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ARTS AND LIFESTYLE
IN CONVERSATION WITH GEORGIA NOTT
Sherry and Belle conduct and intimate interview with Georgia Nott.

SCIENCE
IMPOSSIBLE BURGER
Naomi talks about an expensive meatless meat burger and climate change.

COLUMNS
COMING OUT FOR THE GREATER GOOD
Guest column writer Sarah talks about coming out as asexual.
WHERE HAVE OUR HEAD EDITORS GONE?

Daphne: The editors are too busy and too tired to write the editorial! But you know what? We are editors too and there is nowhere in the world that says section editors can’t write the editorial. So, here we are. It’s been a good time working at Craccum and always stressful, but I can count on you, dear reader, to skim through and look at my pictures. I’ve also been stressed for a number of other reasons, but most importantly, being told that I should watch Girls as part of research for writing a play has certainly been a highlight. A play about Chinese queer women in New Zealand is apparently in the same realm as fucking Lena Dunham.

Chris: Time’s seemed to have flown by way too quickly since uni’s started, how do I already have my first “mid-semester” test this week? Fall’s arrived with a slight chill, I already miss the long summer nights best soundtracked by Blonde and Teen Dream. It also feels somewhat bittersweet being my last semester at uni, my advice would be to definitely make the most of it here before you’re forced to enter the real world, and to reference Frank, these really were some pretty fucking fast years that flew by.

Daphne: Too true Christopher, too true. Yet, there are things I do not have to be stressed about, like moving in with my boss. She is my flatmate now and I think I will really benefit by being mothered 18 hours a day instead of the working four. I need this guidance in my life. Sometimes I think I am still a child and then I realise I’m in the third year of my university career and I am still asking my (biological) mother how to make rice. Tomorrow I will blink and I will be lying in my coffin.

Chris: In other happenings, it’s good to hear that Kanye’s back to holing up in Wyoming this time with a couple mates and hopefully working on a new masterpiece, it’s almost time for Yeezy Appreciation Season again (though we’re still waiting on Turbo Grafx 16 and Cruel Winter, don’t think that we forgot). Be sure to get hyped for this by checking out our Kanye ranking spotlight in the Arts section, and enjoy the rest of the issue! Also remember to watch out for Issue 5 while you’re at it, our food-dedicated issue is out next week.
China Ends Presidential Terms Limits

BY ULYSSE BELLIER

The Chinese congress approved on Sunday 11th a change to the country’s constitution, removing a two-term limit to the presidential office.

Xi Jinping, who became president in 2012, succeeded in making his term endless, paving the way for a life-long rule over China. The proposal, which surprised specialists a few weeks ago, exposed how much power Mr. Xi centralised in a few years. The concentration of power in Mao’s hand before his death in 1976 led the country to adopt a two-term limit for its president later on.

On Sunday the 11th, the amendment got 2,957 ballots in favor, with two votes against and three abstentions amongst the delegates. This vote highlights the absence of any sort of opposition inside the Chinese Communist Party. Since 2012, Xi gained power notably through anti-corruption campaigns that removed from office many in the ruling party.

China’s presidency is mainly ceremonial; President Xi speaks mainly as the Party’s leader in China. The party leadership, with the military chairmanship, are the ones with real power and President Xi could have ruled from these offices at the end of his second term in 2023.

Cold War wind blows between Russian and the UK

BY ULYSSE BELLIER

Last Monday, British Prime minister Theresa May declared a Russian involvement is “highly likely” in the attack of a former Russian agent on the UK soil.

On Sunday 4th, Sergei Skripal and his daughter have been poisoned with a nerve agent in the city of Salisbury, in the south of the country. The former Colonel Skripal has been convicted of high treason in Russia in 2006 after selling intelligence to the West. He came to the UK after being freed in a 2010 Cold War-style spy swap at Vienna airport, in Austria. At the time of writing, he and his daughter were still in intensive care in hospital.

“The government has concluded that it is highly likely that Russia was responsible for the act against Sergei and Yulia Skripal,” said Mrs May, giving two days for Russia to reply. If no “credible response” is given, Mrs May promised a “full range of measures” against Poutin’s country. The Russian Foreign Ministry is denying any role in the case, describing Mrs May’s intervention as a “circus show.” The Russian presidential election took place last Sunday, the 18th, two weeks after the attack.

British specialist identified the nerve agent as the Novichok, a deadly substance developed by Soviet Russia in the past. This obvious clue leading to a Russia involvement is unlikely to have been forget by the perpetrator, whoever that is.

SpaceX to Launch Flights Next Year

BY BAILLEY VERRY

Technology billionaire Elon Musk has announced his latest timeline for human colonization on Mars. In a conference Austin, Texas, the CEO of aerospace manufacturer SpaceX claimed that test flights will be ready to be conducted in early 2019.

These test flights will be the first steps towards the manned shuttles Musk hopes to send to Mars in 2024. The flights will be short, up and down trips testing the durability of the prototypes. The announcement comes a month after the company’s successful launch of the ‘Falcon Heavy’ rocket into outer space. However, critics are sceptical of the timing as Musk has a history of overpromising and underdelivering on deadlines across his companies and as a result mounting significant losses and failure to meet targets.

Despite this, the entrepreneur has managed to revolutionize space travel with ‘reusable rockets’, the likes of which have yet to be achieved by NASA. Should the test flights prove successful, the next aim for the company is to launch cargo missions in 2022. Musk has stressed his urgency in his private space race, believing that humans need to be able to escape to another planet for when another world war eventually breaks out.
Not a pot to piss in

BY NOAIRE SMITH

You may or may not have heard that many of us queer folk are feeling really let down by the census. Asking only for biological sex, without any regard for gender identity is misguided to say the least, and cisnormative and exclusionary to say the truth. Though lacking any sort of official apology, a statement was released indicating that both gender identity and sexuality would be included in the 2023 census, so, from a hopeful standpoint, it seems the issue has been addressed.

All this talk coinciding with my return to uni has reignited a similar dilemma I have felt since my last years realisation that I fit in the category of non-binary. Being in such a diverse, apparently progressive environment such as a university meant that I was expecting to be deemed gender fluid and had previously never really considered, namely, that I do not have to identify with the gender I was assigned at birth. Which makes sense really: the idea that if some person looked at my infant body and decided “girl” then I’m supposed to be allowed to wear dresses, like pink, and spend my entire life in pursuit of marriage and babies seems insane. More than that, the idea that those concepts plus whatever else defining me as a woman is completely ridiculous. The fact of the matter is that both man and woman as categories have no defining features, except that all people within the category, for whatever reason, identifies with the phrase “I am a woman” . This lack of definition, to me, makes identifying as such completely pointless. If I was to say “I am a man” every person who heard that could have an entirely distinct concept of what I mean. My saying that statement would give no additional concrete information about me, and may even suggest to some people things that are entirely contrary to my understanding of myself.

Enter my dilemma. Most buildings at the University of Auckland have not got bathrooms that cater to people outside of the gender binary. There are multiple ways one could take this. Firstly, that the university like the census, and only concerned with biological sex. I hope not, because the implication would be that, not only do intersex people not exist, but trans people are expected to use a bathroom with people of the opposite gender. And obviously gender segregation is important, otherwise there would be no issue here. That leads into the second possibility, that trans people are ok to use the bathroom designated to their gender, but non-binary people either don’t exist (obviously not true, or some ethereal spirit would be writing this) or we are expected to use the bathroom that, if someone looked at us, seems externally appropriate. Clearly a problematic situation. Especially considering that, if this were the case, we would be breaking the apparently necessary gendered segregation of bathrooms.

If there is no problem with non-binary people breaking the segregation, why is there a problem with any gender doing so? It sounds to me like a throwback to archaic ideas of protecting the delicate, defenceless women from the wild and uncontrollable men. If men are so ruthless, why don’t we protect them from each other? Does homosexual attraction not exist? Or is it just that people who identify with the phrase “I am a woman” lose all autonomy and ability to protect themselves? I’ve really tried to understand this in a reasonable way, but I’m struggling. I’m not asking for all bathrooms to be non-gendered. I get that some people are on the left side, or any ‘side’ a bathroom with only people of the same gender, and that is totally fine! In fact, I want to be able to respect that. But its currently a scheduling nightmare to run to one of the few unisex bathrooms on campus. So, I’m sorry to say, there is at least one person breaking the segregation on a daily. I really don’t think it’s too much to ask that at least one of the multi-stall bathrooms in each building be non-gendered. It wouldn’t just be for non-binary people. Literally anyone could use it. Replacing signs and making announce- ments don’t seem like too arduous tasks. University, this situation is not ok.

“I’m a Baby Boomer and I Don’t Understand Technology!” and Other Tales of Terror

BY BAILEY VERRY

Just when you thought the exit of Mike Hosking from TVNZ’s Seven Sharp might mean there could be room for half-decent editorial content, Tim Wilson comes in for save.

Nothing gets viewers frothing like a bit of middle aged moral panic over teen-age trends. Bonus points if this horrifying trend involves the internet. The Tide Pod challenge was a journalist’s wet dream of teens doing weird shit over in America. However, in lil’ old NZ we have to work a little bit harder to figure out what kids are getting up to that we can be scared about.

Recently Seven Sharp ran their latest moral panic story about teenagers and meme pages, the irony being the content was so memeable that ended up a badge of honour for those pages featured in the report itself. Despite Hosking no longer being around to exercise his influence, the piece had a “touched” of conservative spin on it. The report “exposed” the dark, ugly side of Facebook (not dramatic at all) comprised of politically left-leaning meme pages that had the potential to ‘ruin lives‘ (definitely not dramatic). Reporter Tim Wilson investigated various youth meme pages and interviewed a ‘Media Guru’ – whatever the fuck that means – to get to the truth. Interviewee Jess Maloney was not attributed any follow up credentials that would show her expertise in the field of social media or media in general, so we had to take her apocalyptic prediction soundbytes as credible.

Even though the purpose of the piece was to expose hidden anti-white pages, the pages featured were all explicitly political. For example, “Humans of Remuera” is a satirical social commentary page so of course there are political elements to it. With the fire that they were going after it I can’t help but wonder if they actually live in Remuera and just feel personally attacked. They mentioned pages require you to answer questions to get into their secret cult of lefties. The report failed to mention that questions were along the lines of ‘racism: good or bad?’ Apparently, that’s too much to ask. Other pages had memes so specific to political theories that I had to do a fair bit of Wikipedia deep diving. If your teen is that invested in teaching themselves complex political theory for stupid internet jokes you’ve done a damn good job as a parent. This is not to say that the report didn’t have legitimate critique. The tendency to get personal in an argument rather than actually have discourse of opposing views is absolutely an issue on these pages. And it is not a good idea to have yourself enclosed in one media bubble. However, let us not pretend that this a problem unique to the left side, or any ‘side’ a Facebook. We have all seen the comments on news articles. Considering the resources that Seven Sharp has the argument could have been made far more eloquently with greater depth and context than the slapdash “teens scenes from Charleston last year devoid of context no less). So what is your real gripe Seven Sharp? Is it your kids involved in extremist politics? The kind of politics you only highlighted one side of? Or is it that kids are involved in politics and might not be your politics?
How did I get here?
On the UN Commission on the Status of Women

BY LUCRETIA DOBREC

When I started my degrees five years ago, I had a wildly ambitious goal of one day working in the United Nations. A lot has changed since then, both intrinsic and extrinsic to where I am today, but this initial idea of fostering a career rooted in having a meaningful impact has navigated me to this point. So with my studies at University nearing conclusion (finally) and what feels like having developed into an entirely new person, I have been given an incredibly opportunity whereby I am off to the UN Commission on the Status of Women to dabble into the world of International Relations that I have long dreamed of thanks to a fellowship from the Aotearoa Youth Leadership Institute.

Over the next three weeks I will be trying my best to attend as much of the official programme and side-events as possible, but my main focus while I am away (and reason for applying for the fellowship in the first place) was in regard to women in STEM. My own journey into the tech sector was one I never had imagined for myself as I conjured up my initial dream of working at the UN. Instead I would describe my journey and now apparent aspirations of wanting to be involved in the tech sector as more of an unintentional stumble away from my comfort zone. Like many women before me have already identified, the STEM sector can be particularly exclusive and for me this meant I had preconceived ideas around what someone who was successful in these types of careers looked like or had experience in. A stereotype that I (as an able-bodied CIS gendered mixed-race woman) couldn’t relate to and no one that I knew of who could challenge my assumptions otherwise.

Even writing this column, I am challenged in framing these issues in a way that won’t isolate certain readers nor lead me down a rabbit hole of defining feminism and intersectionality. But I think it’s critical to highlight that all my posts will come from a fundamental recognition that certain groups of people have many facets in life that they must deal with, such as sexism and racism. With that in mind, what I want to achieve and hope to learn more about in this experience is how the opportunities in STEM can be more transparent and inclusive for everyone. In recent years, New Zealand as a whole has made significant contributions in closing gender gaps in the workforce however the same cannot be said for STEM industries. This year’s MYOB Women in Tech report found men to be twice as likely to study IT at University and almost five times more likely to study engineering and related fields. In fact, it showed that just 3% of 15-year-old Kiwi girls actually see themselves pursuing a career in IT. These issues are particularly critical for Kiwis alike as we prepare ourselves for the demands and influences of the future of work, where these career paths are becoming increasingly prevalent.

I’d like to conclude by reflecting on the points that registered the most for me in talks delivered to my delegation during our training weekend, and hope it may spark others to want to find out more about other issues facing Kiwi women too.

Firstly, Jan Logie MP who gave an honest insight into the overall structural impediments facing the status of women in New Zealand. Did you know less than 1% of sexual violence ends in conviction, yet one in four women will experience some form of sexual violence in their lifetime? Fiona Gower from Rural Women NZ stressed the issues of connectivity and digital inequality for those remotely dispersed around the country. Rural women is the priority theme of this year’s CSW62, and with the tech sector being my passion, how can we ensure all women are aware of the opportunities in STEM when these disparities exist? Human Rights activist Aych McArdle shared their personal journey in using the influence of various UN bodies to implement change in NZ, including the recognition of SOGI communities - an inclusive term that represents all individuals regardless of sexual orientation or gender identity. This way there is no cultural bias or exclusion that the term LGBTQI often ignores. Our last community speaker showed an incredible level of self-awareness and ability to articulate sensitive issues like the UN’s roots as a colonising force. All the speakers were so impressive.

My ambitions are still mostly lofty and I’m sure will mould into something else before the conference is complete, but this experience has rampantly reignited my desire of wanting to do something meaningful with my career. Hearing from leading voices in various social change groups (in other words badass women) helped me understand my purpose in being here.

“Even writing this column, I am challenged in framing these issues in a way that won’t isolate certain readers nor lead me down a rabbit hole of defining feminism and intersectionality.”
March for our lives: 24th March

Sherry Zhang reports on the issue of gun control in America.

On Valentine’s day at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School, 15 students and 3 staff died, and 17 were injured in one of the deadliest school shootings in US history.1 Repercussions from the mass shooting continue to echo within the Florida community, as well as nationally and globally.

The loss of the lives of students aged between 14-17 is harrowing, the bravery of their teachers and peers is inspiring, and the lack of response from authorities and politicians is frustrating. This shooting is the latest wakeup call and a reminder for the global community that a serious discussion is long overdue in the political space of America. Gun control and regulation is unfortunately a subject that has haunted American history in recent times. Between 1966 and 2012 there were 90 mass shootings, leading America in the world for mass shootings. With only 5% of the world’s population, America accounts for a third of all mass shootings2, while owning 35-50% of the world’s firearms.3 The tragedy, the violence, and death at Stoneman Douglas raises questions on the lack of background checks undertaken on individuals interested in gun purchasing, as well as the ease of access for perpetrators to assault rifles and multiple firearms. The kids who died at Stoneman Douglas were born into an era of gun violence marked by a number of tragedies including the 2017 Las Vegas shooting (59 deaths), the 2016 Orlando Nightclub shooting (50 deaths), 2012 Sandy hook Elementary shooting (28 deaths) as well as the infamous 1999 Columbine school shooting (15 deaths).4 These incidents should not be familiar, and the lives of victims shouldn’t disappear into statistics. And yet they do. The fact that these deaths occurred from assault rifles and multiple firearms is inherently problematic, and while it is disheartening to not dig deeper into complex issues at fault such as bullying in schools, and poor mental health services, it is not an excuse to America’s lack of focus on concrete action to change gun control issues.

The deaths at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School included geography teacher Scott Biegel who was killed while unlocking a classroom to let students to hide in.5 Chris Hixon, the school’s athletic director, ran towards the gunfire to try and help students while the Sheriff’s deputy was accused of standing outside the building.6 Peter Wang at 15 years old was killed while holding the door for students to escape, wearing his Junior Cadet shirt. His family lost their son around Chinese New Year.7 This is a reminder that when talking about gun violence, about deaths and numbers, we remember that these are children and people with families.

The students and family of Stoneman Douglas have taken to social media and the wider community, particularly as the second amendment firmly asserts their activism, including the Florida State legislature raising the age to purchase a firearm from 18 to 21, and banning bump stocks.

Relentless activism has continued to bring issues of gun violence to the global stage. The March for Our Lives movement describes itself as being “created by, inspired by, and led by students across the country who will no longer risk their lives waiting for someone else to take action to stop the epidemic of mass school shootings”.8 A non-partisan activism group, mobilised predominantly by youth and students, March for Our Lives aims to place pressure on politicians to put school safety and gun control on the national agenda. The diversity in opinion on gun reform reflects the difficulty Americans have in addressing its gun issue. Ellie Boan, a freshman from South Carolina part of the March for Our Lives movement reiterates how “Not everyone necessarily agrees how [gun reform] should happen. But different viewpoints are coming together and all agree that no American child should feel unsafe in school.”9

The socio-political climate of America has meant that the total ban of semi-automatic rifles and shotguns, such as Australia’s response after the Port Arthur massacre in 1996, is unlikely.10 There is tension between the balance of personal freedom and protection of the wider community, particularly as the second amendment firmly asserts

3 https://www.pbs.org/newshour/nation/how-do-u-s-gun-laws-compare-to-other-countries
4 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mass_shootings_in_the_United_States
8 https://marchforourlives.com/mission-statement/
America attachment to self-protection: “A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.”

Gun ownership has long been culturally ingrained in American identity. This has only been intensified and amplified by heightened paranoia of the 21st century brought on by the war on terror and war on drugs, 9/11, and mass shootings across the nation. In the Trump era, political turmoil and tumultuous government continues to foster the desire of Americans to protect their own: household, community, people.

The fire vs fire mentality is firm in the American psyche, yet fighting gun violence with further gun violence is counter-intuitive. The root of the problem is never solved. ‘Guns don’t kill people, people kill people’ is true to an extent, but semi-automatic rifles and shotguns gives those who should never be in ownership of weapons in the first place the means to exercise power and destruction. Trump’s stance, rather than addressing gun control issues, is to arm teachers – or in his own words, “If you had a teacher who was adept with the firearm, they could end the attack very quickly.”

Frederick Abt, the father of one survivor, echoes the sentiment of the president, “There are plenty of teachers who are already licensed to carry firearms, have them raise their hands to volunteer for the training, and when something like this starts, the first responders are already on campus.”

Once again, the conversation on tighter gun regulation is skirted, similar to the scapegoating of the Columbine school shooting with violent videos and emo music. This is disheartening and undermining when we see the influencers behind the scene of legislative process. The National Rifle Association (NRA) has its fingers in the honeypot of congress, with more than half of congress incumbents receiving donations from the NRA. This includes Florida senator Marco Rubio, who received 1 mill in donations. He has been publically attributed with endorsing firearms for self-defence, especially in moments of crisis and grief, tapping into American’s fear of ISIS and terrorism. However, even with this argument, self-defence is hard to justify with semi-automatic rifles and shotguns. The reasons for mass shooting, school massacres are complicated, and America’s cultural attachment to firearms is difficult to disseminate. Despite this, March for Our Lives hopes to bring gun violence beyond public conversation into congress for legislative changes to be made.

What role do New Zealanders play in this? March for Our Lives is a youth led movement, challenging assumptions and perceived notions of solutions to this issue. It is about social awareness, global connectivity and holding the government to account.

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Interview with organiser Aniket Chawla of Auckland’s March for Our Lives event

So, tell me a bit about yourself, why this is relevant to you, and why are you leading this march?

My name is Aniket. I’m 18 years old, and a first year student at UoA. I think it’s relevant to me because we all talk about how we want to make a change. When we apply for, for example, UN Youth or a job or something, we say “I’m so passionate about making a change,” but when it really comes to it, we tend to kind of back down. To me this is about making a change, getting out there. The kids who died at the shooting, they didn’t get to start university, and I did. Their entire lives were lost - all the possibilities for them were snatched away. And it feels awful because I’m getting those chances, and I’m so lucky, but I didn’t really realise that until I saw them pass away. We are a generation, and we are a community. Regardless of where we are in the world and what we’re doing, it’s up to us to make sure that our future isn’t determined by the actions of the politicians today. It has to be determined by our actions, not theirs. So that’s why I’m fighting for this, even though I am in New Zealand. I still think that what we do now will form part of our future, and we need to make sure that it is the future that we want.

Tell me how we might get involved. When and where is this March, and how do we get involved?

There are four Marches happening in Auckland, Wellington, Dunedin, and Christchurch. They are all on March 24th, and all start at 10am, except for the Dunedin March, which starts at 2pm. You can join in the March with a sign, or volunteer to help us out on the day. It’s a peaceful protest. The Auckland March will hopefully start at Owen G Glenn Building, and end up at Albert Park, where we will have a rally-like event, with prominent members of society speaking about their position on the issue.

How can people get in contact with you, to get involved, to either join or speak at the rally?

We have a Facebook page called “March For Our Lives - New Zealand”. We’ve also got specific event pages on that page, and each event page has admins whom you can individually contact, or you can contact the page.
Emelia Masari had the opportunity to speak with Karen Seeto, one of the board members of Fair Food.

Fair Food is Auckland’s first food rescue and redistribution operation. We’re a small, nimble organisation of mostly volunteers, working to nourish communities facing food scarcity daily.

Fair Food collects surplus, nutritious, fit-to-eat good food from producers & supermarkets (including Countdown, Farro Fresh & others). We then redistribute the food to over 2500 people a week, via over 50 community organisations such as shelters, family & youth programs and churches throughout West Auckland. This helps support people in need.

Fair Food are on a mission to tackle food waste and hunger by feeding people in need & not filling up landfills – and by redistributing good surplus food, we help the planet too!

Last year Fair Food rescued OVER 110 tonnes, that’s 110,000 kilos, of good fit-to-eat food destined for landfill, and redistributed it to help create over 277,000 meals!

When did you join the board and what made you join Fair Food?

I joined the Fair Food board about 2 years ago helping them out on digital marketing and analytics because I believe there is a real need for their services. I also want to use my studies and work experience on something that actually makes a difference.

There are a couple of reasons why I joined. Firstly, I grew up knowing that food is precious and it was a big no no to waste it. This came from my mum who lived through some real tough times during the Chinese Revolution. It also didn’t make sense to me that say I can tonight go back to my comfy home and cook myself a nice meal with no second thoughts, whilst there are others out there who won’t actually get a meal tonight – and this happens in our backyard. It breaks my heart. I believe that if we can all jump in, help each other out and be conscious of our actions and its impact on people and the environment then we can make it a happier place for all.

Secondly, there is growing evidence of food wastage at all points in the food production chain. Although there is no NZ data on the scale of food wastage by producers, manufacturers and retailers, NZ households waste over $872 million of food a year (Love Food, Hate Waste data). Concurrently, there is also growing food insecurity. With nearly one in four children living in poverty, homelessness on the rise, and reported pressures on traditional food banks, there is a large, growing and very real need for food rescue where the onus is on healthy nutritious food, mainly fresh fruit and vegetables - just the type of food that people on very limited income struggle to buy, just the type of food Fair Food rescue and redistribute.

I saw online that Fair Food is a finalist in the million dollar mission. Can you please shed some light on what it’s about?

The million dollar mission is part of The Trusts giving back to the West Auckland community. The money is taken directly from profits made in their retail stores and hospitality venues in West Auckland.

I’m overjoyed that Fair Food is a finalist in the Million Dollar Mission! We’re seeking funding to purchase a mix of chilled and dry containers to support our expansion plans and to help serve more communities.

How it works is that you go on the website https://www.milliondollarmission.co.nz/finalists/fair-food-trust/ and vote! Every vote from the public, provides Fair Food with $5 from The Trusts to help grow & keep this much needed service going. Its free and easy for the public to vote and you can vote once a day in March (or until the funding runs out)! Every vote helps feeds bellies, not landfills!

How can we get involved with Fair Food?

As the issue and opportunity around tackling surplus edible food destined for waste, hunger and poverty, and the environment, becomes more widely understood, topical and mainstream - and the redistribution of food waste demanded by consumers - we have seen an upsurge in the need for our services. In turn this brings growing pains and also opportunity. So please help us spread the word.

Ways to get involved:

Vote for us on Million Dollar Mission https://www.milliondollarmission.co.nz/finalists/fair-food-trust/  
Volunteers – in skilled areas (If you want to use the skills from your uni papers!)

Volunteers - who want to get hands on with the food sorting and delivery, especially with the upcoming expansion

Donate – click on Donate Now on http://www.fairfood.org.nz/

You can also contact and follow us on social media!

Follow our Facebook page “Fair Food” for updates  
https://fairfood.us12.list-manage.com/track/click?u=4d75c9d175320b23686a1b19e&id=ad4221d1a&e=45a095def1

Follow our Instagram page “fairfoodnz” https://www.instagram.com/fairfoodnz/

or Email us on info@fairfood.co.nz
Dear My Beautiful Rainbow Siblings,

I am also rainbow… just like you.

I know what it is like to feel confused by your sexuality, and even question about it. Asking yourself whether you are still “normal” or it is a “sin”?

I know how stressful it is to be accused by our parents for being “too western” due to your sexuality.

I truly to understand how painful it is to be shunned, shamed, abused, hit or even disowned by your parents just because of your sexuality.

I can truly relate to how traumatising it is to be blamed or punished by our loved ones at home for the claim of your religion.

I know what it is like to feel like as if you were born “different” from other people.

I know what it is like that you have to “police” what you wear and act in order to conform with the “mainstream” gender norms, because you are afraid of your parents might shame or hit you… It’s frustrating.

I understand what it is like to feel lonely and isolated from your family, parents, friends, loved ones and community, as if you are alone in this world.

But, I’m writing this (open) letter to say you are NEVER ALONE.

You are the MOST BEAUTIFUL and BRAVE person on earth; the one who is being true to himself/herself and themselves despite what society says.
Yes, this might be the hardest time of your life, especially with your parents and family members. Some of you might have really supportive and accepting families, and that would be such a relief! For many of you, you might be struggling with how your families, religious or cultural community view sexual-ity and gender. But there is a community of us around you that can support you, that be your chosen family.

You are just the BRAVEST, GREATEST and most BEAUTIFUL person in just the way you are. These challenges will there but we can be there for each other and we are in this together.

Never give up. Never ever give up. Don’t forget to love yourself.

You don’t need to “come out” and “fight against” your parents and others in order to demand for the acceptance from them. It could be risky. Instead, love and accept your “beautiful rainbow” self.

Remember, you’re just like the “rainbow”, shining through the dark sky of grief.

That’s why we call ourselves “rainbow”, because we are resilient and beautiful beings.

Keep Smiling =)

Love from your Rainbow Big Sister,
Bloom

For additional mental and cultural supports for LGBT migrant youth:

Shakti (if you Asian, Middle Eastern of African and are experiencing family violence, call 0800 SHAKTI)

Rainbow Youth, a charity which provides advocacy and social supports for LGBT youth.

EquAsian (social support group for Asians)

OutLine (0800 OUTLINE: telephone counselling)
THE BRISK WIND

Phoebe Mason remind us life is a rollercoaster by discussing mental health, law school, and running away to clown school.

Content Warning: Discussion of author’s experiences of depression and issues regarding mental health.

You know that feeling, where you’re in a rut? It’s like permanent winter. Weeks of rain going on and on, wind ripping along streets, the humidity making the back of your neck permanently clammy. And you don’t smoke but you buy a pack of Lucky Strikes and you smoke them defiantly one by one in the grey drizzle up on Symonds St near Craven A watching AUT kids get off the buses – it has some echo of old world glamour, but mainly it’s the pits.

The thing is that time marches incessantly on, which is often a helpful and wonderful cleanser, like a self-cleaning oven. You change, and things change. I finished law school and worked as a lawyer for a bit, then ran away to clown school and wrote a play about it all. And things are still changing. It’s the wild constancy of the passing of time.

The aforesaid play, A Brisk Wind Whistling Down Twin Oak Drive began at clown school. We were asked to write on a ‘building block’ of our life, and of its own accord, my pen began writing about my experience with depression while I was at uni. While I was in it, the time was huge and complex and exhausting. But three years on, it came out as this evocative, visceral text about the rain and the wind and my body. I had spent a lot of time parked in my car in Cornwall Park after counselling sessions, and the physical experience of watching the rain pummel the windscreen while letting tears run down my own face seemed almost a metaphor of the whole time.

The show has evolved into a choose-your-own-adventure, noir-style story-telling experience, with live foley, a very stupid and charming version of the Moon and a plunge into the surreal. I’m stoked to be performing it at the Basement Theatre and despite having its roots in some tough stuff, it’s a heap of fun. Come and see it!

I found law school hard.

It took me a long time to ‘get it’, and that long time turned subtly but surely into a really hard time.

Legal minds approach the world in a fundamentally different way than many other professions and people. My family and friends will happily tell you how deeply annoying I became to discuss anything with, when I eventually clicked into the legal headspace and realised how powerful logic could be to bore your opponent into submission.

“I carried a pretty heavy weight in my body, and it was always there. I wasn’t sure it was anything to write home about though, and at the times I dared to peek a look at how I was really feeling, I had no idea what to do about it.”
But it took a while to get to that point, and the journey was deeply frustrating. Frustrating to the point where something deep inside me decided my ‘failure’ was because I was inherently incapable, and there was no point asking for help. So I didn’t ask for help.

In my fourth year at uni I appeared to be functioning really well. Pretty solidly good grades, good social life, performing in a few plays on the side. Laughing with my friends. But I also spent a lot of time crying, a lot of time feeling raw and uncomfortable in myself. I carried a pretty heavy weight in my body, and it was always there. I wasn’t sure it was anything to write home about though, and at the times I dared to peek a look at how I was really feeling, I had no idea what to do about it.

I’m big on research and I’m big on preparing myself so as not to be embarrassed by a lack of knowledge (what do I think other people are – monsters?). So I conducted an inquiry of my own into the niggly ball in my stomach, and it was always there. I wasn’t sure it was anything to write home about though, and at the times I dared to peek a look at how I was really feeling, I had no idea what to do about it.

Information is deeply important for understanding the world and understanding how much of life’s experience we all share, but information is hard to find. Even as a privileged, white, middle-class kid with access to high decile schooling and with family and resources around me to be supported through hard times I still found it deeply hard to find information, to seek help, and to actually be helped by that help.

With the help of thelowdown and its free text line (very, very helpful), I slowly realised:

1. What depression can look like;
2. That there’s no ‘right’ or ‘wrong’ way to be depressed – if you need help, you deserve help; and
3. That I was depressed.

I got to a point where I was so exhausted by living as a depressed person that I decided point blank to get better. I asked my parents to take me to the doctor, I asked the doctor for a referral (despite not scoring highly enough on the ‘depression test’ to qualify for state funding), I called the counsellor I was referred to, I asked my parents to pay for the sessions, and I doggedly dragged myself to an hour of counselling every week for the nine-odd months of my last year at uni. I told only my closest friends, because I was embarrassed.

Counselling ended up being one of the most important and determining experiences of my life. I was given the luxury of spending an hour each week hanging out with myself and working out who I was. Since growing up from a cheery child into a dogged and ambitious young adult, I had not spent time just cruising non-judgmentally with myself. I was working to improve myself, to learn, to get better in order to be prepared for the big wide world, but I never let myself be myself with myself for no reason other than the simple fact that I am my own ride or die. Kids in safe and happy environments do this, I think. I spent a heap of time delighting myself as a kid, being stoked to be me. But that changed as I grew up. The impending ‘life’ that I was soon to live required training, and I was too busy training to just be, which is pretty key training tbh. Counselling allowed me an opportunity to get to know myself again, away from the deafening conformity of a career-focussed life, which I had deeply internalised. It’s bloody hard to get away from something you’ve internalised.

**Running away to clown school**

I loved the job I got out of uni, working in a boutique environmental, public and Māori legal issues firm. I happened into it through a range of happy incidences, after emerging from the internship application whirlwind empty handed. The work was stimulating and challenging, my colleagues and clients were inspiring and the banter was tops. I learned a huge amount. But I started to have this feeling that I needed to see some other things, because I could have been quite comfortable staying with the firm until I was 65.

So, I went to clown school.
(Quick caveat: it isn’t clown school. It’s theatre school. A month of it was spent wearing red clown noses and my parents got such delight out of telling people their lawyer daughter had gone to clown school that I am filially required to call it clown school.)

For four months, five days a week, seven hours a day, I ran around in a church hall with seventeen other wild characters and played make believe. It was the most incredible luxury for me. It was the end of the process which I had begun in counselling, of realising that I was allowed to enjoy my life (noting that ‘life’ is all aspects of one’s time on the earth, right, it’s not just the stuff that happens outside of work and hobbies). I learned that ‘nose to the grindstone’ was an idiom, not a literal rule. Although a clown with their red nose bent over a grindstone is quite a charming image.

As a performer and a theatremaker, the training was formative. My teacher John Bolton trained at the Le- coq School in France, in ‘physical theatre. In the ’50s, Jacques Lecoq devised a form of theatre training which places the body at the centre. Accessing the body of a performer as a tool seems wildly basic, but there was a lot of ‘talking head’ theatre theory up to that point. The foundation of the training is neutral mask work, through attempting to be neutral, the actor learns the intricacies and nuances of physicality. It’s an instinctive and grounded way of working.

Don’t get me wrong, I had many moments in which I would be performing alone with my classmates all watching, in a full face mask that smelt very musty and can be hard to breathe in, in a full black outfit, in a church hall in a foreign city, and I would think ‘oh man, what am I doing.’ It’s humbling stuff, trying and failing. I have really cut loose from the shackles of embarrassment since trying passionately to deliver a piece of ancient Greek text as a clump of crumbling earth and being informed I was boring. Character building stuff, I tell ya.

I am now working as a Playback actor (lovechild of storytelling and improv), a Clowntern (trainee performer in children’s hospitals), a clown on Cirque du Soleil’s books, a deviser (jokes, that doesn’t pay), an usher at a theatre, a futsal administrator, a receptionist, a volunteer groundskeeper and as a lady doing stuff in the world.

There’s no right way to live a life. It’s a constant series of recalibrations and checking whether this thing, whether it be work, relationships, friendships, still suits you, whatever ‘suits you’ might mean. A sustainable life won’t be a constant happy glow, it’ll be tough too. Tough isn’t bad, challenging yourself is inherently tough, but the toughness has to be fulfilling in some way, and it has to be yours.

Ok. that’s enough from me, be nice to yourself, come to the show, kthxbye.

A Brisk Wind Whistling Down Twin Oak Drive
Tues 20– Sat 24 Mar, 6.30pm, Basement Theatre, Lower Greys Ave, CBD. $25 full / $20 concession & students / Cheap Weds $15. Book online at basementtheatre.co.nz

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Rox Soriano addresses the silences around queer people in the census that was completed last week.

Earlier this month, some people had the lovely privilege of filling out a five-yearly semi-outdated survey called the “census”. It’s true that this year they tried to up the ante by streamlining the process with an online radio-button form. Yet it came with its own set of problems for everyone involved, especially with access to the census forms itself, confusing procedures, and the insensitivity of the questions. Particularly for queer folk, whose non-cisgender and non-heteronormative presence was noticeably absent in the small amount of questions presented. Who knew that such a silence would take a lot of unpacking?

For starters, the only question mildly related was “Are you? [select option] Male/Female”. For those who filled out the dwelling form, it would be noticeable later that this is actually a ‘sex’ rather than a ‘gender’ question presented crudely as “What is [name]’s sex? [select option] Male / Female”. But of course, for those who filled out only an individual form, it gives no indication that the question is actually about your sex.

For cisgender folks, this might be a straightforward question, but it raises so many red flags for transgender people. Do they answer with their gender? Do they answer with their biological sex? What about gender-nonconforming and non-binary people, what are they supposed to answer to a question presented like that? Also, if we were just to stick to the ‘sex’ framework of the question as intended, how the hell are intersex people supposed to answer that?

The fact that there was nothing on the census website to help with how to answer this question indicates the thoughtless cisnormativity that went into the question. Although, they did offer a specific avenue for intersex persons to answer the ‘sex question’ by calling the census helpline. Reaching out to intersex person and advocate, Kf Foster, for their experiences with the census and its helpline, they responded with: “small brain: don’t put intersex people in the census; big brain: put intersex people in the census; large brain: put intersex people in the census in a way that discourages munters from having a laugh; galaxy brain: don’t put intersex people in the census
by specifically removing them from the stats.”

According to the recent Official Information Act request regarding this issue, intersex persons were asked to request a paper form and tick both the male and female boxes, because apparently it was too hard to format that into the online form and because having it as a third option would cause confusion within the general population. On top of that, the two-tick answers wouldn’t be recorded as part of the official report for these statistics, as if people who couldn’t possibly conceive a third biological sex needed reassuring that intersex people didn’t exist.

According to the Official Information Act request, the gender-based question is omitted entirely because it was considered controversial, it would confuse people, and was too complicated to format in a way that would produce what they considered to be credible results. It was deemed too difficult for the general population to tell the difference between ‘sex’ and ‘gender’. If only we knew the percentage of queer people within the general population so no crass assumptions would be made!

What is most interesting is that the census content analysis regarding gender detailed particular concerns that the questions wouldn’t be able to record data on transgender people. It’s as if even during deliberations, they didn’t quite understand that trans men were men, and trans women were women. It’s as if having questions that separated sex and gender, one of the accepted markers of what makes a person transgender, couldn’t possibly be the solution to their concerns, oh not at all.

There was even a point during the deliberations of census questions to include one for sexuality due to concerns about the safety of non-heterosexual people. Similarly to the gender question, it was omitted because it was thought to be confusing, controversial, not too high a priority, and that it would be difficult to make a standard for it.

All of the above was apparently enough to overrule the growing concerns of the Ministry of Health, and other similar organisations, who were in need of this data in order to start making policy considerations that address the needs and safety of intersex and trans (including non-binary trans) people in New Zealand. It’s apparently not clear enough to the census content team how crucial this information is, especially for the health and well-being of queer folk who are more likely to be subject to negative treatment.

Additionally, it is laughable that they omitted gender and sexuality questions on the count that it would confuse people. The whole census was confusing; even the one sex question they had was nothing but a mess for anyone who wasn’t cisgender. It was a mess especially for the very trans people whose data they were so keen to record by omitting the important aforementioned questions that would yield the data they were looking for.

It’s twenty-gay-teen, in the year of our lord Bend-elaChrist. One would think that with queer people becoming more and more visible, there would be more conversation around the issues that this community faces, and the critical need to address them. Effectively, the census’ silence on these question categories continues to perpetuate the long history of silencing queer folk. This is despite the fact that gender and sexuality questions have been asked in the census before! If we were out of the closet in the last census, what legitimate reasons do they have to shove us the hell back in?

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This article will not have been possible without the work of Amy Tait, who sent the formal request under the Official Information Act 1982 as to the development of census questions related to the queer community and its omission from the 2018 census, as well as an analysis of the hefty paperwork response; and advocate for intersex persons Kī Foster who is responsible for the visual summary of intersex persons’ treatment in regard to the census and its results.

“If only we knew the percentage of queer people within the general population so no crass assumptions would be made!”
I remember once when I was a kid someone had told me that female flight attendants are often forced to wear heels as part of their uniform. Child-me didn’t think this was so bad, until I tried on a pair of my mother’s very modest heels and struggled to walk. Since then it had always disgusted me that some women would have this invention that is detrimental to the function of human legs as part of their uniform, and I always refused to wear them. Now I was standing at the bottom of the steps to the middle of the stage in six-inch heels and lingerie wondering how the fuck I would make it up those few steps.

The “House of Love” stands on a rise on one of the main streets of Auckland. By day it’s shut off from the city by its roller door, with a sign painted on the front, saying: ‘We want you!’ I was desperate for money at the time, and thought that working at a strip club might be a good way to make lots of money fast. Originally I had been interviewed for a bartending position there, having had a friend tell me that sometimes she had made $500 in one night from tips and her wage at the club. “Fantasia”, the club’s manager and wife of the owner, had convinced me to try being a podium dancer instead (I’d be dressed in lingerie, wouldn’t have to strip, dance on the poles in between strip shows, and flirt with customers), promising me I’d still be able to make $500 a night.

One of the strippers had just finished her set and so it was time for the podium girls to hit the poles. We lined up at the bottom of the steps to walk down the middle of the stage and up the sides of the room to the poles. I made it up the steps, with only a slight buckle of my ankle, holding my arms out and leaning slightly forward for balance. I was Bambi trying to walk for the first time. The girl in front of me was walking much faster than I was down the middle of the stage, and I struggled to keep up with her without feeling like my legs would bend in ways they shouldn’t and I would collapse.

I miraculously made it across the stage, and avoided making eye-contact with any of the eyes looking up at me. I grabbed hold of anything I could in order to keep my balance. I climbed up the left side of the room—steps and poles and handles had been strategically placed so that anyone in six-inch heels could climb across to the poles.

I reached an available pole and took a moment to scan the room. I took the pole in my hands and tried to copy the dancer on the pole beside me. The ceiling was high and made the place feel cavernous. I looked down at the customers. Mostly men, a few women. The place wasn’t packed out, in fact it seemed quite empty from the podium. The customers were dotted around the place, with mainly empty chairs in between. Most of them weren’t paying attention to the podium dancers – they were just waiting for the next show. We were just decorations, just wallpaper for the room.

‘Good job,’ Mya, said the girl who had been showing me the ropes for the night, when we finished our set. ‘Now go find a customer.’ If the manager caught us leaving customers by themselves, we would get a $20 fine at the end of the night. Same with if we missed a set. Same with if our breaks went over 10 minutes.

I searched the room for a lonely customer. Sitting up by one of the podiums was chubby man in a suit sitting by himself. I inelegantly moved towards him, still feeling like Bambi.

‘Hi!’ I tried to sound enthusiastic. ‘How are you?’

‘I’m good thank you,’ he said. ‘What’s your name?’

‘I’m good thanks,’ I said before realising he hadn’t actually asked me how I was. ‘I mean–Sidney, my name’s Sidney.’ Sidney was the fake name I had given to myself for the night.
‘And my name is Jay,’ he said. ‘You are beautiful!’

‘Thank you,’ I said. ‘It’s my first night.’ I was hoping this would make him give me a tip for my nerves. He didn’t. Instead we watched as the curtains were drawn and one of the strippers strutted out. She was one of the bigger girls who had a perfect face with petite features, complemented by thick, curly red hair. She began slow, teasing the audience. Then she showed off some sort of impressive acrobatic skills, doing flips and cartwheels. We clapped and cheered where appropriate. Jay put his arm around me and I felt my body involuntarily curl inward. Then I remembered my role as a prop in this place and fixed my composure.

‘Do you have any tattoos?’ Jay asked.

‘No,’ I said reluctantly. I knew exactly what he was going to say: he was going to be pleased that I hadn’t tarnished my body with tattoos ‘like the other girls.’

‘Wonderful!’ he said. ‘I can’t believe I found someone here so beautiful with no tattoos!’ I didn’t know what to say to his anti-tattoo judgement, so turned back to watch the show and wondered how long I should wait to leave this guy without giving me any tips. The curtains closed and it was time for the podium girls to hit the poles again.

‘You were beautiful!’ said Jay when I sat back down after the set. ‘I have a surprise for you.’ He reached into the inside of his suit jacket and pulled out a block of Belgian white chocolate and handed it to me.

‘Oh,’ I said, staring at the wad of stripper dollars sticking out of his shirt pocket. ‘Thank you.’

‘I want to give you money,’ he said, ‘But I feel like it might devalue you.’ I thought about my lunch I might or might not have the next day, depending on how much I would make tonight. Perhaps I’d have to save the chocolate for lunch.

‘I’ll give you some anyway, though.’ Jay pulled out a note from his shirt pocket, a single note. The special White House stripper dollars were worth two dollars each. He used his fingers to pry open the right cup of my bra, and slipped the note inside, as well as a few fingers he used to cop a feel of my nipple. I felt sick, and told Jay I had to go on my break. I avoided him for the rest of the night.

Time goes slow in the House of Love. When I thought it might be around three o’clock, it was actually about one. I danced a total of about 16 sets all together. I fell over a total of zero times, but can’t count the number of times my ankles buckled beneath me. The muscles in my legs burned and I could barely walk by the end of the shift. I was sweaty, sleep-deprived, I smelled bad, my feet were killing me, and there was no $500 at the end of the night to make it all worth it.

‘How much dear?’ asked Olga, flicking through my stripper dollars at six o’clock in the morning, the end of the shift.

‘Sixty-six,’ I said. I was slightly embarrassed at how little I had earned. Olga put the dollars through the money counting machine to check if I was telling the truth. She wrote ‘66’ on a sheet of paper next to my name and passed it to me.

‘Sign here dear,’ said Olga, Fantasia’s minion. I looked down at the sheet. On the left was a list of all the girls’ names, and beside that each of their totals of tips. Mya, $123. Sandi, $101. Becca, $113. I was surprised to find that these were the highest numbers on the sheet. One of the strippers had only earned $76, and another only $61.

My one night working in a strip club was only that: one night – and probably not representative of what it’s truly like to work in a strip club. Some girls have better experiences, some have worse. From my short experience I learnt that it’s bloody hard work, the bosses are horrible and working conditions suck, the patrons are mostly okay but some are absolute creeps, and some nights you make absolutely fuck all money. I texted Fantasia the next morning telling her I wouldn’t be back.
REVSIEWS

Auckland City Limits
by Emma Rogers
Festival Review by Emma Rogers
Auckland City Limits, based off of Austin City limits, last graced Auckland with its presence two years ago when they brought the likes of Kendrick Lamar, The National and Modest Mouse to create an exceptionally bangin’ day, and possibly my favourite music festival of 2016. Unfortunately, living up to that unforgettable day in 2016 was not on the cards when the lineup for 2018 was released. Beck, Justice and Future were to headline this year as well as Young Thug (AKA the reason I could pretend paying $180 for a ticket was an investment over a mistake), who was denied a visa to NZ just a week before the event. Despite this, I marched on with high hopes that it’d still be a day worth the RRP of $180. For the most part, it was.

The lineup may not have been as star-studded as 2018, but it did have Sigrid, Phoenix, George Ezra to create a chilled-out vibe and thanks to the spacious venue, which seemed like a dream compared to Laneway’s Albert Park, Western Springs park comfortably housed four stages as well as a couple of bars, smaller stages and plenty of room for roaming, preparing for the massive crowds that were about to come.

Everything ran smoothly, on time and the food was great even with the festival price tags. The performers, although different from 2016, were well attended and the extra attractions like the carnival area were a personal highlight, the silent disco meant that it’d still be a day worth the RRP of $180. For the most part, it was.

How To Socialise And Make Friends
Camp Cope
Music Review by Chris Wong
On their sophomore record How to Socialise and Make Friends, the outspoken Melbourne trio Camp Cope tackle a range of important and sensitive subjects head on, with unapologetic yet poignantly raw lyrics. Whereas they only scratched the surface of these issues with their 2016 self-titled debut, the trio dive right into the centre of them on this record, such as on first track “The Opener”, where they call out the pervasive misogyny in the industry, with accusatory lines based off actual quotes by men and other happenings: “It’s another all-male tour preaching equality / It’s another straight cis man who knows more about this than me”, “It’s another man telling us we can’t fill up the room / It’s another man telling us to book a smaller venue”, and last but not least, “Just get a female opener, that’ll fill the quota”.

The origin of the album title is revealed on the title track as taken from someone’s self-help book collection and used in a tongue-in-cheek manner. On “The Face of God” frontwoman Georgia Maq recounts an experience of sexual assault by a fellow musician, an offence swept under the rug frequently, as they usually “don’t seem like that kind of guy”, and their “music is too good”. The timing of the band as they focus on exploring and broadening their own unique sound, as showcased by Maq’s raw vocals and simple but effective chord progressions, Kelly-Dawn Hellmrich’s melodic basslines which easily fill up the role of lead guitar, all backed up by Sarah Thompson’s pounding drums, which altogether give us a solid if not passionate follow-up.

TOTEP EP
Kero Kero Bonito
Music Review by Chris Wong
Kero Kero Bonito’s TOTEP EP sounds worlds away from the glitz and glam of their usual J-pop inspired affair. Known for bright glitchy bubblegum pop with a strong Japanese influence, and somewhat odd and childish tongue-in-cheek lyrics. Kero Kero Bonito could be described as kids music for adults. However TOTEP is a complete 180 from this, with the trio focusing on a more mature dreamy lo-fi indie rock sound instead.

Lyrically, the band have also matured; opening track “The One True Path” is a stark thematic departure from the themes of their previous work, with a darker, almost cult-like subject matter propelled forward by its pulsing bass synths. Lead single “Only Acting” sounds almost like a fuzzed-out Weezer track, and can be seen as a possible jab towards their old selves, “I thought I was only acting / But I felt exactly like it was all for real”, suggesting that maybe they were only putting on a façade with their super cutey image and their “music is too good”. The timing of the band as they focus on exploring and broadening their own unique sound, as showcased by Maq’s raw vocals and simple but effective chord progressions, Kelly-Dawn Hellmrich’s melodic basslines which easily fill up the role of lead guitar, all backed up by Sarah Thompson’s pounding drums, which altogether give us a solid if not passionate follow-up.

You Know How It Is” is another fast pop punk-influenced track where the guitars take on a shoegaze-like texture, with vocalist Sarah Midori Perry dwelling on the hurt and emotional struggle in her life in an almost conversational tone. The chill, downbeat closing track “Cinema” has a sense of unescapable loneliness to it, with Perry narrating her isolated surroundings and wistfully wondering if some things will ever change as we grow older.

Overall TOTEP is an exciting new step for the band as they focus on exploring and broadening their sonic palette, bringing in new dimensions into their sound. While some of the ideas on the EP are somewhat underdeveloped, TOTEP is still an extremely satisfying listen.
Have you ever wanted to watch fully grown men prancing around in Elizabethan dresses and full faces of makeup? How about witness toned and shirtless young actors doing backflips? Or maybe you’ve even had the itching desire to have fake blood shot straight into your eye and onto your shirt, staining it for all eternity?

Well did you know that you can experience ALL that AND more in the space of one show at the Pop Up Globe? Insanity, I know.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ is one of Shakespeare’s most classic comedies, and the Pop Up’s adaptation with a Kiwiana twist is not one to disappoint if you’re looking for some quality entertainment. The actors of the love triangle plot are all male, creating an awfully hilarious chemistry dynamic between the roles of Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Demetrius. The camp connotations of the relationship give us something fresh to chew on, rather than just your typical damsel chasing after man of her dreams sort of debacle.

Hearing that the pivotal plotline with Titania, Oberon, and Puck was going to be performed fully in Te reo Māori piqued the interest of many Globe goers, including my own. The story’s language still proved to be a barrier. The story’s connections with women artists. It presents a collection of influential women artists of huge historical significance who were left behind in the silence of history. What seems to be a ‘chaotic’ installation in The Brown room informs us about the foundation of the current climate of creative industries for women in New Zealand. The collection of works and welcoming deco invites visitors to thoroughly take in what the exhibition has to give. Like what Mokopōpaki stands for, the show provides a focus on Māori women in art and their significance in the movement.

The room instead of solely showing their works, also used their own voices to detail the story behind each work in a visual lecture, which was especially interesting to me, as I was quite new to the history of New Zealand women and their art. There’s more to the exhibition at the shop’s window, where it’s been turned into a cozy cinema where you can even enjoy accompanying short films.

Many thanks to Jacob Terre from Mokopōpaki for the help with this review.
ARTS INTERVIEW

NOT THE RENAISSANCE

PAINTING BUT AN
INTERVIEW WITH

GEORGIA NOTT

Sherry Zhang and Belle Hullon interview Georgia Nott on The Venus Project, inspirational women and practicing witchcraft.

Georgia Nott, otherwise known as the other half of the Broods, released her album The Venus Project on International Women’s Day. From writing, producing to the publicity and designing of the album, Georgia has definitely got together one of the coolest, girls-you’d-love-to-be-friends-with-but-are-intimidated-by-cuz-of-their-sheer-talent squad. This album stands strong against the lack of female presence in the backstage, the nuts and bolts of music production. It is an intimate conversation on femininity, mental health and support. Belle and Sherry sit in the car listening to the Venus project while it rains outside before the interview, and it feels raw and dreamy rolled into one.

GEORGIA: I think it’s not exactly what people expect because its way different to Broods.

SHERRY: It’s much more intimate and it has such a different feeling, but we still feel like we’re not completely shocked.

BELLE: Like it’s broken down to just Georgia.

GEORGIA: Yeah, I think it’s just a lot more raw and exposed. It was something I wanted to do for ages, that kind of DIY music - two of the songs are actually demos; I tried reworking them but I just went back to the demo because it felt like it was meant to be in that form - Take me out and Daughter of the King are both still the demo versions and you can actually still hear the air conditioning in the background (laughs). I think a lot of the music I’ve heard in that realm I connect with straight away and I was just like yay, I wanna do it myself.

SHERRY: We were listening to Hey Love, that had a lot of emotional content, tell us more about that.

GEORGIA: The first one was from one of my best friends, she sent me that voicemail when I was out of town and she knew I was in a session so she just sent me these 4 different voice memos on Facebook, just saying basically what she would say if we were talking face to face. We’re definitely each others counsellors, in that sense. Everytime it’s just us we kind of go ‘I feel like… this and this.’ I think that’s something that people need to do more. I wanted people to listen to this and realize it’s such a universal feeling, when she says what do I do, where do I belong. I think that will hit such a chord, and that’s what this whole album is supposed to be. I think I definitely learned who I was as well. Especially in this age, it’s really hard to look in the mirror and be like, ‘gosh you’re awesome’... Doing this project has been the best way to find that part of myself - I was a pretty free kid and didn’t really worry about what other people thought and then you get to that point where everything seems to be staring right at you. But I think that was because of the collaboration of women - I think that women do just want to uplift each other and being able to share that kind of energy is super essential.

BELLE: What are some of the issues that you think are different in the New Zealand music industry and LA, for women?

GEORGIA: I think they’re pretty similar, you know. In my experience with both sides, there’s just a huge lack of women. The industry in LA is huge, everyone goes there to pursue their careers, so it was slightly easier to find women - it was still really hard through to find, not necessarily writers - but to find a mixing engineer. We finally found this awesome chick. It was the first time I’d ever had a personal relationship with a mixing engineer - and it was because she was a woman and we had so much common ground and support for each other and belief in each other.

BELLE: Did it change the sound?

GEORGIA: Yeah. I think it did because, when you feel like ‘you’re enough’, all the most honest things and real parts of you, they come a lot more naturally.

SHERRY: Do you feel like the energies, or the dynamic was different?

GEORGIA: This whole process has been way more emotional. I’m already so hyper emotional, it’s almost exhausting. Especially today (release day) - I’m so excited and relieved and happy and scared and so many things but I think being able to feel like you can just come out and say how you’re feeling and have somebody say ‘me too’… that was a huge part of making it such a vulnerable record because I felt safe - I felt safe being vulnerable. Like it wasn’t a weakness, it was a huge strength to be able to be vulnerable in front of other people. I think that was
always what I wanted to achieve with it, so I’m just stoked.

SHERRY: I remember you doing SmokeFree Rock Fest! I was excited then and now it’s went up - It’s just amazing seeing it all happen.

GEORGIA: I mean I’m so happy that I’ve gotten to the point where I can be exactly who I am in my career rather than feel like I have to separate who I am in myself and who I am on stage or in the studio.

BELLE: Do you have anything to say to the women who are listening?

GEORGIA: I would really like women to stop taking ‘it’s just the way it is’ - that’s a stupid excuse, it makes no sense and has no substance, I’ve heard it so many times when I’ve tried to challenge the norm. Well, why? Maybe it shouldn’t be! We’ve been told, through conversation and media that women have a very specific role career wise and they fit in their list of careers. It’s a tiny list compared to the list guys can get into. When a woman steps out of that list, its like ‘wow, it’s a miracle!’

No it’s not. It’s just that young women feel like they need to go with the way it is.

BELLE: And it’s been made easy for them, it’s a track that’s been beaten.

GEORGIA: Yeah, exactly. That’s the track that they’ve been told is their destiny. But I want women to feel like if they want to be a producer in the music industry, or an engineer or they want to play drums, be an astronaut, that they’re gonna be accepted in those industries. I feel that at the moment we’re still working very hard to make women feel like they belong. Men are still saturating these industries. There were so many times when I felt like people were surprised to see me in the studio or doing a good job. For a while I was waiting for their approval to feel a sense of belonging. Then I said fuck that, I belong here, I’m great, I’m not gonna apologize for thinking that I belong or believing in what I have to say or what I make, or believing that I am good at what I do. Because if I don’t I’m never gonna get to that place that I want to be.

SHERRY: It’s such a male dominated industry, is that too broad a thing to say?

GEORGIA: It is! Every industry is...Well it goes both ways. I don’t think that men should feel like being a primary school teacher or a nurse or nanny is bad. Guys can be so nurturing as well, I think the stereotype can go both ways. It’s harmful for both. I think when we keep letting this cycle keep going, we’re missing out on letting women in high up board meetings and having men teaching young kids what it means to be a good man. We’re learning everything in such a specific way that we need to shake it up.

BELLE: Can we ask you a bit more of a personal question; what women in your life inspire you?

GEORGIA: Everyone. I think that all women are inspiring. Especially women I’ve met in the last couple of years, because I’ve been a different person through this... It’s the things that you talk about, woman to woman, that really inspire me. These kinds of conversations. Feeling like you’re being heard and appreciated... any creative industry or any industry where they are in the public eye, when women use their platform show that they are supporting their fellow women and standing up for themselves. You know, the Oprahs of the world. Gosh, she’s amazing. You know, the people that just live and breathe for what they believe in. Without being sorry for making anyone uncomfortable. I feel like it’s long overdue. When I first decided to do this record, I was like why the hell has this not been done yet. Since I’ve been working on it, I’ve seen so many other projects like this, celebrations of women - Lil boots’, Gin Wigmore, tattoo artists, jewellery makers. So to see all these women banding together is gonna lead to such a positive change in the way that women see themselves and the way that young women see their place with other women.

BELLE: Was there a pivotal moment when you decided to do this album?

SHERRY: Or was it years of repressed anger, of feminine rage?

GEORGIA: (laughs) Actually when I came into this industry there were all these women, who’d been preaching what they believe in, and I felt like I was in a place where I couldn’t say what I’m thinking. There was a fear of losing fans, and I remember wondering how on earth do I share my feelings in a positive way that feels right to me. So I came to the conclusion that I was just gonna write this huge celebration of women, a record. And combine it with my passion for expression. To make mental health talked about more, and those two things are the things I find most important, in my process as an artist. So be able to do all that, and to make something that is a piece of artwork that celebrates how awesome we are, and then in turn, start those conversations of encouragement.

SHERRY: It really feels like a conversation, an intimate one.

GEORGIA: As women we are intimate creatures. Just naturally we have that emotional side. We shouldn’t hide it because its too much for everyone else.

SHERRY: I thought we might ask you a few classic questions since this album is created by and for women. Do you hate men?

GEORGIA: (laughs) I love men. I love all the men.

SHERRY: Do you all secretly practise witchcraft.

GEORGIA: (laughs) I just don’t want to not believe in magic. I just really want it to be real.
Kanye West is a Chicago rapper who has become a legend within the Hip Hop industry. Despite starting out as a producer, he gradually cemented himself as a rapper with his first album The College Dropout. Kanye West as a person is praised and scorned; loved and loathed as possibly the most polarising artist of the 21st Century. His discography is much the same with each album being in stark contrast to the one prior. Taking into account lyrical content, soundscape and the influence of each album, below is a list of Kanye’s ‘worst’ to best work.

7. 808’s & Heartbreaks (2008)
Influenced by his mother’s death and the end of his long term relationship, 808s found Kanye at his lowest. Right off the back of the success of Graduation Kanye faced two of his largest personal tests. Again this album is aurally completely different to his previous works. As the name suggests, there’s a heavy incorporation of 808s (bass/drum) and auto-tune. Kanye doesn’t rap on this album instead choosing to sing as inspired by Michael Jackson. The album chronicles his pain at the time and demonstrates a tortured artist. The work has been cited by Kanye as his most boundary pushing album to date and it’s hard to argue with that. The album has influenced a whole generation of rappers such as Drake, Lil Uzi Vert and Childish Gambino.

“Stadium status,” the words Kanye’s opens with on the track ‘Big Brother’. encapsulates the album and Kanye at the time. This is peak mainstream Kanye. The tracks ‘Stronger’, ‘Can’t Tell Me Nothing,’ ‘Flashing Lights,’ ‘Good Life’ and ‘Homecoming’ were all massive singles when released. It propelled Kanye from solely being a hip hop pioneer to a mainstream juggernaut. The album has an electronic feel that’s brought forward with the help of Daft Punk. It’s probably Kanye’s safest album but is nonetheless important as it’s Kanye at his happiest and most successful.

5. Life of Pablo (2016)
The release of The Life of Pablo was a messy process with the album itself being a bit of a mess. Attempting to cover all bases, there are many ideas attempted on the album. Kanye aims to use all the tools he’s accumulated
on his six previous albums and combine them into one. While it probably ranks at the bottom of Kanye’s albums in terms of cohesion. It does offer some of Kanye’s best tracks to date such as: ‘Real Friends’, ‘Ultralight Beam,’ ‘Father Stretch My Hands Pt. 1,’ ‘Feedback’ and ‘30 Hours.’ These tracks demonstrate Kanye’s versatility and vision. Like many of Kanye’s albums it faced substantial criticism but has since started to garner retroactive praise.


A polarizing album to the say the least, there are those who cite the sound of this album as being a Death Grips rip off. This statement though undermines the variance of the album sounds and is an easy dismissal of Kanye’s most challenging album. The album culminates his anger with everyone especially the fashion industry that he has tried to break into. Kanye labels himself a God, a black skinhead as well as details his indulgent sex life. The lyrics alone open up a discourse for the role of race within global industries such as the fashion world alongside highlighting the misogyny within Hip Hop.


The album that cemented Kanye’s legendary hip hop status while simultaneously becoming a cornerstone of Hip Hop. The album combined all of Kanye’s best qualities which he had honed and perfected after the first four studio albums. Lyrically it commonly viewed as best work since *Late Registration*. In certain parts the sound is lush, like the single ‘Power’ or ‘Devil in a New Dress.’ In others its more stripped back to let the artist shine like ‘Monster’ or ‘So Appalled.’ The album reflects the essence of the production ability which skyrocketed Kanye’s career. Kanye himself in terms of progression and innovation prefers the likes of *Yeezus* and 808s & Heartbreaks but it’s hard to argue that this album didn’t crack the mold of what a mainstream Hip Hop album could be and set the tone for the latest generation of Hip Hop.

2. *Late Registration* (2005)

The culmination of a production partnership between Kanye and Jon Brion, Kanye’s second album expands on the imprint *College Dropout* which released the previous year. The album however moves in a completely aurally different direction to *College Dropout*. It incorporates orchestral sounds underneath arguably Kanye’s best lyrical display. The album once again displayed Kanye’s ability to shift the mainstream sound. It consists of chart topping singles as well as tracks that maintained an aura of authenticity and personability.
Climate change. It’s not a myth. It’s not a hoax made up “for and by the Chinese”, as suggested by Trump. Instead, it’s the biggest environmental issue of our time which is killing our planet every day.

In simple terms, climate change refers to unexpected changes in the weather of a place at a certain time of the year. For example, the ice caps gradually melting is a sign of climate change as a generally cool environment is heating up enough to melt whole glaciers, causing sea levels to rise and arctic animals to lose their homes. It really is a downward spiral. Climate change is unstoppable as the Earth naturally fluctuates between warmer and colder climates, these climates lasting thousands of years at a time. However, climate change also results in increased droughts, heat waves, hurricanes, and so we must slow it down if we want our Earth to remain habitable thousands of years down the line.

Humans are the biggest contributors towards climate change as a result of the excessive amount of greenhouse gases we generate. The food we cook and the cars we drive all take up energy and results in pollution. This energy is powered by oils and gases and releases toxic fumes into our atmosphere causing the air to heat up, which therefore contributes to the changing climate of a place and gradually changes the climate of the Earth itself. The Earth is on average warming up at a rate of 0.7°C per century. It’s very easy to dismiss this statistic as the likelihood of the world ending due to climate change during our lifetime is very rare. But the Earth is not immortal. We may die before it but the generations after us will have to suffer because we didn’t care enough about saving our own home.

So what can we do? We must reduce our carbon footprint. This means doing little things like carpooling, shutting the television when we leave a room, recycling and using recyclable materials, and actively supporting the environment in any way you can. In a world like ours, it’s very easy to get caught up in trends. In a world like ours, where the President of the United States doesn’t believe in climate change, it’s easy to follow suit. However, I encourage you to research and educate yourself. Learn of the very real and harsh truth that is climate change. Empowerment comes from education and advocacy, and the only way we can help our environment is if we know enough about it to.

Earth will eventually become unlivable for us and when that time comes we might face extinction. The Earth will continue existing however it is us who needs the Earth and not the other way around.

It’s 2018, and with unlimited access to all the technology around us it really is our social responsibility to stay educated on important issues that affect our planet. One of the most important issues of our time is climate change.

What are you going to do about it?
The Impossible Burger

Naomi Simon-Kumar discusses her experience eating a meatless meat burger and the sustainability of the food industry.

Back in August last year, I spent nearly an hour in line at a food festival in Toronto for a taste of something that at the time seemed somewhat remarkable – a veggie burger that not only tasted like meat, but reportedly bled as you ate it. The crowd seemed endless from where I was standing, and with the sun beating hot on my face I was sorely tempted to just grab a cookie from the neighbouring stall and leave. Surely no burger could be worth the wait, especially with the delectable range of plant-based patties on the market already.

Forty-five minutes later (and a cool 20 Canadian dollars out of pocket) intrigue got the better of me, and I was on my way to trying something of a fast food novelty: the Impossible Burger. I’ll admit, the fact that the patty sizzled with the succulence of real flesh was a draw – not necessarily because I have ever been enthused by the idea of flesh more generally, but because I was curious as to how something made entirely from plant-based material could be seared and incorporate the texture of cooked meat. As far as burgers go, this one was pretty conventional fare, accompanied by tomato sauce (or ‘ketchup’, as I was curtly reminded by the flipper behind the grill), pickles, lettuce, tomato, and dairy-free cheddar to my delight.

Touted as a gamechanger in the plant-based food market, the Impossible Burger combines several ingredients including potato and wheat protein, coconut oil, and soy-based isolate to produce something of a gastronomic marvel. 95% less land required for production, 74% less water, and 87% less in greenhouse gas emissions.¹ The Silicon Valley-based start-up responsible for its creation, Impossible Foods, places sustainability and innovation at the heart of its business model. Its team is heavily research and design focused, comprising engineers, research scientists, food developers and commercial experts. Since its beginnings in 2011, Impossible Foods has raised an impressive $182 million USD, counting Google and Bill Gates among its many top-name investors. Its mission is to change the way we consume resource-intensive foods in the aim of offsetting impacts to the environment caused by unsustainable farming practices, health concerns around processed meat, and addressing ethics around animal consumption.² It’s not just focused on vegans and vegetarians either – the company wants to mainstream its appeal. The patty does still remain marginally more expensive to produce than standard beef patties, but Impossible Foods is committed to driving down the cost through large scale production.

Replicating the distinctive taste and smell of meat proved difficult for the company. Heme is a molecule present in the protein haemoglobin which carries oxygen to cells in blood, and is responsible for the rich taste of meat and raw pink appearance. Heme in the cells of animal muscle is carried by a protein called myoglobin. Leghemoglobin is a protein closely related to myoglobin and extracted from the roots of legumes. Importantly, the heme molecule found in heme obtained from plants is identical to the heme molecule found in animal tissue. Consequently, the direct extraction of leghemoglobin was explored as an early option in the development of the Impossible patty, only to be deemed costly and inefficient for production.³ In growing their heme this way in the lab, Impossible Foods avoids destroying soy plants to obtain root nodules, which would only contribute to soil erosion and the release of carbon from soil.⁴

Under the direction of former Stanford biochemist Dr. Patrick Brown, Impossible Foods developed a new, resource-efficient protein source suitable for use by inserting a specific portion of soy DNA that codes for heme into a standard yeast.⁵ The yeast is then fermented to produce a cheap and clean source of plant-based leghemoglobin that can be incorporated in the patty. I can only hazard a bullish guess and say that this really does look to be the genetic engineering of our future – though that might be an unnerving prospect for many. Meanwhile, the product hasn’t even hit New Zealand shelves yet, and there’s no telling when that might happen when it does. But if the widespread success of plant-based fast food eatery Lord of the Fries is anything to go by, we might have a winner.

As a long-time vegetarian who last ate meat as an adolescent, I can’t really attest to whether what I ate was really comparable to meat. It was certainly nothing like the plant foods I had recently eaten, but it did taste great – chunky and flavoursome with a long-lasting umami taste. My cousin, well and truly weaned on meat, did say that while it wasn’t exactly reminiscent of anything you’d expect from Carl’s Jr., it was ‘pretty damn close’.

Hello,

Since O Week my role has not slowed down! Here are a few of things I fill my days with:

Two weeks ago, we had the first Club Presidents’ function, which was a way to introduce Club Presidents to key people in the University and to thank them for what they are doing. This event is going to become a tradition, and it was lovely to meet the Presidents!

We also had the first Student Consultative Group meeting for the year, which was where key staff within the University, including the Vice Chancellor, met with Faculty presidents, the Ngā Taura Māori (NTM) Presidents, the AUPISA presidents and AUSA representatives. This year Jess (AUSA EVP) and I have worked with the University to ensure that there is more meaningful consultation. We have made changes such as altering the layout of the room so that students and staff are mixed around tables, changing the session so that half the time is for discussion and student input, and for thoughts issues and concerns raised at the SCG to be reported back on to ensure accountability. One topic we are excited to focus on this year at SCG is reforming our Student Charter to make it a more clear, informative and empowering document for students. I will keep you posted about how SCG goes this year.

Last week AUSA held a Special General Meeting to amend the referenda process and to add clear Student Group principles. We are here to listen to students’ inputs and to act on it. The proposed changes to the referenda process were to clarify what questions can be accepted, and what would not because they would breach our obligations under the Charities Act. The changes will also allow more flexibility on when a referendum can be held. Previously, the result of a referendum had to then be put to the student body again in a General Meeting. In the proposal put to students on Friday, the result of a binding referendum will now be final. The Executive can also put to the students a suggestion if 80% of the Exec are in agreement that it will benefit students. As this letter was written before the SGM was held I would advise keeping up to date with the results through AUSA’s facebook and public notices.

The Official Recognition Principles for student clubs is a document created with AUSA and the University to establish what behaviour is not acceptable from clubs, such as harassing, being discriminatory or bullying. The document also clearly outlines the ramifications of a warning, a suspension or no longer being recognised as a club (which means it cannot receive funding from club grants). A major advantage with having this process in place is that, if a club is in breach of the principles there are clear, fair processes in place, that have practical outcomes.

Finally, last week we were working on our AUSA budget for 2018. We worked hard to produce a budget that improves the student experience but that also balances. We are putting more money into events and more money welfare. Our Broke Student Brunches (aka free student brunches) will also happen more regularly. This budget has been created to include the 1% for NTM (the University of Auckland Māori Students’ Association). Students voted in support of this decision last year to signify our partnership and commitment to supporting the work of NTM. Our budget is designed for us to best serve students through events, advocacy and welfare.

I hope you have a lovely week!

Til next time,

Your Pres

Anna
Shadows o Shadows : An AUSA Beer Power Ranking

Continuing on our crusade to rank everything at uni we move to the second home that is Shads. We created our very own version of a craft beer tasting paddle and tried all of the beers on tap so that you don’t have to. We also shipped over a fresh Englishman to give us a take from someone who had never tried these beers. Here are our findings.

**Chomp ($10)**
**TASTE:** Probably the best, hoppy but not too hoppy. The classy choice for a great night.
**SITUATION:** If you want to impress someone buy this beer. Also if you have been here for longer than 3 years please drink this, you deserve it
**UK TAKE:** That’s like a proper beer, innit.
**OVERALL:** 5/5

**Pointers Pale Ale ($8.50)**
**TASTE:** It’s nice, real nice. Cuts through the creaminess of a $2 cheese toastie.
**WOW FACTOR:** fruity
**SITUATION:** Great for the start of the night when your taste buds are still alive.
**UK TAKE:** solid pale ale, pretty good, not too fruity.
**OVERALL:** 4/5

**XPA ($9.50)**
**TASTE:** If you’ve read a beer blog once but don’t want to go out of your depth this XPA is perfect.
**WOW FACTOR:** just wow
**SITUATION:** Drink it before that mid-semester test that you literally haven’t studied for but have somehow convinced yourself that you’ll be ok for
**UK TAKE:** decent hops, perfectly good
**OVERALL:** 2/5

**Pilsner ($9)**
**TASTE:** A refreshing change from Shadows but lacks the hops that real pilsners should have. Tastes like a cleaning product too but not enough to be off-putting.
**WOW FACTOR:** fulfils your vegetables quota, makes one feel wholesome
**SITUATION:** What you drink when you hand in an assignment one week early
**UK TAKE:** a solid pilsner.
**OVERALL:** 3.5/5

**Tui ($6.50)**
**TASTE:** I don’t know how a beer has so little and yet so much taste. Oaky notes. The quiet/mediocre family member who gets lit at any family gathering.
**WOW FACTOR:** low
**SITUATION:** When you are branching into Craft Beer but don’t know what the fuck to get. Babes first craft beer.
**UK TAKE:** Nice on a summers day, indoor outdoor flow.
**OVERALL:** 3/5

**Hop Lager ($7.50)**
**TASTE:** Smells quite nice. Tastes sweet and creamy, refreshing. The fairy bread of beer at Shadows, delicious and nostalgic.
**WOW FACTOR:** Literally said wow out loud
**SITUATION:** You are new here and are put on the spot this is your beer. Solid, reliable, comforting.
**UK TAKE:** I wouldn’t write home about it, but overall a decent beer.
**OVERALL:** 3/5

**Export Gold ($6.50)**
**TASTE:** Malty aftertaste, Shads Draught’s older cousin. Little taste so very easy drinking. Very Lager, Colour like wee
**WOW FACTOR:** low
**SITUATION:** Those that are too old for shads draught but still too young for anything else.
**UK TAKE:** There must be better lagers on the market. Where is this Exported from?
**OVERALL:** 2/5

**Monteiths Apple Cider ($9)**
**TASTE:** again reminiscent of first year. Good if you don’t like beer.
**WOW FACTOR:** a smile but not a full smile
**SITUATION:** Will wake you up before a 2 hour lecture (Not our fault if you fall asleep though)
**UK TAKE:** Regret
**OVERALL:** 1/5

**Old Mout Boysenberry Cider ($9)**
**TASTE:** The loose Aunt of Shadows. Tastes like first year. Perfect if you have a sweet tooth.
**WOW FACTOR:** Almost too nostalgic. Mt 33 year old lesbian friend said she’d drink this to fit in with the west Auckland suburban mums.
**SITUATION:** Perfect way to kick off drinks before a commercestein
**UK TAKE:** Buckfast reminiscent (look it up). The New Zealand Lambini
**OVERALL:** 3/5

**Murphy’s ($10)**
**TASTE:** The unwanted cousin of Guinness. Catch your philosophy Professor drinking this at midday.
**WOW FACTOR:** Coffee, so much Coffee
**SITUATION:** a sad, lonely, afternoon.
**UK TAKE:** poor even for a stout
**OVERALL:** 1/5

**Shads**
It is $8 for a jug.

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Life Hack Of The Week

Study spaces are hard to come by. Good ones are even harder. The HSB building has long been associated with being awful but the new study space downstairs in the main building is a haven of calm and quiet. There are working microwaves to heat up your food, faucets for hot water, and benches for where to eat your meals at. There are also vending machines to grab a quick snack or a drink to power up those working minds. There is also a quiet room and some awesome printing facilities, go check it out, it’s worth it.

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Official Notices

Notice is hereby given for the AUSA Autumn General Meeting to be held Wednesday, 28 March 2018 at 1.00 PM.

Student Union Quad All motions for this meeting must be handed in to the AUSA office manager by the following dates:

Deadline for Constitutional Changes is 12PM, Tuesday, 13 March 2018.

Deadline for Other Agenda Items is 12PM, Tuesday, 20 March 2018.

- Association Secretary
Eccentric Life Advice

Each week Astrid Crosland provides instructions on how to improve your life in some small, but important ways.

Four: How to Bathe

It may seem unusual to modern sensibilities to treat a bath as an event but there is nothing so truly restorative or deeply cleansing. While a shower cleans the body with a constant stream of water and carries away all the little impurities that accumulate through the day; by submerging oneself entirely in water one retreats from the world. Enveloped in warm water, weightless in saline, listening to one’s own heartbeat, it is a place where the past and the future are irrelevant. All that matters is you, the water, and whatever is on your mind.

Bathing may be done in any body of water large enough to surround a human with water and does not have to be practiced nude. Subject to seasonal effects, a lake, a river, or the sea may substitute for an indoor bath. I am particularly fond of the restorative effects of sea salt and in the summer spend as much time as practical taking the waters at my local beach.

However, as the nude, indoor, fully plumbed, style of bathing is most common today, my recommendations for that style of bathing as are as follows:

- Run the hot water first, especially in house with small water tanks, and adjust with cold.
- Assemble your towel(s), pyjamas, book, pencil, candles, matches and other necessities in a little basket for ease of transport between rooms.
- Add salts or bubbles while the water is running. Add oils after you are already in the bath.
- A steamy bathroom is the ideal serving temperature for chocolate, red wine, and stone fruit.
- The bath is the perfect place to revisit favourite books or read pulp novels you have already guessed the endings to.
- Only attempt to wash your hair if the bath has a detachable shower head.
- It is perfectly acceptable to shower before bathing. Showering cleanses the body. Bathing restores the spirit.
You feeling lucky, punk?

Well, it was decided that I needed the help of some professionals, so arriving home after uni one day I picked up the phone and began to call some experts. The call-list included a nutritionist, a personal trainer (more on them in a later write-up) and my family GP.

I have only a very faint memory of the last time I was in a doctors office. I can’t even recall exactly what I was there for but, as the doctor informed me, the last time was 2013. “Since then” Doctor T asked, “how have you been keeping? And what brings you in today?” I had come here to get an approximate reading on the current state of my health - which hopefully could be compared with my health at the end of this course of betterment to see if I had developed any perceivable improvements. Of course, she was happy about this, looking over my medical history, my last recorded blood pressure test was somewhat troubling and it seems that anyone who is seeking to try and improve their health makes a doctor happy enough.

Doc: So why have you decided to improve your health?
Me: Well, I’ve lived a pretty loose lifestyle. A lot of smoking and drinking and eating foods that aren’t quite conducive to my health.

Doc: How much would you say you smoke a day?
Me: I’m much better than I used to be. Before it was at least a pack a day, now it’s maybe half-a-pack a day.

Doc: And how long have you been smoking?
Me: Well, I started social smoking early and then it became a habit after a while. Maybe about five or six years now?

Doc: What took you from social smoking to buying packs?
Me: I think I just began to crave it, especially at work. Is that Addiction?

Doc: It’s probable. Have you ever considered quitting in the past?
Me: All the time! I think that I just haven’t really desired it enough yet.

Doc: And your drinking, how often do you drink a week?
Me: At least two or three days a week.

Doc: How much would you say you drink in one sitting?
Me: “I’d never really thought about it but now that I was I became slightly alarmed” Well, if I average it out it’s probably it’s probably 12 drinks per occasion. Some nights I can have 20+ drinks.

Doc: “Now beginning to wrap the sphygmomanometer cuff around my arm” And your eating? What is your diet like?

Me: Well, I don’t put any real limits on what I eat. I don’t count calories or look at any nutritional information. Essentially, my rule of thumb is if it tastes good, I’ll eat it.

Doc: Okay. And do you think that your lifestyle is affecting other aspects of your life?
Me: “long pause as I think about her question” Hmmm, maybe.

Later on, as I leave the doctors office this question would stay with me.

The doctor’s diagnosis was as anyone would have guessed: Not particularly good. My blood pressure was still in pretty bad shape despite it being better than when last checked and blood and urine test results came back normal (I’m telling you guys, I’m fine. Perfect health).

She did emphasize, however, that the information she gathered from my lifestyle choices meant that I had an increasing chance of serious ailment in the future and with a stern look and a verbal prescription for an improved diet and more exercise she wished me well.

Stepping out of the health center one of the doctor’s questions did generate some thought. I’m unsure why it did, I’ve already been asked by many whether my current lifestyle had any consequences on the rest of my life and many times I’ve thought about it and concluded that other aspects of my life, while not perfect, have not been seriously hindered by my bohemian tendencies. Maybe it was the fact that the words came from a doctor or maybe I had just never taken these queries seriously until now but as I thought about it more, I begin to feel that maybe I should give it a little more consideration. I mean, I do often feel as if I’ve woken up with more than my fair share of hangovers which can make it difficult to be productive. Also, I have sometimes felt a particular strain in my chest which, to any sane person, could only be attributed to my smoking habit, this can cause me some trouble while trying to perform anything physical. Furthermore, I do feel like I’m carrying a little more weight than I ought to, the consequence being premature sweating when performing moderately easy tasks such as eating and breathing. I also knew, just as anyone would, that to continue living as I currently do would only make it exponentially more likely to face some difficulties in the future. So, I reasoned that trying, at least, to improve my quality of life could not have any real downsides (other than some embarrassment and discomfort) and, according to the doctor anyway, had plenty on consequential benefits not only for my immediate condition but long term health as well. Life was always a wager and how lucky was I feeling? Why not try improve my odds?

In any case, visiting the doctor may have put my health in perspective and given some truth to the old joke “what suits your schedule more? Exercising for one hour a day or being dead 24 hours a day?”
Part one: Being a pretty Chinese girl.

I had terrible self-esteem growing up as a kid. I’m not sure if it’s a combination of blossoming earlier than the other girls, cue spotty face at 9 years old and stretch marks, with the clash in cultural beauty standards as a second-generation Chinese New Zealander.

I remember one distinctive moment changing out of my wet togs in the dingy shed at my primary school, and hearing a girl snicker and point at my togs wrapped around my belly. I would have been around 6, and that would have been the first time my body image was a thing. It was thing that people had opinions on.

“Asian girls are so lucky, they are so small, skinny and petite.”

I know I stand in a privileged place as fitting the conventional range of clothing here, with a very safe ‘average’ NZ size 10. I also remember the anger I felt, when an auntie looked at me up and down and remarked “You’ve lost so much weight now, you look so much more beautiful now, tell my daughter your secrets.” Her 11-year-old daughter froze while putting her sneakers back on. She’s tall for her height, broad shoulders from swimming, with an open cheerful tanned freckled face. My mother laughed awkwardly, mumbling something about how I ate vegetables and puberty. I kept looking at her daughter, and wished to dear god she never learnt my secrets. Yes, she was ‘chubby,’ but she was healthy. She was fit and she ate well. You see, puberty isn’t running 5km at 11PM to lose enough calories before the new day started. Fasting in the morning, binging in the afternoon and then throwing up in the evening. How I’d stare at my stomach in the mirror, and scratch at it and pulled at it, and wish it away. God, I felt so fat and ugly in my teenage years. I had such a distorted image of my body because only looking back, do I realise how young, and small I was.

I know exactly how that 11-year-old girl felt, because I have been her at every family reunion, sitting around the lazy susan turntable while the fresh crayfish crawled in their tanks. The men grew larger in the room, drinking and eating, while the woman sat there picking vegetable and picking apart their daughters. Because just like her, my mother made the same comments about my chunky body (which is a natural messy process when a girl grows up and bits fall into place) and my tanned skin (I ran around barefoot and spent all my afternoons hanging upside down at the playground). Being a darker skinned Asian is dangerous, I remember the embarrassed pithy excuses my parents would give to my relatives, “Oh yeah Sherry does wear sunscreen. It’s just because it’s summer over there. I know it’s so nice she’s tall, such a shame she’s so tan and… Hopefully she’ll lose some weight, yeah not go outside so much.”

All the while compared to the effortlessly pale and slender older girls in feminine dresses and soft voices perched beside their sharp mouthed mothers.

When I visit my grandmother, I wear XL in her village and you can’t find my size 9 shoe size. I’m a head taller than everyone else in the crowd at 171cm. My mother always picks at herself, calling herself fat and old. I don’t know what she sees, because she will always be beautiful to me. But I worry when her cheeks hollow and her collarbones rise. And it’s hard growing up in a household when from a young age, there were things I couldn’t wear or do because I was chubby. I couldn’t take dance lessons, I’d look ugly in a leotard. I should only wear baby doll dresses, empire waistlines, and hide my body with loose clothing. And perhaps my mother said these things from a place of love, and I’m not angry. Just sad, that when I was younger and visited my grandmother, all the women repeat the same things to themselves, and their daughters.

I couldn’t help but compare myself to this homogenous standard of beauty, because being beautiful in China, means being the sweet, dutiful perfect wife. It’s small, and sweet, and cute. I get into fights with my uncle when he says racist comments, I could barely fit the largest bridesmaid dress. My feet are large, my mouth is larger stick my foot in it.

Next In Part Two: “Asian girls are all look the same, flat face, flat chest, flat ass.”

Being a Pretty here. In New Zealand.
Due to unforeseen circumstances, I have been presented with the opportunity to write a column for Craccum for a few weeks. When pressed to divulge what I intended to write about, it came to mind immediately. Of course! I would exploit this platform to push my agenda: asexual representation.

For the uninitiated, ‘asexuality’ is a sexual orientation that is characterised by a lack of sexual attraction and/or interest in sexual activity. Studies estimate that around 1% of the population identifies as asexual -- however, these studies tend to be under-representative, as the education and visibility afforded to asexuality is so minimal that most people have never heard the term outside of their Year 10 biology class. I realised that I was asexual when I was 17. Since then, I have employed myself as a voice for my community; it may not seem fair that I have to do all the work, but I figured out long ago that no one else is going to do it for me. In the short time I have here, I want to bust myths, start a dialogue, and put asexuality on the map. Plus, you all can point and laugh at my dating history, which is always a good romp.

This week, I’m going to talk about coming out. Coming out as asexual may be physically safer than coming out as gay, bi, trans, etc., but that by no means makes it more fun and exciting. I’ve had both good and bad experiences with coming out as asexual. When I came out to my best friend, she was entirely unsurprised. Apparently I gave off ‘asexual vibes’ -- possibly due to how, as a teen, I was so squeamish about sex that the mere mention of a blowjob would make me blanch and squirm. When I came out to my current boyfriend, I knew he would receive it well, because he had previously told me that he was also asexual. So convenient. When I came out to my brother, his entire response was, “Oh. Okay”, because apparently RuneScape was more enthralling than me summoning all my courage and bearing the truth of my soul to him -- but personally, I would still call that a positive, if unenthusiastic, response.

On the other side of the coin -- and there’s always another side when it comes to coming out -- is the times when it went badly, when it made a situation awkward or was received without taste. My first boyfriend is a classic reminder of why asexual representation is so important to me: when I told him I was asexual, his initial response was, “Oh, is that the one where you like two genders?”, followed up by, “Wow, that’s weird!” upon correction, which was a nice hit to my self-esteem. I have found that adults have a harder time coming to terms with the concept of asexuality than young people do; with my mom, comprehension has been an ever-evolving journey since I came out to her eighteen months ago, and the father of a friend maintains that I’m going through a phase and that the right person will eventually trundle into my life and change my mind about my sexuality. None of that sounds very traumatising, and in all honesty, it isn’t. What it is is frustrating. To be called weird so candidly, to be dismissed so casually, is infuriating -- and, I’ve also found, rather illuminating.

As I have worked to perfect the art of coming out over the last few years, I have realised that my sexuality no longer belongs to me; it belongs to everyone who doesn’t want to understand me. It belongs to the boys I want to date who think my sexuality is something they need to help me through, something they can fix. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet. It belongs to the well-meaning adults who tell me I’ll grow out of it, who assure me that I just haven’t met the right guy yet.

So for me, coming out is no longer something I do for myself. It is a defense mechanism, and also a test: does this person know what asexuality is, and will knowing that I’m asexual change their mind about me? Coming out protects me from awkward questions, from invasive assumptions about my life, but I am always braced for impact. I always have a speech prepared when I come out, answers to the list of questions I have come to expect every time I introduce a new person to the complexity of asexuality. Every time I come out, I carve another little slice off of my sexuality and give it away for people to assess and judge and, apparently, hand out like free moisturiser samples at the mall. When I came out publicly, I made myself, and my sexuality, fair game. I bore the truth of my soul to the world because I want to make it a better, more empathetic place, and in doing so, I forfeited my sole possession. But it’s for the greater good, right? The less of my sexuality that I keep for myself, the more visibility I am creating. You’re welcome, asexual community. I am your fucking Wonder Woman.
HOROSCOPOS

Our local oracles Annalise Boland & Bianca D’Souza have studied the stars this week and provided us with predictions for our future. Stay tuned for a weekly update on your stars.

ARIES
(MARCH 21-APRIL 19)
This week, communicator Mercury will be powering your sign and enabling you to thrive in unforeseen opportunities. You may be struggling to come to a decision however the time has come to articulate your thoughts to those closest to you. Your independent nature may be holding you back from letting yourself get too attached to people. Don’t be afraid to open up to that someone you want to grow closer with, speak up as something positive may happen. Try to get out of your comfort zone and reach out to new friends. What good is it to sing helpless blues?

TAURUS
(APRIL 20-MAY 20)
Your week may be chaotic and overwhelming; however your stubbornness and drive will pay off in the near future. You may be afraid that you’re stuck in a certain path however that is not the case. Taurus, you can still shift gears and change your path; you are in charge of how you get to your destination. Don’t let yourself become too stubborn to change as it will only help you grow.

GEMINI
(MAY 21-JUNE 20)
The following week might look quite different in terms of your social circle. You may find that a group hangout could shine a different light on a friendship or relationship you have been questioning. The way you approach upcoming challenges this week will test your abilities to stay on track despite distractions. Be sure of yourself and confident in your decisions, remember you are not required to justify your actions.

CANCER
(JUNE 21-JULY 22)
This week Cancer, make sure your communication channels are clear or problems could arise. You will be given more opportunities to pursue your passions and therefore you must ensure that you are prepared to go the extra mile. If you are having trouble focusing your energy then head to the gym or have a relaxing dinner with friends. Don’t be tempted to dive into everything at once as you risk the chance of burning yourself out.

LEO
(JULY 23-AUGUST 22)
The week may leave you feeling in need of a major battery-reboot. You may find yourself clashing with another in your week as your natural leadership instincts will takeover. Make sure you pick your battles carefully and preserve your energy for day to day tasks. If you are feeling stressed make sure to set yourself some limits and enforce them in regards to how much work you take on.

VIRGO
(AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22)
By the end of the week, you could be left feeling frustrated by others’ actions. You must remember that you are responsible for what you say and do. You may be feeling pressured to go along with others; however it is important to remember to take a stand for what you believe in. Don’t let others sway the beliefs that shape you and your personal development.

LIBRA
(SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22)
You may be feeling more emotional than usual this week. As a result you may find yourself lying awake at night going over past conversations with others that you wished had ended differently, or having imaginary arguments with those who did wrong. These kinds of thoughts aren’t helpful for your psyche at the moment, so try to focus on other aspects in your life that are more positive to dissuade these thoughts.

SAGITTARIUS
(NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21)
Try to be more confident this week dear Sagittarius. If there is someone you want to grow closer to, speak up as something positive may happen. Try to get out of your comfort zone and reach out to new friends. What good is it to sing helpless blues?

CAPRICORN
(DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19)
This is the week you should approach something you have been afraid to conquer for months now. Don’t be afraid to ask someone you trust for help! The new opportunities that develop because of this will allow you to be more independent and creative. Don’t miss your chance because of close mindedness or anxiety.

AQUARIUS
(JANUARY 20 TO FEBRUARY 18)
This week is about evaluating your personal beliefs Aquarius. Be prepared to challenge yourself and what you have held close to your heart for a long time. Some of your personal choices and beliefs may have been hurting loved ones without you realising. Try your best to be more aware of other’s feelings and address where you could have gone wrong.

SCORPIO
(OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21)
This week will bring out your vulnerable side. Scorpio. You may want to recall from someones kindness or devotion, but don’t let them just yet! Learn to embrace your vulnerable side, and your relationships will grow deeper and more fruitful in the long term. Don’t let past mistakes or bad experiences hold you back from making good memories with others who care about you.

PISSES
(FEBRUARY 19 TO MARCH 20)
You may find yourself being anxious about not advancing quickly enough in a new job or relationship this week. Do not worry; you still have plenty of time to learn. Speak up if others may have spoken down on you recently, even if it is just to ease your worry.
THE PEOPLE TO SUPPORT (AND LOVE).

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