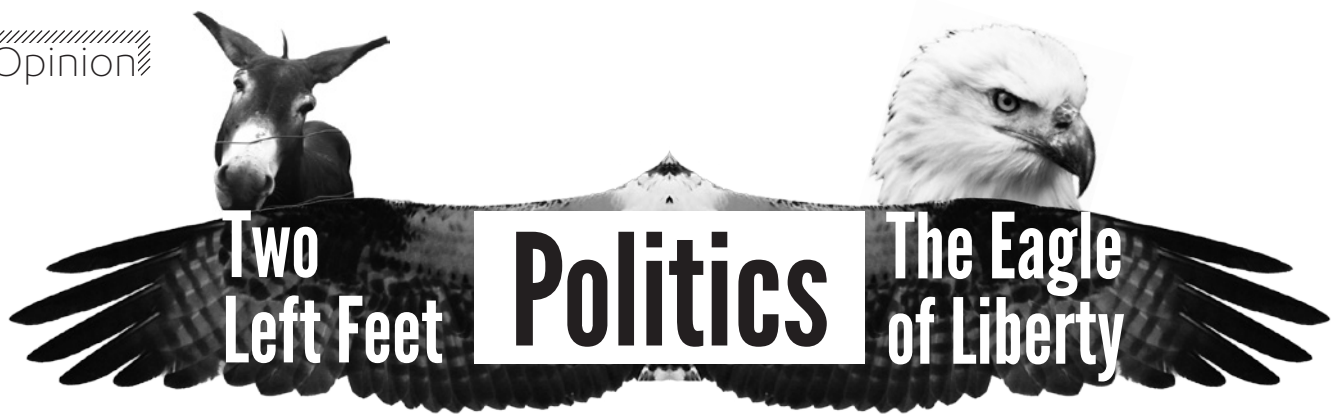
- a) Exam preparation can make people stressed and very busy. This makes people want sex. A LOT.
- b) While it is commonly thought that a lack of events and parties has a detrimental effect on sexual magnetism, in fact, the opposite is true. Due to the presence of friends, exes and competition, parties and events can prove hazardous for blossoming romance. People can be cockblocks or you may become too drunk to perform. Also, as many people don't want to miss the parties or events and feel it would be a social faux-pas to do so, finding the right time to sneak off with your desired partner without attracting gossip can be difficult. By contrast, during exam periods individualised and discreet schedules develop, removing the possibility of a lurking cockblocker.
- c) During the exam period, people are often at their flats, on Facebook, on the phone or in the library, very keen for a chat and procrastination. Perfect for developing a relationship. In fact, it's pretty much the only reason anyone contacts anyone else during the exam period.
- d) As the exam period progresses, many people finish all their exams and leave uni for the year. People at halls and flats can suddenly find themselves in very quiet and romantic circumstances with people they have kinda wanted to shag all year.
- e) The fashion parade at the library becomes more attractive- as it finally becomes warm and sunny in Dunedin, people start wearing less clothing. Reow.
- f) There is no better excuse to visit someone for sexy-times than to say “let's have a study session”. It's much more plausible to explain to other people than saying someone came over to watch a movie, which is well known to mean 100% of the time that you had sex. “I was up all night working on a late essay with so and so” also means 100% you will have sex, but it's a lesser known euphemism.

In sum: Exams are an aphrodisiac and the exam period is in fact the most sexual part of the university year. You just aren't aware of it because it's all so discreet. BRB, going for a study session.

Kind regards,

P. Bateman

Want to get your voice heard? Write us a 500 word diatribe on whatever grinds your gears, and it could be featured on this page. Send it to critic@critic.co.nz by 4pm Wednesday.



A longstanding principle in philosophy is the “is-ought gap”, the notion that moral duties cannot be inferred from factual statements about the world. “Giving my friend an apple will make her happy, therefore I ought to give her an apple” is not a sound argument – it relies on the unspoken principle that “I ought to make my friend happy”. Sensible as this sentiment may seem, it is a subjective commitment rather than a scientific principle. Morality and science operate on two separate planes, and all science can do is show us how best to achieve our moral aims.

Another longstanding issue is the means/ends debate – whether or not the ends justify the means and what weight we should give to means (such as our treatment of rights) and ends (such as happiness and material wellbeing). While a sole focus on the ends is generally undesirable, because it allows individuals’ rights and freedoms to be disregarded, a sole focus on means is similarly unrealistic.

Science cannot tell us what our means and ends ought to be. However, if we take both means and ends into account, science can tell us when they conflict. If there is a clash between our goals and the methods we are prepared to use to attain them, we must make a choice – do we abandon our goals, or do we change our methods?

The political right has long justified capitalism on the grounds that its ends (liberty and material wellbeing) and means (free exchange) are perfectly in sync. In reality it has done so by declaring irrelevant *anything* that conflicts with this view – on the ends’ side, it ignores the distribution of wealth and most of the important elements of liberty; on the means’ side, it ignores the impact of power and circumstance on a person’s freedom.

However, the overwhelming evidence of man-made climate change cannot be ignored, and it unequivocally fucks the right’s cosy perspective. The right must choose – abandon unlimited free exchange, or abandon the environment. Libertarians believe that means take precedent over ends. An honest and consistent libertarian must therefore admit that the environment should be sacrificed for “liberty”. However, most libertarians (including ACT) have avoided honesty and plumped for option C: deny the evidence. If science cannot answer ideological questions, then this is something altogether more ridiculous: ideology answering scientific questions.

If ACT is so committed to maintaining the fiction of the perfect capitalist system, then it risks acquiring the label “antiscientific”. This is the death knell for any serious ideology, propelling it towards the lunatic fringe to reside with the likes of flat-earthers, birthers and Scientologists. Such groups share two key features: 1) they are comprised of morons, and 2) they are commonly known as “cults”.

Come November, are *you* prepared to vote for the moron cult party?

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Destroys the Greens once and for all

In March, the Eagle gave the Green Party an ultimatum. Scrap the socialism, stop trying to ban everything, ditch the cult-like worship of the Treaty, and stick to environmentalism – or face the wrath of the Eagle. Six months later, the Greens have nearly abandoned environmentalism altogether, reinventing themselves as an alternative socialist party to Labour. True to his word, the Eagle will now dish out the ultimate punishment – informing eaglets about the Greens’ actual policies.

The Greens love bureaucracy. If someone knocks over a beer, the Greens propose the creation of an Independent Spillage Administration. This year, they demanded a “Ministry of Urban Affairs”, “Literature Commission”, “Ministry of Ethnic Affairs”, and the Eagle’s favourite, “a cross-sector working party to investigate how free healthy breakfasts can be provided in all primary schools”. The only free breakfasts this talkfest would provide would involve tofu and soy milk for the bureaucrats themselves. Do you want to vote for bureaucracy?

The Greens are hippies, the sorts who name their kid Moonbeam and rave about the “spiritual value” of water. Or if taniwhas are involved, dollar values. The Greens want to integrate an alternative medicine unit into the Ministry of Health, so patients can be cured with crushed goat hoof prepared at the full moon. They want to ban schools from requiring uniforms. They want to make organic gardening part of the “core curriculum” at primary schools. Do you want to vote for this?

The Greens are economically illiterate. Hence the obsession with new taxes. Heard of a “Tobin Tax”? The Greens want it, as well as increased income tax, a capital gains tax, and an “ecological tax”. You name it, they’ll tax it. Do you want to vote for a socialist party?

Don’t forget the Greens’ infamous nanny state streak. They think kids’ cartoons are too violent; Pikachu and his pals would be prohibited before 8:30pm. They want to ban fizzy drinks in schools. The Greens gleefully swing the ban-hammer while slashing prosperity with the sickle of socialism.

“But Eagle, I <3 the environment. Who else could I vote for?” Good question, eaglet. Interestingly, *all* political parties support environmentalism. Everyone knows, for example, that oceans cannot be left to a free-for-all, or fish populations would be decimated. Equally, everyone agrees that some fishing should be allowed. It’s about striking a balance. The current National Government is very environmentally friendly, disallowing mining as well as implementing the world’s first all-sectors Emissions Trading Scheme. National has a strong “Bluegreen” faction that wields a great deal of influence in the government. So you can vote for environmentalism without voting for nutty policies.

Bird is the word,

The Eagle



Which god would you worship if you could create one?

Jacob: I already worship the great goddess of ganja!

Will: Flying spaghetti monster!

Samantha: A pedigree Burmese cat.

Jessie: A water goddess!

Elisha: An artist goddess or god.

Do you think rugby is NZ's national religion?

Jacob: For certain members of the population yes, to me sport is just random generated numbers though.

Will: I suppose, but it leaves out education in schools where sport is more important.

Samantha: Yes!

Jessie: Yes and it's awesome!

Elisha: Yeah, I guess everyone's gotta have a religion.

How will you accommodate the rugby invasion?

Jacob: By inviting everyone, including the players, to week long 420s!

Will: We are planning to rent our lounge to some foreigners.

Samantha: Avoid it at all costs!

Jessie: Just get amongst it!

Elisha: I don't think many people will come to Dunedin, but I'll go to a game.

Which of the New Zealand's Next Top Model finalists would you party with?

Jacob: I don't have a TV so I don't watch it.

Will: All of them, but I don't know any of them!

Samantha: Bianca cause she's the token awkward girl!

Jessie: Bianca cause she's weird!

Elisha: I missed the season! But they all seem equally amusing.

Would you eat petri dish meat?

Jacob: Yeah, I would.

Will: *shrug* yeah.

Samantha: I'm a vegetarian, probably not cause I don't like fakon (Fake Bacon).

Jessie: No cause it freaks me out!

Elisha: I'm a vegetarian, it sounds creepy!



THE AGENDA GAP

It's all go on the rugby front this week, so if you're one of the rugby haters, it could be best to use your *ODT* as firewood, or failing that, a pirate hat.

Rev Richard Dawson gave some quick tips about how to welcome our foreign rugby fans to the country/tips from Tourism NZ for growing our economy. Sadly, the tips weren't of the take-them-back-to-your-North-East-Valley-flat variety. Instead, the Rev tells us to smile, and then to talk.

The second is to verbalise our welcome, to actually say, "Welcome to Dunedin; it's great to have you here."

Critic won't be at all surprised if the numerous locals popping up saying "Welcome to Dunedin, it's great to have you here" like insufferable whack-a-moles serve to drive the tourists off rather than making them feel more welcome.

In other rugby-related news, some people have built a plant rugby ball that's currently outside of the stadium. Sadly, the "rugby ball" looks more like an acorn/ toppling egg. No matter, apparently parts of the ball will be reused. A leafy semi circle for your porch, anybody?



And yet another inane rugby related item: a radio DJ has tattooed himself with a Rugby World Cup proclaiming All Black victory for 2012. As he so intelligently put it;

"They're putting their bodies on the line, the least I can do is give them half a nasty white bicep."

To finish off this week, a certain *ODT* columnist wrote an article about playing a dog at Scrabble, and winning. *Critic* wasn't sure who was more drug-addled: the writer of said bizarre article, or the talented artist behind the accompanying picture:



As expected, there were no further replies to my enquiries directed at the OUSA Executive until the public dissemination of my line of questioning via this very column a week ago. Last Monday afternoon, Deloitte employee Sara Elliott (who by the time you read this will no longer be serving as OUSA's interim General Manager) contacted me to say an official response would be coming shortly from OUSA President Logan Edgar. He chose not to do this in writing, but in person, and a full nine days after first making contact I finally got a response from the OUSA Executive. I will attempt to summarise the Executive's response here for you, dear OUSA member (or interested party, given that we can count James Meager among our readership).

The OUSA Executive has no intention, at any stage, to tell you how much of your money they spent on the Deloitte review, but that it is less than hundreds of thousands of dollars. They don't want to release the figure, because if they have to actively recruit members in a VSM environment, blowing a stack of cash on consultancy fees looks bad and people might not choose to join an organisation that wastes its money that way. The OUSA Executive are prepared to sacrifice the openness of their operation because they believe the number of potential members that would be put off by their spending habits of late would be greater than those that would be put off by the idea of joining an organisation *sans* accountability.

At best, this attitude is lazy and politically naïve. At worst, the OUSA are insuring themselves against future criticism from the rank and file of their membership. They are more interested in recruiting students who have no issue with their lack of transparency which, one might suggest, would be the less politically active, politically engaged and politically critical of the available pool of members. They are prioritising building up a membership who won't bat an eyelid when the restructuring and rationalisation of assets and services is put in the hands of a private consultancy firm in exchange for a hefty fee that will remain forever secret. They are prioritising building up a membership who will let them then act on the recommendations of said firm without consulting the membership, and the long-term implications of this is extremely dangerous for the democratic health of the OUSA.

Even the silver lining of the situation is terrifying: all Executive members aside from Edgar and Francisco Hernandez will not be standing for office, according to their President. The Executive that will inherit this mess, the Executive that may be left to steer the organisation through its most tumultuous ever period, will have a sum total of 18 months combined experience. Be afraid.

– Aaron Hawkins



Serra – Stuffed vine leaves

\$4.99 per 400g tin, or 340g drained

Known also as dolmas, or dolmades, these particular stuffed vine leaves hail from Turkey. Making for a satisfying and exotic snack or meal, they are excellent eaten as is, though I would recommend chilling the can in the fridge prior to consuming.

This variety is welcomingly unsophisticated, containing rice, onion, water, sunflower oil, salt, spices and citric acid (E330), the last ingredient acting as a preservative. Deep green vine leaves are used to hold the aforementioned ingredients together, similar in appearance to a spring roll. Other versions – be they from Greece, Iraq, Turkey or otherwise – may contain minced meat, pinenuts, corn grits, currants, dried figs or

dried cherries, but I think simplicity is key in these juicy morsels.

These dolmades are about the size of a really fat finger – I guess that's not entirely helpful but I've vehemently resisted employing precise measurements in the kitchen. (I shudder at recipes for large meals which recommend adding a mere 1/4 of a teaspoon of dried herbs. Seriously, learn to live freely, people.) They are some very delicious fat fingers, however. Serve them as is, sitting in their oily brine, or traditionally with yoghurt. I'd be inclined to use thick Greek yoghurt combined with grated cucumber (squeeze out the excess water), pepper and fresh mint to create a fresh Greek-inspired tzatziki for dipping.

Serra's dolmades have a delicate tang, are mildly spiced and tease the palate with the complementary textures of the rice and vine leaves. They taste surprisingly fresh for canned goods, which is reassuring given my experience with tinned mushy peas. They can also be purchased ready-made from the deli counter at some supermarkets, though this would of course affect their international aisle status. Even better are fresh dolmades from your local farmers market, where they are available alongside traditional hummus, tabbouleh and other Middle-Eastern and European culinary delights. If you like rice, punchy lemon flavours, finger-shaped foods or are keen to expand your palate, these are absolutely worth trying. I've spent many a day devouring them on the beach to sustain my appetite between lazy summer and Easter sea swims. Nostalgia abound.

8/10

– Ines Shennan



How to Survive a Downloadless Existence

So the government quietly snuck the new internet law through. What with all the shaking in Christchurch and VSM, National were able to quite frankly screw us students out of the only thing most of us look forward to each week; TV shows. That's right, no *Jersey Shore*, no *How I Met Your Mother*, and, dare I say it, no porn. Oh, the inhumanity! How will we go on? How will we find ways to spend hours procrastinating over that boring essay? How will we be able to justify staying in on a cold, wet night? I think I'm shedding a tear.

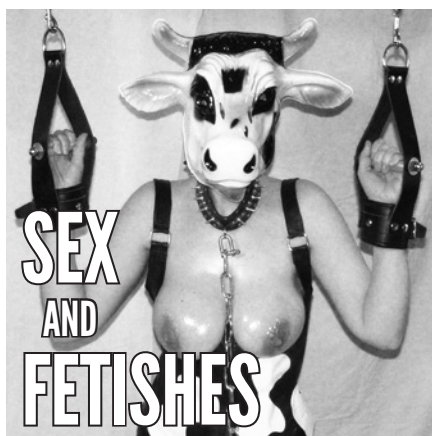
I imagine most problems with this law will stem from porn withdrawal. After all, it's widely claimed that 'the internet is for porn', so if you are up all night 'tugging your horn to porn, porn, porn', then I foresee a tough few weeks ahead. First the sweats, then the shaking, then the bargaining 'anything for porn'. I hear the cries. What to do? Well, you could venture out of your dark little hovel in search of real woman. Hey, they might not be as willing to do whatever freaky shit you are into, but they will love you (I think) and care for you (maybe) and make you a sandwich (obviously).

If you are finding yourself struggling without TV shows, then it's time to put your acting skills to use. Most of us have some such skills; how else do you trick those bouncers around town? So find whatever props are lying about and stage elaborate re-enactments of great scenes from war movies (*Enemy at the Gates* sniper anyone?), chick flicks (if that's really what you're into), or sitcoms, but not *Friends*, as drinking coffee gets really old really fast.

Now I have some creative types in my humble hovel of a flat, and we (yes I am giving myself some credit) think that a Dunedin version of *Jersey Shore* would be golden. *Scarfie Shore*, if you will. We have the GTL (gym, tan and laundry for you non-worshippers) down pat. Well maybe not "T" – we haven't had much sun down here since, well, forever. Still, we have what it takes to make this happen. We have the sluts, the overly emotional men (you know who you are) and, as my flatmate humbly claims, the pimp mac daddies.

So you see, we have options. We can get through this; we will survive, we will prosper. We still have beer, and we still have strippers. So life isn't all bad. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



I once attempted intercourse with a hipster crack addict DJ with a nipple fetish. Unfortunately, his fetish was not directed towards my nipples so much as, well, his own. The situation was further complicated by the fact that his entire torso was tattooed in primary colours displaying several recurring motifs, one of which was a naked pin-up girl with near life-size nipples. He had thoughtfully placed round sub-dermal implants beneath the pin-up girls' nipples. The overall effect was a bizarre combination of human mural and

lactating bovine.

Pre-sex, we companionably indulged in some large rails of coke. I made a move to touch his dick. He snatched my hand away and yelled "Touch my nipples!!" with all the irrational passion and intensity of John Campbell investigating how a fat poor ugly family from Palmerston North was somehow wronged by the DHB.

Unsure of both precisely how to manually stimulate a man's nipples and which set of nipples I should be stimulating, I applied the techniques I would normally use on a clitoris. Apparently this was too vigorous because soon he screamed "Slower!". I obliged. Again he yelled "Slower!" By now my hands were barely moving save for the slight shaking which excessive use of stimulants over the previous twelve hours had induced. I felt like Michael J Fox on a bad day. Unsatisfied and humiliated, I yelled that I had been doing lines since 4pm last night and couldn't go any slower. He screamed, "Touch my nipples! Slower!".

I got up and left.

Frankly, fetishes are over-glamourised in the media. For every hot guy or girl who wants to be tied up, spanked or don knee-high leather boots, there is always a foot fetishist or a Mr. Touch My Nipples. I went out with a guy with a schoolgirl fetish who refused to have sex with me unless my hair was in pigtails. The humble ponytail generally being my tied-back hairstyle of choice, it became quite a tax to constantly remember to carry around a decent supply of Woolworths' snagless black ponytail elastics. When I was forced to make a midnight run to the 2-4 to purchase rubber bands, I knew I wasn't cut out for something that was to fetishes what John Key is to vertebrates: incredibly irritating in its fundamental inoffensiveness.

The sad truth is that most fetishes are even duller than their caregivers, sort of like children. Judging by the country's collective fixation on the "black" (I know; sorry) hole of interestingness that is the Rugby World Cup 2011, we are a nation of deeply mundane fetishes indeed.

— Mrs John Wilmot



Dunedin is in the grip of a worrying epidemic. Don't panic, it's not bird flu, swine flu or their equally non-existent successor, weasel flu. The plague that has attacked our fair city has our footpaths overrun, the young and old alike running for their lives and people in general just being aggravated. What's pissing me off this week, and every other week of my life? That's right, it's those knob-jockeys who buy \$90 tops at Amazon to still look like a bum: skateboarders.

My hate for lameboarding began with an incident that occurred at the tender age of nine. Before this event, I had nothing against skateboarding. I even had an official Pokemon board that, of course, kicked all kinds of ass. But on a sunny afternoon in my hole of a hometown, my angel of a mother was taking me to the dairy for a delicious icy treat. Enter a group of wannabe gangstas and their asshole skateboarding ways. As they practiced their shitty tricks outside a bookshop (can't get much cooler than that), one of the little cock-knockers failed some sort

of flip for what would've been the 948th time in his life and suddenly his board was rolling out on the street. With cars in all directions, we had the choice of driving over the board or damaging multiple cars. Obviously we picked to drive over the board. Amongst a slew of profanities for destroying the crappy board, we continued on our way to the dairy. But alas! The group of skateboarding fags had followed us down the street and took it upon themselves to threaten my mother. Like any other nine year old, I told them to go fuck themselves before going to get the owner of the dairy who was much taller, much blacker and much scarier than I could ever hope to be. But from that day on, I knew I would hate skateboarding forever.

I don't think it's even that there are so many skateboarders around that gets me so riled up, it's the fact that they absolutely suck that angers me the most. Just because you can stand upright on a long-board and take a wobbly step every couple of metres doesn't qualify you as a legitimate skateboarder. And don't even get me started on the losers who only carry their skateboards around without any intention of riding them, flaunting the fact they're holding a skateboard like it's some sort of coolness badge. Newsflash – everyone is judging you for being a twat.

So let's do the world a favour and keep these delinquents off the streets. I have nothing against people who are actually good at skateboarding, all power to you I say! But let's do our best to remind skateboarders that they aren't magically important just because they have a skateboard. I hear a big stick in front of their board while they are rolling past works wonders.

— Chloe Adams

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Review



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SARAH LUCAS *NUZ: Spirit Of Ewe*

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, Finishing 2nd October 2011



Sarah Lucas Spirit of Ewe 2011. Tights, fluff, merino sheep skull, stone, concrete blocks. Collection of Sadie Coles HQ, London and Two Rooms, Auckland

Sarah Lucas was a central figure among the wave of Young British Artists (or YBAs), such as Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin, who took the international art world by storm in the Nineties. Lucas is an artist whose practice spans from photography, sculpture and installation. Her works are confrontational, humorous and thought-provoking. Invited to New Zealand this year for the first time as part of Two Rooms residency in Auckland, Lucas produced an exhibition entitled *NUDS*, donating proceeds from the first *NUDS* sculpture to the Christchurch Earthquake appeal.

Lucas has created a new body of work, *NUZ: Spirit of Ewe*, which brings together two separate bodies of work from her exhibition at the Two Rooms. *NUZ: Spirit of Ewe* can be linked to the gender-orientated works that Lucas produced in the Nineties. The twisted, sexual, yet ungendered biomorphic forms in *Pepsi and Coki* (2009) are reminiscent of the work of seminal female artist Louise Bourgeois. At the same time, each image retains a primitivism which could be likened to the abstractive formality of British sculptors such as Henry Moore. *Pepsi and Coki* consists of a series of photographs featuring an array of stuffed stockings, erotically intersecting. The distorted forms have an immersive quality that both repels yet intrigues the eye in a captivating crescendo of dynamic energy. The otherworldly figures are unnerving, yet somehow incite a sense of eroticism.

Responding to the dark and desolate New Zealand landscape, Lucas produced *The Spirit of Ewe* (2011) and *Enjoy God* (2011), masterfully touching upon the darker aspects of New Zealand's physical and psychological landscape. *The Spirit of Ewe* is characterised by humorous lightness, as though Lucas is poking fun of the 'New Zealand farmer alone with his sheep' stereotype. The work consists of a set of stacked concrete bricks with stuffed nylon stuffed tights resembling female breasts and a sheep skull and teeth arranged as female genitalia. Presenting the female body via the skeletal fragments of a sheep could be seen as misogynistic. However, its somewhat shocking appearance retains a humour also apparent in Lucas' previous work.

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Not afraid: Simon Attwooll

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Play off: Edith Amituanai, Scott Eady, James Oram

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Fractus: Jeena Shin, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *Pathway to the sea* -

Aramoana: Ralph Hotere & Bill Culbert

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

Heaven and earth, golden heart, ritual womb: James Robinson

HOCKEN GALLERY CNR ANZAC AVE & PARRY STREET

Zero to Infinity: Ralph Hotere

MODAKS GEORGE STREET

Awoken in the ether: Deano Shirriffs, James Bellaney, Chris Crooked Spoke, Veronica Brett, Rory Macmurdo, Nada Crofskey-Rayner, Shipsey Caldwell, Nimue Dingemans, Haleia Dingemans

MONUMENTAL 7 ANZAC AVE

Ross Gray

TEMPLE GALLERY MORAY PLACE

Resisting Africa: Victoria Bell

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

Matthew George Richard Ward & Elle Loui August

Chrome Yellow



This week's lunchtime theatre featured an adaption of Aldous Huxley's 1921 novel *Crome Yellow*, a story that mocks the fashions of the time and delves deeply into topics such as art, education, love and life. The director went uncredited in the programme, so I apologise for not mentioning this particular detail.

There were many elements to the performance which were interesting to the audience, and there was great attention to detail. The set consisted of a variety of props, including real cakes and lit candles on the dinner table, which added a nice touch between scenes when the lights were down. It was great to see the space used so well and in a variety of ways, with the stage and floor being used (occasionally at the same time) while other scenes happened completely off stage.

The use of the projector was clever and a surprise for the audience but a little jolting as it was a very modern concept within an historical setting. The lighting also highlighted the difference between exterior and interior scenes and there were good moments in the garden scenes, for example, when the sunlight was coming through the trees and creating a pattern of light on the floor. On occasion, sections of the stage were not lit at all, and it became distracting when characters were in them, as it was confusing whether or not it was a purposeful design choice. Overall, however, the usage of light was engaging.

There were some great images created within the space. That said, some became rather static and almost boring, particularly when the script consisted of so much dialogue. This often left the actors doing a lot of 'hand acting' and using an incredible amount of gesture to help depict what they were saying, which was unnecessary and often irritating. Scenes with the character Barbecue-Smith, a great physical presence on stage, helped the audience understand the comedic nature of the text and brought a fantastic lighthearted feel to the piece, despite his attempt to be incredibly philosophical in his old age.

For someone who hasn't read the novel, the play was still enjoyable and easy to follow and had the whole audience laughing as characters read so deeply and poetically into life.



Moroccan Chickpeas & Spicy Paella

Chickpeas are just the best. Every time I go home for a holiday I fill a gym bag with delicious things from my mum's pantry (thankyou Air NZ "sports allowance"), including various nuts, seeds, dried fruit and, of course, cans of delicious legumeey goodness. Mum sighs wearily and tells me to remember this when I consider farming her off to an old folk's home.

Dreaming mate.

Anyway, after several beers while waiting for my flatmates to do the flat shop, making paella seemed like a fantastic idea. What better to accompany this than delicious, nutritious spiced chickpeas in a sautéed spinach, yoghurt and tomato sauce? Bam. For all you who are not quite sure what paella is (do not be ashamed. The dish is almost as misunderstood as the pronunciation), it is a rice dish, a bit like a risotto, traditionally made in Spain with heaps of seafood. But seafood is expensive (and also I have a worrying feeling that if I asked my flatmates to buy it they would come home with a can of tuna), so I have adapted the recipe. Oh, and it is pronounced pie-aye-ya. Like, a deaf person asking a German what's for lunch. "Pie!" "Aye?" "Ja!". Right, okay, not as funny now.

A note on the spices; use what you like, substitute what you want, flag what you don't have/can't be bothered digging out of the noodles in the dank recesses of your pantry. I add a shake of a packet of everything. If you like it, add more. If it's gross, don't put it in. And if you're lacking a spice selection, super cheap spices can be got at that Indian place on St Andrew Street, so there's really no excuse for bland food.

Enjoy

Ruby the Nutritionist

**FOR THE PAELLA:**

- 2 cups white rice
- One can tomatoes
- One onion, diced
- Cumin seeds and poppy seeds
- Chilli powder
- Turmeric
- Ground coriander
- Paprika
- Oil
- Salt and pepper
- Fresh coriander

Sauté onions until transparent in a massive pot. Add seeds. Fry until seeds make fun popping noises. Add the rest of the spices and fry for another minute. Add the rice and sauté until rice is browning very slightly. Add can of tomatoes, fill the can up with water and add that too. Turn heat down and stir occasionally. After about half an hour the rice should be nice and sticky and all the liquid absorbed. Taste it to see if it's cooked. If it's not, add a bit more liquid and keep stirring. Season vigorously. When cooked, rice should be slightly sticky but not quite as much as a risotto, and cooked through. Stir through chopped fresh coriander (or, as I had to use, dried flakes of coriander leaves in a tiny packet, because my flatmate wasn't quite sure what coriander actually was. It is a leaf).

FOR THE CHICKPEAS:

- One onion
- Oil
- 2 cans chickpeas
- Tablespoon of brown sugar (or white, or honey is almost as good)
- 2 fresh tomatoes

- Big packet of spinach or silverbeet
- About a cup of yoghurt (I had to use passionfruit flavor. It was...interesting.)
- Lemon juice
- Garam masala
- Nutmeg (or substitute coriander, mango powder or Chinese five spice, but nutmeg is the best thing here)
- Ground coriander
- Ground cumin
- Turmeric
- Salt and pepper

Sauté onions until transparent in another, quite large pot (all my recipes seem to start like this. Shame if you are allergic to onions, they appear to be pretty much the main ingredient in vegetarian meals). Add spices (all apart from garam masala). Fry for a minute. Add both cans of chickpeas, including the juice they are in, and the brown sugar. Cook away until the chickpeas start to get a bit dry. Roughly chop and add the spinach. Stir through, and turn down the element. Cook this until the spinach is all nicely wilted and the chickpeas are going quite soft (about 15-20 mins). Add the chopped fresh tomatoes. Cook until tomatoes soften but don't fall apart. Turn off the element but leave the pot sitting on it. Stir through the juice of one lemon (or about four squirts if you are using those feral little bottles), a big shake of garam masala, the yoghurt and heaps of salt and pepper. Leave for five minutes on the turned-off element to nicely go together. Serve.

I served this with beer (low-carb) and little flatbreads. I usually make my own flatbreads, I have the BEST recipe, like, totally foolproof. Email if you would like it.

**Eureka**

Location: 116 Albany, corner of Hyde St.

Prices: Flat White: \$3.50, Long Black: \$3, Mocha: \$4.

Why I came here: The friend I was with wanted something hearty to eat that was close to uni, and I'd been meaning to review Eureka for some time.

Atmosphere: Warm and cosy but more of a restaurant vibe.

Service: Not bad but we were a bit confused over whether to order at the counter or wait at a table for service.

Food: Definitely one of Eureka's strengths. The brownie = epic! My friend ordered a bowl of fries which cost him \$7.50.

Overall: I have fond memories of Eureka. Most of them originate from first and second year when a group of us would come in a large swarm for a dessert night and order an array of mouth-watering temptations. I think that after my most recent visit, however, dessert nights are the only reason I will return to this cafe/restaurant/bar. Don't get me wrong; my experience wasn't bad at all. Sure, the coffee was pretty bitter and the television blaring in the background was quite distracting but I would certainly return there – just maybe not for coffee. The dark lighting and blazing fire give Eureka a cosy vibe, which perhaps is more appropriate for an evening visit than one in the middle of the day. Indeed, I've previously come to Eureka for dinner which was amazing. If you come here, I highly recommend sitting in the modern outdoor area at the back and ordering the famous Eureka brownie – a must do before you leave Dunedin.

– **Pippa Schaffler**





Photos by Danielle Caddy

Once again returning to Dunedin after a spectacular May performance, the Beastwars Winter Tour saw some true sonic weight hit Re:Fuel.

Opening proceedings, Idiot Prayer played an unfamiliar set comprised of new material. With almost industrial flavour, and less hook-orientated than the more accessible Bailterspace-meets-Shellac material from their debut EP *Falconer*, drummer Sam Brookland and bassist David Ager nonetheless still proved a powerhouse rhythm section, the new songs combining loud and precise experimentation with time signatures and repetition.

With my first experience of Soulseller occurring at a now hazy and half-remembered Feastock 2010, I had a sense of the unknown mixed with high expectation before the trio's set. Trading in the same desert sludge as the likes of Kyuss and the Melvins, Soulseller played a slightly lacklustre set heavily reliant on the gravelly – albeit excellent – voice of frontman Jared Smith. To start, the rhythm section felt uncertain and a little hesitant underneath the head-nodding riffs, and it was a shame to see a good band not quite do themselves justice.

With a tremendous (and deserved) live reputation now preceding them, the hype surrounding Wellington's Beastwars seems to have reached a fever pitch. With their rapid ascension from virtual unknowns to lords of local metal, backed with support slots for the likes of Helmet and the Melvins, Beastwars never felt in danger of not meeting expectations.

With an air of consummate professionalism and self-assurance surrounding them, Beastwars were devastatingly efficient from start to finish, their live power akin to a force of nature. Beastwars' frontman Matt Hyde as always stole the show with his 'if the devil could sing' voice as powerful and guttural as ever. With a large crossover appeal, judging from many in the crowd Beastwars are becoming the 'metal band for people who don't like metal', a credit to the craft in both their musicality and captivating stage performance.

A heavy, powerful yet melodic performance proving yet again Beastwars can almost do no wrong. It's the year of the riff, baby.



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Chad VanGaalén *Diaper Island*



With a prolific musical and illustrative output only matched by his passionate cult following, Chad VanGaalén seems on a mission to induct listeners into his own insular, idiosyncratic world. Populated with melancholy, melody and wonderfully off-kilter compositions existing on a musical landscape reminiscent of the barren expanse of VanGaalén's native Calgary and his label's rain-swept Seattle, *Diaper Island* is a lovingly crafted piece to the VanGaalén puzzle. Veering with ease from folk-based ambience to jangling earworm riffs, VanGaalén's skills as a producer are brought to the fore with simple, economic structures rendered beautifully by the album's cohesive sonic texture, haunting vocals, reverbed drums and chiming guitar present throughout. While VanGaalén indulges in his share of heartbreaking couplets, and superbly downbeat ballads ("Sara", "Wandering Spirits"), a sense of jaded satirical humour ("Shave My Pussy") saves *Diaper Island* from suffocating the listener with emotion, despite the loneliness and isolation of its production.

With no obvious weak points, *Diaper Island* is simultaneously a chilling and joyful listen. 

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



mon 12/9 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
w./ Miss Soulstress. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

tue 13/9 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. \$2 entry from 8pm.
Bring your horn!

wed 14/9 **Di Lusso: DJ Jimmy Fresh hosts Internationals**
Reggae, dancehall, R'n'B and hip hop. Free entry.

ReFuel: Thundercub EP Release Party
ft. Thundercub, The Doyleys, DJ Dan Solo, and more. Free entry from 9pm.

thur 15/9 **Di Lusso: DJ Pippin**
Electro, hip hop, club bangers and mashups. Free entry.

Urban Factory: The Phoenix Foundation
Plus The Thomas Oliver Band and The Sunley Band. Free entry.

fri 16/8 **ReFuel: Eminence - 'Guns at Dawn' Tour**
with Darklight Corporation
ft. Made In China, Eminence, and Darklight Corporation.
\$20 from 8pm.

Di Lusso: Dal Boy
Hip hop and mash ups. Free entry.

XII Below: The Upbeats
Support from Dirty ol' Knights, Soundforge, Deviance, Civil and Murky. Tickets from 1-night.co.nz.

Modaks Espresso
Thomas & Gray 8.30pm.

sat 10/8 **ReFuel: Black Rock Coffin Makers and Helter Skelter**
9pm doors.

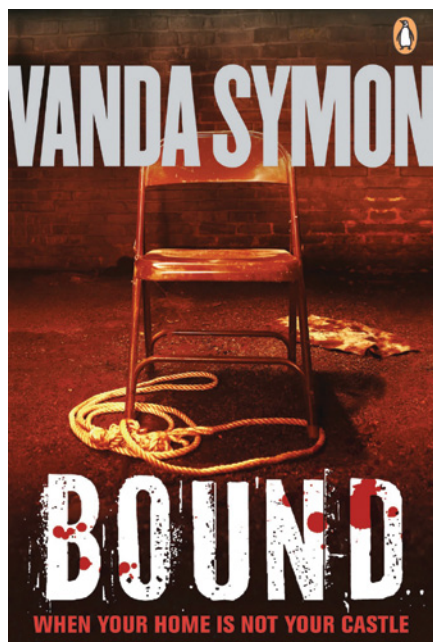
Fortune Theatre: Avenue Q - Closing Night
Shows run at 6pm Tues, 7.30pm Wed-Sat, 4pm Sun.
Bookings recommended ph.4778323.

The Church, Dundas St: Hunting Bears EP fundraiser
w/ support from The Threads and Settler. 8pm doors.
Chicks Hotel: SEXY ANIMALS leave town.

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Bound – Vanda Symon



Bound is the fourth book in Vanda Symon's crime novel series starring Detective Sam Shephard, and it opens with a hell of a bang (kind of literally; there's a reason why the murder victim's face is described as "just dripping meat, bone and brain"). In fact, the opening made me think "Wow, she's really going balls to the wall, isn't she? This is going to be awesome!"

And then it wasn't. Not quite. Mind you, of Symon's series, I've only read one other one (*The Ringmaster*), and since that book her style has grown more confident and assured. There's also a well brought-out sense of place in this book, which is especially nice since Symon's novels are all set in Dunedin, so a Dunedinite like me could really picture all the locales mentioned. But the novel's opening really made me want to find out 'whodunnit', and after about a hundred pages, Symon seems to become more interested in delving into Sam's personal life. Even though Symon manages to tie the personal stuff in with the crime stuff thematically, it doesn't completely alleviate the fact that in terms of pace, the plot slows down and gets flabby in the middle. Frankly, I got a little bored.

Sure, Sam goes through some pretty heavy stuff, but I just wasn't that interested. Maybe it's because Sam is just so plucky and smart and tough and moral and good with victims and... snore. Doesn't she ever make mistakes? You know, like the rest of us humans? Actually, in general I found her characters to be rather cardboard-y. Her portrayal of Blair Harvey-Boyd in particular made me wince. Okay, we get it, he's a bit fruity. Stop banging on about it. It stopped being funny about eighteen pages ago.

So *Bound* starts with a hiss and a roar and seems to end with a whimper (or at least a solution to the mystery that feels rushed, and thus a little implausible). But there are enough good things in *Bound* to suggest that Symon is growing with each installment. Hopefully she figures out how to balance the personal with the procedural in her next book.

– Feby Idrus



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Bastion

Platforms: *PC, XBLA*

You can't help but feel like a child as you play through *Bastion*, bright-eyed and attentive, completely captivated by the story of the Great Calamity. "Proper story supposed to start from the beginning. Ain't so simple with this one" is how the story of "The Kid" begins, The Kid being a perpetually-scowling survivor of the seemingly catastrophic Calamity, out to restore a safe haven known as the Bastion from the ashes of destruction. Everything The Kid does is narrated by Rucks (think a Wild West version of Morgan Freeman) who provides amusing quips depending on your actions or style of play and tells the solemn story of the Calamity.

In terms of gameplay, *Bastion* is a hack and slash game; expect a lot of clicking punctuated by the occasional space or shift to dodge, roll or block. Combat feels fluid and responsive, and encourages skill-based play by adding mechanics such as the counter hit, which severely damages the enemy if you block just as the attack is about to land, and proving grounds for each of the weapons where The Kid can complete challenges and win prizes. Weapon loadouts and secret skills are changed in the armoury and provide a wide variety of ways to hack, slash or shoot your way to victory. Instead of skill points, The Kid can obtain damage or stat bonuses from a variety of spirits, the tolerance for which increases with each level. Enemies can be made more difficult by angering certain gods at the shrine in exchange for

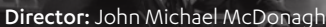
higher experience or fragments dropped. Fragments can then be used to purchase upgrades or materials for your weapons or to purchase new skills.

Visually, the game is stunning. The Kid is dropped into each new environment, ranging from precarious boardwalks to remnants of Arabian markets (complete with cushions) and overgrown dilapidated ruins. The colour palette and tumbling snow, ash or leaves of each level invoke a certain emptiness and loss and everything from the numerous piles of rubble that litter the worlds of *Bastion* to countless monsters has a hand-painted feel to it. Tiles and other elements of the environment sprout out of the ground or fall from the sky with a satisfying thud as The Kid approaches. The music tops off the Western-Arabic-Turkish atmosphere by flaring into an exotic jig as The Kid fights off waves of enemies before simmering down into the strummed musings of a weary traveller with no company but his guitar.

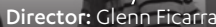
In the end, *Bastion* is a game that plays like your favourite children's book where the protagonist is just a spirit-drinking, hammer-wielding kid trying to fix his broken world.

— **Markus Ho**





OCTAGON



**ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
KICK BACK AND RELAX WITH A QUALITY
WINE OR BEER WITH THE FILM**



The Tree of Life

Director: Terrence Malick

Audiences fervent for a visual assault on the senses will find Terrence Malick's brave new epic film, *The Tree of Life*, remarkably awe-inspiring. Although this year's darling of the Cannes Film Festival and winner of the coveted Palme d'Or, Malick's exploration of his central themes has divided critics, invoking both critical argument and high admiration. It is Malick's fifth feature film in thirty-eight years, and while this film will not be for everyone, it certainly has been worth the wait for most.

The film centres on existence, human relationships, and God's omnipresence in humanity. It is also a sorrowful reflection on love and loss, regret and paths not taken, childhood perception and adult maturity.

At the centre of Malick's partly-autobiographical story is Jack O'Brien, a middle-aged disillusioned city executive played by Sean Penn. Set in the present-day, against a backdrop of steel skyscrapers and white minimalist interiors, Jack is going through a personal crisis, still haunted by the death of his younger brother, which we learn of via flashbacks to his 1950's childhood in smalltown Texas. Recalling his relationship with his highly demanding father (Brad Pitt), his loving and empathetic mother (Jessica Chastain) and his two younger playful brothers, the news of his middle brother's death arrives via an official telegram. Some of the film's most challenging shots come from close-ups used to capture the raw emotion of the family's loss. No tear-soaked freckle, wrinkle or weathered flaw is left unscrutinised.

The film follows a mind-boggling non-linear narrative. At the very beginning of the film, Jack's mother encourages her sons to choose God's grace over nature as the preferred path. This sets in motion Jack's questioning of the very point of existence. Present time and flashbacks are interwoven with Jack's visions of pre-historic origins and the far unknown reaches of the universe, a nod to Kubrick's images of wonder. Voiceovers come from the younger Jack, played superbly by newcomer Hunter McCracken, as he questions God's part in this as a way to make sense of his pain: "Where are you?" he first wonders, then more saliently, "Where were you?".

Be prepared to be challenged by this film's subject matter and overwhelmed by its visual and symphonic beauty.

— Jane Ross    



Senna

Director: Asif Kapadia

Senna is an unforgettable film. The documentary examines the public career of Formula One driver and Brazilian national icon Ayrton Senna. At the same time it presents an extremely personal portrait of a man who revolutionised the racing world. There is no doubt that *Senna* is far more than a turbo-charged racing doco for the *Top Gear* enthusiast. Rather, reaching well beyond, that it is a simple and intimate example of the social and political implications and edifying effects of sport.

Ayrton Senna burst on to the F1 scene in 1984 after a successful early career in kart racing. He immediately made a strong impact with his staggering aggression and unwavering focus. On the track he was described in just one word: "fast". Despite an intense passion for his sport and being revered as Brazil's golden boy, Senna remained charming and self-effacing.

What really gets the film going is the dynamic between Senna and McLaren teammate and adversary Alain Prost. The politically polluted era of F1 racing in the late Eighties and early Nineties unjustly impacted on Senna's career and time after time he fell victim to this backdrop.

Continuous rich archival footage of his life authenticates the experience and brings you right in close to Ayrton Senna, even if his name meant nothing to you before the film. Onboard cameras during his races create a raw and unrelenting melodrama, however utterly boring you consider the sport. There are wonderful introspective moments of Senna brooding in state of pre-race meditation. Personal accounts from those closest to him - his sister Vivianne and his racing team - provide brilliant insight. A deeply religious man (claiming God came to him in moments of need during a race), the spiritual exhaustion and overwhelming joy of victory is translated beautifully in the film. Even the champagne ceremony feels like a religious act in itself.

Following Senna's career is a captivating and powerful experience, from the great heights of national glory and adoration to the dispiriting lows of defeat and corruption and the mortal risks faced in the sport. Without reservation, this film is a highly recommended watch. Senna takes the lead and in breathtaking fashion laps you over and over: Primeiro Brasil-il-il-il-il!

— Theo Kay    

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PROTECTION ORDERS

What are they??

Have you ever had a boyfriend or girlfriend who was so into you they wanted to know where you were and what you were doing ALL OF THE TIME! The kind who would get upset if they sent you a text message and you didn't reply back immediately, they would send you the mother of all text bombs until you replied...??

Or maybe they would constantly point out your faults and make you feel lucky to have anybody paying any attention to you, even if that attention made you feel worthless...??

At the start you might have thought it was cute; a sign s/he must be really, really into you, but the reality is that this type of behaviour can amount to psychological abuse. We all know if somebody hits you or forces you to have sex with them that you need to be protected from them, but psychological abuse is just as serious as physical or sexual abuse.

Who can I get a Protection Order against?

If someone is physically, sexually or psychologically abusive, the Domestic Violence Act allows you to apply for a Protection Order against them if they are:

- Your spouse or partner (including gay and lesbian couples);
- A family member;
- A member of your household (this includes flatmates)
- in some other kind of close personal relationship with you (e.g.: close friendship – gone horribly wrong, obviously...!)

What do I have to prove?

To get a Protection Order there must have been Domestic Violence which includes Physical abuse, Sexual abuse or Psychological abuse (threats of physical abuse, sexual abuse, or psychological abuse, intimidation, harassment, threats of damage to property, or allowing a child to see any of the above).

The final step is that the order must be necessary to protect you (and your children if you have any). If the matter is serious and you don't want him or her to know you have applied for a Protection Order, it is possible to have an order made without them knowing so you will already be protected when they find out.

If the matter is not as serious, an application can be made and they will have a chance to defend the application.

What will the Order prevent?

The Order contains conditions to stop the other person being violent towards you or threatening violence, intimidating, harassing or abusing you, damaging or threatening to damage your property, abusing or threatening your children, or encouraging anyone else to do any of the above.

It prohibits the person from going to your home, hanging around places like your work or where you study, prohibits them from following you, trying to stop you coming or going, phoning, texting or emailing you, sending you letters or faxes, or contacting you in any other way.

If they do any of these things they can be arrested.

How long will the Order last for?

If the application is successful, a Temporary Protection Order will be made for a 3 month period. If the Order is not opposed during that 3 months, it becomes final and will remain in place permanently or until you or the other party apply to have it discharged.

Does this sound like you?

If you feel you may need a Protection Order, or know somebody who may be in a bad relationship, the first step is to contact us and we can help advise you on your situation.

You may qualify for legal aid to pay the lawyers costs in making an application for a Protection Order.

Come and see us, bring a friend, have a chat. We're here to help.

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Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

In Summer Lovin', *Critic* sets up two lucky students on a blind date (courtesy of the lovely people at Toast), complete with a bar tab and positive vibes, in an attempt to prove that Dunedinites can date. The only catch: the love birds each divulge all the salacious details of their date in a short snappy article after the fact. If you want the chance to meet your very own Romeo or Juliet, or to at least get some free booze and *Critic* space, email your age/gender/interests/cell number/sexual orientation to critic@critic.co.nz.

Kim Kardishian

So here I go. Out on a blind date (thanks to a certain friend), wee bit nervous so had a few pre-date drinks. In hindsight, this was perhaps not the smartest move considering I was in for a night of drinking. I walked along to Toast with some friends and got them to wait round the corner in Ratbags so I knew where to find them if need be.

Walking into Toast it became pretty obvious who my date was; the only one in the whole bar, and if that hadn't already made it obvious, within a split second of me walking through the door he yelled "so are you my date?". First impressions? Well it wasn't love at first sight or anything, but yeah he was all right, maybe wee bit on the young side but I was just thankful he was English-speaking and not retarded.

We had a few drinks, some general chit-chat, actually realised we were in the same class at uni. Demolished the bar tab pretty quick and then "coincidentally" the only two other people at the bar were my date's flatmates. So we all moved along to Ratbags for a few more drinks and to meet up with my support crew. Then (not sure if this is mandatory for a first date) he pulled his pants down and showed me his arse which had a tattoo of a goat on it...nice.

Next I asked him if he could remember my name; nope, he had no idea. Great start! Then just to make the situation more awkward, my ex turned up and being a bit on the tipsy side I thought it'd be a laugh to introduce my date to him. Didn't go down too well.

Drinks kept rolling. This is where it starts to get quite fuzzy. Next thing I know we are sitting on a rooftop in the middle of Castle Street having a deep and meaningful and spilling our hearts out to one another. At this stage I was thinking he was quite a nice guy, it wasn't until it was bed time where my opinion changed. Date: "can we have a threesome?" Me: "no." Date: "okay you can fuck off then". So I did just that... fucked off pretty quickly, no numbers exchanged. All in all an interesting night, but can't say I'm going to rush into anymore blind dates anytime soon.

Ray J

Despite my flatmate winning a Facebook poll quite convincingly, he decided he had a vagina for the night, got his period and spent the night on the couch, so I got the call up. I suited up, smelt good and looked even better, lucky lady she was going to be. I arrived at Toast and meet Scotty behind the bar who kicked me off with a drink while I sat and waited for my date to show up. My ultimate wingmen were close in hand just in case the drinks got to me and she started looking like a princess instead of the dragon she would probably be.

When she finally arrived, I knew the bar tab wouldn't be enough and an expensive night could be on the cards, but I gave her a shot or two and waited to see what happened. After a few drinks, we started the general chat which lead to me finding out she was "happy you're not Asian" which made sense after I found out she was from South D and part of some type of cult which involved all of them wearing the same ring. We chopped through the free bar tab and decided to take my wingmen to meet her friends at another bar. My fingers were crossed she had some hot friends, but that did little as she didn't.

More drinks down and no babes had shown up so we decided to settle for what we had. My date, her purple-haired friend (classic South D), my wing men and myself proceeded back to mine for a few night caps and a cheeky roof top kiss under the stars. That's when normal left and shit got weird. Purple hair and my date attempted to fall asleep in my prized bed for the night, which I can only presume was their attempt at squatting. I seized the opportunity and threw out the idea of a threesome, but got the big don't argue (now sober I can only thank you for this), yet these squatters thought they could still sleep the night, silly sluts. So I kindly told them to "get the fuck out" as my flat is not a shelter, and slept peacefully in my fluffy sheets alone, although the smell they left is taking a few days to get rid of. Safe to say no round two.

POETRY

The Essay

It is 8 hours before the essay is due,
The fact we have known about this for months I swear is untrue...
The essay must be 2000 words long,
Beginning to think leaving this till now was seriously wrong.
It takes 30 minutes to write the first line.
21 words down! I'll have this done in no time!
40 minutes in and I think I deserve a break,
5 minutes on Facebook is all it will take.

When 5 minutes of Facebook turns into 2 hours I panic,
Time to write this thing like a manic!
I have no idea what I'm writing I must admit,
I hope the marker will believe all this bullshit.
Times new roman and 12 point font.
Just a small nap is all I want,
I fill myself up on coffee and v,
Not falling asleep I can now guarantee.

With one hour to go I'm getting delirious,
Right! This shit just got serious!
Spell check says all my spelling is fine,
I'll assume it's right, saves me reading it one more time.
Finishing up by choosing my alignment preference,
Realising I still don't know how to use APA reference.
My essay is done, who cares if it's shit?
\$4.30 for printing?! How can the uni justify it?!!!

Grabbing the paper, to the hand in box I run,
In desperate need of a stapler, does no one have one???
Am I too late? I begin to fear.
But I hand it in without a moment to spare.
Finally I'm free from all the tension,
Until my friend tells me there was a deadline extension.

— Fi



CC Visiting from Taiwan
Why are you in New Zealand at the moment? Holiday. Been on a working holiday in Australia. **Are you going to the rugby?** No no no. **Where are your clothes from?** Australia. **Watch?** Very popular at the moment, from Taiwan, **Tattoo?** Dolphin, got it in Taiwan. They're quite popular there, **Jewellery?** From Australia. **How many ear studs do you have in?** 12. **Hat?** I always wear hats. This one's from Oamaru

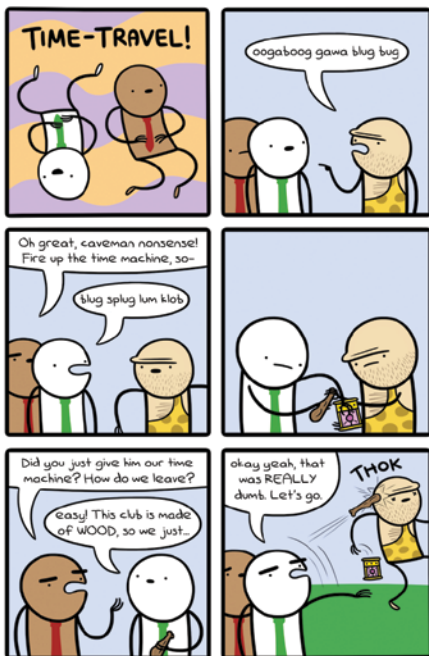


Bill Chuang

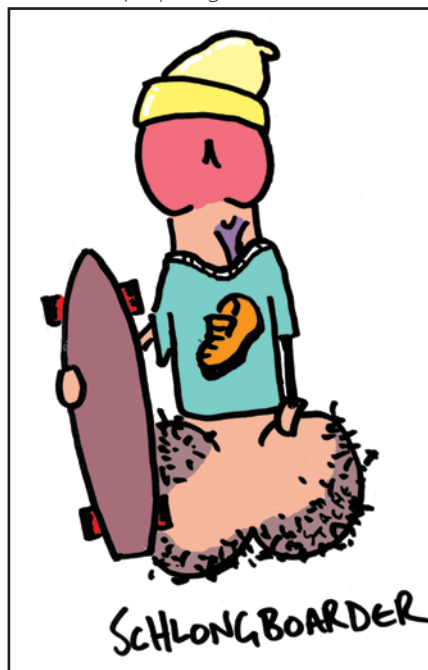
Studying: Neuroscience and Psychology, **Boots:** Chronicles, **Jacket:** Rufus Green, **Jersey:** Some shop in Sydney, **Necklace:** Karen Walker, **Bag:** Vintage (Dad's), **Been shot on by a bird recently?** Nope, **Would you brave a nice day with bare legs?** Still too cold for that, **Favourite Designer:** Tom Brown



Antics by Stephen Gillan



Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Gary: Twins #2 by Cody Knox



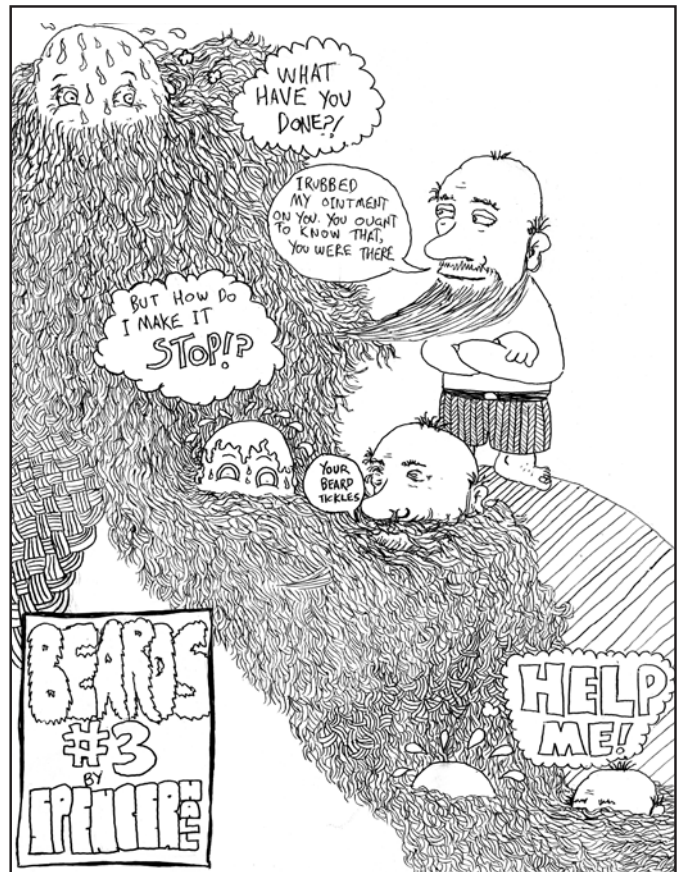
The Shed by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith



Spockian Philosophies by Toki Wilson



Beards #3 by Spencer Hall



Kia ora whanau,

So last week I wasn't able to give you the full run down on Huinga as it hadn't happened yet, so first of all I'll fill you in on some of the highlights of the National Maori Students' Conference 2011 in Auckland.

The conference was held at Nga Whare Waatea in Favona, Mangere East, and was attended by nine taura Maori roopu from around the country. The first night we had Manu Korero, and Te Roopu Maori was represented by Jack Baker, who spoke about the hot topic of Deep Sea Oil Drilling, and applied a theme of "barriers" to the human race to his korero. The next day we travelled into the Auckland University Campus where we took part in a political debate with a number of different MPs. The most memorable were the discussions with Tau Henare about his attitudes towards the VSM bill. There was some excellent korero from the Maori students, and we worked collectively to challenge a lot of his statements.

On Friday we went to King's College where we had the kapa haka competition. All of the roopu performances were mean as, and Te Roopu Maori managed to grab third place for the night. On the Saturday we had the AGM where Te Roopu Maori put in the tonono (bid) to host Te Huinga Taura 2012 in Dunedin...nek minute...we are in, so Dunnas better look out come this time next year there will be an influx of Maori Tertiary Student leaders, and TRM are in major prep mode for hosting the conference. All of the whanau that went are extremely excited to put their own touch on Te Huinga 2012.

Another major highlight for us was the Waitangi Tribunal claim that Te Mana Akonga and taura Maori roopu collectively lodged against



TE ROOPU MĀORI

the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill. The claim was lodged on the basis that the bill will have a negative impact on Maori students, and therefore whanau, hapu and iwi development and advancement. As a collective we believe that there have been breaches of the Treaty of Waitangi in that there has been inaction to actively protect Māori students' interests and the core values such as whanaungatanga, manaakitanga, tuakana/teina, kotahitanga, tino rangatiratanga, te reo rangatira me ona tikanga that we align ourselves with as Maori Student Associations in the representation of all Maori students.

Hope you are all excited for Te Huinga Taura 2012 in Dunedin, it's going to be mean!

Also a big shout out to TRM member, Waiariki Parata-Taiapa and TRM Alumni Jared Mathieson-Hiakita who were part of the flash mob haka in Auckland last week, and are part of the kapa haka roopu performing at the opening ceremony for the Rugby World Cup. Chur boys!

Ari



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

When I heard that this week's Critics topic was to be 'beliefs' I felt as though the stars were aligning and the heavens were opening for what was to be yet another cracker of a Presidential comment. I think when we hear the term 'beliefs' we think religion. I'm not religious although I'm a pretty diverse bastard and think that people should be able to believe whatever they like, so long as they don't force those beliefs upon others. You won't see me going door to door on Castle St trying to inform Scarfies of the good work of your lord and savior Logan Edgar... maybe just trying to save them a buck or two by talking the good word of anti-VSM (National be Rational).

I get fucked off when dicks out there accuse me of being unintelligent for one; "I'm smart as fuck" as I have declared many times (I do have NCEA level 3), and two; look at the leaders of most major religions.... You'd struggle to find a rocket scientist, yet they seem to get the followers frothing no matter what sort of shit yarn they are trying to spin but oh well ho hum....

To be honest, I do have a few things I need to share:

- I'm concerned we are light on quality half-backs
- McCaw and Carter lead from the front and therefore are more susceptible to injury. I want to see them both sit the first match out rather than risk an injury from a well build Tongan lad (even though Richie's our Captain).
- I have confidence in our wingers and think that spreading the ball far wide will be crucial.
- I can see in my crystal ball a Bledisloe show down in the final.
- I'm hot and cold about Jose Gear being left out of the squad, but stoked he's coming to play for Highlanders next season.
- Murray Deaker, we need a sharn asap.

GO THE AB's

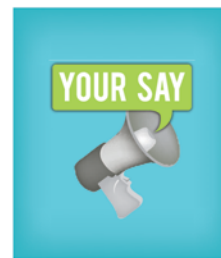
Arohanui,
Logan Edgar

Radio One Survey – WIN SICK PRIZES

Radio One and OUSA are looking to find out about your listening habits, who you'd like to hear on Radio One and how they can make your student station the best station in town! It's your chance to take 3mins to have a quick yarn (or even vent) about Radio One and to help make it a station you love (even more). PLUS you can win a sick Radio One Prize pack, and maybe a few other prizes too...

Check it out on ousa.org.nz and the OUSA Facebook page.

OUSA Elections for 2012 Executive & President!



If you fancy yourself as the face of the students and would like to put time, plenty of thought and a lotta love back into OUSA and help make time at Uni super, get yourself nominated to run for the OUSA Executive or even the President! Nominations open next week so have a ponder and pop into reception for more information and to pick up a nomination form! We'd love to have you on board :-)

Wine Tasting? Yeayus!



OUSA Clubs and Socs is running their famous Wine Tasting evening again! With limited numbers this is a night you must get in quick for, it's a chance to learn about a range of wines with local wine maker (and comedian) Geoff Weston. Matched with cheeses, a fire, and set in the cosy Cottage Lounge, this night is a

great chance to get out of the flat, ask a few questions and try some delicious treats.

Running on the 27th September, sign up by the 22nd for just \$36 for students (\$43 public)

Free Advocacy

Well it's always free at OUSA Student Support, but this Friday the lovely ladies from the SSC will be right at your study door. If you're having troubles with your Lecturer, Course, Landlord, Flatmates, or heaven forbid your Finances talk to an advocate! They can help you sort it out!

The OUSA Mobile Advocacy booth will be at the St. David ground floor foyer on Friday, September 16th from 12-1pm

Next Top Flat entries are OPEN

Is your flat really good, really bad or really green? Email welfare@ousa.org.nz with 200 words about why you should win! You could be walking away with free groceries, a flat clean or some organic goodies! Entries close Sep 22.

Sell your Art!

OUSA Art week is kicking off next week, which means there will be a Student Art Exhibition and Sale on upstairs in the The Link. There is a \$15 entry fee (\$10 with your 91 Card) and you can exhibit up to TEN items dependant on size. Contact kitty.events@ousa.org.nz, entries close Sep 15



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