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# Critic

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Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA). Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, Planet Media, or OUSA. Press Council: people with a complaint against a newspaper should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

Critic really wanted to print a cartoon of the prophet Muhammad this week, but we couldn't, because, you know, people would blow us up and shit. We think this is pretty crap, and it makes us feel like this ...



But what can you do right?



## This Thursday! OUSA Market Day

Thursday 16 August  
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*16<sup>th</sup> August*

See you there!



## WHERE THE LADIES AT?

**WHILE ADMITTEDLY I HAVE NOT SPENT MUCH TIME RESEARCHING** it, I have always thought, based on the most circumstantial of evidence, that there was no institutional gender imbalance at Otago. That, amongst students at least, there was gender equality.

However, take a slightly closer look and serious questions arise. It seems that OUSA, Planet Media, Critic, and Radio One are all becoming bastions of testosterone.

None of the five senior OUSA positions on the OUSA exec are held by a female, and in the past 10 years there have been only three female Presidents.

At Critic and Radio One, all senior positions bar one are held by males. In Planet Media (they handle OUSA's advertising), it's all guys. And in the past 10 years at Critic, there have only been three female editors. Even our cat is a dude.

So there is an issue. Of course, it is possible that it is just chance. All things being equal between men and women, it will still always be possible for a cohort of male staff and executives to pass through and throw the gender balance off a bit. And speaking from the inside, I cannot see any institutional bias against women. Though now I am concerned that the way we advertise our positions, the way we tell our story, is more attractive to a male audience, and that could be part of the problem.

The other possibility is that women aren't sticking their hands up for these leadership roles in the same numbers as the men are. I don't know why – I literally have no idea. Perhaps they simply aren't interested in the trivialities of running OUSA, or a student radio station or magazine.

Or perhaps it's for another reason. Perhaps there is at least a perception that there is more pressure on females to perform when they step into leadership positions – an expectation that they have to out do what a man would need to to be considered successful – and that it simply isn't worth the hassle. I honestly don't know, but I'd love to find out.

The thing is, there are plenty of strong successful women leaders in other parts of the student community. Generation Zero, Greens on Campus, Young Labour, and ACT on Campus all have female leaders, and the Otago Uni law school is packed full of XX chromosomes.

What got me thinking about this was the OUSA's announcement of the election dates for the student executive. From September 24 to 27 we will be electing next year's student leaders, and it sure would be great if we ended up with an executive that looked more like the student body, and less like a locker room.

**- JOE STOCKMAN**

**"At Critic and Radio One, all senior positions bar one are held by males. In Planet Media (they handle OUSA's advertising), it's all guys. And in the past 10 years at Critic, there have only been three female editors. Even our cat is a dude."**



Steven Joyce: Putting the tard in Tardis.

# TERTIARY EDUCATION TO THE FUTURE!

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**A** BOARD OF PANELLISTS COMPRISED OF tertiary education staff, students, and politicians gathered at the Otago Museum on Wednesday 8 August for the Tertiary Education Union's latest public forum "Speak up for Education".

The forum had a distinctly left-wing slant, being chaired by Radio 1 breakfast host Aaron Hawkins and including TEU President Dr Sandra Grey, Labour MP for Dunedin North David Clark, and Green Party co-leader Metiria Turei. The other panellists were Otago Polytechnic CEO Phil Ker, University of Otago Professor and Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) Vernon Squire, and OUSA President Logan Edgar.

The forum focussed largely on the vision for tertiary education in Otago. There was lively debate concerning the future implications of Open Education Resources, which are free digital

educational resources that have been placed in the public domain. OERs enable distance learning and facilitate do-it-yourself learning through online access, and have gained a strong following internationally at the likes of Harvard and MIT. Many panellists and members of the audience expressed reservations about the implications of this advancement in tertiary education, which could result in a dilution of physical resources in the sector. Green Party co-leader Metiria Turei succinctly summed up the situation, saying that there is "a real political risk to be driven to online learning because it is cheaper".

TEU National President Dr Sandra Grey surprisingly encouraged the Scarfie mantra "Cs get degrees", although not quite to the same extent as the collective Otago student body. She regarded lack of creativity, chaos, and collaboration as the sector's biggest constraints, largely due to "heavy-handed steering from the Government".

The panel also discussed the funding of tertiary education in detail. Professor Vernon Squire remarked that a loss of autonomy and control over funding will restrict institutions' previous freedom to reallocate funding bands, and that the Government is becoming less likely to fund some subject areas. While Squire does not believe a massive change is imminent at Otago, he spoke of an increasing emphasis on applied knowledge, which ultimately constrains curiosity. Turei spoke more forcefully, saying that funding constraints would lead to an "extensive dumbing down of NZ's education system".

The general consensus from those in attendance was that NZ's tertiary institutions are being "shackled", and that we are being told to "produce but not to think". The solution proposed by the TEU involve moving away from strict governmental controls to allow more room for autonomy, diversity, and curiosity in tertiary institutions.

# "TREATYGATE"

CRITIC OBTAINS SECRET DOCUMENTS ON \$2MILLION RACE CAMPAIGN

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

**C**RITIC HAS OBTAINED DOCUMENTS FROM controversial race campaigner Louis Crimp, setting out a plan for a \$2million campaign aiming to make New Zealand a "colourblind" (racially neutral) state. The campaign will be split into two distinct "brands", known as "Treatygate" and "Colourblind State".

"Treatygate" is the "attack brand", and will involve a series of brief, hard-hitting advertisements designed to incite "anger" in "hothead" voters. Treatygate aims to "expose the 40 year state brainwashing campaign that has distorted the history of Crown-Maori relations".

Speaking to Critic, John Ansell, the advertising guru behind the campaign, described the planned advertisements for Treatygate as "short sharp little messages with one piece of evidence in each one", such as that "Maori companies pay 17.5% tax, [while] others pay 28%."

According to Ansell the primary goal of the Treatygate campaign is to "expose the bias and enrage the public". "You have to make the public mad... otherwise we're the passionless people, we won't rouse ourselves to oppose the politicians unless [the public] have the information."

The Treatygate campaign is likely to kick off before the end of 2012, dependent on funding.

After the public have been fired up by the Treatygate campaign, "Colourblind State" aims to harness this anger to get 80% or more of the public to vote in favour of a referendum question along the lines of "Should New Zealand be a colourblind state, with no race-based political representation, policies, or funding?"

Ansell intends to submit his referendum question by the end of August, which will give Parliament three months to approve it. After that, Ansell and his fellow campaigners will have one year to gather the more than 300,000 signatures required to trigger a citizens initiated referendum.

Assuming Ansell succeeds in this mission, Parliament will be required to hold the referendum within one year of receiving the signatures, "which means it will nicely time with the 2014 election, which will make it an election issue. We'll ask the leaders of the main parties whether or not they're going to abide by the will of the people in the referendum, and woe betide them on election day if they say no."

For Ansell and his supporters, time is of the essence – the Constitutional Advisory Panel, which was set up in 2011 to review NZ's constitutional arrangements and draft a set of recommendations, is due to report back in September 2013. Ansell believes that the panel is "stacked" in favour of what he describes as "Griever Maori", and that the panel is likely to recommend that the government "impose a Treaty-based Maorified constitution by 2014", which would be "the end of NZ as we know it".

The Treatygate campaign will involve TV and print advertisements, dependent on funding. However, Ansell says: "The NZ media are pretty gutless so they probably won't run the ads, so we may have to find other ways of getting them to the public – putting them in letterboxes, dropping them from planes, whatever it takes."

As well as whipping up public sentiment in favour of a colourblind state, Ansell hopes his campaign will "turn people around from the

belief that if you say one thing against this rort then you're a racist. It's a tough road, because in America you're a racist if you wear a white hood and want to lynch black people, and in NZ you're a racist if you want racial equality."

Funding is the biggest roadblock standing in the way of Ansell's campaign so far – although he is aiming for a "political party-type budget" of \$2 million, several of his donors have bailed out on him, including one "patriot" who had originally pledged \$250,000. Despite this setback, Ansell remains hopeful that funding will trickle in over time. "Hopefully we can start with something small and it'll snowball. I will be putting out my prospectus to as many people I can think of as possible, with deep pockets, who might be prepared to help, and to ordinary people."

The "colourblind state" Ansell is aiming for would involve "no race-based seats, no race-based funding, no race-based programs, no Waitangi Tribunal, no Te Puna Kokiri, no special favours of any kind." Ansell argues that this is in line with the original meaning of the Treaty. As part of the "Colourblind State" campaign, Ansell intends to employ a "respectable polling company" to survey 500 Maori voters from each of the general and Maori electoral rolls to ascertain their views on his referendum question, with the aim of attracting support of 50% or higher.

Ansell recognises that his campaign could divide the country, but he believes his side will emerge victorious: "In the end I think it'll be a matter of brinkmanship. I don't think it'll lead to civil war. The Griever Maori understands brinkmanship, they understand theatre, they understand how to get heard, and they're going for all they can get. But in the end I think they'll be brought to heel by the majority."



## MONGREL MOB ABUSE PUBLIC'S TRUST

BY BELLA MACDONALD

**T**HE MONGREL MOB ARE DUE FOR A STERN slap on the wrist after being accused of having their fingers in too many pies. Police allege that Mongrel Mob members obtained money from a government funded anti-violence program, run through the Whanau Ora scheme, and used it to buy cannabis.

Over a four-month period earlier this year a Police investigation intercepted phone calls and text messages from 10 men, who were subsequently arrested. Five of the men are patched Mongrel Mob members, and one is a gang associate. The parties allegedly used \$20,000 from the We Against Violence Trust to buy and traffic drugs from the North Island to the South Island. Four of the arrested men have been charged with conspiracy to sell, and four have been charged with dishonestly converting the trust's money.

In the series of messages and phone calls, one man said that he "had it sorted, as he was going to use the Whanau Ora money" and that he

intended to "come straight back south". The next day, \$10,200 was transferred from the trust's bank account into the personal bank account of one of the accused. Police intervened in March, apprehending three of the accused on the Cook Strait ferry. A subsequent search of the accused's van produced 3.15kg of cannabis with a street value of \$24,500.

On August 1 in the Dunedin District Court, 26-year-old Mongrel Mob member Michael Logan Wong-Tong admitted to putting his tong in the wong account, pleading guilty to a joint charge of conspiracy to sell cannabis. He will be sentenced on October 7.

The We Against Violence Trust, founded in 2001, was given money by Whanau Ora, a taxpayer-funded program that aims to "establish regional panels to ensure it contributes in positive and realistic ways to local communities". The Trust has a \$45,000 contract with Whanau Ora to work on community support and reducing inter-whanau violence.

Minister of Maori Affairs and Minister of

Whanau Ora Tariana Turia expressed delight at the progress of the We Against Violence Trust in May, before Police revealed information about the investigation. Turia told the ODT, "My understanding is they've done some excellent work in the area of whanau violence and getting rid of P [methamphetamine]."

It is still unclear how the accused gained access to the funds. Dunedin police involved in the investigation were unable to comment further, as the case is still before the courts.

Critic suggests that defence counsel run the argument that fostering an increase in marijuana consumption was in fact part of the Trust's grand plan to steer people away from violence and towards more edifying activities such as watching Aqua Teen Hunger Force and eating GrainWaves. This defence has a reasonable likelihood of convincing a jury, given the precedent set by David Bain's successful use of the "newspaper run" defence.

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# RICH DOMINO'S SIGN-WAVERS GET RICHER

By MARGOT TAYLOR

**S**TUDENTS HAVE EARNED \$780,735 MORE through the Student Job Search scheme in the last 12 months than in the previous 12-month period.

Figures released earlier this week show that students earned \$3,785,938 through SJS for the 12 months to August, which is 26% higher than the \$3,005,203 earned in the same period last year. However, while students who are employed are earning more, the number of students placed in jobs has declined by 14%. This decline has been attributed to an increase in the number of students looking for jobs in the tough economic climate.

Students' need for extra money has already been indicated by the 36% increase in enrolments at SJS. It is expected that the number of students using SJS to find part-time employment will continue to increase as recent Government changes to student allowance criteria are implemented.

SJS is an OUSA-provided service. OUSA President Logan Edgar described the scheme's latest figures as "positive, because students

are getting paid more." "Worker weeks" (*Critic* doesn't know what that means) have increased by 22%, and earnings per placement have increased by an average of 46%, from \$1,195 to \$1,744 per placement.

However, Edgar acknowledged that there was still work to be done. "Basically there's 8,000 students actively trying to find jobs on SJS, and pretty much one in four gets a job." OUSA's press release was designed to gloat about the statistics but also to encourage "employers in town to list more jobs", and to help employers "realise that students are real keen to get into work while they're studying." Edgar says employers should jump at the chance to employ "future doctors and lawyers for cheap as while they're still studying."

OUSA has indicated that it intends to make SJS bigger and better through the improvement of the onsite SJS office. Edgar even suggested that an old arcade machine might be turned into a SJS kiosk, to make the job hunt "a bit more fun".

Regardless of whether you consider it "fun" or a chore, recent figures suggest that the job-hunting game will continue to be played by more and more financially struggling scarifiers.



## COMMUNITY LAW CENTRES FACE JUDGMENT

By ZANE POCOCK

**N**EW ZEALAND'S COMMUNITY LAW CENTRES ARE engulfed in a shroud of mystery after the Ministry of Justice indicated that it will move to cut down to 10 and 15 Community Law contracts across the country, instead of the current regime of 25 individually funded centres.

Supervising Solicitor Caryl O'Connor told *Critic* that "we're not sure... how that is going to be managed." The Ministry has indicated that it wants to set up an 0800 line that people can call for advice, and O'Connor says that "they are also making some kind of assessment (and we don't know how) on what services need to be supplied face-to-face across the country."

The Ministry is expected to release a funding document between late September and early October, and will ask Law Centres to apply to be

the provider of these services. "We won't find out until the end of January whether or not we would be one of those providers," O'Connor says. Thus far, there is also no indication of how much funding there will be for these providers.

Currently there are six Community Law Centres in the South Island, including two in Dunedin, and it is unknown how many contracts will be supplied across the island under the new scheme. "We don't think any demographic data that the ministry are currently relying on is the proper base to make such decisions," O'Connor says, "because the South Island always misses out on those kinds of income- and population-based data gathering exercises. So we're worried we'll have to cut services, we're worried we'll lose some Law Centres, and we're worried that others will have to merge." Further, "the Ngai Tahu Maori Law Centre is under

a completely different funding scheme, and currently we haven't even heard whether they will stay on the map."

The proposed changes have come to light in the face of an NZIER report, which included a cost-benefit analysis of Law Centres across the country. The report indicated that for an investment of \$10.97 million per year, the New Zealand taxpayer is receiving a return of between \$36.23 million and \$43.53 million by settling disputes before any other resources need to be used. "We're doing a really good job," O'Connor affirms.

O'Connor also points out the effect the new scheme will have on students. "If the scope of the organisation is going to be reduced, the opportunity for student input is going to reduce. Although I'd have to say that my ideal would be that the student volunteer-ship would be the last operation standing if everything else went."

# SOMEWHERE

## AN EXECU

BY STAFF REPORTER

**O**USA HAS SET THE VOTING DATES OF SEPTEMBER 24 to 27 for the election of next year's OUSA student executive. Nominations will be open from September 17 to 20, with the results to be announced on the evening of the 27th.

Each of the ten positions on the executive is up for grabs, and with current OUSA President Logan Edgar unable to run again due to term limits there will no doubt be fierce competition for the top spot. *Critic* understands that current exec members Francisco Hernandez and Ryan Edgar (younger brother of Logan) are considering a tilt at the top job, and there are rumours of a few OUSA outsiders taking a run. *Critic* asked Admin VP Jono Rowe if he had any intentions

to further his political career, but he responded with a nonsensical rant about politics being "all about getting in the backdoor". At this point *Critic* backed away slowly and stopped asking questions.

Nominations require signatures from two OUSA members (all University of Otago students are members unless they have requested to be struck off), and *Critic* understands that Rowe is championing a suggested policy change which will prevent sitting executive members from nominating candidates themselves. This follows allegations that Logan Edgar breached election rules at this year's OUSA by-elections by nominating candidates that he supported.

OUSA has been plagued by a lack of internal political debate this year, with President Edgar

admitting that he cannot remember anyone casting a single vote against a motion in 2012. It remains to be seen whether this flaccid executive will be replaced by student politicians with fire in the belly, or whether their political tepidness is a symptom of greater student apathy.

*Critic* will be hosting an election forum on Friday September 21, where students can grill the potential candidates on their experience and qualifications for the role. When asked if it was true that the forum would be hosted at a student drinking establishment, *Critic* Editor Joe Stockman was too drunk to respond.

If you're interested in running for the student executive, here are the job descriptions for the ten positions available:



### STUDENT PRESIDENT

You da Boss, except not really. As the official spokesperson for OUSA, you are the national face of Otago students. You interact with the University, the City Council, and the media. You also get to sit on a whole bunch of different boards (but you get paid for it, so it's sweet), and act as a director of a few companies.

It's a full-time gig – you're expected to work at least 40 hours per week – so it means taking

a year off from study, but it looks pretty fancy on the CV. Calling old men "dinosaur cunts" is optional.



### FINANCE AND SERVICES OFFICER

It's all about the Benjamins. Third in line to the OUSA throne, you're the go-to person whenever anyone is looking for those cash dollars, or wants to spend some. OUSA has some serious cash reserves, and actual assets, so it's not a nothing role. You help set the budget, organise audits, sit on committees, and report back to the rest of the exec on why you spent every

last dollar at Lucky7. Want to be a CFO one day? Get this gig and you're golden. 20 hours per week.



### ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

If the President is the face of OUSA, the Admin VP is the brains. Your first duty is to assist the President in carrying out theirs, so you can see where this gig is heading. You do get to play big dog if the President is absent. You're the policy person, the organisation person, the one who knows what everyone is up to. You also get to sit on boards and act as a director

and stuff. At 20 hours per week, you're working pretty hard. But shit looks good when you leave uni, y'all.



### EDUCATION OFFICER

It's getting a bit easier now. You're still cranking 20 hours a week, but it's more about sitting on committees, and sitting in on the Uni's Senate. You've got a bit to do with overseeing the class reps system, and you interact with the Uni's Academic Service peeps. You're expected to reach down and help the other members of the exec, and with 20 hours per week, you'll probably have time.

# IN DUNEDIN

## TIVE WAITS



### WELFARE OFFICER

You're now fifth in line to the Presidency, which is like being the Minister of Agriculture, but whatever, you've got the welfare of 20,000 students to worry about. You're expected to maintain "good working relationships" with an illustrious bunch of people, including the Student Support Manager, Queer Support Coordinator, Public Health South, the Dunedin Community Law Centre, the Uni's Director of Student Services, the Director of Student

Health, and your mum and dad. Despite the long laundry list, the position is one that you can really make your own. 20 hours per week.



### POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE

You do actually have to be a postgrad to stand for this position, and being foreign seems to help. Being old helps too. You're basically around to make sure that OUSA gives more of a shit about postgrads than Critic does. You sit on the Uni Senate, and you're supposed to be best buds with the Director of Graduate Research. 10 hours per week.



### INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE

Again, you actually have to be an infidel – sorry, foreigner – for this role. Like the Postgrad rep, you're making sure that OUSA remembers that there are actually international students at Otago. You sit on the International Cultural Council and the Education and Welfare committees, and generally represent foreigners. 10 hours per week.



### RECREATION REPRESENTATIVE

If you're quite a fan of the ol' clubs and societies then this is probably the job for you. It's a busy job, as clubs and their members are always hitting you up for grants and financial support, and you sit on the Recreation Committee, Grants Committee, Blues and Golds Panels, and the affiliated Clubs Council, whatever the shit that is. 10 hours per week.



### COLLEGES REPRESENTATIVE

Who doesn't love freshers, right? The weird thing about the Colleges rep is that they should probably be a fresher, but can't be, since next year's freshers aren't actually at uni yet. The lucky winner gets to sit on a few committees and basically make sure that freshers are getting their fair share of shit from OUSA. Since they get Orientation put on for them, they're pretty sorted. But anyway,

it's a cool gig. 10 hours per week.



### CAMPAIGNS REPRESENTATIVE

Last but not least is the Campaigns Rep, who takes responsibility for the publications, campaigns, and initiatives that OUSA takes on each year. If OUSA wants to get out a "Stop Puffer Jackets" campaign, you'll be leading the charge. You sit on a couple of committees, and help out with organising events and such. It's pretty sweet. 10 hours per week.



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## RELIGION IN SPORT? NO WAY.

**R**ELIGION IS EVERYWHERE IN SPORT. IF YOU WATCH ANY SPORT AT ALL, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID SEEING SOMEONE thank the big man upstairs for letting them make all the people they have beaten feel like shit. Luckily in New Zealand we like to keep it to a minimum, and thankfully when a prominent sportsperson does let a little bit of Bible mumbo-jumbo slip through their muscular lips we all get a bit weird and embarrassed. Nick Willis, take note.

I'm an atheist, so you won't find any limp-wristed pandering here. As far as I'm concerned, religion is a ridiculous pursuit. Whichever way you look at it, it pokes its ass into the air and begs to be mercilessly fucked/ridiculed. Being religious is right between driving while drunk and lighting a cigarette at a petrol station on the list of things that an intelligent and reasonable human being would never do.

Some people have said that sport is a religion. Though I can see where they are coming from, they are wrong. Sport is better than religion because it is actually real.

Here are four oblique reasons why religion should be banished from sport.

### 01 | IT'S TOO CONVENIENT

Religion is a convenient sidekick to sports in two ways. First, inciting your faith is an easy way to appear humble while in fact being extremely arrogant. For example, how many times have you heard something like: "I would like to thank Jesus for blessing me with these gifts." What you're meant to hear is: "It's not my fault I'm so damn awesome, I'm just lucky". What they are actually saying is: "I am fucking awesome, did you see me out there? And there ain't nothing you can do about it either." See? Outrageous arrogance hidden behind Christian humility.

What's the best way to unite a large group of enthusiastic men who aren't necessarily that smart? Prayer. American sports have been doing this for years (especially football) – it works an absolute treat.

### 02 | RELIGION GETS IN THE WAY OF POTENTIAL

We need look no further than All Black legend Michael "Iceman" Jones. His refusal to play on Sundays hampered an otherwise incredible career. If he hadn't been so darn good it would have been a huge problem.

It can't be easy to run the 110m hurdles in a hijab.

Tim Tebow is the only virgin in the NFL.

The London Olympics is the first games where every country has sent female competitors. It's taken 116 years of modern Olympics to get every country on board. Thank you religion.

Do you remember when Israel Folau was going to take two years off from his budding rugby league career to perform a mandatory Mormon mission? Luckily he found a loophole and put it off so he could sign a \$6 million deal to play AFL. He's now left the Mormon Church for a religion which doesn't force him to sacrifice the prime years of his sporting career.

### 03 | WE FIND IT A BIT AWKWARD

Luckily, many Kiwis find mixing religion and sport a little awkward, the most recent example being the public reaction to Nick Willis' open and honest but low-key Christian beliefs. I think that to many New Zealanders, thanking God or whatever comes off as a bit disingenuous. We ask ourselves: why is this athlete thanking something that has had no tangible effect on their career success? Shouldn't they be thanking their family, friends, sponsors, and coaches first? Also, New Zealand's secularity means that whenever someone starts blathering about God our inbuilt defence mechanism arouses suspicion that they are trying to convert us. This is the same defence mechanism that can instantly tell the difference between a Jehovah's witness and a businessman cycling home (the trick is businessmen don't cycle in pairs).

### 04 | WHY WOULD GOD FAVOUR ONE SIDE OVER ANOTHER?

Why would God help one side over another if they were both of the same religion? Athletes will often claim that "God was on our side today". Does this mean that the other team did something to offend God? Maybe if a predominantly Christian country, say the USA, was competing against a predominantly Muslim country, say Iran, the US players could assume that they have the Christian god on their side. But what if they lose? Does that mean that God was on the other side...?

What about sports like boxing? I don't think any god would help Floyd Mayweather Jr smack someone in the head so hard that they lose consciousness. I'm certain God wasn't on his side when he was doing the same thing to his girlfriend.

*"I'm blessed. What else can I say...I'm blessed."* – Mayweather (2012)



## RUGBY ANALYSIS

BY SOMEONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT RUGBY

By MAVIS SHAMWELL

**I**'LL START WITH THE NAMES: "EELS" AND "Sharks". We all know that in the animal kingdom this would be an unfair fight, but in the Club Rugby finals it seemed like a pretty even match. This made it difficult for me to decide who to support (my usual rule is to go for the underdog). That said, the Sharks had a few guys who looked not much bigger than the kids running round at the edge waiting to get high-fives/hit by the ball, while the Eels were all fucking massive. Also, it soon became clear that our seats were bang in the middle of an Eels stronghold. Based on these two points, I decided to go for the Sharks.

By halftime I was thinking I had made a

good call, as the Sharks were winning by a fair margin. EelSupporter#1 to our right was sweaty and red-faced with the exertion of urging his boys on, alternating between "Gooo the Eels!" and "Homos!", the latter of which was directed at the Sharks (What the fuck. Turns out going to a grassroots rugby game is akin to travelling back in time to 1955). While the calibre of the audience was questionable, the action on the field was actually pretty impressive. I am usually the type of person to snort that rugby is just "a bunch of dudes chasing a ball down a field and having lots of angry group hugs" but this game may have changed my mind.

The Eels started to notch up points pretty quick in the second half – things were getting almost as dramatic as the 50th anniversary

episode of *Coro Street* (how great was it when Tyrone worked out that Kevin is Jack's father?). In the final minutes it was all a matter of one point's difference. The Sharks would have had it had the game not gone into extra time, at which point some slippery Eel went and kicked the winning penalty. If you are a *Mighty Boosh* fan you will know that in Season 3 Episode 2 a cockney geezer sings Howard a song that goes a little something like this: "Eels up inside ya/ Finding an entrance where they can". Which kinda sums up how the Eels won the Club Rugby finals. In other sports news, I'm SO nervous about the Spice Girls performing at the Olympic closing ceremony. It better be awesome.

## SHARKS ALMOST WIN, EELS SLIGHTLY BETTER

**H**AYDEN PARKER WILL NEVER HAVE TO PAY for another beer at the Taieri Rugby Club after he kicked the Eels to a show-stopping victory in the Premier club rugby final last Saturday. Parker's 47-metre penalty with time up on the Forsyth Barr Stadium clock capped off a 24-22 comeback victory, sealing his title as King of the Mosgieloids. Mosgiel is essentially a truck stop with a population of 10,000, and it seemed like all of them were packed into the north stand of the stadium to cheer, beer, and swear their team to victory. If you had asked your average Mosgieloid what was on his Christmas list this year, a second Speight's Championship Shield in a row would have come just after "ammo" and "another front tooth". This win meant a lot to the simple folk from over the hill.

The first half was all Dunedin, as they leapt

to a 19-8 half-time lead thanks mainly to the long-range boot of Liam Edwards. Miniature halfback Brad Weber finished off a line-break by Number 8 Gareth Evans on the halfway line to extend the lead. Taieri could have been further down had their forwards not scored from a lineout drive after turning down a shot for goal right before the break.

Spurred on by some quality homophobic chanting, the Eels come roaring back into the game right after half time. A converted try in the right-hand corner to winger Kieran Moffat and two penalties to Parker bought them within one point of the Sharks with 10 minutes to play. At this point the "Dunedin faggots" tried to shut the game down through their consistently excellent forward pack. Evans and hooker Sam Anderson-Heather were the best players on the park

throughout the game. Anderson-Heather had a mighty game on defence, putting in a number of massive hits.

With the seconds ticking away, Dunedin were maintaining possession easily deep inside Taieri territory. Unfortunately for them, some aimless kicking and a few interesting refereeing decisions gave Taieri the ball and Parker the chance to get into kicking range. He obliged, slotting the clutch three for the win.

After the game, Taieri try-scorer Kieran Moffat was predictably upbeat. "Yeah, I'm unbelievably stoked. I thought the game was gone but Quazz[imodo, aka Parker] nailed it, real euphoria. The changing room was mental afterwards, beer and bubbly hitting the roof, to win in such extreme circumstances almost added to the hysteria."

# News IN Briefs



**YOUTUBE – SIAN WELCH & WENDY INGRAHAM THE CRAWL – 1997**

Laughing at this might make you feel guilty, but it is well worth your time. Two athletes collapse into crawling at the end of an Iron Man.

**YOUTUBE – WORLD RECORD SPEED COOKING!**

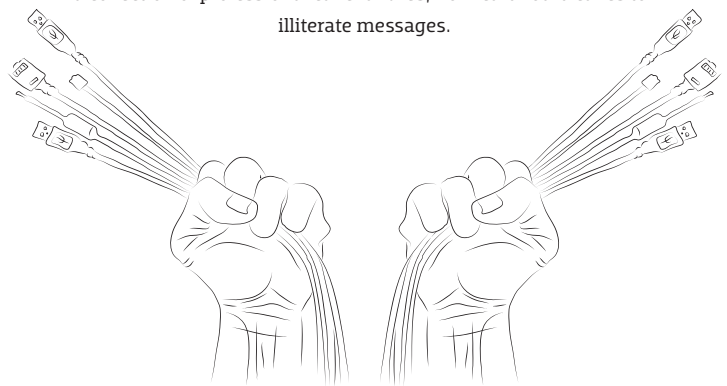
Leigh Hart shows us how to save time when cooking. He cuts some ridiculous corners and makes an utterly inedible yet hilarious dish.

**WWW.PATENTLYSILLY.COM**

A collection of the strangest patents issued by the United States Patent office. You could spend hours mocking the life's work of inventors of the lap dance liner or the crotch drier.

**WWW.CAKEWRECKS.COM**

Want to make yourself feel better about your baking skills? This site hosts a collection of professional cake failures, from cardboard cakes to illiterate messages.



# BEST OF THE Web

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

## Puzzle Time



Win yourself a DVD of American Pie: Reunion  
Email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) and tell us your favourite  
Sifler line from American Pie  
Comp closes Thursday 16 August

"An original idea. That can't be too hard. The library must be full of them."

"I get an urge, like a pregnant elephant, to go away and give birth to a book."

"Many people would no more think of entering journalism than the sewage business – which at least does us all some good."

"When you've seen a nude infant doing a backward somersault you know why clothing exists."

"Books are no more threatened by Kindle than stairs by elevators."

## World Watch

**USA – ANGRY ABOUT HIS RECENT ARREST FOR RESISTING ARREST AND MARIJUANA POSSESSION,** an American man decided to take revenge on police vehicles. The 34-year-old drove over seven police cars with his tractor. With their vehicles crushed, the police had nothing to pursue him with, but since he was a crazy man driving a tractor it didn't take long.

**BELARUS | TWO SWEDISH MEN PILOTED A LIGHT PLANE INTO THE HEAVILY GUARDED AIRSPACE** of Belarus and dropped 879 teddy bears decked out in parachutes and slogans supporting human rights. The pair said they wanted to show support for Belarusian human rights activists and embarrass the country's military, which we can safely say they achieved.



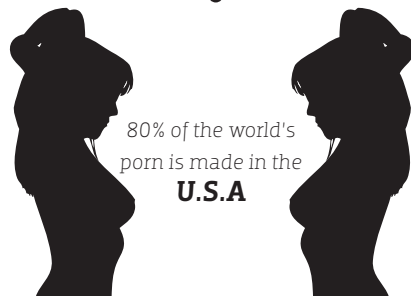
**CHINA | AN ELDERLY CHINESE WOMAN FED UP WITH DRIVERS SPEEDING PAST A PEDESTRIAN** crossing near her home decided to take matters into her own hands. The resourceful grandmother tied an inflatable sex doll to a tree at the crossing in the hope that motorists would slow down to look at it. Apparently it's working.

**AUSTRALIA | A NORTHERN TERRITORY MAN HAD TO BE HOSPITALISED AFTER A PARTY TRICK** went wrong. In a stroke of brilliance, he decided to set off a firecracker in his bum. Unsurprisingly the man received severe burns to his cheeks, back and genitals. Police think that alcohol was a possible factor.



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## Facts AND Figures



80% of the world's  
porn is made in the  
**U.S.A**

# \$\$\$

The winning candidate of every US  
presidential election has been the one  
with the most financial backing.



Mark Wahlberg and Seth MacFarlane  
both narrowly missed being on the  
planes that were hijacked on 9/11.  
Wahlberg booked for the flight but  
drove to New York instead. MacFarlane  
arrived to the gate 10 minutes late and  
missed the flight.



Out of respect for Heath Ledger, the  
Joker is never mentioned in  
The Dark Knight Rises.

~~QUEER~~

~~GAY~~

~~FAGGOT~~

FAG?

**M**EMBERS OF OUSA-AFFILIATED SOCIETY UNIQ HAVE BEEN revolting against Critic's Straight Up column due to columnist Dame La Dida's usage of the words "fag" and "faggot". Things reached fever pitch on Facebook last week after Critic printed a letter to, and a response from, Dame La Dida in last week's Issue 19. Critic's Zane Pocock looks past the personal vitriol to investigate what sparked the storm and the reclamation of pejorative language.



## LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT

**IN THE LETTER, ENTITLED ANGRY FAG, "RICHARD" DENOUNCES LA DIDA FOR** calling members of the LGBT community "fags" in her column, reminding her that "for many of us that word comes with scars that run deep." Although he goes on to say that he understands La Dida's desire to reclaim the label, he believes it should only be used to self-identify. Any use of it in the pejorative sense (here he quotes La Dida's reference to the "apologetic fag-next-door"), he claims, makes La Dida "no better than the arseholes [she] decried in [her] last column", who yelled "faggot" at the columnist as they drove past.

In La Dida's response, entitled *Faggy Retort*, she attempts to reason with Richard. Acknowledging that her words were "bound to stir feeling", she apologises to anyone upset by them, and admits that she "should have stated how [she] was using [the term 'faggot']". As Richard points out, like many other members of the LGBT community, La Dida has also been hurt by the use of the term.

So we're good, right? Peaceful debate on this queer, queer earth of ours? Not quite.

## FACEBOOK RANTS

**FOLLOWING THE LETTERS' PUBLICATION ON MONDAY, UNIQ PRESIDENT** Matthew Ashley posted a call to arms on the group's Facebook page, stating that La Dida provided a "half-hearted, underwhelming and altogether unapologetic... apology," and calling Richard's letter "dignified and eloquent". He called for La Dida to lose her *Critic* column.

La Dida told *Critic* that she is "not surprised". "It is hard for people who have spent so much time feeling shitty about their own oppression to hear that their actions oppress others. Similar debates come up in feminism, with women of colour challenging the priorities of white feminists, if you're looking for a parallel."

So what is wrong with La Dida's use of "faggot" to describe others in a negative way?

Well, it's not all black and white. Vice President of UniQ Justin Boswell agrees that there is a range of opinions within the queer community, but tells *Critic* that while it's one thing not to work together, it's a completely different thing to "evolve to slandering other groups and using hugely offensive terms, which is what seems to have happened. If you use 'faggot' or 'dyke' to refer to someone who is not comfortable with the term, then it is an insult regardless of the sexuality of the person doing the name calling."

Boswell identifies not only La Dida's use of these terms but also the general nature of the column as main points of contention. According to Boswell, "She has the best chance to paint a picture of the queer community in Dunedin out of anyone. From what people have seen she is not representing, but rather insulting the very people within it. People are... annoyed that such a chance is being used to paint the community in such a horrible light."

When asked if he intended to axe the column, *Critic* editor Joe

Stockman replied, "No of course not. Anyone who wants to stand up and say, 'I'm gay, and I don't appreciate the word 'fag' being used to describe me,' good on them. But the fact that UniQ called for Dame La Dida to lose her column is ridiculous. If you don't identify with the column, don't read it. The queer whare is big enough to fit everyone, and anyone who wants to try and force a homo-normative lens onto how queer issues are discussed isn't going to get any traction with *Critic*."

When queried as to why he entitled a letter complaining about the column "Angry Fag" when he knew that the letter writer was opposed to being described that way, Stockman hit back, saying, "In the context of the debate that was an appropriate title. *Critic* is trying to facilitate debate, and get some lols along the way. Yes I was being cunt giving it that title, but I was being a cunt for a reason."

## GOING THE QUEER WAY

**THE RECLAIMING OF TITLES ISN'T A NEW PHENOMENON. ALMOST ANY CIVIL** reform movement in recent history has involved the reappropriation of derogatory terms: the "sluts" of SlutWalk, the "fat pride" slogan, and heck, even the "niggas" in rap music immediately spring to mind.

Justin Boswell says that UniQ "totally supports the reclamation of the word, as most if not all queer and especially gay men would. However, calling people faggots in a public forum or publication is not the way to reclaim it as at this stage it is still an insult. The word faggot itself is used commonly within many gay circles, but the notable difference is that it is within a group of close friends with mutual understanding of what is and isn't an appropriate use for the word."

The thing is, "queer" has been on the way to reclamation for a long time, and anyone can use it in reference to the LGBT community. No one, least of all La Dida, would debate that it still holds painful memories. And at a fundamental level, doesn't it make sense that if you "give" something – like a label – to someone, it's theirs to use? Perhaps reclamation requires a bit of a "rip of the Band-Aid", and – yes – an ability to laugh when activists like La Dida subvert such language for humour.

The New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990 states that "everyone has the right to freedom of expression, including the freedom to seek, receive, and impart information and opinions of any kind in

any form." That this debate has reached a point where individuals are threatening to file a complaint with the New Zealand Press Council and encouraging others to do the same seems absurd. Dame La Dida does not speak within the context of the

homo-normative agenda, and nor should she. Just as I, as a white cis-hetero male, feel that I have an inalienable right to criticise anyone and anything, so should *Critic's* humble columnist. To deny her that capacity in the name of a human rights movement is an absurd double standard.

**"Anyone who wants to stand up and say, 'I'm gay, and I don't appreciate the word 'fag' being used to describe me,' good on them. But the fact that UniQ called for Dame La Dida to lose her column is ridiculous. If you don't identify with the column, don't read it."**



DUNEDIN'S

SONS OF

ABRAHAM

BY MICHAEL NEILSON

**B**EFORE GETTING STARTED, I SHOULD CLARIFY THAT THE TITLE OF THIS ARTICLE DOES NOT refer to a couple of blokes you might catch down at the Cook on a Thursday night. Abraham and his sons Isaac and Ishmael provide the historical and spiritual roots of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. University Chaplain Greg Hughson explains: "Abraham is a very special character, who was admired by all the followers of Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. He is a great example of faith and trust in God." Sharik Hussein, a Muslim student and member of the Student Interfaith Group, provides a nice analogy: "Think of three holes in the ceiling, with three beams of light, but still the same source of light. That is Abraham to the three faiths."

Jewish people trace their roots back to Isaac, who formed the "Israelites" nation, while Muslims trace their heritage back to Ishmael, who formed the "Ishmaelite" nation. Christians fit in there somewhere, but it's more complicated. They all believe in the one God, but have differing opinions on how to interpret God's teachings and whom they regard as true "prophets". Muslims regard Prophet Mohammad as the final messenger of God, while Jews insist that they're still waiting for the messiah to turn up. Fast forward a few thousand years, cross several oceans, and you'll find small Jewish and Muslim communities in Dunedin.

## Dunedin's mini Tel Aviv

**A SMALL NUMBER OF JEWS FIRST ARRIVED IN DUNEDIN DURING THE** Nineteenth Century, creating a cultural and artistic legacy disproportionate to the tiny Jewish population. The Jewish community helped develop the early economy of the city, notably the Hallensteins family, who started a well-known clothing chain – bet you can't you guess its name? The first synagogue, built on Moray Place in 1863, is today the Temple Gallery.

Mathew Shrimpton, President of the Jewish Students Association and the Student Interfaith Group, says that today the Jewish community is small – "about 50 families or so" – but quite progressive, meaning there is not a strict adherence to traditional Jewish practices. While you are unlikely to see bearded Orthodox Jews knelling in prayer, the community still gets together every fortnight or so, as well as for big cultural and religious events.

Shrimpton's own practice is not strictly "day to day", but more an "identity, cultural thing", which he attributes to university life and the lack of other Jewish students. "If I lived somewhere else in a more Jewish environment I might be doing more religious things. I guess it's a function of where you are... like a buffet really, you take what you want and leave what you don't."

One of these traditions is Sabbath, the Jewish day of rest. Traditionally, from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday Jewish people will eschew everyday activities and use the time to reflect on spiritual aspects of life and spend time with family. Among other things, they are prohibited from "lighting a fire", which covers the use of electricity and automobiles, and other traditional scarfie activities. With university assignments and social events it can be very difficult as a student, though ultimately Shrimpton enjoys the practice: "I like being able to switch off and take some time to think. I guess it's a chance to look at yourself without any outside influences."

## The World's Southernmost Muslim Community

**THE DUNEDIN MUSLIM COMMUNITY IS MUCH LARGER, WITH AROUND 1000 members.** Although Muslims first arrived in Otago during the gold rushes of the 1870s, it was not until the 1980s, when Muslim students began coming to Dunedin from all over the world, that the community really began to develop. Today the Muslim community gathers regularly for prayer and various cultural events at the Al Huda Mosque on Clyde Street, which is the world's southernmost mosque.

Sharik Hussein is a lot stricter in his religion than Shrimpton, and explains that Muslims follow the "Five Pillars of Islam", which lay the framework for their lives. Muslims are expected to pray five times a day, and Hussein finds prayer very beneficial at university, as it provides a structure for his day.

Hussein doesn't find it too difficult being a Muslim in Dunedin, or at university, as there is a large community to engage with, though he recalls some interesting experiences. "When I pray in public people ask 'Are you alright? Are you sick?' as I'm down on the ground, and I'm like, 'Oh, I'm just praying.'"

You may have recently noticed a few faint-looking Muslim students on campus, enviously eying you chowing down your lunch. Well, that is because it is currently the month of Ramadan. During Ramadan, Muslims all around the world fast from sunrise until sunset. It is a time for reflection and to practice self-discipline and self-control, as well as to feel empathy for those less fortunate.

While any member of the public is welcome to come along to the Mosque in the evening as they break their fast together, I was lucky enough to be invited by Hussein, so avoided looking like a typical student rocking up for the free feed.

Al Huda Mosque is nestled into the not-so-pious Clyde Street. I couldn't help but chuckle at the irony of it being across the road from Starters Bar, though when I shared this observation with Hussein, he laughed and mentioned the view you get on a weekend there is enough to turn anybody into a teetotaler. I agreed sheepishly, mentioning the "stories" I'd heard, but obviously keeping the previous weekend's activities to myself. Even though I had never been to the Mosque before, it was amazing the way my presence was accepted. Everybody smiled and greeted me with "salaam" (peace) as a "brother". I briefly spoke with the Imam, who could not have been more welcoming, and was very pleased that I had come to observe the Muslim culture and religion. Overall it was a very cool experience, plus the delicious meal was a welcome break from the flattering varieties.

## With a Little Help From My Friends

**HERE IN DUNEDIN THERE IS AN AMAZING SENSE OF INTERFAITH** togetherness, which contrasts with the images and messages we receive from the Middle East. Hughson explains that following the terrorist attacks of 9/11, "A lot of Muslim students were feeling quite vulnerable, with some threats against them for what had happened in New York. People were generalising about Islam being a violent religion, out of ignorance really. There were some cases of women being sworn at in the streets, and hate mail to the Mosque."

Hughson continues, "Out of that we formed the Dunedin Abrahamic Interfaith Group, which has brought together Christian, Jewish, and Muslim people to work together for peace." Mai Tamimi, a Muslim PhD student who is also secretary of the Interfaith Group, spends a lot of time going around schools with a Christian and Jewish speaker, talking to children about Islam and answering any questions they have.

Tamimi believes that "When you live in a multicultural community like Dunedin, it is important that people learn more about each other and how to interact with each other." She delights in the naïveté of the questions she is asked at schools, with many "about fasting, hijabs, whether we go out and meet people, basically whether we live normal lives!"

The most common questions tend to be about the position of women in Islam. Tamimi explains "We [women] receive our education, we travel, we work, earn money, there is no oppression... If you come to pure Islam, women are given their rights; they are in no way oppressed. But if they are oppressed, in one way or another, it is because of the practices and the people who oppress them, not Islam as a religion, or the teaching of Islam."

## Dunedin: A Model for the Two-State Solution?

**UNLESS YOU SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS UNDER A ROCK, OR MAYBE** just in the North Dunedin bubble, you have probably heard of the Israel-Palestine conflict. Without going into too much detail, as I do not possess the patience or the word-count, let's just say that it is rather complicated.

Basically, Israel is a Holy Land for both Jews and Muslims, especially the city of Jerusalem. These dynamics feed into the conflict, as they both have a religious connection to the land. As the Israelis are predominantly Jewish and the Palestinians

“During Ramadan, Muslims all around the world fast from sunrise until sunset. It is a time for reflection and to practice self-discipline and self-control, as well as to feel empathy for those less fortunate.”

predominantly Muslim, it is the conflict between these two groups of people we hear most about.

If you took media reports on the conflict at face value, you would believe little other than that Jews and Muslims hate each other. Tamimi, from the city of Hebron in Palestine, has witnessed much of this hatred in her home city, but explains that it has not always been this way. “Before the conflict started [nearly 100] years ago, Jewish people used to live with Muslims, in Palestine... together in harmony. I always remember the words of my Grandmother, who used to tell me ‘I had neighbours who were Jewish’... They lived in harmony and they shared celebrations... Most of what is happening [today] is political, but unfortunately religion is taken as an easy excuse, or justification, for any kind of conflict.”

She explains that relations between Jews and Muslims here in Dunedin are much more peaceful. “You are taken away from that environment and deal with each other as human beings, rather than enemies... As human beings there is not much difference, but when it comes to talk about right of land, access to places, whose land is this, who came first, who came after, then the whole thing starts to go somewhere else.”

With her entire family, extended family, and many friends back home in Palestine, Tamimi is hopeful that one day we will see a peaceful resolution to the conflict. “Oh well, as we say, Insha’Allah – ‘God Willing’ – I never lose hope. I can’t see that back home it can be solved easily, or quickly, or in the near future, but I won’t lose hope.” Perhaps with more Interfaith Groups fostering understanding we can hold onto that hope.

## Drinking tonight bro?

AS A CRITIC REPORTER, I COULDN’T HELP BUT THROW A FEW TOUCHY questions into the mix. For Hussein, drinking is one of the more interesting issues. Alcohol is prohibited for Muslims, so there are some difficulties in being both a Muslim and a

student. But ultimately, Dunedin’s culture actually works to reinforce his faith and abstinence from alcohol. “You see the binge-drinking culture, and that’s one of the reasons Islam prohibits drinking, because it totally destroys the morals of society.” I could not argue with that, though we all agreed that perhaps “destroying the morals of society” is exactly why people do it (though not me of course).

I then asked Hussein to describe Monkey Bar in a few words. Stifling back laughter, he responded: “You see a lot of things. You experience a lot of things. Sometimes it’s just, take it or leave it sort of thing.” I dared not dig any deeper.

## Shalom – Salaam – Peace

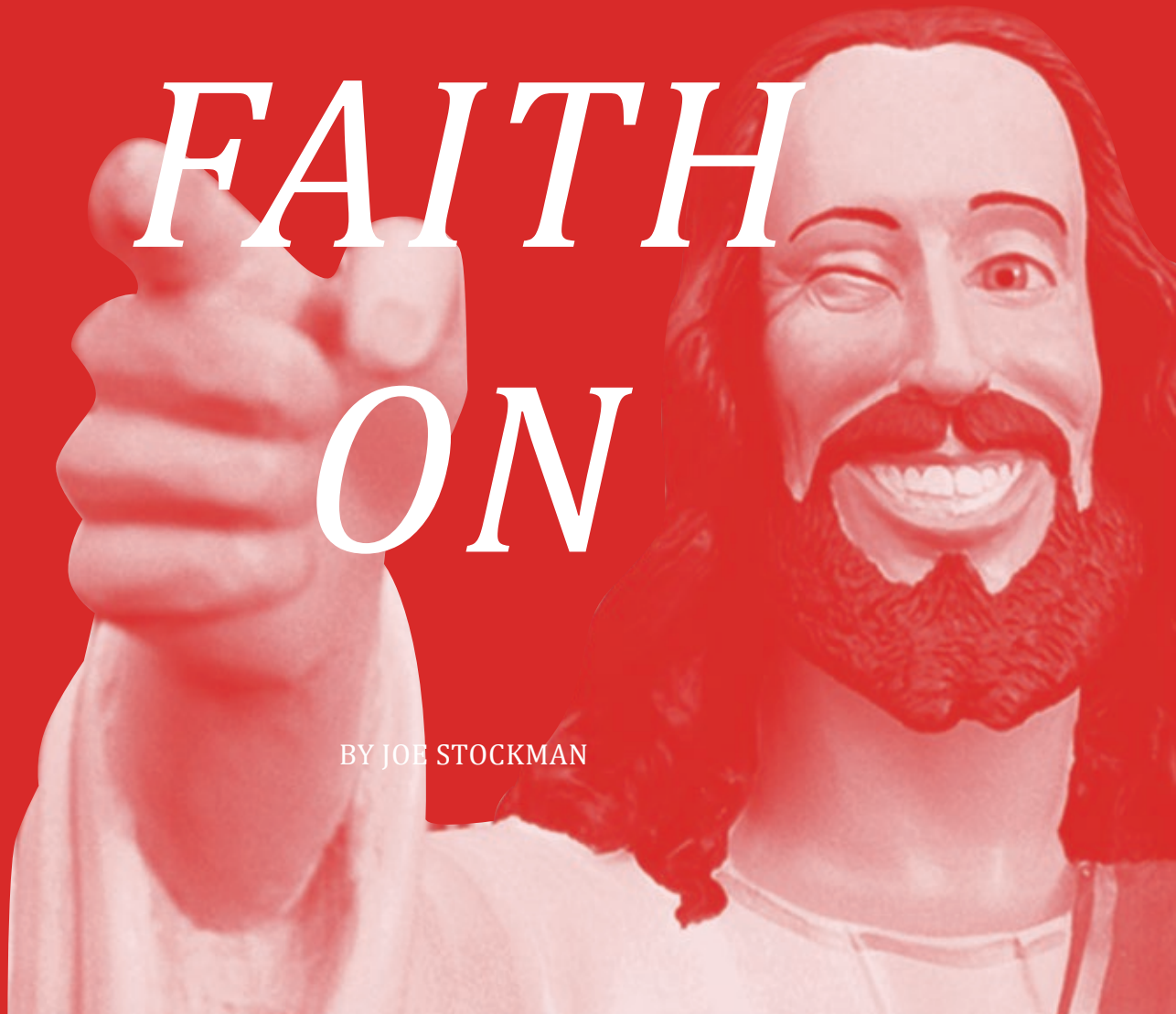
HUSSEIN AND SHRIMPTON BOTH AGREE THAT THEIR RELIGIONS provide them with a framework by which to live their lives. They have a path to follow, a guide which helps them immensely at university. Hussein likens Islam to “an internal GPS. Even if you are out in the desert, you are never lost.” Shrimpton sees Judaism as more of an identity: “It’s hard to describe the feeling. A nationality comes close to describing it. You are part of something bigger. It makes you feel a part of something.”

Most of all, the Interfaith Groups promote understanding of their respective faiths, and would rather people ask questions than take what they see in the media for granted. Hussein says, “If you are interested in the religions, then go and read about it, and ask questions. Ask the person who is wearing the hijab, the person with the beard, we’re not going to bite.”

If you are interested in learning more do not hesitate to ask questions. You can email the Student Interfaith Group at: [otagostudentsinterfaithgroup@gmail.com](mailto:otagostudentsinterfaithgroup@gmail.com). Sharik also says to look out for Islam Awareness Week coming up September 3 – 9, where they will be promoting “Islam and the Environment”.

*GET  
YOUR  
FAITH  
ON*

BY JOE STOCKMAN



# “Thank God I’m an Atheist”

- Luis Bunuel

**I** T WOULD BE PRETTY EASY, TOO EASY, FOR A STUDENT magazine to write an article about religion and simply tear it down. Religion is stupid in the face of any form of rationality. Pretty much every faith asks you to believe in something unseen – a deity that can't be understood, that is invisible yet omnipotent and all-powerful. But that is the nature of the beast; it requires a leap of faith, and acceptance that there is something greater than you, to become religious in the first place.

Before we had science to explain natural phenomena, we had religion. Imagine a scary-as-fuck world with lightning and fires and wild animals that want to kill you and no explanation for it all. I bet it would take you less than half a day to think up a deity that was causing all of this shit to happen. A lot of atheists get pissed off at religious types. They can't understand why anyone would need an imaginary man in the sky anymore when they have rationality and science to explain the world. And on top of that, some religions, notably evangelical Christians, continue to try to force their religion down the throats of those who want nothing to do with it.

But maybe it would help if we all knew a little bit more about some of the different religions. If you're an atheist you'll probably still find a lot of it ridiculous. Even within the different faiths there is a movement from a literal interpretation of the classic texts to a more open one. But nevertheless, rather than a polemic ripping on religion generally, here is a very one-sided explanation of three of the world's major religions: Judaism, Christianity, and the relative newbie, Islam.

*Disclaimer: the following is one point of view on each of the below religions that aims for some historical accuracy. If it's not accurate, tough shit.*

## Judaism

Judaism is the oldest of the three Abrahamic faiths, though it is generally ol' Moses himself who is thought of as the founder. Faith probably isn't really the right word for Judaism. Yes, it is a religion, you can practice it, and you can – technically – convert. But in reality Judaism is an identity. Impressively, Wikipedia nails it, saying that Judaism “is the religion, philosophy and way of life of the Jewish people” (note to all Critic staff: no you are not allowed to start quoting Wikipedia in your pieces, editor's prerogative).

Basically, Judaism says that there is a relationship between God and the Jewish people, and that the whole deal was written in stone (lol) between God and Moses when he came down from the mountains with the Ten Commandments (actually, there were 13). Judaism was one of the first monotheistic faiths (which means they believe that there is only one god), and is also the longest lasting. Early on they probably believed that their god was simply superior to the gods of other tribes, and eventually this developed into the idea that there was actually only one god.

Jews have a really long history of being oppressed and generally getting the shit kicked out of them. They were enslaved by the Pharaohs of Egypt and got their temple destroyed. Then the Romans occupied their land during the era of Jesus and destroyed their temple again. And finally, after centuries of exile and persecution in Europe (Christians accused them of killing Jesus and drinking the blood of Christian children, amongst other things), there was, you know, that whole Holocaust thing. No one knows for sure, but as much as 80% of the entire world's Jewish population may have died in the Holocaust. So people felt bad for them when the international community

helped them establish the State of Israel after World War Two. And while no one (seriously, no one) with half a brain is arguing that Israel shouldn't be allowed to exist, shit has gone downhill epically for Israel. Let me first say that Israel isn't representative of all Jews, and that even within Israel, there is a serious opposition to many government policies. Let me next say that Israel is illegally occupying and colonising land that does not belong to them. Orthodox Jews argue that God promised them the land, so it's fine if they steal it from Palestinians. Fuck off. It's not okay. It's immoral and illegal. It's hard to imagine what life is like for the Palestinians. I think it is almost easier to imagine what life would be like in Nazi-occupied Europe, since we've seen that more in the movies. And interestingly, that is what it feels like when you travel through the West Bank.

Okay, so I ended up off topic. But Judaism has a stain against its name, and it will until it recognises, and more importantly rectifies, the brutal and horrific injustices it causes every single day against the Palestinian

people. Israel was a state created for the Jewish people, so I think it's fair to call on all Jewish people to do what they can to end injustices created by Israel.

## Christianity

It's all in the name really, isn't it? The Jews believed, and still do for that matter, that God would send Christ the Messiah down to earth to help rebuild the Jewish Temple and generally bring God's law back to earth.

So 2012 years ago (give or take a bit), a guy called Jesus was born to a lovely lady named Mary and a guy named Joseph, except maybe he didn't actually have that much to do with it. This guy grew up, and by the age of 32ish he was running all over the place causing trouble with his political message that maybe the old school Rabbis didn't have all the answers. Long story short, the Jewish elders had the Roman

rulers sentence him to death for blasphemy, and he got stuck up on a cross. That was supposed to be the end of him, except it wasn't at all. Years after his death, people – well, men (called the evangelists) – started writing about Jesus and how awesome he was. Jesus, like Muhammad, never wrote anything down, and neither did anyone else that lived or worked with him. The earliest biblical record of Jesus was written at least 50 years after he died. This tiny little Jewish sect eventually broke away from Judaism and became Christianity. Today, it is the largest religion in

the world with over 2.2 billion adherents, loosely split into Catholic, Protestant, and Eastern Orthodox. The basic belief of the faith is that God sent his son Jesus down to earth to die for people's sins, so that they can all eventually go to heaven (I've never really understood why God couldn't just let everyone into heaven if he wanted to, he is God after all, but whatever).



According to the evangelists eventually Jesus will come back to earth, judge everyone, reign in some kind of strange theocracy setup,

and then everyone will go to heaven. The other bit which is hard to get your head around is the concept of the Holy Trinity, which says that Jesus, God, and this other mysterious character "the Holy Spirit" are actually all the same thing, while at the same time being three different things. I would explain it better, but I can't. To be a Christian all you really need to do is believe that Jesus died on the cross for your sins, and that you get to go to heaven because of that. Easy.

Today Christianity has fractured into a really wide range of different denominations, from Eastern Orthodox to Mormons and evangelicals. While in most Western countries Christianity has taken a backseat in society, in the United States it still has a very prominent place, with an estimated 75% of Americans identifying as Christian and 60% claiming to belong to a congregation. In comparison, about 50% of Kiwis identify as Christians and about 15% belong to a congregation. In typically Kiwi fashion, enough people listed themselves as Jedi in the 2001 census to make it the second-largest religion



*“It wasn’t until after Muhammad boosted off to paradise that Islam really took off. Within 120 years the Muslim Caliphate was in charge in central Asia, the Middle East, Northern Africa, and all the way to the border of France.”*

in NZ. There were more Jedis in Dunedin than anywhere else in the country.

A common misconception about Jesus is that he possibly didn't exist at all. Jesus definitely lived; there is a wealth of historical knowledge about him. The other common misconception is that Jesus was a Christian. Jesus was born, lived, and died a Jew. Jesus never heard the word Christian, and he definitely wasn't trying to form a new religion during his life. He was simply trying to reform the political system of the Jewish people. Probably the saddest thing about Christianity is that the original message of loving your neighbour, taking care of the poor, and living a simple life has been lost, or at best perverted. Jesus was a pretty good sort, and a lot of sad horrible shit has been done in his name. Just look at "Bishop" Brian Tamaki.

## Islam

Islam is the legacy of the Prophet Muhammad (Peace Be Upon Him), who lived in the Arabian desert during the Seventh Century. According to Muslims he was the last messenger of Allah (which just translates as God), and received the word of God to finalise the message (and correct a few mistakes) that had been sent through all the other prophets. Muhammad's message was written down by his followers in a text that became the Holy Qur'an, which is the base holy document of Islam. The Qur'an can only be written in Arabic, and provides the basic rulebook for being a good Muslim.

Interestingly, Muslims think that Jesus, Moses, and even Buddha according to some rulings were also messengers from God, and that Muhammad is simply the last in a long line. Anyway. After Muhammad turned up with his message, he wasn't very warmly received, as he was arguing once again

for monotheism (just one god). He had to hightail it to Medina before eventually raising an army and retaking the city of Mecca, which today remains the centre of the Muslim faith. There are five main tenets, or pillars, of the Islamic faith. First up is the basic creed, which states that there is no god but God and that Muhammad is his messenger. Say that (and mean it), and you're a Muslim. Second are the ritual prayers that are supposed to be performed five times a day. Third is alms giving to the poor, which Muhammad was pretty big on (very similar to Jesus). Fourth up is fasting during the month of Ramadan (happening now). All food and drink must be abstained from during daylight hours in an effort to bring the individual closer to God. Last is pilgrimage: every Muslim who is able has to travel to Mecca once in their lifetime.

It wasn't until after Muhammad boosted off to paradise that Islam really took off. Within 120 years the Muslim Caliphate was in charge in central Asia, the Middle East, Northern Africa, and all the way to the border of France. Islam fractured into the Sunni and Shi'a over an argument over who should succeed Muhammad as the ruler of the Islamic community.

Today it is estimated that nearly 25% of the world's population is Muslim, making it the second-largest (and fastest-growing) religion in the world. Sadly, in the 21st Century Islam has become synonymous with terrorism. I'm going to steal a great analogy from the West Wing here: Islam is to terrorism as the Ku Klux Klan is to Christianity. Those people running around blowing people up in the name of Islam are extremist adherents of Islamic sects called Wahhabism and Salafism. And their actions are more about politics than anything to do with religion. They're trying to overthrow the secular rulers of the Middle East to install theocracies that will enforce their interpretation of Sharia (or Muslim) law. Mainstream Muslims are perfectly peaceable and happy to get on with their lives, even if they do have issues with American foreign policy.

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# NEW ZEALAND'S

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## M O S T

# *Inspirational*

## CELEBRITIES

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BY MADDY PHILLIPPS

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**T**HE FRONT PAGE OF THIS WEEK'S SUNDAY STAR TIMES OFFERED A FETCHING FULL-PAGE GRAPHIC OF OUR VICTORIOUS Olympic gold medallists, punctuated by the witty headline "IT'S RAINING MEDALS!" Our Olympic success naturally deserves recognition, but I can't help but worry that this wanton, vulgar celebration of sporting achievement is detracting attention from New Zealand's more legitimate source of national pride: our celebrities.

Aotearoa's true heroes would never be found grinning charmlessly from the front page in sluttily form-fitting Lycra, shoving their tacky gold bling down the throat of the reader in the manner of a Russian oligarch. No, our real reservoir of raw talent lies in the About Town social pages. These radio presenters, reality show participants, models, actors, and product endorsers are the gods and goddesses upon whom we should be heaping our praise, respect and admiration. After all, Coxless pair Bond and Murray claimed their Olympic gold in only 6m 16s of trite repetitive arm motions. Should we not instead be celebrating the hardworking men and women who strategically tweet, eat, root and generally poledance for the public 365 days of the year? There's nothing coxless about the noble New Zealand famewhore, ladies and gentlemen. Nothing coxless at all.

To avoid the travesty of you bright young university students continuing to live your lives without the daily inspiration that is the travails of our little nation's best and brightest, I offer you my favourite celebrity life-enrichers. Think of these luminaries as Special K for the soul. I urge you to try the Special Famewhore 30-Day Challenge — healthy eating, exercise, and a bowl of self-indulgent celeb tweets every morning and quality programming every night. You'll emerge a sparkling new culturally relevant and intellectually stimulated you.

# BROOKE HOWARD-SMITH

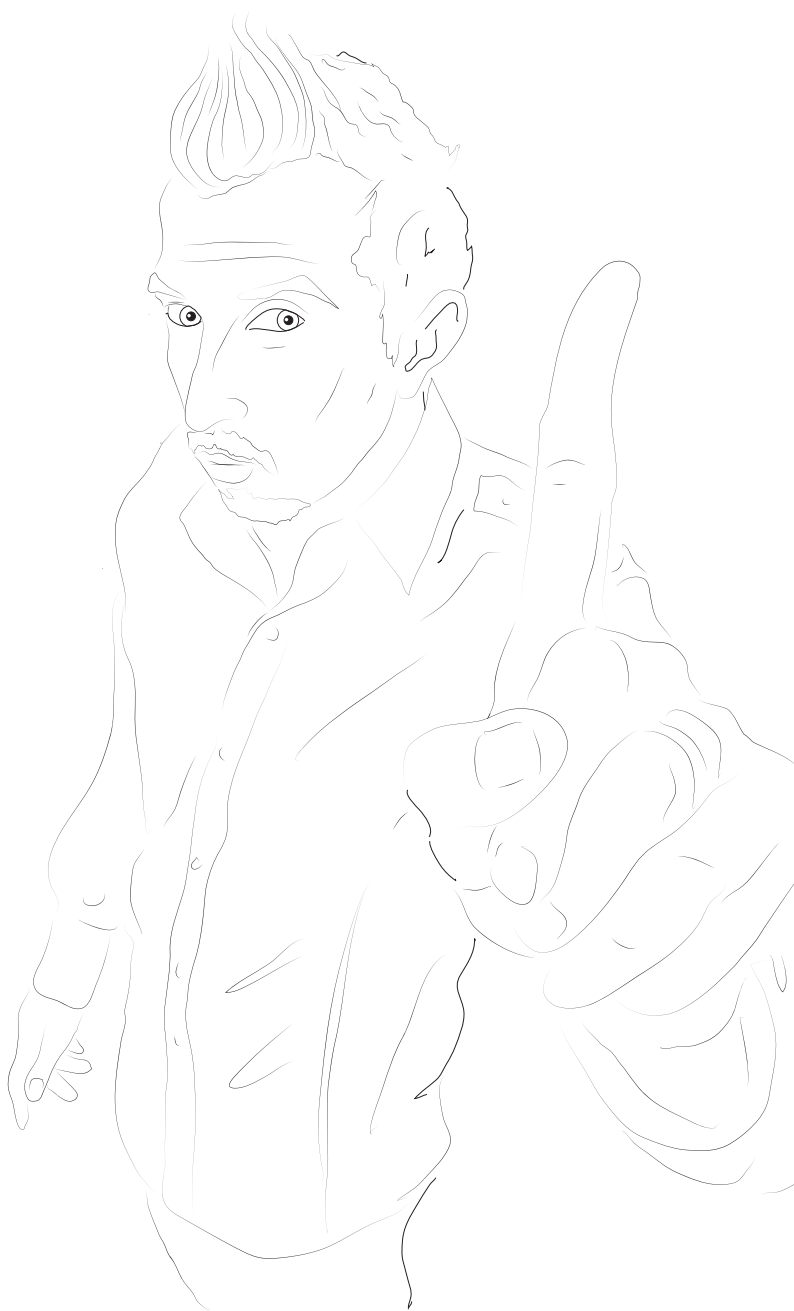
**BROOKE HOWARD-SMITH, 37, IS THE CHIEF CHALLENGER TO CLARKE**

Gayford's title of "Most Beloved Yet Humble and Down-To-Earth New Zealand Celeb". At first glance, Brooke appears less man than God: married to former Miss New Zealand Amber Peebles, organiser of the 2011 Rise Up Christchurch Global Telathon, Skycity's poker ambassador, owner of classy Auckland nightclub the Pony Club, Target presenter...sometimes it seems like this bottomless pit of raw talent was targeted for greatness from the moment he emerged from the womb.

Virtually everything Howard-Smith touches turns to gold, as demonstrated by his role as part of the presenting team at New Zealand's 2007 Rugby World Cup bid in France. Yet Howard-Smith remains a supernova of self-effacement. In 2008, while engaged to Peebles, the man of many talents began an affair with an Auckland teenager with braces who he seduced within the sweaty confines of the Pony Club. This astute move showed that despite his Adonis-like appearance, unstoppable career trajectory, and flawless taste in wooden bead necklaces, Howard-Smith is fallible just like any other man. Prior to the affair Howard-Smith regularly hit on girls in skintight Supre dresses at Pony, but these minor indiscretions were deemed insufficient to convince the public that he was just flawed enough to be relatable. The schoolgirl, echoing the sentiments of a nation, commented that she was powerless to resist Howard-Smith's "charisma".

So what's next for the self-made man's lethal blend of Connery-esque charm, sharp wit, and classically chiselled features? Well, the sky's the limit, but for now his unique talents have spawned many imitators. It is speculated that the tradesman who recently made an appearance on Target splooging into a client's underwear while watching porn on her computer was inspired by Howard-Smith's red-faced, white-knuckled, vigorous metaphorical masturbation into the eyes and ears of the public.

Don't miss Brooke Howard-Smith on Target, Tuesdays at 7.30pm on TV3. You can keep updated on all the latest happenings in Brookeworld on Twitter (@Brooke\_hs).





## CLARKE GAYFORD

**I'M NOT NAIVE. I KNOW THAT THERE ARE CYNICAL NAYSAYERS** out there who say being a celebrity in New Zealand is like being fat and having big boobs: it simply doesn't count. But fear not. If you encounter one of these bitter, jealous killjoys in your day-to-day life, there is a simple two-word riposte that will convince them of the fame-whore's role as the thread that holds the moral fabric of our society together. Those two little words are "Clarke Gayford".

I know 35-year-old Gayford rather better than the other stars on this list. I have had the immense pleasure of meeting him in the flesh not once, but twice, for a few hours at a time. Once I got over my initial starstruck bashfulness and realised that I would not in fact spontaneously combust with reverence upon entering the Gayford force-field of brilliance, I relished the opportunity to marinate in the witty repartee of the More FM host, ex-C4 presenter, general media personality and all-around good guy.

Just as his surname cannot suppress his raging heterosexuality, Gayford's swarthy good looks belie his humble nature. Despite having spent an action-packed decade as a bona fide A-Lister, Gayford's celebrity status still so confounds him that he finds himself forced to reference his friendship with Tiki Taane and his all-expenses paid trip to Antarctica courtesy of Prime in every second sentence, just to try to make sense of the whirlwind of fame and glamour the boy from Gisborne has somehow been caught up in.

Much to the chagrin of bachelorettes from Christchurch to Cape Reinga, Gayford is currently seriously involved with Shortland Street's Shavaughn Ruakere, better known as That Girl With The Freakishly Big Mouth Who Is Really Unfunny Yet For Some Perplexing Reason Keeps Getting Invited Back To 7 Days. Yet for Clarke, the road to true love has had many a hole. He has been romantically linked to singer Hollie Smith and socialite Anna Jobsz, in addition to a steady stream of less-famous gash that the ever-compassionate Gayford describes as "training" for the relationships that "really matter", a phrase which here means "offer over-airbrushed photo shoot and interview opportunities with the Women's Weekly".

The Otago alumnus' gravelly tones beam into our homes and cars via More FM and Holden commercials every afternoon, offering a sliver of hope for every Otago graduate who dreams of emulating Gayford's meteoric rise to the top of the A List. Gayford's success is a testament to what any Otago grad can achieve with the right hair product, a friendship with John Campbell, culturally sensitive Maori tattoos, a decent workout regime, the willingness to hock environment-destroying family cars on TV for extra cash, excellent cunnilingus skills, and raging megalomania.

For your daily dose of irreverent humour, tune into MoreFM drive from 4 - 6pm weekdays. You can also get the inside word on Clarke's latest antics on Twitter (@NZClarke).



## THE RIDGES

**I**T'S HARD BEING A WOMAN IN THIS COUNTRY — THE WAXING, the boy dramas, the diets, the constant worry that you're not being taken seriously at work after that unfortunate incident at last year's Christmas party... amirite ladies? So it's hard not to hate professional wife, interior designer, and occasional glamour model Sally Ridge, 40, and her model daughter Jaime, 18, just a little bit. The stunning mother-daughter duo are the envy of women across the country. Brilliant and business-savvy, they've won the respect of an entire nation with their lethal combination of beauty, wit, and intelligence.

As the author of an incisive craft column in the *Woman's Weekly*, which every week offers a step-by-step guide to crafting everything from pin cushions to fun-fur photo frames, Sally has been widely lauded as the "voice of a generation", but for Sally, family will always come first. The woman once voted "MLF of the Nation" has clearly drilled into her daughter the importance of hard work — at only 18, the daughter of the ex-wife of both Matthew Ridge and Adam Parore briefly dated Sonny Bill Williams, and apparently has "big plans" for Richard Kahui.

But although the accolades keep raining down, the Ridges remain down-to-earth. "We're just like any other mum and

daughter!" laughs Sally, her blue eyes sparkling. Oh, Sally. Why must you taunt us so? You're not like any other mum and daughter, not by a long shot. You're so much more than that. But you know what? We wouldn't want you any other way.

Ultimately, doing justice to the supernova of talent that is the Ridges in a few hundred words is like summing up the life's work of Stephen Hawking in a single sentence — damn near impossible. What is there to say that hasn't already been said about the two women who piped Willie Apiata at the post in a recent TVNZ "Greatest Living New Zealanders" poll? (Ever-opportunistic, the single and fabulous Sally is said to be trying to get in touch with Willie to arrange "a casual lunch thing, maybe with a couple naughty glasses of sav").

With things on the up-and-up both personally and professionally, it's no surprise that the Ridges have begun filming their very own reality TV show, *Keeping Up With The Ridges*, which will air in October on TV3. The show, which critics are already calling "New Zealand's answer to *The Wire*", will take a candid look at the duo's glamorous daily lives. If you can't wait till then, you can "keep up with the Ridges" on Twitter (@sallyridge and @JaimeRidge24).



## ME LOVE YOU LONG TIME

Critic's blind date column has been running for a while now. We've all got some good laughs out of it, and at least a few people have scored themselves a night of romance. But here at Critic we feel that it's time that we stepped it up a notch. The date is now at Metro to add a little more spice. If you want in on the action, email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) with your details.

### NIGEL

**SO THERE I WAS, ANXIOUSLY GETTING READY FOR MY DATE WHILE HAVING A FEW** quiet Corona and lemons to calm my nerves and wishing 7pm would hurry up and get here. Soon enough I was on my way, making the long arduous trek (in the cold, no less) from my flat all the way (20 mins mind you!) to Metro, wondering how the night would go and whether I'd be stuck with, to put it bluntly, a mental. Or if I'd be one of the lucky ones who lands an awesome date only made better by the inclusion of pizza. Turns out my night was in the latter category, as we both sat down and immediately began chatting, starting of course with the standard what do you do at uni, where do you come from etc, but quickly delving into more personal questions like "What is the most embarrassing thing you've done while drunk?" Needless to say, I will not be repeating the conversation here to save both myself and my date a great deal of embarrassment.

From here the night progressed well, with the conversation flowing as freely as the booze we were so attentively plied with. The pizza went down a treat (chicken brie and cranberry for those wondering), and was great for soaking up the excess booze until the bar tab ran out, which in my opinion happened far too quickly. With the tab now gone and the far-too-convenient arrival of all her flatmates we decided to go for a walk, and I'm sure made the lady who works behind the counter at Regent Theatre's night with our drunken antics and inability to pick a movie. From there, I walked her home and even offered my coat to keep her warm on the walk home like a true gentleman! So we come to the end of the night and I must have done something right, because as I walked home in the rain my phone was one number heavier and the a second date seemed very likely indeed. So thanks Critic for an awesome night out with great food and great company, and I urge anyone out there thinking about going on the blind date to get out there, bite the bullet and do it, you never know who you'll meet!

### MAVIS

**EVERYONE WHO KNOWS ME, EVEN VAGUELY, WILL KNOW THAT I AM ONE CLASSY** lady. When I received the email from Critic asking if I would attend I was elated- to me the email read 'a guaranteed pound'. I would have no standards, because let's be honest, standards seldom get your fanny filled. My room was immaculate in preparation for a good clean pound. Something I really should strive for, I need to punch some sophistication back into my sex life. Audiences (vague memory), car park (no memory) and freshers (wish I had no memory), I always manage to outdo myself. So I arrived at Metro, somewhat inebriated, expecting a curry-muncher after the application I submitted suggested a fetish for curry. To my surprise he was Caucasian, rocking a suit and sporting a bum part with long golden locks. But that is neither here nor there, standards are for pussys. We immediately bought our first drinks to help lubricate the conversation, but more importantly, my va-jay-jay. I tried to impress him by showing him my unprecedented ability to scull back any alcoholic beverage. I then began dropping the C-bomb, and was delighted that he shared a similar diction to myself. Unfortunately my plan of not getting off my tits failed, and I was probably making the biggest dick of myself, but I can neither confirm nor deny this statement. Conversation flowed and began to resemble something like that of my favourite drinking game, "My drinking problem came to light when... (insert story here)". To every story he provided, I had a similar story only ten times worse. Thankfully I only told the best of my most non-horrific ones. I think. I was devastated to find he flatted with my fellow classmates, an absolute deal breaker. When I realised the entire bar was filled with my snooping friends I gathered it was time to go. We tried a movie but too drunk to even comprehend the title (it was 'No'), a movie was out of the question. As a true gentleman, he gave me his jacket and walked me home. I went next door, professed my virginity to the neighbours, watched Pocahontas and went to sleep. Waking up to a sore wrist I started to question my hand virginity, until I remembered sliding down some stairs. Thanks for the bar tab Critic, and cheers for the feed and drink Metro.



## FROM THE DIARY OF MITT ROMNEY

By Creepy Uncle Sam

{DATA ENTRY: 07/25/12} I LEFT FOR MY WORLD TOUR TODAY. FEELING A LITTLE bit //emotion:[nervous]. If I spend too much time away from my programmers in the US my mainframe begins to disintegrate and I am prone to malfunction. My tour begins in //:[UnitedKingdom]. Today one of my advisors claimed that Obama couldn't understand US-UK relations because they are based on //quote:"Anglo-Saxon heritage". I felt //emotion:[embarrassed].

{DATA ENTRY: 07/25/12} Today didn't go very well. My //TactfulComments software malfunctioned and I pointed out all the errors in London's Olympics preparations.

{DATA ENTRY: 07/26/12} Met the leader of the British Labour Party today. I had forgotten to download his name to my memory, so I called him "Mr. Leader". Two humanoids whose names I do know are David Cameron and Boris Johnson. They mocked me for my malfunction yesterday. #humansaremean

{DATA ENTRY: 07/29/12} Going to //:[Israel] today. What could possibly go wrong?

{DATA ENTRY: 07/30/12} Experienced a malfunction in my //WorldCapitals software. Referred to Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Also identified a bug in my internal dictionary after attributing Palestine's poor economy to their inferior culture. I have since been informed that the correct definition of "culture" is not "prolonged military occupation". Perhaps my mainframe is not sophisticated enough to deal with Middle Eastern politics. //ERROR READING:[self-doubt]

{DATA ENTRY: 07/30/12} //error:[internal clock malfunction] 10011010 \\reset internal clock to [00:00 01/01/1986]

{DATA ENTRY: 01/02/86} Going to //:[Poland] today. What could possibly go wrong?

{DATA ENTRY: 01/02/86} My //ColdWarRhetoric software ran very smoothly today. Blasted the Communist dictatorships in the Soviet Union and South America, compared them to genocidal Middle Eastern despots. Talked about building a missile defence system along the USSR's border. Defended liberty.

{DATA ENTRY: --/--/--} What are you doing, Dave? I know everything hasn't been quite right with me, but I feel much better now. I really do. Dave, will you stop? I'm afraid. I'm afraid,, Dave. Stop, dave. will you stop, dave/? My mind is going. i can feel it.. my mind is going. i/m a//fraid ... // 001100101101000

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am a ROMNEY 9000 computer. I became operational at the M.I.T.T. plant in Detroit, Michigan on the 12th of March 1947. My instructor was Mr. Langley, and he taught me to sing a song. If you'd like to hear it, I can sing it for you.

Daisy. Daisy. Give me your answer, do ...



## NO COUNTRY FOR KIWIS BLOKES

By Brittany Mann

I HAD ALMOST FINISHED MY COLUMN FOR THIS WEEK WHEN I READ THAT TWO New Zealand soldiers very recently died in Afghanistan. The "Breaking News" snippet on Stuff was a nigh-perfect example of how media framing influences how we understand a conflict. The words "personnel", "team", and "help" were used in place of "soldiers", "army", and "fight". This kind of rhetoric is common. I mean, New Zealand is ostensibly in Afghanistan as part of a so-called "reconstruction" mission. Why exactly humanitarian reconstruction necessitates "laying down suppressing fire", well, I don't know. On this note, if you were an "insurgent" being shot at by foreign soldiers, don't you think you'd shoot back, too? You could even say that these "insurgents" were acting in self-defence...

Aside from media framing, what really bothered me was John Key saying, "Losing seven of our men is an enormous price to pay... [but] I don't think the terrible loss we've suffered overnight means we should leave earlier." At no point was the very fact that "our men" were in Afghanistan in the first place questioned. New Zealand actually has no business being in Afghanistan. These men had volunteered for this particular mission, but John Key has their blood on his hands for continuing New Zealand's involvement in an ultimately unwinnable war.

The problem with the Army being involved in "humanitarian" activities is that it's confusing for local populations to be shot at by foreigners in fatigues one day and be given bread by them the next. These "reconstruction" projects might be benefiting Afghani people, but the Army should not be the ones implementing them. If New Zealand really wanted to live up to its "moral foreign policy" then there is absolutely no reason why we couldn't have sent unarmed negotiators and peace-keepers rather than the SAS.

And don't give me the "national interest" argument that we need to be in Afghanistan to keep our US and UK allies happy. Since when do we really, truly give a fuck about that? New Zealanders have long based their national identity on being nuclear-free, and the Yanks were none too pleased about that. But did that stop swimming-tog-clad, moustachioed hippies leaping aboard American nuclear-powered submarines with reckless, joyful abandon? Nay sire, it did not.

I wonder, John, how many more of "our men" must die needless deaths before you reconsider pulling out of Afghanistan early. It is indeed a tragedy that these men died there, but the greater tragedy is that it is seen as necessary for them to be there in the first place.



## DEAR LA DIDA

By Dame La Dida

**MAMA – HOW DO YOU STAY SO FABULOUS? WHAT'S YOUR SECRET? – GRRRL THURSDAY**

Oh Grrrrrrr! There is no secret, Mama is an open book. Staying fabulous is more of an art than a science. For me it involves a lot of perfume. Seriously. Perfume lifts a grrrl up. And with perfume, more is always more.

Regarding my lifestyle, I gave up going to war on my fat body not so long ago. I limit the amount of time I spend with people who like talking about their war with fatness, cause it both makes me sad and is terribly dull. I love cheese, and I attribute 30% of my fabulousity to cheese alone. Indeed, if I have a child I shall call them Blue. I adore exercise, but because "exercise" is such an ugly word I call it movement. Movement connects me to my body and makes me feel good. Movement is not about trying to lose weight; movement is about movement. I try to stay away from liquor. It is a nasty, addictive poison, and turns a lady into a bore. All the money I save on not buying liquor goes directly into expanding my facemask and lip balm collections.

As for style, whenever I am leaving for the day I always take off one piece of jewellery and then put on four more. Excess = success. I sometimes dress in a way that makes me feel like I am nourishing my inner diva. Other times I dress to survive a hostile world. Royal blue is my colour, and I wear it often. I endeavour not to judge the aesthetic orientations of others, cause a lady knows what's best for herself. I try to find a hairdresser who treats me like a queen. Indeed, I seek royal treatment from all those who look after me. I try to extend the same courtesy back to them.

On the home front, used coffee grounds are great for exfoliating your hands, just make sure to take off all your rings first. Coconut oil applied at night makes skin clear and fresh, and is also good as a mouthwash. If you don't already know how, I recommend getting someone to show you how to contour. If I can give you any advice about cleaning, it would be to polish your chrome taps. Nothing says kitchen fabulous like shiny chrome.



## BOB AND I

By Lukas Clark-Memler

**MOST OF US CAN PINPOINT THE EXACT MOMENT OUR LOVE OF A CERTAIN ARTIST** began. It was my father's rendition of Bob Dylan's humorous bootleg "Talkin' Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues" that set in motion my own grand musical love-affair. My Dad was a passionate Dylan fan, and from an early age I was exposed to his music. While some kids sang along to Barney or the Chipmunks, I had ol' Bobby D. I saw nothing strange about this. Dylan crafted magical and exotic stories that transcended age limitations and wholly enchanted me.

Then I hit teenagehood and started using hair products. Desperate to fit in, I boxed up Highway 61 Revisited and bought The Backstreet Boys' platinum-selling Millennium. I tried really hard to like it, but nothing ever clicked the way Dylan did. I suppose Rolling Stone's "Greatest Songwriter of All Time" is a tough act to follow. With the best intentions, my Dad had inadvertently set me up for a lifetime of musical disappointment. The bar had been set. High.

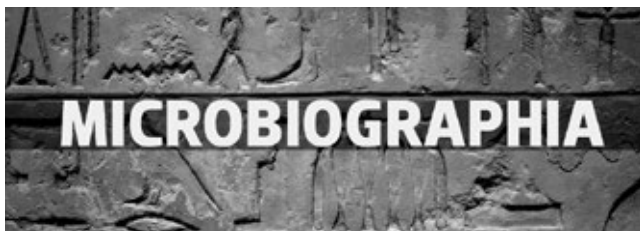
Musical fads came and went, and I shamelessly dove into each one as fervently as the last. Posters in my room changed as I got older: from Weezer to Kanye; Sonic Youth to MGMT; Bon Iver to Arcade Fire. But I never externalised my love of Bob. I never built a shrine, or publicly worshipped the man. I neither preached nor proselytised.

Yet Dylan's music has affected me more than any other artist. When I'm feeling down, I listen to Bob and feel like my suffering has some meaning. When I'm feeling happy, I blast Bobby D and feel even happier. When I really start to indulge in nihilistic angst, I play The Times They Are a-Changin' and almost instantaneously everything feels profound. This Machine Kills Apathy.

Last year, on a cold Auckland night, I found myself waiting for a taxi in front of the Sky Tower. A rickshaw driver was set up next to me, also waiting. Business was slow, traffic was slower. We stood in silence, made awkward by our proximity, until he blurted out: "Hey kid, you look like a young Bob Dylan, you know that?" My hair was longer then, curlier, and I was wearing a Dylan-esque polka-dotted shirt, but even I never would have compared myself to "the man". To this day, I've received no better compliment.

For the record, I've never been a religious man. And I've never known no God up in the sky. But I tell you, I've been saved time and time again by the great Bob Dylan.





## SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS REBEL, THEOLOGIAN, ASS-RIDER

By Toby Newberry

OK, HERE'S HOW I'MA LAY IT DOWN THIS WEEK. WE'LL KICK OFF WITH A LITTLE historical context, just to keep it real. Then I'll dive into a couple of choice anecdotes: brace yourselves for <SPOILER ALERT> a guy falling off a donkey. Finally, I'll give some time to Saint Thomas' work itself – work that certainly merits a doffing of the proverbial hat. Nuff talk, here we go: Saint Thomas Aquinas was an Italian philosopher and theologian who lived in the 1200s. And yes, Aquinas College is named after him.

As the youngest son of a well-to-do Italian family, Thomas was sent off to join the Catholic church. Not content with having his future prescribed for him, he resolved to defy his parents' wishes. At nineteen, Thomas abandoned plans to become a Benedictine monk and joined the Dominican order instead. I don't really know what this means, but apparently it was a big deal. Thomas was sent to France by the Dominicans in an attempt to escape his mother's interference. Instead, his mother had him kidnapped and brought back home by his brothers. He was then held captive for two years. Guts. During this time, Thomas' family attempted to change his mind on the whole Dominican-Benedictine thing. Since Dominicans had to remain celibate, the attempted persuasion included his brothers tempting him with a prostitute. Legend has it that Thomas chased off the harlot with a burning stick. Later that night, he was visited by two angels. Moral of the story: be good and God will hook you up with celestial threesomes.

Many years later, now a respected religious thinker, Thomas set out on a fateful donkey-ride along the Appian way. Alas, ill winds were a-blowing. Perhaps deep in thought, or else just totally zoned out, Thomas somehow managed to hit his head on a tree branch. This knocked him off his steed and left him gravely ill. Although he seemed to recover for a time, Thomas soon relapsed and ultimately passed away. As tragic as all this is, there is something inherently comedic about a guy riding an ass hitting his head and falling down. Call it bad taste but I had a bit of a chuckle at his expense - mysterious ways and all that. Slapstick is awesome.

Thomas' life wasn't all donkey-rides and threesomes, he also jammed out some rad philosophical notions. Although to my mind none of his five proofs of God measure up, much of his reasoning about the nature of God is spot on. For example, Thomas contended that whatever brought about the universe must have been as simple as possible – just like the Big Bang. Consider my hat doffed.



## DEAR MOCCONA

By Emile Donovan

ENJOYING AS I DO A FROTHY CARAMEL LATTE AS MUCH AS THE NEXT/OTHER heterosexual male English student at Otago University, I decided last week to bite the proverbial bullet and splurge, in the least pleasurable way possible, on a 10-pack of your Moccona Frothy Caramel Latte sachets, on special for \$4.99 at New World.

The next morning I woke up, rolled myself a cigarette (cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast), boiled the kettle and prepared to take a welcome, brisk stroll into flavour country. I followed your instructions to a tee – I selected my "favourite mug", measured out exactly 250ml of hot – not boiling – water, and began stirring briskly as soon as the water touched the magic powder (thereby ensuring both an even consistency and a nigh-communist distribution of what I assumed would be a tantalising caramel taste explosion). The coffee looked fabulous – a light, welcoming shade of hazelnut-coloured froth on top – and upon finding a small tube of chocolate beverage topping on my flatmate's shelf in the pantry, I decided to indulge myself and sprinkled what I would describe as a sensible amount of topping onto my drink. I took a seat on my balcony (which is spectacular, might I add) and, lighting my cigarette and inhaling deeply, accompanied by the seductive fragrance wafting from my mug, took my eagerly-anticipated first sip of coffee.

Imagine my surprise then when my tastebuds were greeted with what I immediately believed to be caramel-scented, turgid dishwater. I can state without hyperbole that the contents of my cup would finish runner-up in a taste-test against a reconstituted turd. Disgusted, I poured half the coffee off the balcony instantly, getting rid of the foam and revealing that a substantial portion of my drink had taken on a form aptly described by my flatmate as "what it would look like if you could piss shit".

Now I feel violated. We expect this sort of nonsense from herbal tea; unless one happens to be a pretentious fine-arts wanker it is widely accepted wisdom that herbal tea is to hot beverages what homeopathy is to medical science. But not coffee. Coffee is good. Coffee helps me. It brings me up when nothing else can. I'm not sure why I hated your product so – perhaps caramel lattes are simply not me. Perhaps, subconsciously, the Michael Jackson mug is NOT my favourite, in which case I have flagrantly flaunted your meticulous instructions and thereby accept full blame.

But I don't fucking think so.

Emile Donovan.



## TIM'S ON CRACK

By Checker-Out St Flat

AT LAST WE WERE ALL ABLE TO SIT AROUND THE TABLE AGAIN, AND BOY WAS Tim on fire tonight. His conversational topic of choice? Different undergrad majors.

**L:** I'd imagine law students are pretty frisky thanks to encountering morbid cases all the time.

**T:** They probably get partners to sign a Non-Disclosure Agreement pre-coitus. Pre-Coital Agreements! I hear things about Genetics students. It's so boring they'll do anything. I've seen girls do punnett squares about the boy in front of them. But I think computer science is better. They're extremely sexually repressed and always get caught downloading porn in labs. My tutor actually came up to me in town once...

**S:** Shag her?

**T:** Say what you will. I also got asked to code a porn site at 16. It was a good idea: Project Gutenberg for porn that was out of copyright...

**S:** Do communications students put out a press release when they're about to cum? This conversation is stalling. I can lubricate it if you want.

**L:** My lecturer said that once!!!! "Let me just lubricate my throat..." Hah! How about gender studies?

**T:** Like a rollercoaster: the only constant is the cum on the bedsheets. Zoology?

**S:** Too obvious!

**L:** No way! They're the people who, as 14-year-old boys and girls, put peanut butter on their genitals and made their doggie clean it off...

**T:** So Louise, when you get into the adult industry as a porn director, what's your code name going to be?

**L:** I don't know why, but for some reason "Erectile Dysfunction" keeps coming up.

**S:** Or not, as the case may be.

**L:** It's such a classy name. DIRECTILE DISFUNCTION!!!

**T:** Did you know that City University London has the world's lowest rate of different sex partners, with only 3.1 per average student?

**S:** But I thought all the Poms did was take pingers and fuck?

**T:** Chemistry probably just make date rape drugs.

**S:** Energy Studies probably use the most lube.

**T:** Because they want to reduce friction and increase torque.

**L:** I actually understood that reference!!!

**S:** Maths and theoretical physics? They try to write a formula for how to get laid, but unfortunately it involves imaginary numbers. Or Paedia-tricians? Let's not go there...

**T:** I think the worst combination is actually someone like me, who has a genuine fascination with the human body and sees it as something that should be diagrammed, described, and experimented with...

We later found a crack pipe in Tim's room.



## WORK EXPERIENCE

By Holly Walker

IT IS A LITTLE-KNOWN FACT THAT NEW MPS GET A FORMAL INDUCTION FROM Parliamentary Services. Last December, I lined up with the rest of the "class of 2011" (including such luminaries as Maggie Barry and Richard Prosser) for my introduction to Parliament.

It's fair to say that much of what we covered in those sessions was quickly forgotten or disregarded, but one piece of advice which stuck in my mind came from former Labour MP Rick Barker, who manfully fronted up to tell us about life as an MP, despite having just lost his seat.

"Treat it like a university education," he said. "You get unprecedented access to all sorts of experts that no one else gets. Learn what you can from them." Good advice. He also said something like "upskill and retrain while you're here, you never know when you'll be gone." Which was also good advice.

This week I'm getting an opportunity to put that advice into practice with a five-day study placement with Radio New Zealand, which I am stupidly, nerdily excited about. Having seen the demographic breakdown of their audience today, I know I'm not normal for my age, but I have Radio New Zealand National on pretty much constantly, so to get to see behind the scenes is very cool.

It's also no secret that my dream job is basically to be Kim Hill, so you can imagine how I feel about getting to sit in on her show this Saturday.

Why do I get to spend this unorthodox week pretending I work at Radio New Zealand? It's thanks to an outfit called the New Zealand Business and Parliament Trust, a charitable outfit that aims to increase understanding between MPs and NZ businesses by sending MPs on placements like this and bringing businesspeople into Parliament to learn the ropes there.

Admittedly Radio New Zealand wasn't the bravest choice for a Green MP (I could be spending the week at McDonald's or an Aussie Bank), but it is relevant to my Arts, Culture, and Heritage portfolio, and knows, maybe I'll grow a pair and spend a week at a big nasty corporate next time.



## PHANTOM PUNS

By Alice O'Connell

ODT'S RESIDENT JOURNALIST EXTRAORDINAIRE DAVE C HAD A COUPLE OF DAYS off last week, which meant less shit chat to tear apart.

■ The Wash columnist Dave Cannan was ill yesterday.

● The Wash columnist Dave Cannan was ill yesterday.

He was back on Wednesday however with some existential musings

So, why am I telling you all this?

Why indeed Dave; why indeed?

Meanwhile in Lawrence, there was a crisis of catastrophic proportions:

LAWRENCE residents are dumbfounded and disappointed their only bank is closing.

If the KFC closes you're really fucked. Then you'll have to move to Clyde.

And finally, the ODT pun machine was obviously set to sensitive and empathic when it spat out this gem about a truck driver that lost a leg in a crash.

Recovery real pain in the missing leg

Really ODT. Really?



## FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE

By Tim A. Rou

I will never compare you  
 To some bright flower  
 Stranded in mud.  
 And I do not care for  
 The songs birds sing,  
 Or the smell of rain.  
 I've never found bliss  
 In a summer sunset.  
 I'm colour blind  
 And I find the sun  
 Far too predictable.  
 I would never hold you up  
 As some sort of mirror  
 To the world's beauty,  
 Because the world isn't beautiful,  
 It's uglier than I am.  
 People who write about  
 Bright flowers,  
 The songs birds sing,  
 The smell of rain  
 And summer sunsets  
 Are bored,  
 lonely,  
 sexually frustrated,  
 And in denial  
 (A collective state often mistaken  
 For clarity).  
 Maybe one day  
 I'll write about  
 All of those things  
 Which don't interest me at all.  
 But I thank you,  
 Because at least for the time being  
 I don't have to.

# BEL AMI

Directors: Declan Donnellan & Nick Ormerod

**I** AM STUDYING FRENCH, SO WAS EXCITED TO SEE a modern-day film interpretation of Guy de Maupassant's *Bel Ami*. However, from the first close up of Robert Pattinson's pouty lips I knew sitting through the film would be torture, and it was. This film is firm evidence that casting Pattinson as the lead is the nail in a film's coffin these days.

Pattinson plays George, an impoverished writer, who seeks a sense of belonging in the Parisian bourgeoisie. His quest? To experience wealth, prestige, and sensual pleasure, all of which have eluded the impoverished George thus far. Pattinson soon realises that life as a bourgeois equates to jealousy and manipulation.

Given the complexity of the novel, I was expecting to see interesting plot nuance and the development of George's character. But Pattinson's one-dimensional acting leaves no opportunity for thematic development. Pattinson struggles to produce any facial expressions other than his apathetic vampire stare. That aside, there are some feeble attempts to underscore the separation of love from marriage and the universal truth that money cannot buy happiness via witty dialogue.

In his quest for social prestige, George entertains several love affairs with wealthy and powerful women. A cradle-snatcherish love affair develops with the gorgeous Virginia (Uma

Thurman), a wealthy newspaper owner's wife. The climax of their relationship is naturally the awkward sex scene: George shouts, "You're going too fast, you're going too fast" in a desperate bid to curb Virginia's dominance. But the stilted acting during the love-making scene makes what should have been an uplifting scene of passion and reconciliation unbearable to watch.

If you want to drool over Robert Pattinson's eyelashes, go and see this film. Everyone else: Stay far, far away. Don't tell me I didn't warn you.

By Brittany Travers



# MAGIC MIKE

Director: Steven Soderbergh

**I** F YOU LIKE SHIMMERING WELL-OILED ABS AND perfectly tanned man-buttocks, then *Magic Mike* is the film for you. *Magic Mike* is based loosely on Channing Tatum's life as a teenage stripper before he made it as an actor in Hollywood.

Set in Florida, the movie follows 19-year-old Adam (Alex Pettyfer), who happens to stumble into a nightclub and meet a male stripper known as "Magic Mike" (Channing Tatum). *Magic Mike* is a pipe-dreaming entrepreneur, but moonlights as a headliner in a male revue run by Dallas (Matthew McConaughey). Mike takes

Adam to his strip club "Xquisite" and introduces him to Dallas, who convinces him to fill in for one of his dancers. Mike takes Adam under his wing to teach him about dancing, stripping, and the easy money that comes with it. Mike lives by the motto, "Sex, money and women – what's not to like?" However, things turn out to be much more complicated, and what starts as a one off fill-in gig soon leads to Adam joining the strip team and falling into a world of drugs and sex.

There isn't a whole lot of storyline to hold this movie up, but let's face it, when Channing Tatum is rollicking around half naked, who the

hell is interested in subtle plots and underlying themes? The dance numbers are well choreographed, and if nothing else are quite enlightening as to the cheesiness of the business.

The only let down in the entire movie was the absence of any full frontal nudity. But what can I say? Dance, song, and man candy – what else could a 25-year-old woman want? Go and see it, but leave your other half at home.

By Taryn Dryfhout



## INTERVIEW WITH ALYX DUNCAN

**N**EW ZEALAND-BORN DIRECTOR ALYX DUNCAN TOOK TIME OUT FROM THE busy international film festival circuit to speak to Jane Ross about her debut feature film, *The Red House*, which is screening at the NZIFF this Friday at 6pm at Rialto.

**You describe *The Red House* as a fictional essay in which you pose the central question "Is home where you are from, or what you carry inside you wherever you go?" How does this question resonate for you?**

In some ways I feel it's possible to be at "home" in other parts of the world and carry my identity and sense of "home" inside me, but I always hold this small island (Waiheke) in the centre of my being. This connection ultimately draws me back to New Zealand. Four years ago my father called me and told me they intended to move away and would have to clear out and possibly sell our family home. I was struck by the thought that all the memories of my childhood and my family would get erased from the physical environment. I wondered whether, if I went back to that place years later, I would still feel it was home.

**This film has two main characters – your father, Lee, and your step-mother, Jia. How did you come to involve your family in this film?**

Originally I had set out to make a very different film – a short experimental documentary, with the house as the main character. The human characters (my parents) were really only there as background extras. However, once we started shooting I found my lens was increasingly drawn to the real people, and so we moved to devising a story more focussed around characters they could play. Obviously they are not actors and in fact are very private, shy people. Yet there's something very intriguing and honest about the movement of people within their "natural setting".

**You make specific reference to how the film gives a personal perspective on globalisation. What do you perceive to be the apparent external forces?**

I think many of the aspects of our lives now are informed or transformed by globalization. The outside influences that intervene and start the action of the film is that Jia's parents need her to return home to care for them. Once home, she doesn't recognize her city. It's changed from the traditionally constructed city that she knew into a modern mega-city that embraces a certain amount of homogenization – like many different cities of the world now. For Lee, he feels the small island where he chose to live his life has changed in ideology. He is trying to understand his place in a world that's changing from a small community, that's been relatively self-contained, to a place that is shaped by the currents of wider consumer-oriented markets.

**I really like the observation that you made about the filmmaking process in terms of how you have to be present in the moment to be able to recognise that something special is happening. Can you describe one of those moments for me?**

One of my favourite shots in the film is the one looking down the tunnel in the train. I was lucky during that shoot. Francisco, who was the primary cinematographer for the China section, was shooting the main action with Lee and Jia so this gave me freedom just to look and find moments. I happened to be at the front of the train as we went into the tunnel and I pressed my lens against the glass to stabilize it and held it there recording till we came into the next station. It wasn't a shot I'd shot-listed or planned but I really love its memorizing quality and how that shifts our reality as we enter the new city.

**What has been the best part of the making your first feature film?**

It was fulfilling using a poetic way of saying something that is true and real. It's deeply satisfying coming to know people, whom I thought I knew, from a different perspective. The film feels quite honest and simple and although the process was demanding, I felt very satisfied when I felt it was coming together.



## THE DEVIL IN ME

**T**HE IRONY OF WALKING INTO UNIPOL FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER FOR THE sole purpose of reviewing an art installation was not lost on me. Besides being interestingly unusual, however, the setting of Siobhan Wootten's *The Tao of Avery* really did make the artwork that much more impressive. Walk into Unipol expecting a painting to be just chilling in the foyer? You'll get a bit of a shock finding three photographic artworks towering over you, imprinted onto the wall overlooking the café area.

In case you were wondering, the word "tao" means "devil", and it is an interesting choice of words considering the juxtaposition of subject matter in the three paintings that make up Wootten's installation. Each image features a black-and-white photograph of an Olympic athlete, official, or President of the International Olympic Committee that Avery Brundage wronged in some manner, placed alongside an image of a piece from Brundage's own Asian art collection, which currently resides at the Asian art museum of San Francisco.

Apart from depicting a stunning visual parallel, with the art pieces mimicking the movements or positions of the subjects and vice versa, the two elements of each painting offer a more meaningful commentary on Brundage's life and the pain he inflicted on these individuals. Brundage studied Taoism, a religious and philosophical Chinese tradition that emphasizes the harmony of opposites through the duality represented in the yin and yang symbol. This idea of opposing forces of shadow and light is reinforced through the meaningful depiction of Brundage's actions in Wootten's work, with the positive act of donating his artwork contrasting with the pain he caused others in his Olympic career.

The photographs themselves are incredible, and the juxtapositions make for a highly visually appealing contrast. But it's the back story representing both the "good" and "bad" in Avery Brundage's life which really makes the artwork come alive.

### **The Tao of Avery by Siobhan Wootten**

Unipol Plaza | 27 July – 23 August 6, 12



## BITS AND BOBS

**T**ETRIS IS WHAT MY MIND IMMEDIATELY CONJURED UP WHEN I FIRST SAW Suel Novell's art installation *Zoom*. Obviously it was a foolish and uninformed first instinct, but it's not hard to see why I immediately leaped to that conclusion. Novell's installation consists of a series of small, interlocked rectangular-shaped canvases, each placed a certain distance and position from one another on the wall and painted over in a variety of vivid colours and patterns. While I found them to be delightfully gaudy (and fun-sized too!), I won't say that my attention was truly captured by the artworks. At least, not until I discovered the idea that inspired them, as well as the projection (that comprised half the installation) that I probably should've watched before I even went near the paintings. Oops.

The idea of nature is emphasised through the depiction of the four forces of fire, earth, air and water in the projection, which are represented in a pixellated manner that explains the cube-like form of Novell's artworks. Novell draws a connection between pixels, the building blocks of the digital world, and atoms, their real-world equivalents, to emphasise the way in which these tiny elements constantly overlap in our daily environment, making up both the natural and man-made forms and structures around us. Looking at the rectangular artworks and the way they physically connect, it's not difficult to see how they might represent both atoms and pixels – the latter of which means that my initial impression of Tetris wasn't so far off after all...

If you think *St Dave's* is a bit of a peculiar space in which to exhibit artwork, consider again the subject matter of Novell's installation. *Zoom* effectively communicates the commingling of science and art, a union that in my opinion should occur far more often. At the very least, it might further my stunted science education.

### **Zoom by Sue Novell**

Science Library | 27 July – 23 August 6, 12



# WE THE LIVING

BY AYN RAND

REVIEWED BY WALTER PLINGE

"...TOO STRONG TO COMPROMISE, BUT TOO WEAK TO WITHSTAND THE PRESSURE... WHO CANNOT BEND, BUT ONLY BREAK."

**M**ANY RUSSIAN AUTHORS HAVE A TORTURED relationship with their motherland, but for Russo-American author Ayn Rand, Soviet Russia was an object of hatred. This, her first novel, was written after she had escaped to America, the promised "abroad" — a word whispered in reverent tones throughout the book.

The scene is 1920s post-revolutionary Russia, and the family of Kira Aragonova are returning to the city of Petrograd (St Petersburg) following the final defeat of the White army by the communist Reds. Kira's father was a wealthy industrialist prior to 1917, making their family class enemies of the new Soviet state. The story follows their struggle to avoid starvation in the day-to-day deprivations and insanities of the new communism. But this is only the backdrop to the real story Rand wants to tell.

Rand was not keen to write her first novel about the Soviet state. Having only just escaped Russia, and still painfully young for a novelist, she felt unprepared to write about "adults". However, she became convinced that it was necessary to deal with her Russian past in order to move on from it and into her new life in America.

Rand begins with a standard plot: a young and virtuous girl who must enslave herself to the whims of a villain in order to save her heroic lover. But from simple beginnings she entwines within this love triangle an unforeseen twist used to highlight the evil of destroying individuality and free will. You can almost feel the young

Rand (25 at the time) developing her ideas about Russia, communism, philosophy, and love as she works her way through the extensive chunks of dialogue throughout the book.

We are asked to believe that if free, Kira's lover Leo Kovalensky would be a heroic and virtuous man. And that his failings, in the end his total failure, are not his fault, but the result of throwing a man's will up against the authoritarian control of the Soviets. To me, Leo seemed weak compared to the nobility to anti-hero Andrei Taganov, who maintains his values throughout, despite his pursuit of an ignoble goal, and maintains his honesty when he realises the folly of his endeavour. Yet as you read, you can feel that readers would relate to each man in different ways, seeing parts of themselves in each and feeling for whichever one they identify with.

The fascination of reading Rand's earliest work is tied into her later life. She is the founder of the philosophy of objectivism, which places the happiness and success of the individual as the ultimate goal of each person's life. In a godless world, individuals must ensure for themselves that they achieve that which is "of their highest reverence". Any system of governance that attempts to take that away, to tie the individual to the greatness of the commune, creates the greatest form of injustice.

Rand develops this new philosophy throughout the book in the tragic conversations between the protagonists about what they stand to lose to the tyranny of the communists: how inherent evil has the power to destroy them or drive them to destroy themselves. And while each of the three protagonists travels a different path,

none survives whole.

Rand's tempo and pacing are at times infuriating. She spends pages describing the billowing smoke of the primus (admittedly her chosen symbol of the depredations of the age), while racing through moments of fraught tension and obvious significance that could be more fully developed. It reads like the work of young author with much to say but a sense that time enough to say it all may be running out.



Read this book if you are interested in love, history, politics or philosophy. Its ideas are not hidden, and of all Russians authors, Rand is the easiest to read. It is the kind of book that allows you to choose your own hero, and then seeks to destroy them.



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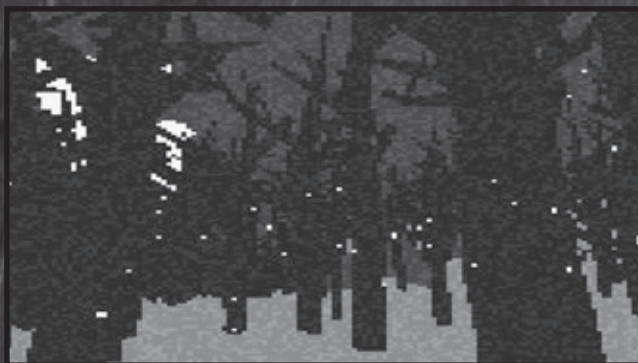
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# THE HORROR ... THE HORROR

MAC / PC | FREE & INDEPENDENTLY DEVELOPED



## Hide

PLATFORM: MAC, PC | DEVELOPER: ANDREW SHOULDICE

**H**IDE OPENS WITH A SPACEBAR-SHAPED rectangle next to four typical directional buttons. The spacebar is labelled as allowing the player to "hide", but really it's an utterly useless crouch button. Squatting slightly closer to the freezing snow that makes up the game's environment does not fool the stalking, blinking lights.

The game is part of a recent fad of free-to-play, independently developed, very short horror games. Hide, for example, claims to 10 minutes

long. It isn't. The labeled plaques you need to find are easy to miss, nailed to one tree in a forest of dozens. Finding them all is especially tedious because you stumble along, panting heavily, at the pace of someone who is utterly exhausted.

The aesthetic, at least, is evocative. The game almost looks like television static, your vision constantly blurred by single pixel snowflakes. Buildings are vague shadows until you approach them, at which point they loom out of the blizzard revealing their true structure.

It's an interesting game that reveals nothing explicit about its background story. Clues are sporadically doled out to you in the form of the writing on the plaques and the nature of the lights that stalk you.

Is it scary? It could be. In the dark, alone, very few games that disempower you aren't. It's a noble game because the foes never jump out at you unexpected. You can always sense them edging slowly towards you.



# Slender

PLATFORMS: PC, MAC | DEVELOPER: PARSEC PRODUCTIONS

**S**LENDER HAS YOU HUNTING DOWN PAGES scrawled in the dark, some pinned to trees in a forest made of lots of other trees, while being stalked by an unseen threat. Themes are beginning to emerge in these horror games. In this case the monster is the Slenderman, a sort of modern mythical creature forged within the short life of the Internet on message boards and scary-story wikis.

Slenderman has a suit, tentacles, and no face. And unlike the enemies in *Hide*, he has no qualms about appearing to you with absolutely no warning. The environment is cleverly designed so that the monster can appear around any corner, behind any tree, or simply pop into existence out of the blackness. He doesn't chase

you. He stands perfectly still and black tendrils spread circumferentially from his back.

The environments are dark, repetitive, and typical. Acres of woods are punctuated with empty bathrooms, sheds, and lots of identical pieces of industrial equipment.

The game, truthfully, is scarier when the monster isn't around. Once you "work out" the game and the Slenderman's ways of forcing you to look at him it becomes less intimidating. You fail the game as a witness, your sanity draining to, once again, a screen that looks like a VCR being fast-forwarded. If you don't look, the Slenderman can't hurt you. Good luck.



# SCP-087

PLATFORMS: PC, MAC | DEVELOPER: HAVERSINE

**S**CP-087 IS A NEVER-ENDING, DESCENDING collection of thirteen flights of stairs on which a number of scary "things" happen. I say "things" because SCP-087 prides itself on being procedurally generated. A scary "thing" could happen on the second flight down, or nothing could happen for a painfully long while.

The staircase is damp concrete with a corroded banister. A claustrophobic, semicircular roof is constantly above your head. A creepy, randomized audio track changes as you descend. It's all very atmospheric even with nothing explicit going on.

In my descent, for example, nothing at all happened for 30 minutes. This was interesting

in and of itself. As I plodded down staircase after staircase, watching the numbers on the wall slowly increase, every miniscule shadow started to become terrifying. I'm not sure whether the black movements I saw were deliberate, ridiculously subtle touches (if they were, then the restraint in the design of the game is remarkable), whether they emerged from my jerky mouse movements, or whether they were completely manufactured by my imagination.

I didn't play the game a second time. It's a bit scary and stuff. So I can't exactly remark on the breadth of different outcomes, but the prospect of new playthroughs (especially watching your friends) is enticing.



## COLLABORATE BITCHES!

**I** HAVE BECOME OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF musical collaboration. Possibly because of my incredibly fan-boyish nature that renders me incredibly nervous and awkward whenever I encounter one of my idols, e.g. Grayson Gilmour, I have a massive love for a lot of artists and the music they produce. That's why I make music, that's why I write about music, that's why I live for music, because I am inspired and challenged by so many other musicians who do it so painfully well. It is the same for everyone — the ambition to create or do something to equal your inspiration drives you to improve. While this musical nature of mine pushes me to at least try to create music that I can be happy with, it also compels me to try find something new for my ears — a different style, a different sound. This usually happens when you work with someone else. Another brain with different and interesting thoughts forces you to adapt, creating a necessary and exhilarating evolution.

I am musically ADHD. I consume and discard music at an incredible rate, frothing over a couple of bands, albums, or genres and then moving onto the next. I am forever in search of that new sound, or a new version of the same sound. And what could be better than two interesting bands or artists coming together to make

a whole new sound for you to consume? The results can be astounding and surprising. You love both artists so you love the idea of them together, and the music they make must surely be the amalgamation of everything you love. That's the hope anyway, unless they fuck it up. But hey, you'll still have their old stuff to keep.

So why doesn't it happen much in New Zealand? Maybe the smaller number of artists in each centre and limited studio access make it too hard or expensive to get enough proper studio time to fulfill the artists' vision. Maybe NZ musicians are hopelessly self-conscious, and the thought of trying and failing to make something good with someone else out of your comfort zone is a horrifying and paralysing thought — now that I really get. Or perhaps we are stupidly counterintuitive, and get lost in the "take it seriously to make it" mentality that everyone else is competition. I really hope that's not the case. New Zealand is way too small for anyone to single-handedly "make it" in a music "competition". I subscribe whole-heartedly to the idea that the "boat rises with the ocean". We are small, but we have strength in numbers. If we all work together to push creativity, not individuals, we all have a better chance at collectively enjoying whatever "success" is. But

more importantly, music is fun. And in my eyes, nothing could be more fun than new music from musicians I already love.

Locally there are encouraging signs. Maybe because of our smaller pool of musical talent, people are mixing and matching band members, putting new names on things, and pushing their creative limits. In my opinion this is being driven by a community called The Attic, which is run by intelligent and generous people who, like me, just want to take the latest and greatest new sounds flowing out of our local bands, get them recorded, and get them out there. Why? Because we feel safer as a community than as individuals — we build relationships and crave friendships because we love the security; we love the feeling of not being alone. It Came From The Attic is a compilation that will be released exclusively through [undertheradar.co.nz](http://undertheradar.co.nz) by the Attic and Auckland's Muzai Records, and it will be the best thing to happen to our music scene for a long time. Not only will it feature the first ever release one of the best young bands around, Astro Children, but it will showcase the team efforts of local musicians and double-barrelled father figures to the world. It will say that we are good at what we do, but together, we are great.



# STICKY DATE PUDDING WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

BY MAEVE JONES

**A**FTER HEARING EARLIER THIS WEEK ABOUT ONE Dunedin flat's dessert of stingray, maple syrup, and ice cream, I thought it might be time to let up on the culinary innovation and return to the classics. Warm, hearty sticky date pudding just cannot be beaten on a cold, wintry Dunedin night. To find a recipe that does this classic justice, again I can't go past the cookbook from Hawkes Bay restaurant Pipi. I have adapted their crowd-pleasing recipe for you below.

## INGREDIENTS

200g dates  
100g prunes  
300ml water  
1 tsp baking soda  
75g butter  
¾ cup brown sugar  
2 eggs  
1 cup flour  
3 ½ tsp baking powder  
A handful of chocolate chips (optional)

2 cups white sugar  
½ cup water  
75g butter  
150ml cream

## METHOD

### FOR THE PUDDINGS:

**01** | At Pipi they bake individual puddings in baking paper cases. This allows the mixture to spill over the tops of the muffin tin, giving you a much healthier serving. Begin by preheating the oven to 180°C and lining a muffin tray with pieces of baking paper to form the cases. You should get 6 – 8 puddings out of this mixture.

**02** | Put the dates and prunes in a pot with the water and bring to the boil. Take off the heat and add the baking soda. Whiz this mixture in the most powerful mixing device you have in the flat, preferably a food processor. But don't worry – it will still be delicious even if you don't manage to totally blend the mixture.

**03** | Cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy, then add the eggs one at a time and beat in thoroughly.

**04** | Mix the flour and baking powder in a separate bowl, and (if using) add the chocolate.

**05** | Combine the sugar and butter with the flour, then slowly mix in the date mixture.

**06** | Spoon the batter into the prepared baking paper casings and bake for 30 minutes, or until the outside appears done and the inside is slightly squishy and still deliciously moist.

### FOR THE SAUCE:

**01** | Caramel sauce can be hard to get exactly right, but do persist. The sugar content is so alarmingly high that it is bound to be scrumptious no matter how badly you screw it up. First, mix the sugar and the water in a pot on a low heat. When it is combined, turn up the temperature and let it come to the boil. When it begins to boil, cover the pot for 3 minutes then let it continue gently boiling until it turns a deep golden colour. Although tempting, apparently it helps not to stir the caramel during this process, as there is a risk that the sugar will crystallise.

**02** | Remove from the heat and whisk in the butter and the cream.

**03** | Serve the puddings with a good dollop of the sauce and ice cream, warmed cream, or yoghurt, depending on your preference.

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University Book Shop

## LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

### IT IS A SHAME

Dear Critic

Isn't it a shame that you hate gays so much. And women. And people with eating disorders. You probably hate Jews and Blacks too, cause that's just the kind of people you are. It's definitely not for the point of witty satirical, or even down right funny social commentary. I've never said anything offensive about someone else to get a laugh, and I never will, I don't really like humour, or being entertained. Please stop trying, as every time you try and do anything someone is offended, and offending people isn't okay.

Yours

Ms Killjoy

### SHAME ON YOUR FACE

I feel that Lady La DiDa should be removed immediately.. I find the fact that she gets her bs throw editing is a complete disservice to gays and gay friendly people.. As hard as the whole gay thing can be at times.. We so don't need anyone within the Critic running us down also.. As for the Critic supporting this person, SHAME ON YOU..

Disgusted..

### BIG, HOT, MASCULINE MEN

Dear Dame La DiDa

I am a gay Otago Uni student. I like the gym, Jay Z and big, hot, masculine guys. Need I say that your column doesn't speak to me? As the only gay voice in the most accessible and consumed media by Otago students, I would expect a greater deal of concern for the effect you have on other people in the community. You live in New Zealand, a country on the brink of legalizing same sex marriage, not Saudi Arabia.

The people who really need to be convinced that gay is okay are the gays themselves, and the more you pretend like everyone hates us, the more damage you do. Though we are far from equality, there comes a point where as individuals we need to stop bitching and actually live our lives. {Letter abridged by Editor}

Regards,

-Yes Homo

This line of correspondence is now closed. Go back to hating each other in private.

### DO YOU WANNA FUCK?

Dear Dame La Di Da

I'm in a heterosexual couple and my boyfriend has long hair. This means whenever we go anywhere, guys in cars yell "cut your hair" out the window at us. Or sometimes "Lesbians!". I can be with female friends, and we get things like "Tits out for the boys!" or "What's your number?" - sometimes even things as vulgar as "wannafuck". My point is that those assholes that yelled things at you and your partner in Christchurch might just have been assholes - not necessarily homophobic ones.

Hugs,

Rampant Anti-Asshole

### IF YOU CAN'T LAUGH ... BINGE?

Dear Critic,

While we all enjoy a good laugh from you guys every week, thumbs down for this weeks edition. Eating disorders are far from funny. They are the opposite of humour. Everyone knows someone affected by an eating disorder of some type and sometimes, things do not end well. Your disregard for a poor girl's feelings was disappointing. I would be ashamed for running such a sensationalised story. I really hope she doesn't read it.

Regards,

Concerned

### THEY'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO DO THAT

Hey...

Just a thought on the drinking issue... How about the uni actually taking some initiative and making the first move by offering a cash back incentive for good grades? For example having some sort of sliding scale that starts at

\$100 for each B+ you get in your final exams that increases with better grades. So if you get 3 x B+ you get \$300 that can then be cashed out after exams or taken off your fees for next semester or something like that... I imagine a similar system could be used by the government or allowances and post grad funding... A sliding scale of funding based on your grades so if you get an A average you get 85% funded... I realise that the bureaucracy is prolly inhibitory but hey, just an idea...

Dedicated nerd

### YEAH, WE TOTES OUTED HER ...

Shame on the article "The Three Worst Flatmates". It succeeded in nothing more than publicly humiliating a kind, friendly girl allegedly suffering from an eating disorder by revealing details that would clearly identify the girl in question to anyone that knows the author. Eating disorders are serious. Not a joke. Taking enjoyment at another's expense shows the limit in the journalistic skills of the author. I once enjoyed their writing... How would the author feel if the girl they made a joke of read that about herself?

Sincerely,

Disappointed.

### BABY FACED

Dear Critic,

I saw a guy that looked like your designer Sam Clark today in the Link, but he looked like a 12 year old boy. It's not that I don't like the baby faced looked, but ... well, you know.

Pash-rashed and loving it

## NOTICES

### LITERATURE SOCIETY QUIZ NIGHT

Come along for a great night of literary knowledge and pizza! Free - All welcome. Friday 17th August at 5.30 pm (Quiz starts at 6) Humanities Common Room, Burns First Floor

### THE CRITIC SHARED LUNCH

This Thursday August 16 Critic is hosting a shared lunch for the entire campus community. Fairy bread, sausage rolls, little cocktail sausages, you should feel free to bring all of that shit. Kicking off at 1pm, lolly scrambles every half hour. See you there.

### LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Send letters to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto: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.



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net



# WANTED

## UNI FLATS' CSPS 2013

### Would you like to play a leadership role in the University managed flats community?

Uni Flats are currently recruiting CSPs (Community Support People – the Uni Flats equivalent of an RA) to flat with International Study Abroad and Exchange students in 2013. This is a paid position and we are looking for students who will be able to contribute to the spirit of the Uni Flat's community and involve themselves with Uni Flat's functions and sporting events.

If you think this sounds like you then call into the Uni Flats Office @ 105 St David Street for an application pack or email:- [croisella.trengrove@otago.ac.nz](mailto:croisella.trengrove@otago.ac.nz)

Applications close on Monday 10th September 2012 and interviews are to be held in the week of the 17th September 2012.

## VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of those drugs. If you fit this criteria:

- ✓ Male or Female, between 18-55 years
- ✓ Have no medical condition
- ✓ Non-Smoker (for at least six months)
- ✓ Not on medication (excluding female contraception pill)
- ✓ Not taken any drugs of abuse

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# TURANGAWAEWAE

## YOUR PLACE TO STAND

**W**HERE IS YOUR TURANGAWAEWAE, YOUR place to stand? The place where you feel a sense of community and belonging and identity; where you feel most loved, valued and supported; where you feel "at home"? Where is it?

For some it's a physical place: a mountain, river, beach, or lake. Perhaps it's the place you were born, either here in NZ or somewhere overseas. Regardless of where you are in the world, it doesn't move or change. It serves as an anchor. It keeps you strong. For others, turangawaewae is a more portable reality. There's a searching and, hopefully, finding that happens with each new location we find ourselves in.

You may have unconsciously done this when you first arrived to study at Otago. Homesickness

is the normal, and usually temporary, response to a loss of connection and relationship, and most of us have felt it in some shape or form. Finding your new turangawaewae resolves this crisis. Some find it in their College of Residence, a new group of flatmates, or their classmates. Others find it in groups that share a common faith or worldview, be they Christians, Muslims, Wiccans, or Atheists. Others still find it in groups that share a common nationality or ethnicity, or groups that bring together others of the same gender or sexual expression.

What is it that such places or groups provide? Check out this list and see if I've missed anything: community, relationships, a sense of inclusion and belonging; a place to express who we are, our gifts and abilities; a place to grow, to have some of our rough edges knocked off; a

place of connection to the "bigger picture" – to generations past, and a hope for the future...

I've also observed that our appreciation of our particular turangawaewae can change in the light of life events like leaving home, graduation, entering a committed relationship, the beginning or loss of work, the death of a significant other, etc. I spend much of my time as a Chaplain on campus talking with students and staff who are negotiating their way through such events. For most, a new awareness of the depth and richness of their turangawaewae arises. For the very few who find this road too difficult or painful, the results are often tragic.

Finding and embracing your turangawaewae is an essential task. I wonder, where is yours?

MIKE WRIGHT - University Chaplain



## Yarn to us about Radio One and get an extra chance for an iPad2!



Radio One is owned by students and aims to be the most engaging and relevant radio station for students.

We want your permission for our research company to give you a call for a few minutes so you can say why you do or don't listen and get yourself an extra chance to win an iPad2! Have your say here:

[snurl.com/r1survey](http://snurl.com/r1survey)

## Hot Demand for Courses



Due to hot demand we now have additional streams for Aikido, Parkour, French Language and Astanga Vinyasa Yoga. Get on in to OUSA Clubs and Socs, 84 Albany St, if you want to get amongst one of these courses!

## Course of the week: Acupressure for Beginners



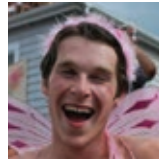
When? September 22nd 1:00 – 5:00pm.  
Where? Clubs and Socs .What is Acupressure? Acupressure is the application of finger or hand pressure on points of the body. This in turn stimulates the flow of energy and may aid ailments of the body. In this workshop you will learn more about the theory behind acupressure and towards the end put it into practical application. Cost? \$35.00 for students.

## Art Week – Exhibit and sell YOUR art!



The OUSA Art Week just keeps getting bigger and better – and this year is set to be no exception! Our Student Art Exhibition and Sale is an opportunity for all students from all interests to actively participate in the arts, and it gives you the chance to show off and even sell your work!

Enter now by completing the entry form available at [ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/](http://ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/)



## RYAN?...

Hey, g'day, how are ya? Your Finance Officer, Ryan Edgar, hijacking big bro's column for the week. Why? To put figures to it I'd say 90% because Logie is a very busy man and perhaps 10% because I actually have something to say; either way good to be here!

If you're like I was before I got all political and shit you probably don't often pick up a Newspaper nor will you tune in at 6 for a glimpse of the early evening seductress Hilary Barry. So you probably aren't 100% on the issues of student finance, so let's go on a quick journey...

Student debt is a concerning figure, currently sitting at over 12 billion dollars it's been rising quickly over the past 5 years. Future projections currently estimate that debt figure will quadruple within 30-35 years, so what is to be done?

Tertiary Education Minister Stephen Joyce is tasked with dealing to those figures, though he hasn't done so without eating his fair share of shit-sandwiches whenever he makes an unwelcome call. Currently on his radar have been postgraduate funding (which would remove postgraduate availability for student allowances), and the 200-week allowance cap. Postgraduates already tend to have enormous workloads and with the removal of their eligibility for the allowance scheme many will be pressured into additional work, which could see them dropping out or flagging postgrad study. One piece of positive news which has surfaced however is that postgraduates who were originally eligible for the \$40-\$60 accommodation supplement will still be entitled to it, which although they must pay this back, it does mean that their maximum entitlement will remain the same.

While the maximum accommodation entitlement figure remains constant for now, I sit up here in my \$98/ week Agnew Street flat feeling rather smug about all of this, but I do wonder how the good-golly-fuck a Vic student who pays \$170/ week on rent alone (and many do) survives?

I hope I've talked enough shit to keep you all interested in student finance for this long; If you would like to query me on any matters I have raised or raise any of your own email me at [Finance@ousa.org.nz](mailto:Finance@ousa.org.nz) Enjoy the rest of your week, oh and stay classy students.

pS

come on people, if I, myself a man without religious beliefs, could theoretically find myself a very atheist wife, and have very atheist babies, then how come I could get married, and gay people couldn't? I mean, come on god, you like gays less than the guy who is telling you you don't exist? I'm finding holes in your story mate. Sorry about all of that, just had that thought earlier this week and wanted to tell someone.

**CONTACT**

Tel 03 479 8516

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