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Nikki Addison contemplates the merits (and muscles) of our potential Bond replacements

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ACHIEVE THE
AMAZING

ISSUE NINE CONTENTS



6 NEWS

DEBT OVER THE DITCH

Oz Government gets wet at prospect of Kiwi students' debt



17 LIFESTYLE

INTRODUCING ALCOHOLLY

A UoA sommelier on the perks of pinot gris



27 ARTS

CHECK YO'SELF

Anoushka Maharaj on the importance of minority representation in media

14 COMMUNITY

SPEAKING UP

The state of free speech in New Zealand



18 FEATURES

FUN-DAMENTALS OF WRITING

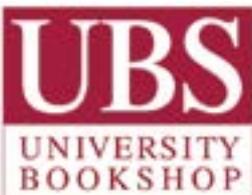
Armando Iannucci on writing comedy in the era of Trump



33 COLUMNS

STICKING IT TO THE MAN

Caitlin Abley suggests ways to flip off the University at graduation



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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

The Name's Hole, Ass Hole

Piers Morgan (full name Piers Stefan Pughe-Morgan, which only goes *some* way to convey what a wanker he is), presenter on *Good Morning Britain*, editor for the *Mail Online*, and certified pissbag, has once again made a desperate clamour for relevance with his latest foray into being a giant cunt on Twitter. In his most recent traversal into twat-tish territory, Purse took his fellow men to task:

@piersmorgan: I'm not convinced by this new trend of male public soul-bearing. Time for our gender to get a grip, methinks. Life's tough- man up.

(Note: we had to scroll through Purses' Twitter feed for nigh on ten minutes to find the original tweet because of the amount of utter tripe he espouses on a daily basis, probably typed while wearing an open silk robe, flagellating himself slowly.)

Twitter users immediately shot back at Piss for his flagrant disregard for those struggling with mental illness, and the backward brazenness of this idea that men should be stoic and unemotional. One user pointed out that Puds had the wrong idea about what makes a man:

@MicheleBadger: Man up yourself @piersmorgan. Real men show pain, love, etc. We all need to feel we can talk to anyone when we need to.

(Dab on 'em, Michele.)

Miers Porgan replied with a question that was likely meant to be rhetorical, but proved decidedly otherwise:

@piersmorgan: Is James Bond not a real man, then?

Ahhh, no, Perez. 'Fraid not.

When you ask Priss Borgen who his favourite historical figure is, does he say James Bond? Does he wonder how his handsome hero has stayed so young for so long, or why his appearance is ever-changing? Does he think James Bond regularly undergoes facial surgery, à la the 1997 John Travolta/Nicholas Cage sci-fi thriller, *Face/Off*?

Perhaps. We couldn't say for sure. What we can say

for certain is that James Bond movie titles go a hell of a long way towards cataloging Pete Merman's fuckery. Allow us to demonstrate.

Dr. No (1962, dir. Terrence Young): This latest defence of James Bond's manhood is not Pears' first rodeo. In 2015, he wrote a piece in full-blown support of Roger Moore's statement that, no, James Bond couldn't be black, gay, or a woman, because, no, that was simply not the character Ian Fleming had conceived of back in 1953. Firenze agreed entirely with Sir Rodge—James Bond was only ever intended to be a straight, white man with a glock in hand. In fact, Piazza conceded that Roger Moore was his favourite Bond: "a suave, smart, sophisticated, eloquent, absurdly charming, utterly ruthless assassin who oozed testosterone-fuelled heterosexual pheromones from every pore." For a dude who vehemently believes James Bond should be straight... the portrait he paints is pretty schteamy. We wholeheartedly endorse the pairing of Morgan/Moore, and hope Peps has the makings of a scintillating fanfic on the topic of Roger's testosterone-fuelled pheromones in his Twitter drafts.

From Russia With Love (1964, dir. Guy Hamilton): Pit Persimmon's Twitter picture features him sitting behind a desk with Donald Trump floating beside him, hands on his shoulder, like the fucking Ghost of Christmas Future whose warning nobody heeded and now look where we've ended up. Pliers has been a consistent defender of Trump's (birds of a feather flock together, or, bigots of a feather circle jerk together), which led to him sitting beside comedian Jim Jefferies on *Real Time with Bill Maher* shortly after Trump's inauguration. When Pretz worked to speak in favour of Trump's (awful, discriminatory, fear-mongering) policies, Jefferies resoundingly told him to *fuck off* on live TV, which immediately made our souls leave our bodies as we reached spiritual nirvana.

Octopussy (1983, dir. John Glen): Prayers Spor-

kin has a real problem with women's bodies, it seems. He put Emily Ratajkowski and Kim Kardashian on blast for posting a nude selfie together in 2016, because if he doesn't police women's bodies then for the love of *god*, who will? He drew issue with the fact that this display of nudity was *not* a feminist act and any women who *did* think it might be were gon' *learn* today. And again, when Emma Watson dared to *flagrantly* display some underboob in a photoshoot for Vanity Fair (arguably the least saucy part of any boob). Any dedication Reese's Pieces might have hoped to fake to the feminist agenda was thoroughly squashed when he discussed Kim Kardashian's body again on *Good Morning Britain* earlier this year, after his co-presenter Susanna Reid noted that she thought untouched photos of KK's cellulite were something to be celebrated. Gruyere appeared to have to call on all his strength not to simply tell Reid to *get fucked*, instead stating that cellulite was something to be tolerated, but certainly not celebrated. He then tweeted the suggestion to Reid that they "celebrate" her own cellulite live on air the following week. Honestly, he's just such a fucking cunt.

Spectre (2015, dir. Sam Mendes): Prat Bourbon shows no intention of giving up the ghost. Just last week, after Emma Watson lauded the MTV TV & Movie Awards for their first genderless acting award category, Prick Vermin took to the air during *Good Morning Britain* to share his disdain for the fact that the special snowflakes had snuck their Machiavellian agenda into *the fucking MTV TV & Movie Awards* (the epitome of cultural achievement), fearing for what would be made of the Academy Awards should they follow suit. At this point, Piers Morgan is like the ghost of Jacob fucking Marley, groaning and dragging his chains about, damned to wander the earth whining about the liberal agenda for all eternity. While Scrooge implored a plucky young lad to purchase a Christmas Turkey as big as him—Penis Scrotum, we'd be hard-pressed to find a dick as big as you. ♦



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COST OF STUDYING IN AUSTRALIA SET TO SKYROCKET FOR KIWIS

BY ELOISE SIMS

Kiwis studying in Australia will have to cope with triple the rate of fees next year, due to the Australian Government’s recent decision to stop subsidising enrolments for New Zealand citizens.

On average, from 2018 onwards, Kiwi students will go from paying around \$7000 per year to study in Australia—to a whopping \$24,000. The decision has been met with much outrage from both sides of the ditch, with Australian and New Zealand students calling the proposals “outrageous”.

Declan Gorman, a Biomedical Honours student at the University of Queensland, noted the fact that fees will not be rising for Australian students to study in New Zealand at this stage.

“We get treated like domestic students in New Zealand, and our tourism and other industries are intrinsically linked. Why on earth can’t we hop between countries to study too?”

“It’s un-Australian,” Gorman concluded in speaking to *Craccum*.

Jonathan Gee, President of the New Zealand Union of Students’ Association, agreed

in a recent press release.

“New Zealanders will be left short-changed as a result of these changes, forking out thousands more dollars to study in Australia,” Gee stated.

New Zealanders in Australia will now have access to the Australian student loan scheme, and Kiwis already enrolled will not have their fees raised—but for Gee, and many other students across the country, this will simply just result in more crippling student debt.

“While we’re concerned that the fee rises will result in the ballooning of student debt, the situation presents a stark reminder of how unfair our own loan scheme is here in New Zealand,” he explained.

In response to the changes, NZUSA are calling on the New Zealand Government to restore access to domestic fees—something Prime Minister Bill English has promised to have a “serious discussion” with the Australian Government about.

In speaking to *NewsHub*, English has made his displeasure about the policy clear,

but insisted there would be no subsequent fee change for Australians studying here.

“We prefer to be in a situation where we have a positive relationship with Australia and Kiwis get a good deal in Australia.”

“That’s better than some sort of mutual armed war to see who can treat each other’s citizens worse,” he said.

The move to raise fees is understood to be part of Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull’s new efforts to put “Australia First”, and free up the budget for financial assistance for families—yet Kiwi students in Australia claim it has left them feeling unwanted.

Lily Dalton, a second-year French and Politics student at the University of Melbourne, said the changes had made her reconsider her postgraduate plans for study entirely, due to the new costs.

“Legislation of this nature has the effect of making New Zealanders feel undervalued and even unwelcome in Australia.”

The changes are expected to pass through the Australian Senate within the month. ♦

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WORLD POLITICS WRAP

PATRICK NEWLAND TAKES US THROUGH WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED IN THE PAST FEW DAYS OF WORLD NEWS.

AUSTRALIA

While the next Australian election is not for two years, if you look at the country’s track record, that means they are just about due for a new Prime Minister. With an average Prime Minister lifespan of 2.25 years, Malcolm Turnbull is getting closer to his moment of reckoning—with Liberal spill motions even more common. (A “spill” is when members of one’s own party ask for a vote on their leader.)

This has been the longest period (since John Howard’s Government came to a close in 2007) without such a motion. Opinion polling is showing movement to support the average lifespan, with the Liberals down to their lowest level since the rolling of Tony Abbott. If that rate of decline stays constant, they should reach that level before the end of the year. While Turnbull is still ahead in the preferred Prime Minister stakes, he is falling and will be on par with Labour Leader Bill Shorten in the not too distant future.

UNITED KINGDOM

With the General Election looming, the local council elections that were held on May 4th have been overshadowed. Yet they form

the most complete polling picture of the electorate before the general election on June 8th. As has been seen across the pond in America, local politics has been increasingly affected by the opinions of central government.

There had been fears that the Labour Party may implode on the back of its unpopular leader, Jeremy Corbyn. While there was no implosion as such, the Labour Party took a severe bruising—losing a net 382 seats and the control of 7 councils.

While the Conservatives picked up the lion’s share of these seats and councils, including 130 from above the Scottish Border, this can be chalked up to UKIP supporters moving across to the Tories in the wake of their newly strong anti-EU stance.

SOUTH KOREA

One of the country’s darkest periods came to an end last Tuesday, as clear favourite Moon Jae-In was elected as the country’s 12th President, formally replacing the impeached Park Geun-hye.

Despite being heralded into office as the country’s first female president, Park Geun-hye was unceremoniously removed from office by her own party following corruption claims. She has since been formally charged

with abuse of power, bribery, coercion, and leaking government secrets. Moon Jae-in was favoured to win, and he is the first member of his party to hold the office, after his Democratic Party was founded in just 2014.

FRANCE

Emmanuel Macron has stormed to victory in the French Presidential election last week, with a huge 33-point margin. His adversary, the far-right Marine Le Pen, only managed to gain 10,637,120 votes—compared to Macron’s overwhelming 20,703,694.

It is the biggest gap between two candidates since Le Pen’s own father made the runoff in 2002. At that time, he earned just 17.8% of the vote. While this is undoubtedly a large victory for Macron, who has never previously held elected office, it is also considered a win for the European Union—which most likely would have collapsed with a Le Pen victory.

All eyes in Europe now move to Germany, which is having its own election later in the year. Using an MMP system like our own, there is the risk that far right anti-EU parties, such as Alternative for Germany and PEGIDA, will be able to gain a significant level of control. ♦



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GOVERNMENT PURCHASES FOUR SUBMARINE-KILLER PLANES

GINNY WOO EXPLORES THE GOVERNMENT'S RECENT DECISION TO PIMP UP OUR MILITARY FORCE.

In what sounds like a beautiful way for America to extend a hand in friendship to some of its Oceanic counterparts, the United States has approved the sale of four submarine-killer planes to good ol' New Zealand.

Their Defense Security Cooperation Facility has touted the generous move as a way for the US to strengthen its “national security”, and to enhance its overseas initiatives. It appears that humble New Zealand is viewed as an “important partner” on issues of the critical foreign policy variety—and what better way to show someone you love them than by sending them incredibly powered-up military vehicles?

While the militaristic and generally warmongering ways of the US have been something the rest of the developed world tolerates on a regular basis, the price is a little dearer this time—specifically, \$1.46 billion dearer.

The average Kiwi may have got used to our Government asking “How high?” whenever the US says “Jump”, but the reality is that the immediate financial cost of us doggedly going along with the American political agenda has never been this high.

At a time when New Zealand is struggling under the weight of a housing crisis and

staggering rates of homelessness (and shouldering the burden of every second politician being unpleasantly xenophobic), the idea that our Government is willing to shell out over a billion dollars on some aircraft that our Defence Force likely lacks the training to use is almost comical.

Do we need more advanced technology to help defend our country in an age where every global superpower has nuclear capability? Probably, yes. Should we prioritise spending on those aircraft over ensuring that every citizen has the right to live with dignity? That's a moral dilemma our Government has been very silent on. ♦

TINDER: HELPING UOA STUDENTS COPE WITH LONELINESS?

BY MARK CASSON

Asking someone out on a date can be a hard and daunting task. We've all been through the standard, awkward conversation starting with “Hey” and then saying nothing else while staring at each other.

This is why apps like Tinder are there to support us. As literally everyone knows, the app connects through our Facebook profiles and allows us to connect with others through a liking and disliking activity. There are certainly concerns regarding whether Tinder is a good method for meeting people. After all—the recent case of New Zealander Warriena Wright's death after a Tinder date with Gable Tostee highlighted the dangers of meeting people online.

Hundreds move from all over New Zealand and internationally to attend the University of Auckland, as the biggest university in New Zealand. For example, as of 2015, 6,351 international students attended the University—from 33,488 students enrolled in total. Many of those students may not know anyone, or would like to meet someone beyond their flatmates and classmates.

Not everyone will have the confidence to ask someone out while in line at the overly

popular Munchie Mart while holding a pie and a tin of baked beans, but Tinder makes that possible.

Stuff interviewed twenty-eight-year old Rachel Clarke, who found Tinder useful after moving from the South Island to Melbourne.

She said, “This is my first foray into Internet dating (if we're calling it that). I suppose throwing a few photos up from Facebook and not going through the rigmarole of creating an Internet dating profile speaks more to Gen Y.”

The online matchmaking app is easily the most popular programme that is used for people to meet each other. The seriousness isn't always taken into account, as former University of Auckland student and now Perth resident, Kendra Stephenson, says.

“You get those people who are on there to just muck around, but there are people who you can meet on there who are really genuine.”

“I met my boyfriend on there, and we have been together for eight months now, so I do think it's a real blessing that behind all these people who just want to hook-up, there is someone special.”

“When I moved to Perth, I met my best friend on there as well, so I do think it's a good

tool for someone to use, when they migrate overseas.”

Current University of Auckland student, Alex, who declined to give a last name, agreed—saying Tinder gets a bad rep for a few terrible experiences.

“I think it's more about meeting the right people. I have had a relationship with someone I met on there, and it wasn't a pleasant experience.”

“The idea is good. When I moved to Auckland, I had my flatmates to keep me company, but I did talk to a few people on there, and some people are actually really decent.” ♦





ON SANTA, PENGUINS, GLOBAL WARMING, RUSSIAN SUBMARINES, DONALD TRUMP AND... YOU

JACK GRADWELL ANALYSES TRUMP AND PUTIN'S RECENT FORAYS INTO THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.

On Friday 28th April, President Donald Trump signed an executive order lifting restrictions on Arctic oil drilling. While the media largely focused on the environmental implications, the wider political significance of the move went largely unnoticed. In signing the order, Trump has committed America to a little known, yet growing, international competition to control the riches under the Arctic ice.

While once considered a frozen wasteland too inaccessible and expensive to mine, rising temperatures, growing scarcity and fast advancing technology have rapidly increased the potential Arctic profits. Faced with an estimated \$30 Trillion USD in oil and gas deposits, Trump is not the first player to lust at control of the North Pole.

While Russian access was once blocked by a massive ice sheet stretching her Northern border, warming temperatures now afford Moscow's ships admission for several months a year. Ever fearful that a failure to dominate her surroundings will result in a repeat of the tragedies of Russia's history, it is perhaps unsurprising that in the new era of Arctic imperialism, none have brought so much veracity to the table as the Kremlin.

In 2015, Russia claimed 1.2 million kilometres of the Arctic continental shelf as her own. While Norway, Denmark and Canada have all expanded both their claims and presence, none have matched the intensity of the Kremlin—casting shadows below the surface of the ice, Putin's Hunter-Killer submarines recently descended to the seabed to plant a Russian flag below the North Pole.

Despite how Washington's fleets have conducted Polar operations since the aptly

named Cold War, Trump's order signals his clearest intention yet to challenge Moscow's Arctic expansion. The surest sign of global warming's capacity to ignite the flame that could explode the gas of conflict, the Arctic is fast transforming into a battlefield for control of its resources.

However, while Santa rests on enormous riches, the North Pole is small fry compared to the potential further south.

While the Arctic ice covers cold seas, Antarctica, 12,000 miles south, lies host to 14 million square kilometres of dry land. Rich in iron ore, oil, coal, natural gas, diamonds, gold, silver, nickel and fresh water, the potential profits to be made in Antarctica dwarf those found further north.

While mining and new territorial claims are banned by the Antarctic treaty system, it comes up for review in 2048—and the vultures have certainly been circling.

Waiting impatiently for open season in Antarctica, Russia, China, India, Argentina, Chile and Brazil have all moved to deepen their footholds. Investing in a plethora of new icebreaker ships, bases, aircraft, and geological surveys, the new players look ready for a repeat of the scramble for Africa.

So what does this mean for us? Thus far, our geographic proximity has left New Zealand a leading player in conservation and scientific efforts, most recently on issues of Antarctic fishing. Operating a year-round presence in Scott Base, we lay claim to 450,000 square kilometres of Antarctic land.

Nonetheless, while a significant stakeholder in times of peace and cooperation, when it comes to strategic competition, Wellington cannot hope to match the force of

the great powers. Indeed, the United States, Russia, China and India not only do not recognise our claim, but reserve the right to claim all of it.

However, before shrinking at the prospect of facing off against dauntingly mighty rivals, there are advantages to being a part of a small party so close to the frontline. While Washington is yet to expand their strategic presence in the region (and indeed, has been cutting it back), the United States retains by far the largest Antarctic presence of anyone.

Possessing capacities well beyond any others, there is little doubt that were the United States committed, they could overwhelm any rivals.

However, Washington is not without its weaknesses, and herein lies New Zealand's advantage—American access to the Antarctic is utterly reliant upon Christchurch's ports, airfields, and Antarctic research centre.

Acting as America's gateway, this leaves New Zealand with a unique opportunity to leverage this position to influence Washington. Be it through influencing conservation efforts in a changed Antarctic world, or through taking our share as keepers to the gate through which all the southern riches must pass, New Zealand has a significant opportunity to assert itself as a meaningful player.

When 2048 comes, the university students of today will be at the peak of their careers. Bringing the innovation, determination and entrepreneurial spirit that defines their generation, they will shape the future of the Antarctica—and that's an exciting prospect. ♦



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UOA FOOTBALL: THE MID-SEASON ROUNDUP

BY MARK CASSON

It is Round Four of the football season for University of Auckland teams, with the Men's First Team well on track to achieving their end-of-season goal of promotion to the ASFA Premier Division.

In Round Four, University of Auckland Firsts took on Kingsland Athletic at Cox Bay Reserve. The game finished all square in a dramatic 3–3 draw. In Round Five, the Firsts took on City Fringe FC at Walker Park, and edged a win in a very close match, with the game ending 3–2 to the students. The win means the Firsts currently sit in second place with 11 points on the table above varsity rivals AUT, who dropped to third this week.

The University of Auckland Reserves currently sit fourth in ASFA Division One, after two wins, one draw and one loss. Round Four

of the competition saw them play Kamarak FC at Rongomai Reserve. The result finished in a favorable score line, with the Reserves winning the match 2–0. In Round Five, the Reserves went down to Zamantix Rovers Return in a tight 4–3 loss at Eastdale Park. They remain in fourth place on the table.

In women's football, the Conference side took on bottom of the table Lynn Avon in a close match at Ken Maunder Park. Conference managed to edge a close 2–1 win over the home side, with goal scorers Min Khanthee and Ashleigh Marinovich delivering notable performances.

The Round Five battle for second place with Papakura City ended in a tight 1–0 win to the Conference side, with skipper Ashleigh Marinovich netting the winner once

again. They now rest merely two points behind table leaders Fencibles United.

In Round Four of the reserves games, Women's Reserves played Lynn Avon Reserves at Ken Maunder Park, but went down to a close game of 1–0. In Round Five, the Conference Reserves suffered a second consecutive defeat against Papakura Reserves, by five goals to nil. They remain in fifth place in the table.

The AFF Women's Division three team had a bye game in Round Four, and did not feature throughout the weekend. In Round Five, they took on Metro and came close in a tight game—eventually losing the match 1–0. They remain firmly in seventh place, one point above bottom-placed teams Pukekohe AFC and Bay Olympic. ♦

NEW ZEALANDERS TAKE A STAND AGAINST HOMELESSNESS

BY ERIN ROGATSKI

With the onset of winter just around the corner, the number of homeless people in New Zealand is on track to reach a new crisis point. Increasing house prices and the rising cost of living mean one in every 100 New Zealanders are now homeless—a level larger than at any other time in recent memory, and still continuing to grow. To make matters worse, a study by the University of Otago estimated that more than half of these people are younger than 25.

James Crow of Gimme Shelter and Actionstation is calling on the Government to make a difference. Labour Deputy Jacinda Ardern and MP Phil Twyford accepted a petition signed by over 10,000 New Zealanders, which they will now table at Parliament.

The petition asks the Government to

put in place an effective national strategy that tackles homelessness as a distinct social issue, as well as the creation of a Minister for Homelessness. In other OECD countries, including the United Kingdom, Australia and Canada, there is already an MP responsible for this cause.

“New Zealand is way behind by international standards in actively planning around homelessness. We are in a crisis that's been in the public eye for more than 12 months and little strategy has been shown by the Government. It's time to up our game,” says Crow.

A Salvation Army Officer, Nicki Dutton, helps people sleeping in cars by providing food and blankets, but can't give them shelter. Dutton claims the problem is getting

worse daily, but it was still difficult to know the extent of it.

“If there are families there, people don't want to be seen. They are concerned about what would happen with their kids if someone finds they're sleeping in their cars. So often you don't see the extent of the problem.”

Despite a recent cross-party enquiry, where twenty recommendations were made (with the core recommendation being the creation of a national strategy to address homelessness), the Government insisted that it has always been an issue—and that they are already solving it. ♦

YOU CAN SIGN THE PETITION AT [HTTPS://OUR.ACTIONSTATION.ORG.NZ/PETITIONS/DEMAND-POLICY-AND-PORTFOLIO-CHANGES-TO-END-HOMELESSNESS-IN-NEW-ZEALAND](https://our.actionstation.org.nz/petitions/demand-policy-and-portfolio-changes-to-end-homelessness-in-new-zealand)

Student Advocacy Network 2017



MAREE: My name's Maree and I'm in my fifth year of a Law and Commerce degree. Over the years I've experienced flatting, working, volunteering, and many of the ups and downs that come with undertaking a university degree, so I understand how overwhelming it can get. My favourite things are coffee, brunch, and cats. Come see me at the Hub - I'm really looking forward to helping you get the best out of your experience at university.



RAVI: Hi! My name is Ravi and I'm in my 4th year of a Law and Commerce degree. When I'm not locked up in the library doing readings, I enjoy bingeing TV shows on Netflix (Suits is my all time favourite!) and getting outside for a round of Golf. Like all of the advocates, I am super approachable so if you have any problems or concerns don't hesitate to come by the hub for some help!



MIN KYU: Kia ora. I'm Min Kyu, a fifth year LLB(hons)/FTVMS student. This is my third year as a student advocate, and I really enjoyed my experience so far. I love solving problems, and look forward to helping you solve yours!



JANE (SOCIAL WORK INTERN): Bula! My name is Jane and I am a 3rd year student, currently studying Bachelor of Social Work. This year, I have the privilege of doing my practicum at the Student Advice Hub. Somethings I find most enjoyable is playing with my adorable cat, watching funny youtube videos about cats (well mostly), bird watching, and I like to have a sneak peak on NASA'S latest info on new discoveries.



SAL: Hi, I'm Sal and I'm a sixth year Law and Health Sciences conjoint. I am passionate about helping students - I've learned that University can throw some pretty challenging things your way, so I think it is really important that students feel supported. If I manage to find some spare time, I'll generally be with friends or food (or both), preferably in the sun.



JASPER: Greetings and salutations! My name is Jasper and I am currently a Health Science and Law student which I am enjoying every moment of. Being a student advocate, I want to help fellow students to the best of my ability and to learn more about the issues facing today's students. I am passionate about equitable outcomes for students and hope to solve your problems! When I am not stressing about exams, you'll find me gaming or playing football and enjoying a good film (or food for that matter!)



EMILY: Hi! My name is Emily and I'm one of the Student Advocates this year. When I'm not falling asleep in my 8am classes I enjoy buying books I don't have time to read, learning irrelevant facts for pub quizzes I don't attend, and telling people to listen to NPR's hit podcast Planet Money (listen to it). I'm in my last year of a BA/LLB so I've had a fair few experiences with stress. Life is hard! But it's better when you have people to talk to. We're always happy to listen and help out at the Hub if you need it.



LILY: Hey there my name is Lily and I am a strong believer of there is no such thing as too much cheese. I am currently working towards completing my Bachelor of Laws (Honours). I support educating everyone on their human rights and pride myself on advocating for myself and others.



LINDA: Hi, my name is Linda and I'm a 5th year law and arts student. My hobbies include eating, making lists about hobbies I should take up and telling people to watch Parks and Rec. I know very well the pressures of student life and how tough it is to find and maintain a healthy balance. Come and see me at the Hub to chat more or just to rant about nothing - always happy to listen!



ZOE: Hey there, I'm Zoe! I'm currently in my fifth (but unfortunately not last) year of a Bachelor of Law and Bachelor of Commerce conjoint, majoring in Economics. In my spare time, I enjoy gracing my flatmates with the noise I call 'jamming' on the guitar and exploring all the beautiful places NZ has on offer. I have a strong sense of social justice and loving giving back to the community in any way I can, hence my excitement about being an advocate this year! I look forward to meeting you and helping out in any way I can.



CAITLIN: Hi! My name is Caitlin and I study Law and Psychology. Some of my favourite things are dancing, singing, camping and Doctor Who!



FALINE: My name is Faline and I am in my fourth year of a Law and Commerce conjoint degree, majoring in Economics. I love volunteering at the Student Advice Hub as it gives me the chance to help other students. In my spare time, I enjoy keeping up to date with political news, watching TV comedies, and relaxing with a nice cup of tea.



ZENAS: Shalom! My name is Zenas and I am currently in my fifth year of law and commerce. I have faced personal lows as a student and had lots of moments of stress and worries such as family grievances, financial and academic issues. Things can get real tough in life! Being part of an awesome team of student advocates this year, I want to actively listen and engage with students and further help overcome their challenges.



DENISHA: My name is Denisha (Denny), I am a fifth year student studying LLB/BSc (psych). I am a bubbly and talkative environmentalist, movie and crimes buff with a passion for travel, blogging and books. I have heaps of pets and if I could would spend all my time lazing around for hours with my dog. I am hugely passionate about human rights and achieving justice. My aim is to help as many people as I can throughout my life in whatever way possible, and AUSA is the perfect way to do help students. I am very excited to be a part of this years student advocacy team and to learn hands on experience in law and to try aid in issues facing uni students.



SEAN: Hi there! My name is Sean and I'm currently in the fourth year of my BA/LLB(Hons). While procrastinating, I like to play the guitar, start books and make excessive use of the internet.



DIANA: Kia ora! My name is Diana and I'm in my third year studying an LLB/BA majoring in Economics and French. I love getting involved with wider University life and chatting to people about feminism and intersectionality. In my spare time, I'm at the beach with friends or making cards for them for their birthdays. Come chat to me about anything! Always happy to help.



GORDON: I'm Gordon Chan and I'm in my fifth year of my BCom/LLB(Hons) degree. In the unlikely event where I emerge from the Law Library, you'll either find me in at the Hub or wondering aimlessly in the pursuit of something decent to eat. My life beyond study is more interesting. Where I do get free time I can be found at the gym or finishing a meal at KFC.



SHANNANE: My name is Shananne, I'm 23 years old and I'm a fifth-year law and commerce student! I love being active! In my spare time, you will probably find me walking along one of NZ's many beautiful walking tracks, eating something delicious that I've seen on Instagram or watching one of my favourite TV series. If you see me around campus, come and have a chat!

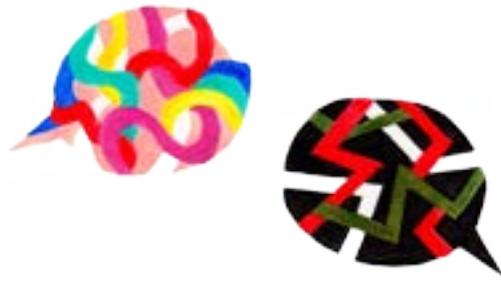
Feel free to stop by the hub or to contact us, as a chat and a little bit of advice can go a long way!

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

Old Choral Hall (Alfred St Entrance) ✉ cityhub@ausa.org.nz ☎ 09 923 7299 🌐 www.ausa.org.nz





Seek, Receive and Impart: The State of Free Speech in New Zealand

In a world in which neo-Nazi movements are on the rise, Donald Trump is President, and the UK is scrambling to deal with the repercussions of “Brexit”, the issue of race relations is at the forefront of our minds. Hannah Yang addresses the everlasting debate of when freedom of speech simply becomes hate speech in a New Zealand context.

In a recent open letter signed by various notable New Zealand figures, including Sir Bob Jones, Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Dr Don Brash, and Dame Tariana Turia, Professor Paul Moon from the Auckland University of Technology has warned against the “forceful silencing of dissenting and unpopular views” on university campuses. There is no right not to be offended, Professor Moon states, and the suppression of free speech is driven by fear and intolerance, rather than stopping it.

This move comes after a mounting awareness on issues relating to racial abuse and anti-immigrant sentiment, particularly in the wake of the election of Donald Trump. In January, Race Relations Commissioner Dame Susan Devoy called for a review of hate speech legislation to cover the “harmful language” that takes place on the internet. In February, Police Commissioner Mike Bush raised the possibility of creating specific legislation targeting hate crime, after a racial attack on a Muslim New Zealander. In early March, the Auckland University European Students’ Association, a new club that employed white supremacist motifs and a Nazi slogan, temporarily disbanded, citing safety concerns.

While the Government has rejected the possibility of creating a new offence, with Prime Minister Bill English saying that New Zealand has a “tolerant public discussion”, and Police Minister Paula Bennett warning against generalising from the behaviour of “a few individuals”, the question remains as to whether there is statistical evidence of a rise in hate crimes (according to Bush, hate crimes are not specifically recorded as such), whether a new offence is necessary, and what the appropriate place is to draw the line between protecting racial minorities and curtailing freedom of speech.

In Australia, attempts to reform laws that protected against racial insults were met with strong opposition and ultimately proved unsuccessful. The current Australian law under section 18C of the Racial Discrimination Act 1975 makes it un-

lawful in a public place to behave in a way that is likely to offend, insult, humiliate, or intimidate another person, based on the race, colour, or ethnic or national origin of the person. The proposed changes would have replaced the words “offend”, “insult”, and “humiliate” with one word—“harass”.

In New Zealand, race-based attacks are covered under various different provisions that provide different remedies.

Section 63 of the Human Rights Act 1993 protects against racially discriminatory behaviour. Under this section, it is unlawful to use language, visual material, or behaviour which expresses hostility against, or brings into contempt or ridicule a person, for reasons of race, colour or ethnicity, provided that the expression is also hurtful or offensive to that person and it is of such significance as to cause detrimental effect.

Section 131 of the Act protects against racially abusive language by making it an offence to use or publish words that are threatening, abusive, or insulting, provided that they are likely to excite hostility against or bring into contempt people based on their race, and that there was intention to cause such excitement.

There are, however, limitations (not in a pejorative sense) to these provisions. There is a difference between conduct that is “unlawful” and conduct that is an “offence”. An offence is only created where an Act attaches a punishment to the conduct, allowing police to bring a criminal prosecution. This is not the case with section 63, which only provides that such conduct is “unlawful”. People may instead lay a complaint with the Human Rights Commission, and bring civil proceedings before the Human Rights Tribunal. While section 131 does create a punishable offence, prosecutions under that section may only be brought with the permission of the Attorney-General.

There are, however, wider offences that may cover racial abuse in the Summary Offences Act 1981. Section 3 makes it an offence to behave, or to incite someone to behave in an offensive, threat-

ening, or insulting manner, which is likely to cause violence against people. Section 4 makes it an offence to behave in an offensive or disorderly manner in a public place, or to say anything intended to threaten, alarm, insult, or offend another person. The drawback to these provisions is that they do not specifically target race-related incidents.

It is inarguable, therefore, that there are laws already in place under which racial attacks can be covered. The question is whether there is a need to create a separate, specific offence for hate crimes. Doing so would show greater moral condemnation, send a stronger message as to the seriousness of such behaviour, and ideally increase the law’s preventative effect. On the other hand, it may also produce a chilling effect whereby discussion around sensitive issues are stifled out of fear of prosecution. A perfect balance between the two is difficult to strike. While the answer to whether the need for the former outweighs worries of the latter will vary according to judgement, it should ultimately be informed by empirical evidence, and perhaps a collection of data would be a sensible place to start. ♦

THIS ARTICLE WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY THE EQUAL JUSTICE PROJECT. FOR MORE CONTENT LIKE THIS, CHECK OUT THEIR WEBSITE: EQUALJUSTICEPROJECT.CO.NZ.

Know your rights! The legislation mentioned in this article can be found online at: <http://legislation.govt.nz>

Want to learn more? Check out some of these organisations:

The New Zealand Human Rights Commission: <https://www.hrc.co.nz>

That’s Us: <http://www.thatsus.co.nz>

Racial Equity Aotearoa: <https://racialequityaotearoa.wordpress.com>

Shakti New Zealand: <http://shakti-international.org/shakti-nz/>

Finding Sanctuary With Animals

By Avril McIntyre

As a student who spends 99% of the time sitting on my backside, getting outside and moving around is particularly enjoyable, even if it usually involves animal poo or hard labour. I leave feeling physically tired, but happy and fulfilled. It is great to meet like-minded people and some of them are now among my closest friends. A day volunteering is personally rewarding to me, and having many people volunteer is highly rewarding for sanctuary owners who rely heavily on volunteers and donations. The Auckland University Animal Rights Group (AUARG) organises volunteering trips throughout the year to three different animal sanctuaries.

The first animal sanctuary is appropriately named The Animal Sanctuary and is in Matakana. Most volunteers who visit the sanctuary say that Sparky was their favourite animal. He is a gentle giant, a physically imposing steer with a loving nature. Volunteers are often surprised by how friendly he is. Sparky was raised from a young age in a caring environment. Most calves in New Zealand are separated from their mothers days, or even hours, after birth and experience little, if any, love in their life. Sparky got his foot caught in an electric fence when he was very small: hence the name Sparky. His foot was cut right to the bone. But his owner did not want to euthanise him, as he wanted the profit from selling Sparky at full slaughter weight. His owner did not treat the wound and Sparky suffered terribly until Shawn heard about him and adopted him. Even today after many surgeries and much vet care, his foot still troubles him.

The Roost is only 45 minutes north of Auckland, in Puhoi. In summer, we often work for half

a day and stop for a swim at the old cement works on the way home. Unsurprisingly, mainly roosters reside at The Roost (although there are also three alpacas!) The first job of the day is to feed all the animals, and a lucky three volunteers get the opportunity to feed the alpacas. On our last trip to The Roost, we cleaned out the rooster and hen houses and then spread out limestone in the mud to stop it being slippery and unsafe in winter.

The third sanctuary, Paws Awhile, is in Raglan. Due to the distance, these trips are overnight, and the resulting road trip is a fun bonding experience. There is also a mandatory card game for all attendees. We usually stay at eco-retreat Solscape, which has a stunning view. Food and petrol for this trip are provided by AUARG, ensuring the trip is affordable for students. There are four steers: Batman, Ghandi, Robin, and 007. They are all quite shy except Robin. He enjoys being scratched between the ears and runs up to people he knows to nuzzle and demand cuddles. There are rescued battery hens, who will never have to endure this horror again: they are now free to roam around wherever they please.

I especially like taking part in more permanent jobs. Cleaning stables is an essential task, but it is slightly disheartening to see animals almost immediately dirty it. We have planted over 50 trees, created a vege garden, and built goat, chicken, dog and duck houses. Seeing the trees' growth each time I return is a special kind of satisfaction. ♦

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ATTEND A SANCTUARY TRIP, KEEP AN EYE OUT ON AUARG'S EVENTS TAB [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/AUANIMALRIGHTS/](https://www.facebook.com/AUANIMALRIGHTS/)



CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

Did you know it's World Turtle Day on Tuesday 23rd May? To celebrate, you can support Turtle Rescue, a sanctuary for rescued turtles in New Zealand. Many turtles suffer due to inadequate environments or diet from inexperienced owners. These turtles can arrive vitamin deficient or with a variety of shell conditions and stress. Turtles show

no signs of illness until extremely unwell, and often rescue turtles require months and even years of rehabilitation to recover from their ordeal. At any one time, there are more than 90 turtles at Turtle Rescue! Support their good work, and learn more about what they do, by heading over to their website: <http://www.turtlerescue.co.nz> ♦

Upcoming Community Events

The **Equal Justice Project** is hosting their first symposium of the year:

Neurodisability and Therapeutic Jurisprudence

When: Thursday 18th May, 6pm–7pm

Where: University of Auckland, 109–B15 (General Library Basement)

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: “For many reasons, individuals with neurodisabilities are placed in extremely vulnerable situations when they encounter the justice system. The area of ‘therapeutic jurisprudence’ seeks to address the shortcomings of our legal system in respect of this. Ultimately, we ask the question of whether we should adapt the procedures and parameters of our justice system to facilitate those who are affected by neurodisabilities. Should therapeutic jurisprudence be incorporated into our legal system to a greater extent than it currently is?”

Guest speakers: *Warren Brookbanks* (Professor of Law at AUT and author of “Therapeutic Jurisprudence: New Zealand Perspectives”), *Sally Kedge* (Director of Talking Trouble Aotearoa NZ), *Anthony Duncan* (Acting/Deputy Director of Mental Health at the Ministry of Health and National Advisor for Intellectual Disability Compulsory Care and Rehabilitation), and *Douglas Hancock* (Head of the Human Rights Commission Disability Team).

Want to feel empowered? Support the **Auckland Writer's Festival** and hit up their **Women and Power** event!

When: Friday 19th May, 5:30pm–6:30pm

Where: ASB Theatre, Aotea Centre

Price: \$25 standard, \$12.50 for students!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: “Join Auckland Feminist Action at this Writers Festival event! Michele A’Court, Roxane Gay and Mpho Tutu van Furth unpack the disaster that was 2016 for women and suggest courses of required action to continue the battle for sexual equality. Dinner and drinks to debrief after the event somewhere close by. All genders welcome.”

Buy tickets at: writersfestival.co.nz. ♦

What's On

Ha the Unclear GOLDEN DAWN TAVERN

Local band Ha the Unclear are at Golden Dawn Tavern on Thursday 18th May for their "Big City" single release tour. These guys have a super unique indie sound, so get there at 8pm for a 9pm start.

Jordan Luck Band HOWICK CLUB

We all love The Exponents, right? Lead singer Jordan Luck's fab rock group the Jordan Luck Band are playing Friday 19th May as part of their *Who Loves Who* tour. Catch them at the Howick Club for 30 bucks.

Poparazzi Quiz BUNGALOW 8

Bungalow 8 is bringing back their Poparazzi quiz—a free pub quiz focused on the who's who and what's what of pop culture, music and movie trivia. The quiz will start on Monday 15th May and run every following Monday from 7pm–9.30pm.

2017 Official Music Month Summit AUCKLAND MUSEUM

The 2017 Official Music Month Summit will happen on Saturday 20th May from 10am–5pm at Auckland Museum. The theme is "For The Love of Music" and will involve 15 musical industry professionals and artists discussing their passion for music. Reserve your free tickets at <http://www.mmf.co.nz/2017-summit>.

90's Club Night THE ZOOKEEPER'S SON

The Zookeeper's Son will be hosting a 90's Club Night on Thursday 18th May. Starting at 8pm, The Zoo will be serving the very best of the 90's—from music to food. If you're longing for a dose of your childhood, you won't be disappointed. They've even promised a fairy-bread cocktail! ♦



GUIDE TO...

Having a Successful Night Out

It's 3am and you're vomiting on the side of the road, feeling like absolute shite. You stumble home, crawl into bed and wake up the next day with a pounding headache and mad case of the drys. We've all been there—sacrificing the health of our liver for a night of drinking, dancing and DMCs. Now that we're older (and so much wiser), it's possible to have a cracker of a night without the bad shit that often comes with it.

Gears: Seriously consider your footwear when putting your outfit together. Don't wear high and uncomfortable heels because you'll end up taking them off at some point during the night. Go for the "practical-but-cool" look (it's a thing, we swear) and wear wedges, chunky heels or nice flats like loafers instead.

Preload: Number one rule for a successful night out? Drink some alcohol before you leave (note: we don't mean scull multiple vessels at home alone—pls have social drinks with friends). This will save you a lot of \$\$\$ and minimise the risk of

getting drinks stolen or spiked.

Eat Something Greasy: When else can you indulge in basically any fried, fatty, greasy foods you want other than when you're rip-roaring drunk? Find the greasiest burger/pizza you can, and eat. Not only will it taste AMAZING, it'll help soak up some of that alcohol.

Juust Peak: This is the hardest one to manage. You want to drink enough so that you just reach your prime, meaning you're on the ultimate buzz—not sloppily falling over people, slurring extravagantly or vomiting on too many footpaths. You don't want to go the other way, either, when you haven't quite had enough and everything is horrid. It's a fine line, friends.

Hydrate Pre-sleep: Oh how we wish someone had told us this golden tidbit years ago. Drink a lot of water (like 1+ litres of water) before you get into bed. It might not be what you feel like right then, but it will 100% help you in the morning. Trust us. ♦

The Best Crumble Ever

Winter means we're allowed to indulge in delicious, warm desserts. Oh how we love a good crumble—and this one is just the bestest! Think steaming, stewed fruit with a hint of cinnamon, coated in a golden, sugary topping and complemented with a little whipped vanilla bean cream. We're drooling just thinkin' about it.

What's In It

Filling:

3 big, juicy apples
1 tin of sliced peaches, drained
1 tbsp lemon juice
1 dessert spoon white sugar

Topping:

¾ cup flour
½ cup rolled oats
1 tsp cinnamon
½ cup brown sugar
75g butter

How Yah Do It

1. Don't be a Forgetful Fred: preheat the oven, stat! 180°C will do the trick.
2. Grease a dish lightly with butter (mmm, but-

ter) and set aside.

3. Peel the apples, de-core them and slice thinly. Spread them out in the greased dish and add the drained peaches.
4. Pour the lemon juice over the fruit, then sprinkle with white sugar (mmm, sugar).
5. In a big-ass bowl mix together the flour, rolled oats, cinnamon and brown sugar. Get right in there with your hands and stir shit up.
6. Cut the butter into teeny tiny cubes. When soft enough, add the butter to the flour mix and slowly rub through the dry ingredients. Now show me how you work work work work work until that bowl is full of a crumbly, but not dry, mixture.
7. Sprinkle the crumble over the fruit until the apples and peaches are 100% hidden.
8. You did it! Whack that baby in the oven and set the timer for 45–50 minutes.
9. Remove from the oven when the crumble is golden and crunchy. Serve hot with whipped cream, custard or vanilla ice cream. Yaaas.
10. High five yourself, 'cause you just made the best goddang crumble ever. ♦

Alcoholly

Holly is a postgraduate student in UoA's Wine Science Programme. She's being held hostage on Waiheke Island, so figured she'd utilise her free time to bring all you winos out there the inside scoop straight from the vine.

What even is Pinot Gris and why do I keep buying it? Vaguely French-sounding and usually the second-cheapest, Pinot Gris is fancy enough to be everyone's new fave. The name is French for Grey Pinecone, so-named because the grapes are greyish and the bunches look like grapey pinecones. It's a pretty easy little grape to grow in New Zealand, but the flavour will change a lot depending on how ripe the grapes are and what sort of sweet-tooth the winemaker has.

Raupara Springs Pinot Gris (\$16): This is on the sweeter side so it feels really rich and thick in your mouth (ayooo) with flavours of stewed pear and cinnamon. Don't worry if you can't find one in

the fridge section, it will taste good at room temp. Check it out at www.glengarrywines.co.nz.

Woven Stone Ohau Pinot Gris (\$15): This is my mum's drink and she's a cool mum with vape and a convertible—you can trust her. Sweet and sour just like a juicy apple, this will be fire with Sichuan BYO even if you're too broke to afford a main. Get it at New World.

Durvillea Marlborough Pinot Gris (\$15): Dry as, for those of you who are done with stinky Savvy B, but don't want it too winery. Here's an out-of-context quote from the winemaker I found online: "As a young man at university I studied seaweed." Take a peek at www.caros.co.nz. ♦

Seasonal Sweet-things

We may be heading into the winter months, but that only means that our drinks need to be warmer and our desserts sweeter! Auckland agrees, and our cafes and restaurants are coming up with amazing treats to keep us cosy in these colder months. Here are some of the desserts you need to try before the month is out!

Mega Cookie (Moustache, K Rd): Our favourite milk-and-cookie bar Moustache is serving pizza-sized cookies three times the size of your head! They will deliver straight to your door, or you can pick up in store. You can super-size any of their regular cookie flavours and they'll even ice a personalised message on your giant cookie, perfect for any gift or even just to provide a motivational message as you plough through it solo.

Any pie (The Pie Piper, K Rd): You can never have too much pie, as the ladies at The Pie Piper have proven. After two years of markets and events in the city, The Pie Piper has teamed up with Doornuts to open a store right in the heart of the city. The grand opening was this past weekend, so head on down to their store on K Rd for your servings of piping pie and doughnuts!

Dessert dumplings (Xuxu, Britomart): If you haven't already stuffed yourself with their steamy, savoury dumplings, then don't be afraid to try Xuxu's delicious, dessert dumplings. Ranging from chocolate-pumpkin to salted caramel-banoffee, these flavourful dumplings are perfect for a wintry day or night.

Unicorn Hot Chocolate (Dear Jervois, Herne Bay): Dolphins and unicorns. Two of every child's favourite animals. And now they're teaming up. In

support of the critically endangered Maui dolphin, Dear Jervois has come up with this ingenious drink. White chocolate, sprinkles, rainbows and a marshmallow horn to boot, all proceeds from this hot chocolate will be donated to WWF's Maui Dolphin Challenge. There are only 63 dolphins left, and we have 63 days to save them. ♦

Fashion on Campus

Shouts to Jen. When in doubt, wear red.



PHOTO BY SAIA HALATANU

Top 5... Auckland Hikes

Te Henga Walkway CONSTABLE RD, MURIWAI

For some banging coastal views and actual decent exercise, give Te Henga Walkway a crack. You can start at either the Bethells or Muriwai end, both of which provide some hearty climbs that'll get the thigh muscles a-burnin'.

Mercer Bay Track LOG RACE RD, PIHA

Mercer Bay has two options, the first being a one-hour loop track suitable for all fitness levels and dogs (on a leash). The second is much more intense, with a hidden, almost vertical track plummeting down through thick bush to the wild Mercer Bay below. Warning: the climb back up will damn near kill yah!

Mt Tamahunga RODNEY RD, WARKWORTH

Don't let "mountain" put you off climbing this baby. Mt Tamahunga is a breezy three-hour return hike over rolling farmland and through native bush.

Wairoa Loop Track MOUMOUKAI RD, HUNUA RANGES

There are tonnes of hikes in the beautiful Hunua Ranges, located just an hour from the CBD. The Wairoa Loop Track is a particularly great one, with stunning views of the Wairoa Reservoir, surrounding bush, and close to the impressive Hunua Falls.

Tiri Tiri Track TE HARUHI BAY, WHANGAPARAOA

Shakespear Regional Park is a gem, home to dozens of outdoor activities. Tiri Tiri Track takes just under two hours and is a gentle stroll that anyone can manage. Walkers will pass an old Māori settlement before following the cliff edge for some beaut views of Tiritiri Matangi Island. ♦

DONALD TRUMP ALWAYS STARTS FIVE SENTENCES AT ONCE (AND OTHER WISDOMS FOR THE ASPIRING WRITER)

Malinna Liang on Armando Iannucci, writing for comedy and why the best things happen unplanned



ART BY ISOBEL GLEDHILL (@ISOBEL_G)

In the back of my mind, as I sit down between Tweed Gin And Tonic and Woodstock Chardonnay, the thought occurs to me: there must be a German word for that feeling you get when you see someone whose career you want.

It's not jealousy per se which, contrary to popular usage, is actually a different beast from its cousin—envy; jealousy happens over something you already have, envy over something you don't. Why not jealousy? I'm 22, I don't have it in the first place. Why not envy? He's 53, so there's probably a laundry list of good reasons why he does. Quibbling over the minutiae of that particular emotional topography seems bleak when everyone around me has a drink, so I shuffle the thought away for later: a Sunday perhaps, overcast, with light rain, when I am wearing a pensive turtleneck. Creative Me ignores the fact that when alone, Actual Me rarely wears pants.

The lights dim and I sneak one last nosy 360 around the packed theatre; two more thoughts occur to me, neither of them kind. Item One—why is everyone at these things old enough to have divorced twice? Item Two—why does everyone old enough to have divorced twice know each other? Tweed Gin And Tonic thanks me for making room. Another horrible realisation: I own his jacket, and that's my drink.

Armando Iannucci starts the night off by clarifying that he does not swear as much as his characters do. The crowd chortles. I chortle too, and run through a fond select reel of my personal favourites: marzipan dildo, jolly green jizz face, Frankenstein of dead dicks. For those of you in the unknown of what that trinity of verbiage represents, it hails from a show that Washington insiders say is the closest that art comes to life. Iannucci's *Veep*, an unofficial successor to his BBC *The Thick of It* and *In the Loop*, details the day-to-day life of Vice-President cum interim President cum Democratic nominee cum failed presidential candidate Selina Meyer, which has won Julia Louis-Dreyfus five consecutive Emmys for Outstanding Comedy Actress. The sheer amount of cum in that sentence, which I use in a purely Latinate fashion, should tell you how many narrative turns the series progresses through, prophecies real-life policy screw ups, and public gaffes. No wonder the packed theatre.

A funny thing Iannucci mentions is the difficulty of writing satire in the age of Trump, whom he calls "walking satire" himself. So much of what Iannucci does is distorting that which had always existed, be it human fallibility, the pitfalls of bureaucracy, pure idiocy—and sometimes something as banal as mishearing "the press thinks you're repugnant" for "the press thinks you're pregnant". That's what separates *Veep* from *House of Cards* and *The West Wing*, both of which are inherently unbelievable because congressional representatives actually do work in them.

That's satire in a nub. How do you do that to a

President who has, in the scant hundred days since he took office, walked out of an executive order signing without signing it, admitted on camera that Australian universal healthcare is better than American, installed a red button in the Oval Office that summons a butler who brings a Diet Coke at a press, and who'd rather "be on a mattress in Moscow taking a piss?" Tweed Gin and Tonic laughed at that; Woodstock Chardonnay didn't.

Not my job anymore, says Iannucci, whose tenure ended on season 4 of *Veep*—he's now working on a comedy about the death of Stalin. But he offers a fascinating observation that later doubles as a bit of writing advice: Trump always starts five sentences at once. Break down any prolonged speech Trump makes since taking office that wasn't monitored by three teleprompters and Paul Ryan and Mike Pence playing charades off camera, and this is what you get: "It was 59 missiles—they told me over the most beautiful chocolate cake—President Xi enjoyed it—the best cake—no one has ever seen a more beautiful cake. Bigly." This kind of thing doesn't just come from the mouth of a man who possibly can't read—it's the way most people talk, to varying degrees, and one of the defining characteristics of *Veep* and *The Thick of It* is the naturalism of the abuse. How many times have you read a book or seen a film where some designer stubble protagonist speaks, unencumbered, for a paragraph or a minute without pause? Iannucci explains: no human being talks that way, and no human being thinks that way. While writing might be about distilling life, Iannucci's comedy does that and keeps the intercutes.

Example. Malcolm Tucker's final rant in *The Thick of It*, a diatribe against the mouth-to-anus human centipede nature of politics and media, was not in fact one speech, but five speeches. Five writers had written five separate philippics, and of each Iannucci had picked the best lines, rearranged them so that they began in the middle of each other, and then dropped them like a missile on a Syrian airbase (that is to say: ineffectively). The end result is something that a spin doctor could feasibly shoot off, off the cuff, on live TV. The point is to script without being scripted.

This correlates with what one of the actors of *Veep*, Reid Scott, has said recently about Iannucci's process—the fact that the cast is sometimes given five episodes in advance in a medium that regularly sees the shooting of ten pages a day means that they get rehearsal time that other shows don't get. That time gets put to good use: improv and ad lib, then a complete overhaul by the writers to incorporate all improv. Final shoots see seven or eight takes per scene, and the final minute count often comes to over a hundred per episode, which is then edited down to twenty-eight minutes—and that's why *Veep* averages five jokes per minute.

What else?

Vulgarity is a see-saw. There is someone at the

BBC, Iannucci reveals, who writes a report every year that charts, on bar graph and Venn, the number of fucks and cunts. A quid pro quo exchange Iannucci recalls fondly, as follows:

BBC: Can you cap this episode at 23 fucks?

Iannucci: Can I have one cunt?

BBC: If you can get this episode down to 22 fucks.

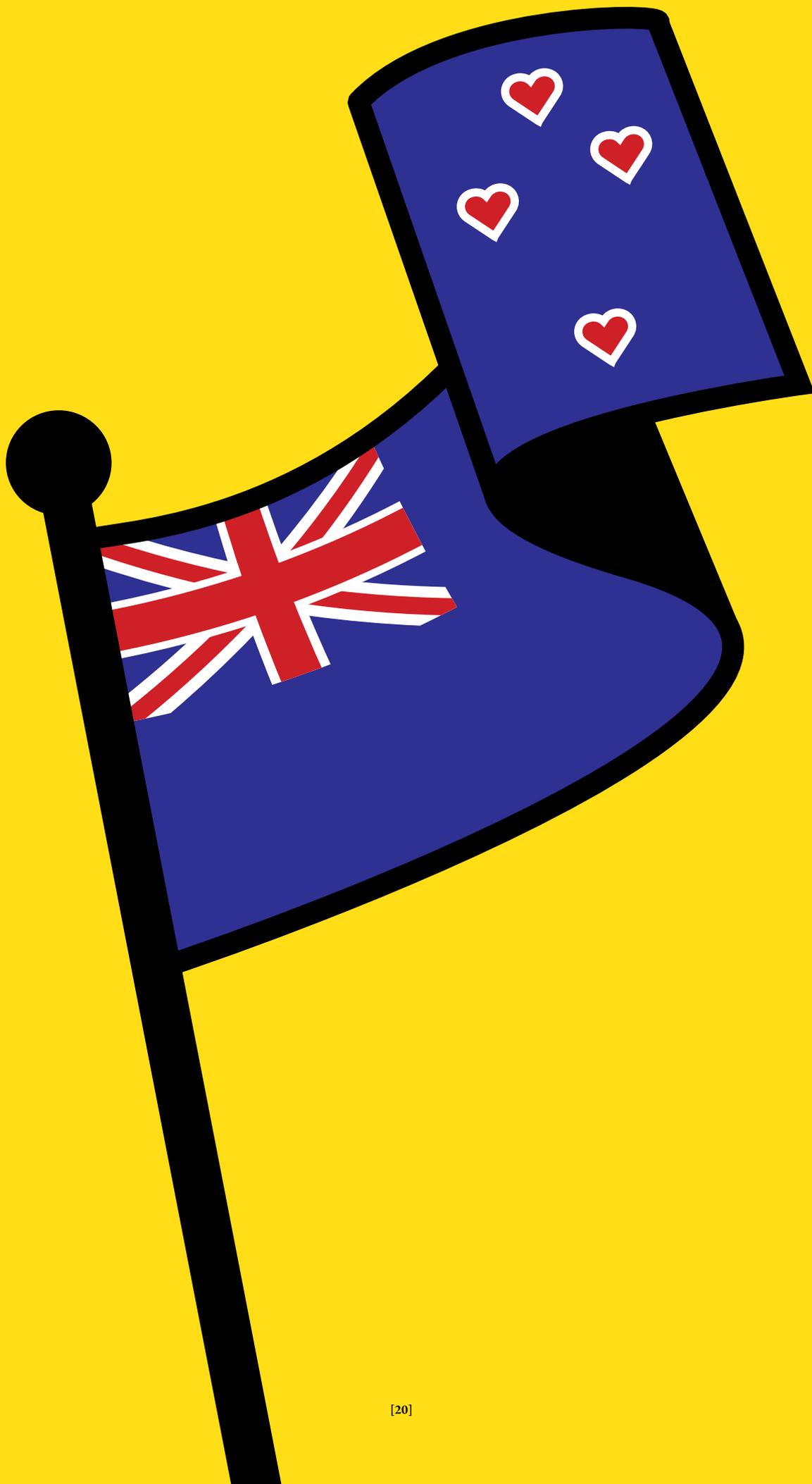
Woodstock Chardonnay didn't laugh at that.

I contemplated taking notes: one Moleskine page torn out that says ONE CUNT = TWO FUCKS. FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

What does come across quite vividly is a certain willingness to completely overhaul. Writers have delicate egos. I know this because one time someone told me something I'd written was over-written, and I considered plunging over Canyon Fox on my learner's licence like Thelma without Louise. Iannucci didn't say this, but I'm saying it now to myself, and to all five of you who've made it this far: you're never the funniest or the smartest in the room, even when you are. Sometimes, the best moments in *Veep* happen not during the delivery of an insult, but on the reaction—and the insult, sometimes, is one that the actor didn't even know was coming, is one that was never written. Naturalism. It happens because it happens, not because it's planned; when it does, it's worth all 23 fucks. What comes across most strongly in Iannucci's session is this inherent need: a writer must, sometimes, stop mothering.

Auditions with actors: Iannucci interviews them while they're in character, not to see if they're funny, but to see if they can go off the page. Brainstorming sessions for Alan Partridge: Iannucci and writers transcribe Steve Coogan's in-character rants about dishwashers into the hundreds in page count, in case they need a line on the day. On set, final shoot: tell Actor A he looks like melted play dough stuck to a flagpole, and see how he reacts.

And that's the key: preciousness encumbers the product. Manufacture makes comedy less comedic, but this takeaway isn't strictly relegated to screen or humour. How many times has tossing out what you already have led to something better? There's a common image for people who fancy themselves creatives: it comes, always, at once, and in a deluge, and someone flicks on a lightbulb over your head, and the process of creation becomes creation ex nihilo. This isn't true even for mediums that aren't inherently collaborative, like film or TV—anyone, not just Nobel Prize winners, will tell you that the first draft of anything is always shit. You always need the cavalry, and for something more solitary, like prose or poetry, that cavalry becomes yourself—yourself, two days from the first draft; yourself, two months from the first draft; yourself, sober; yourself, shit-faced at a wedding; yourself, in an existential crisis; yourself, when the planets align. Each copy of you adds something and deducts something. And each copy of you needs a voice loud enough to tell the first you to shut the fuck up. ♦



THE POLITICS OF LOVE

Meg Williams interviews University of Auckland alumnus Max Harris on his new book and defends his concept of the politics of love

On May 3rd I had a meaningful Skype call with Max Harris, University of Auckland alumnus and author of recently-released book, *The New Zealand Project*. Harris was easy to talk to. Sometimes he took long pauses to think about the questions I would ask, and would always reply with an articulate answer getting straight to the heart of my question. I left the Skype call feeling like there was one issue in particular over which we seemed to connect: the idea of love's place in politics. Critics have said that this idea is insubstantial, and they've laughed at it too. I'm here to defend Harris, and to say that the rejection of this unorthodox idea is symptomatic of what Harris calls a "paralysing cynicism" in New Zealand politics.

Bridget Williams Books released *The New Zealand Project* on April 11th this year. The book is about issues in New Zealand politics, and how discussion around these issues, such as climate change, wealth inequality, incarceration, and decolonisation, seems to have diminished. The book claims that New Zealanders' imaginations have become unequal to the enormity of such issues, and that this is especially so for young people.

The book opens with Harris' story, how he came close to death and subsequently, with a

new outlook on life, earned a prestigious scholarship at All Souls College, Oxford, which would allow him the freedom to devote time and energy to topics that were meaningful to him. Harris chose to use the seven years of his scholarship researching and writing about New Zealand politics, the biggest issues facing Aotearoa, and how we should be engaging in discourse around these issues. The book that came out of those times explores ideas such as a new economic system, rejecting the neoliberal system New Zealand has been plagued by since the fourth Labour Government, decolonisation, decarceration, and something he calls "the politics of love"—specifically applied to the changing world of work, beneficiaries and people less-abled.

The New Zealand Project is self-aware, in that it claims to be unashamedly idealistic. It puts forward imaginative ideas and solutions for the biggest issues facing Aotearoa, perhaps hoping to ignite some creativity and passion within readers. It doesn't claim to be a manifesto about how to be progressive yet credible and electable—when Harris talks about "politics", he's talking about something broader than Parliamentary and party politics. He's talking about politics in terms of activism, campaigning for

change, campaigning as a means of broadening discourse around issues. "Politics," he says, "is about history, culture, economics, and other forces: all of these things affect the traction that ideas, individuals, and identities have." Harris hopes that the book "is read in the spirit in which it is written: as an attempt to amplify others' voices, and an invitation to debate."

I first heard about *The New Zealand Project* over New Years. I was up in Panguru, a tiny town in the Far North, with a group of people who turned out to be mutual friends of mine and Harris'. A few of us were sitting around a table peeling potatoes talking about a new book coming out this year by Harris, though then I didn't know who he was. They told me that he had written a blog post entitled "The Politics of Love" about the role that love has to play, or should play, in the forming of our politics. I was instantly drawn to this idea, having grown up with a theologian as a dad, whose theology always centred around the mantra "Love comes first". While I no longer consider myself religious, this has always stuck with me, and I would argue that it has defined my politics in a large way. When I interviewed Harris over Skype about his new book, I couldn't help but continuously steer the conversation towards his

“They told me that he had written a blog post entitled “The Politics of Love” about the role that love has to play, or should play, in the forming of our politics.”

FEATURE

idea of the politics of love.

Harris began thinking and talking about love in politics during his undergraduate studies at the University of Auckland with his friend Phillip McKibbin, with whom he co-wrote the blog post. He started feeling like the concept kept popping up in conversations and in things he was reading, and he and McKibbin both decided to explore the concept further.

“I remember Michael Kirby,” Harris says, “who’s a retired Australian judge, a really kind of brave and principled lawyer, suggested in passing that love might underpin human rights, and I remember just thinking, ‘Oh, that’s a really interesting idea, bringing love into these discussions.’ I remember reading about it in the context of Tikanga Māori as part of law. Once you’re interested in an idea that seems new to you, you just sort of find references to it everywhere.”

While the book has received an overwhelmingly positive response, it has no doubt dealt with its fair share of criticisms too. Danyl Mclauchlan’s article in *The Spinoff* is of particular note. Mclauchlan and I are both Green Party members, yet I disagree with his outlook on Harris’ work a great deal. Entitled “*The New Zealand Project* offers a bold, urgent, idealistic vision. I found it deeply depressing”, Mclauchlan’s article claims that while he agrees with most of what the book puts forward, the book “is actually a compilation of arguments and policy statements that have been advanced by... political parties, thinkers and activists... for such a long time their ideas have become conventional wisdom on the progressive left.” On the politics of love, Mclauchlan says that “the idea is exactly as insubstantial as it sounds: ‘love’ is a floating signifier, it means whatever anyone wants it to mean, and I shall pass over this idea with a quote from Oscar Wilde: that you’d have to have a heart of stone not to laugh.”

It’s interesting that Mclauchlan argues the book is a compilation of ideas that are conventional wisdom on the progressive left, but then dismisses ideas, such as the politics of love,

which are a little less orthodox. Further he is not willing to think meaningfully about them. Mclauchlan’s response to the politics of love, Harris says, is symptomatic of a much broader issue in New Zealand.

“I think there’s a paralysing cynicism sometimes in New Zealand politics,” Harris says, “and that’s one of the reasons for writing the book, or one of the things I wanted to tackle through the book... In the book I talk about the overton window—the window into what’s politically possible—and related to that cynicism I think we have quite a narrow overton window, which allows for unorthodox ideas, or ideas outside the mainstream, to be shut down quite quickly.”

Harris acknowledges that while ideas about the politics of love may be new in a colonial New Zealand context, it is something that has in fact been talked about among African-American writers, and has featured in other traditions such as Māori and Pasifika. Bell Hooks writes, “All the great social movements for freedom and justice in our society have promoted a love ethic... Were a love ethic informing all public policy in cities and towns, individuals would come together and map out programmes that would affect the good of everyone...” Che Guevara wrote, “At the risk of seeming ridiculous, let me say that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love. It is impossible to think of a genuine revolutionary lacking this quality.” James Baldwin described love as “a state of grace” and “a tough and universal sense of quest and daring and growth.”

Having experienced cynicism around this kind of discourse myself, I asked Harris if he was scared about including the chapter entitled “The Politics of Love” in his book.

“I wasn’t scared,” he said, “but it’s true that I didn’t want the whole book to kind of rise and fall on that concept... I knew that there would be some people that wouldn’t be on board with it, and I’ve also thought there were also other related ideas like the value of care, the idea of a values-based politics, that were perhaps more

fundamental, or perhaps prior to a politics of love that I wanted to make more central... I could talk more, but I think the reason for the response is a combination of cynicism, a narrow overton window, and challenges in the concept of love itself.”

The book is not explicitly all about this idea of the politics of love. It explores many different ideas, and only one chapter is entitled “The Politics of Love.” Yet, that idea is what has stuck with me, and I cannot help but imagine that this idea in fact underpins most, if not all, of the ideas Harris explores in the book. When asking what a “politics of love” would look like in a practical sense, we can read Harris’ chapter on the changing world of work, but we can also read the rest of his book—to me his book is essentially what Aotearoa would look like if, like Bell Hooks suggests would be beneficial, our politics were informed by a love ethic.

In a piece Harris wrote for *Aeon*, which came out recently, he says that “love is always, everywhere, a project of planting ambitious expectations within a set of defined relationships. A radical politics of love merely requires an expansion of the types of relationships to which expectations of love should be attached.” I fear that cynicism causing people to reject these sorts of ideas will stunt the way our conversations will develop around political ideas in the future, and I’m thankful that Harris had the guts to come out and say what is real: love isn’t just a noun, it isn’t just an emotion—it’s a verb, it’s an action, an event that actually happens in time and space. A politics of love, Harris writes, “reminds us that the personal is political, as feminism has long emphasised”. It steers us away from individualism and self-interest, since, as Iris Murdoch put it in “The Sublime and the Good” (1959), love “is the extremely difficult realisation that something other than oneself is real. It takes us in the direction of an other-regarding politics: a politics of other people.” ♦

“...while ideas about the politics of love may be new in a colonial New Zealand context, it is something that has in fact been talked about among African-American writers, and has featured in other traditions such as Māori and Pasifika.”



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A GUIDE TO THE AUCKLAND WRITERS FESTIVAL

Wen-Juenn Lee asks people around campus about their thoughts on some Auckland Writers Festival events

To imagine; the writer, the thinker, the artist who had crafted *those* words onto *that* page, who had shaped and teased language to speak to you as if it was an old friend, to imagine that they would actually appear in front of you, a living, breathing person, was unequivocally thrilling. And what's more? You could see them for free. This year's Writers Festival offers an extensive list of free events for students and the public. General events also offer students a discount of \$12.50. You can learn something new, you can watch acclaimed writers in discussion—all you need is a little bit of curiosity. So I turned to the staff and students at the University of Auckland to ask them what events they were interested in—what events would they recommend students to go to? Some were involved in the Writers Festival and others had only heard of it for the first time, but all had suggestions to offer for the stingy and the curious, the science, the politics and the art student in us all.

Paula Morris, writer and Lecturer of Creative Writing at the University, urged students to attend the University of Auckland's free lecture about the crisis in New Zealand's contemporary literature; namely, the under-representation of Māori and Pasifika writers. Amber, a Fine Arts and English Literature student who works at the Fine Arts Library, says she's noticed that American and European art discourse dominates what books people are accessing at the library, despite there being texts anchored in Aotearoa and Pacific life worlds. In Paula's words, an illustrated talk by novelist Tina Makereti will "provoke discussion about what kind of culture we want here—and what we can do to make it happen." **"The University of Auckland Free Public Lecture: Tina Makereti, Poutokomanawa"** will be on Wednesday May 17th at 5pm. The second event Paula was invested in is her own **"1001 Nights ... in Auckland"** on Saturday May 20th at 4:30pm. Paula says, "[It] features visuals and music as well as a re-telling of Ali Baba by more than a dozen teen writers—and me, filling in gaps with my own nonsense." With recent Masters Creative Writing students collaborating with

the top writers at three South Auckland high schools, 1001 Nights uniquely reinvents the stories from the Arabian Nights, setting them in contemporary Auckland.

Paula also hoped all her creative writing students would come to hear writers like George Saunders and Teju Cole, whose work they study in class. One creative writing student who has taken this to heart is Melanie, who studies English Literature and Screen Production. Melanie told me she's going to see all four Teju Cole events in the Writers Festival. When I pressed her further, she said, "Would it be enough to just say that I love him?" Teju Cole's most recent work, *Known and Strange Things*, is a book of essays covering his wide ranging interests in art, photography, people and politics. Teju Cole will be discussing **"Known and Strange Things"** in conversation with writer Kevin Rabalais on Friday May 19th at 1.00pm. In what may be especially appealing to students, Teju Cole will guide the audience on a virtual tour of his twelve current favourite photographers. Melanie said, "It just sounds lit. Like of course I want to know what Teju Cole is into outside of writing. Like, yes, tell me all about your aesthetic, Teju Cole. Also, his Instagram is sick." Art and photography lovers can see **"12 Photography Favourites"** on Sunday May 21st at 12pm. George Saunders, considered one of America's most prominent contemporary writers, will also be in conversation with Paula Morris on Saturday May 20th at 12pm. Paula says, "We'll be talking about America, dysfunction, dystopias, and his astounding new novel *Lincoln in the Bardo*, which is populated by hundreds of ghosts and President Lincoln."

If you don't have a spare \$12.50 to see either two writers, you can see Teju Cole in the free event the **"Art of the Essay"** along with *Bad Feminist* author, Roxane Gay, and *Can You Tolerate This* writer Ashleigh Young on Saturday May 20th at 10.30 am. The three writers will be discussing how the essay—at its best—can decipher the personal, political and cultural climate we live in. Melanie said, "It's difficult to write essays in a way that's compelling and

effective, to connect both the personal and the political. That's why I'm going. Also, it's a free event with Teju Cole, so how can you not?" Meanwhile, you can see George Saunders in the free event **"Strange Happenings"**, along with Viola DiGrado, Emma Neale and Jenny Powell where all four writers read from their work on death and life, the body and the spirit; the strange happenings (aha!) in the world.

If contemporary fiction bores you, well firstly, why? Secondly, the Writers Festival offers a prolific list of panels, discussions and writers' conversations about current affairs, science, politics, and the media. Science students won't want to miss **"Time Travel"**, with James Gleick, the multi-award winning science writer who will be discussing his latest book, *Time Travel: A History*. Nicole, Coordinator and Content Writer from the Science Department at the University, says "He'll deftly combine literary criticism with philosophy and physics to explain why time travel (apologies Dr Who fans!) is not possible." Find out more on Saturday 20th May at 6.00pm.

The highly anticipated event **"The Truth About Language"** should appeal to Science and Arts students as well. Michael Corballis, the Emeritus Professor in Psychology at the University of Auckland, will be tackling language theory evolution and the human mind. Nicole, from Science said, "I was fascinated by [Corballis'] theory of language evolution when he taught me, and his new book tackles accepted wisdom from the likes of Noam Chomsky and Stephen Jay Gould." Dr Aroha Harris, from History also had high praise for Corballis. "I have never been interested in psychology, and have instead regarded myself as 'not into' science. But Corballis changed that. His work is approachable, funny and relaxed, and what I find most striking is that it is understandable to me. I hope that all students, at some time, get to listen in person to an author whose craft they admire and enjoy." See **"The Truth About Language"** on Saturday, 20th May at 10.30am.

Students, especially those pursuing, Media,

FEATURE

Communications and Politics degrees, should go to **“Truth or Dare”**. The panel session discussing the state of journalism currently, is chaired by the University’s own Gavin Ellis, who lectures in Media and Communications, and features Chris Barton, the freelance journalist and Architecture Lecturer at the University. Chris says, “My view is that journalism is in serious trouble, so much so that I often wonder whether it’s now dead.” Mainstream media, in the face of declining circulation, has decided to appeal to what it perceives as the mass market. “The result is media that’s increasingly stupid and has no answer to alternative facts, accusations of fake news and those in power openly lying.” Chris believes “New Zealand mainstream media seems particularly stupid and particularly irrelevant in this respect. I don’t imagine the others on the panel—one edits the *Weekend Herald* and the other teaches journalism at AUT—will agree with my assessment, so I guess I’m looking forward to a robust debate.” See Chris Barton debating with Editor Miryiana Alexander and AUT Lecturer Richard Pamataua for free on Saturday May 20th at 9am.

Chris also strongly recommends seeing Susan Faludi in **“In the Darkroom”**. Susan Faludi, a Pulitzer-prize winning journalist and author, has a new memoir *In the Darkroom* which is about her re-acquaintance with her long-estranged Hungarian father who underwent gender reassignment surgery and changed his name from Steven to Stephanie. Chris says, “Having recently binged on *Transparent* and still grappling with the new pronouns, I’m hoping this session will give enlightenment.” Those interested in the negotiation of identity and history can see Susan Faludi on Saturday 21st May at 4.30pm.

Along with Teju Cole’s **“12 Photography Favourites”**, art and music lovers can rejoice in a range of events. Amber, from Fine Arts, is excited to see Chris Kraus, the writer, art critic, and editor. “Chris Kraus is a familiar name from critical art discourse. Her novel *I Love Dick* catches my eye in libraries and has floated around my flat for months without me ever picking it up. So maybe hearing her speak will be the prompt I need to give time to her writing.” Kraus will be discussing her much talked about memoir-fiction novel, *I Love Dick*, which has been described as “radical” and “gossip”. You can also see Kraus in the free event **“Lost Properties”**, where she discusses the unconventional methods in which one can be, and is, an artist. Kraus will discuss artists who have found creative engagement away from institutions conventionally associated with art, on Sunday 21st May at 1.30pm.

Music fans should take note of **“The Song of**

the Book” and **“Hallelujah for Leonard Cohen”** at the festival. **“The Song of the Book”** features songwriters Steve Abel, Anna Codrington, Reb Fountain, and Francis Kora who will perform works they were challenged to compose in response to a book featured in this year’s festival. Dr Aroha Harris says, “I am particularly keen to see what Kora produces...I have an enthusiasm that rides on a mix of the talents of the four composers.” Listen to the songwriters on Saturday, 20th May at 6.15pm. Meanwhile, the free event **“Hallelujah for Leonard Cohen”** celebrates the esteemed novelist, poet and songwriter Leonard Cohen with festival writers Steve Abel, Caroline Brothers, Denis Johnson and Steve Sem-Sandberg selecting one of Cohen’s works, discussing its significance and reciting it. Chris Barton says he’s excited for the event because “I’m a huge fan and feel duty bound to attend this tribute to the late, great genius.” **“Hallelujah for Leonard Cohen”** is on Sunday 21st May at 4pm.

Lastly, a combination of music, art, literature and the outdoors (!) **“Walk on High”** is my personal favourite. The highly anticipated event features more than twenty writers and performers taking part in a word trail along High Street on Friday night. There will be live performances, a Walk on High choir and activities such as Poetry in the Dark, a poetry session at the Michael Holmes Optometrist where different poets read to the audience in the dark (Get it? Poetry...in the dark... at an optometrist) and Insta-essay sessions, where writers reveal their Instagram images taken somewhere in Auckland, and an essay accompanying it. While Chris was looking forward to the activities, Nicole saw it as “a sampler of Festival talent” and value for money—you’re seeing twenty writers, local and international, engaging in readings, poetry, and games in the city for free. Come along to High Street at 6.30 pm on Friday 19th May.

It was interesting that the University of Auckland staff were thoughtfully aware of students’ budgets—many suggested events that were free, or seemed apologetic at suggesting paid, general events. Yet, Oscar, a Commerce and Politics student, showed me that money wasn’t the main issue, but interest. He had to be seriously interested in an event to dedicate the one-hour train journey into town. When I suggested “The Art of the Essay”, he said, “But I associate essays with work.” Even though it’s free? Yes. Instead, he would rather go to Paul Beatty’s **“The Sellout”**, because the “savagely satirical” appealed to his politics studies. Indeed, Beatty’s **“The Sellout”** is guaranteed to be a stimulating conversation on the hypocrisies of contemporary America—the novel maps an artisanal marijuana and watermelon grower’s attempts to reintroduce slavery and segrega-

tion in his LA neighbourhood. See Paul Beatty in conversation with Paula Morris on May 19th Friday at 2.30pm. Similarly, despite mentioning to Jayson—another Commerce student—the free event **“Chinese Shadows”**, he seemed stubborn on **“The Book of Forgiving”** with Mpho Tutu Van Furth, where Furth will be discussing the art of forgiveness in her book, co-written with her father, Archbishop Desmond Tutu. But what about Chinese Shadows? I asked. It’s free. “That sounds too dramatic,” he said. He was “more into forgiveness.”

It’s not surprising that my peers were interested in events specific to the people and the topics they knew about, whether it was their favourite writer, or someone they had heard, but this generally meant that the events they chose featured internationally well-known writers, over free events that featured more local writers. Thus, the free events I mentioned to some were dismissed based on its title or its unknowability—it *sounds* dramatic, it *sounds* like work, but once I told them more about the events, and how it related to their interests, many were quick to take note of it. Oscar is now going to **Truth or Dare**, because he was interested in the rise of “fakeness” in journalism, amongst other things. “There is a lot of fear and uncertainty around the world, and populist ideas are becoming more popular; it makes you question what now, and what next?” Amber is now going to **“The University of Auckland Free Public Lecture: Tina Makereti”** because “under-representation fits into a neo-colonial world, but it is not something I have heard spoken about, so I would be keen to learn more.”

For Melanie, if people don’t know about the free events, “I think it’s because of the marketing. Maybe people don’t go because most of the free events feature New Zealand writers and I feel like the Festival tends to push international writers in their promotions.” Like Amber, who felt overwhelmed at the proliferation of choices presented at the Writers Festival, perhaps the free events become swallowed up by the more glamorous, international features. But situating oneself in the local, as well as international landscape is equally important. As Melanie said, “When else am I going to be able to sit in a room full of accomplished writers and listen to them spit some serious knowledge for free?” Free or paid, international or local; events at this year’s Auckland Writers Festival promise conversation, comedy and compassion. It is, after all, the year of the Love Story. The Love Story of writing and reading, thinking and connecting. In a strange and turbulent climate, we need words even more to connect us to the landscape we inhabit. I hope I’ll see you all there. ♦



Not All White People *

*I am fiercely opposed to generalisation so this is a genuine title.

With Anoushka Maharaj

I'll never forget the phenomenal overreaction that was the alt-right's response to the announcement of Netflix release, *Dear White People*. They pre-emptively cancelled their subscriptions, announcing their brave acts of protest with intellectual tweets like, "CANCELLED! NO NEED FOR MORE HATE SPEECH DIVIDING!" Its trailer on YouTube has eight times as many dislikes as it does likes. This outrage over a show that hadn't even been released yet was astonishing—almost like my feverish (and admittedly misplaced) anger at the trailer of *Viceroy's House*, a film I assumed perpetuated the "white saviour complex" and furthered the racial divide between India and Pakistan. But that is an issue for another time. And even though I'm probably right about this, I should still wait to see the finished product before I make a (correct) judgment about it.

Rather than assuming reverse racism, these angry people could have benefited from a little education that would have been freely received by simply watching the show (or the original film). It is *so far* from the "anti-white propaganda" that all these furious broflakes¹ seemed to think it is—unless "anti-white" is the inaccurate label that one would give to a show unabashed in its overt portrayal of systemic racism. Rather than putting energy into denying these issues, why not attempt to understand them, and the personal experience that goes into creating shows like this?

On the backlash prompted by the show's very existence (fairly symbolic of its subject matter), director Justin Simien said, "*You know what, man, that's part and parcel of being a black person in this country. Everything's harder. It just is. You have to explain yourself all the fucking time, it never lets up... Any time a black person has the audacity to tell everybody else that they're also human beings, they are confronted with all kinds of malice and violence and ill will. It's been that way since black people were brought to this country.*"

In the first episode, Samantha, one of the protagonists, pre-emptively criticises and channels the response that Simien would have had to constantly reiterate, "*Dear White People' is a misnomer. My show is meant to articulate the feelings of a misrepresented group outside the majority.*" Trying to educate people about white privilege is an exhausting, and often inefficacious argument that, frankly, isn't the responsibility of the minority to uphold. Likewise, it isn't their responsibility to coddle white feelings, or justify why they deserve a show outside of the mainstream, that focuses on the triumphs and tribulations of being a minority in America.

Privilege is like this: you are starting a race halfway up a hill, and the other person is starting from the bottom. You're obviously going to win because you have a head-start. The argument that "you just have to work harder" is missing the point entirely—because *everyone should be starting at the same place*. But we don't. And to oversimplify this as, "not necessarily having anything to do with race" is both ignorant and simply untrue. Like history is written by the victors, your social comfortability is dependent on how much power you have, often determined by your ethnic history—where the advantage, to reference centuries of a broken, reinforced system rigged in favour of the privileged, falls in favour of white people.

Thus, rather than propagate some kind of "anti-white" agenda, *DWP* focuses on the underrepresented minority, who use their (rare) opportunity to share their perspectives. *DWP* addresses police brutality, sexuality, interracial relationships, and equally interesting, the internal issues that exist within the black community. It is topical, edgy, funny, and deeply upsetting—because it is all based in reality. It deals with common arguments, like, whether a non-black person can sing the n-word in a song because they're just "*repeating the lyrics*" (they can't); what happens when racism is dismissed as "*oh, yeah, because of slavery*"; or how white allies can often feel isolated by POC in discussions about privilege. Notably, it approaches issues that

so many of us will never have to deal with because of our respective privilege. There are pre-existing conditions that come with being a black person in America, and *DWP* depicts these through complex and diverse characters that deserve to be seen and shared on their own terms.

It is odd that so many people are averse to minorities having their own space to talk about experiences with prejudice, or operate under the assumption that this promotes "anti-white" rhetoric. A recent episode of *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* (innocuously titled "Moo-Moo") was led by Andre Braugher and Terry Crews in its depiction of racial profiling, wherein Sergeant Jeffords is stopped by an aggressive white cop who arrests and points a gun at him based purely on his appearance ("*you don't look like you belong in that neighbourhood*"). Consequently, the episode highlights the (very real) ostracism that can occur as a POC attempting to rise through the ranks while calling out racism and discrimination in the workplace. Jeffords also talks about the fear that comes with being the parent of a black child—a powerful statement at a time when the most recent police shooting of 15-year-old Jordan Edwards is at the forefront of our minds—yet one of the comments left on the show's Instagram was, "*this is supposed to be a happy show to escape reality... worst episode of the series.*"

But this is the tragic reality of so many people in the world. It was the reality of Jordan Edwards, Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, Emmett Till. To request media that ignores the ongoing suffering of these groups is to deem their truths unimportant, and essentially asks them to pretend that these prejudices don't exist at all for the comfort of the viewer.

Like any good piece of art, these television shows are confronting and profound. And while it might be uncomfortable to acknowledge our individual and collective failings, this courage is necessary, as James Baldwin so wisely noted: "*Not everything that is faced can be changed, but nothing can be changed until it is faced.*" ♦

¹ Credit to *The Independent* for coining this delightful term.



ART BY YOUNG KIM (@VAGUELYYOUNG)

Bondage: A Tricky Dilemma

Nikki Addison offers us five potential James Bond replacements.

He's one of the biggest fictional British characters there is, with an impressive twenty novels and twenty-four films featuring him as the protagonist. He has a catch phrase, some seriously great theme music and a set of skills that will leave you feeling inferior in no time. He's also well-dressed, witty and the picture of handsome.

He's *Bond*, *James Bond*. Created by novelist Ian Fleming in 1953, James Bond is now one of the world's most beloved cultural icons. Fleming would perhaps be surprised at how classic Bond's famous introductory line has become, given that he had other hopes for his character: "I wanted Bond to be an extremely dull, uninteresting man to whom things happened," he told *The New Yorker* in 1962. "When I was casting around for a name for my protagonist I thought 'By God, [James Bond] is the dullest name I ever heard.'"

Fortunately, the character is far from dull. Bond is a secret service agent for the British Intelligence, MI6. He is referred to by his classification code, 007, and is one of the organisation's top agents. His primary weapon is a small pistol, beginning with a Berretta 418 and moving onto a Walther PPK, though he uses a variety of guns throughout the novels and films. He also gets to drive a range of beautiful sports cars, his most famous being the silver Aston Martin DB5 used in eighteen of the films, from *Goldfinger* (1964) to *Skyfall* (2012). Bond's choice of drink is traditionally a dry martini, "shaken, not stirred", and he has a sneaky side-interest in golf. Thankfully, some of Bond's poor traits have left the character, most notably his homophobic and racist tendencies. There is still work to be done in the area of gender, however—he's more ladykiller than ladies' man, and there are definite cringe-worthy comments directed at women in some of the recent films.

Bond has also appeared in comics, video games and on television. The film series is one of the highest grossing to date, and the longest running series ever. Fleming was right in his pre-Bond assertion that "I'm going to write the spy story to end all spy stories". Bond is now such an iconic character that choosing the right actor for the part is the target of much contention. Seven actors have played him in film, beginning with Sean Connery in *Dr. No* (1962) and followed by David Niven, George Lazenby,

Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton, Pierce Brosnan and our most recent Bond, Daniel Craig. There are a lot of heated opinions in regard to who has been the best Bond, with many favouring Connery and Moore. That, however, is a whole different kettle of fish.

This spotlight looks to the future, not the past. Who will play Bond next? Who will fill Craig's very big shoes?

There are a few prerequisites that a wannabe-Bond must fulfil. Firstly, the mannerisms have to be on point. Bond is suave, dashing and smooth with the ladies. He's distinguished, intelligent and generally soft-spoken. This isn't your typical big-talking, guns-blazing hero. Bond is measured and modest. Secondly, the physical attributes must be consistent with prior Bonds. He should be in his late thirties, fit, muscular and handsome. Following in Craig's wake, the replacement Bond may want to do a few thousand deadlifts to keep up. Craig also brought a kind of rugged handsomeness to Bond, which worked well. Let's keep that theme rolling, am I right? Thirdly, there's the skillset. Bond is a super spy and must be able to do anything. Therefore, whoever plays him needs to look convincing in any number of instances, e.g. flying a plane, riding a horse, deep-sea diving. Lastly, whoever replaces Craig has to be British. None of this "we'll get an actor *not* from that country to play someone *from* that country even though there are lots of talented actors *in* that country who would be fab". Step aside, Hollywood. With all that in mind, here are my five ideal Bond replacements (*if* Craig leaves. I would be quite happy for him to play Bond forever).

Tom Hardy

I'm not numbering my Bond preferences, except for this one. Tom Hardy is my number one ideal Bond replacement. Not only is he an incredibly talented actor—see: *Bronson*, *Lawless*, *Legend*—he checks off all the boxes perfectly. Mannerisms? To the point, quiet-type, soft wit. Appearance? *Lawd* Hardy is a unit. With muscles like that, he'll give Danny Craig a run for his money. He also happens to be VERY James Bond handsome when clean-shaven and suited up. And the *skills*. After watching most of his

films, I'm 99% certain that Hardy can actually do anything, not just look convincing while acting something out. He's the number one, folks. (Plz see *Lawless* ASAP if you haven't already.)

Charlie Hunnam

Sons of Anarchy fans, rejoice. Would Charlie Hunnam not be a bloody fantastic Bond? The man is beautiful, and has definitely got the rugged edge that Craig brings to the role. A lesser-known actor than my other options, Hunnam would bring a freshness to the part, encouraging viewers to watch the film for its Bond status rather than its movie star status. Also, Hunnam has already proved he can navigate a solid car chase.

Tom Hiddleston

There's a big calling in the media and fanbase for Hiddleston to take on the next Bond role. Before seeing *Kong: Skull Island* I was sceptical, not thinking him gritty enough for the part. I was wrong. Hiddleston would be a good Bond. He certainly aces it in the mannerisms category (*so* classy), and after seeing him covered in dirt and sweat with a bit of stubble in *Kong*, I think the look will suffice. A solid contender.

Idris Elba

Another popular Bond replacement choice is Idris Elba, who is known for his role on the TV show *The Wire*. Elba is a reputable actor and would be the first black person to play Bond—which, sadly, is causing some dispute. With his distinguished, quiet manner, Elba would be a great choice for Bond.

James McAvoy

A more mainstream actor, McAvoy has played some great parts (*Atonement*, *X-Men: First Class* and the recent *Split* to name a few). He's got the right conduct and is definitely handsome. However, he may need to prove himself in terms of convincing action. With a bit of added bulk I think we could tolerate him in the role of Bond. ♦



ISON Sevdaliza

ALBUM REVIEW BY BEKA ATUK

Consider yourself extremely lucky to be stumbling upon Sevdaliza now if you haven't already. Sevdaliza is an Iranian-Dutch singer and songwriter who recently dropped a surprise debut album titled *ISON*, released on her own Twisted Elegance label. It is a delicious and meticulous work of art that reflects the artist's aesthetic perfectly.

ISON carries strains of industrial R&B, soulful (not shuffle) dubstep and trip-hop. Each song entwines into the next, creating a heavy atmosphere, but Sevdaliza's sexy, silky voice and ethereal beats bring a lightness to the gloom. It is a strange mixture of dark and light that makes you want to fall deeply into every song. But the deeper you sink into this album, the more the artist seems to break apart. Each one of the sixteen tracks acts as a distorted mirror of the artist's identity, displaying her vulnerability and projecting her ideas of love, life, sexuality, pain, depression, and healing.

The opening track is "Shahmaran", possibly named after an Anatolian goddess of wisdom who treats and heals the sick, and is compassionate through self-sacrifice and goodness. Although Sevdaliza's poetic voice is rather obscure, she clearly reflects and twists these characteristics through lyrics such as, "I'd fall a billion times / But you wouldn't let me" and "All the affections / as they infect us, love couldn't help us." Whether she or the person she addresses is "Shahmaran" is up to your imagination.

Her rich, poetic lyrics continue to impress throughout the album with "Hubris" having one of my favourite lines, "The autopsy report read / The insides were beautiful", "Marilyn Monroe" carrying one of the heaviest, "I've never been the one in your eyes / I've never been the truth / All you saw was a broken mirror" and "Bluecid" having my entire heart, "And I could only have you in my dreams / Oh, so it seems, so it seems."

I hope she creeps into all of your playlists this winter. ♦



Morningside Fazerdaze

ALBUM REVIEW BY CHRIS WONG

Under the name Fazerdaze, Amelia Murray makes wistful and dreamy bedroom indie-pop, bursting with topics straight from the heart, accumulated from her own personal experiences.

Morningside puts this on display, aptly named after the place the album was recorded and the suburb she calls home. Its release shows just how far Murray has come, from when Fazerdaze was her own tiny bedroom project, to the worldwide release of a debut album, supported by national shows including an appearance at Laneway as well as a European tour.

Morningside is mainly grounded in a fuzzy Pixies-esque 90s alternative sound, recalling parts of pop, grunge and shoegaze equally. Throughout the record, Murray touches on the intimate motions of love, deep friendships, the blissfulness of travelling and the dilemmas we face while growing up with honest and unapologetic emotion. Although most of the songs on *Morningside* were recorded with only one mic linked up to a laptop in Murray's room, their ethereal melodies and lo-fi sounds still manage to wrap themselves around the entranced listener like a blanket of warmth, embracing and closing in about them.

However, there is an underlying darkness to these tracks, too, as she sings about her many worries, fears and depression on tracks like "Little Uneasy" and "Misread". Another example is low-key highlight "Friends", which wakes us up from the quiet slumber of surrounding tracks with a bruising chorus that roars to life as Murray wails at the top of her lungs atop noisy and distorted chords, expressing her fear of losing friends and her importance to them.

Murray also makes the effort to draw the listener in and make it seem like they are really there experiencing the moments described, such as on the last track "Bedroom Talks", layering the sounds of cicadas onto the track to evoke the authentic feelings of intimate chats in the bedroom during summer nights.

Make *Morningside* one of the key homegrown releases you check out this year. ♦



In Transit

THEATRE REVIEW BY ADORATE MIZERO

In Transit is a coming-of-age story that centres around young Ahmed, who was born to a Pākehā mother and African father, as he learns about and connects to his African heritage through the anecdotes of his father and his friends around him.

The intergenerational and cultural tensions between child and parent are evident in the relationships of the young character Ahmed (Fathe Tesfamariam) and his friend Maisha (Sonaalofa Eliesa) and their parents. This is a coming-of-age story with a twist, as identity, culture and tradition are all brought to the table for examination and thoughtful reflection—the two characters are awoken to the sometimes ridiculous and intensely traumatic past experiences of their elders.

The play is written by Wanjiku Kiarie Sanderson as a dedication to late New Zealand actor Martyn Sanderson. It is directed by Justine Simei-Barton, bringing a special twist of African and Pasifika performing art to the stage. This collaboration is pleasantly surprising, with the blending of Pasifika, Māori and East African dance, song and costume.

The performances are fresh, natural and quite personal. I appreciated that the actors did not take themselves too seriously, with the connection between them evident. The live band was a highlight, helping move the story forward, while entertaining the audience. The familiar thud of the drums was accompanied by stirring vocals by Milly Grant-Koria, whose abilities are showcased across more than a few languages such as Swahili, Te Reo Māori and Samoan.

Considering the political climate surrounding refugees and asylum seekers, *In Transit* brings light and a little humour to some of the awkward, terrifying and harsh realities that are not usually reflected in mainstream media, or given thought to in everyday New Zealand society. ♦



Dislawderly

WEB SERIES REVIEW BY JACK ADAMS

"I'm putting in, like, ten hour days and I'm still only getting Bs. I feel like shit."

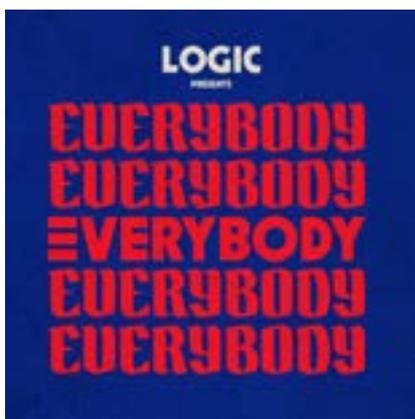
It's not often students are known for quality production in film. It rings true in a joke I once heard about a plane, quality. I suppose I also saw a meme about it on the Vic Uni Meme page. Regardless, this is something special, something unlike what we usually associate with student productions. Kiwi producers Marina Mersi, Caitlin Lynch, and Georgia Rippin present their seven episode mini-series, *Dislawderly*. The trio satirise the more awkward (lawkward?), pretentious, and outright abhorrent aspects of Auckland Law School through the eyes of the protagonist, Audrey.

Having left her life behind in Wellington, Audrey ventures northwards to the glorious bastion of culture, the Law Faculty at the University of Auckland, where the series takes the piss out of the finer elements of legal culture—from networking, to dating, to tutorials, to free sushi.

The series is a genuinely hilarious project playing on the common experiences of university students—to the more specific tribulations faced by those in the Law programme. The seven episodes provide a broad, yet detailed portrayal of student life, deriving humour from the situational peculiarities, to the minute elements that distance the protagonist from her seemingly filthy and unforgiving environment.

Often student projects are left to the depths of the internet, only to be viewed ten years later as the result of a Facebook memories post. Instead, this is a series made from their full passion for film and humour—whilst also touching on the more egregious elements of student culture.

Regardless, I do hope that the rumours are true and this troupe have more in store for either Audrey or more student satire. You can catch this show on YouTube—episodes 1–7 are uploaded now. ♦



Everybody

Logic

ALBUM REVIEW BY NEIL LINDSAY

Logic's anticipated new album release, *Everybody*, is basically the musical equivalent of a Stage I course at university. Logic, although an undeniably talented rapper, producer and lyricist, tries to cover so much serious material that he barely goes into depth for any of them. From being biracial (covered in "Black Spiderman", "AfricAryan"), to his anxiety (on "Anxiety"), and the topic of suicide (on "1-800-273-8255"), Logic has great ideas, but barely grazes the surface of any of them.

The main highlight on *Everybody* is the album's impeccable production quality. The beats (most of which were made by Logic himself), are amazing and show an incredible range—from the hard-hitting "America", to the super chill "Anxiety", the music is superbly crafted. The problem lies in Logic's topic material; his seriousness simply sucks all the fun out of the album. Logic's raps are great, but his monologues every second song do get tiresome. Luckily, he is accompanied by a great array of features (including J.Cole, and the Neil DeGrasse Tyson), who seem to get to the subject material better than he does, and help to make the songs as fun as possible.

Compared to his previous albums, *Everybody* is a little disappointing. It's a pretty fun listen, but doesn't really compare to Logic's earlier work, and there are no songs that have any potential on their own. In saying that, the messages in his songs do have a great lot of appeal—he just doesn't talk about it in enough detail for *Everybody* to be a truly great album. You can tell he's put a lot of heart into it, but sadly it doesn't work as well as it should.

Everybody is great, just not that great. It's a fun listen, but Logic's Bond-villain-level monologuing gets old fast, and isn't gonna hype you up any time soon. ♦



Othello

THEATRE REVIEW BY JULIA WIENER

As someone who likes to think of herself as cultured and somewhat dramatic, I traipsed along last Friday to the Pop Up Globe's production of *Othello*.

As with all productions of Shakespeare, I found myself understanding the dialogue more and more easily as the scenes progressed. The actor playing Othello was marvellous—controlled and emotive, he moved his character first into the audience's sympathies, then into their horror, with fantastic theatrical skill. The actress playing Desdemona was slightly weaker, but still played her character well.

Desdemona's lines were cut significantly from the original (according to Shakespeare nerd friend with whom I watched the show), and though in a play as long as *Othello* some trimming is necessary, I didn't think the need for brevity justified how much the director flattened her character. Iago was well-played, too, although the actor chewed the scenery at times. Minor drawbacks aside, the casting was infinitely more impressive than the last time I saw *Othello* live, which starred a white guy in bronzer as the titular character.

There was, as there sort of has to be in every live Shakespeare production, merriment in the in-between moments; the crowd chanting "DRINK, DRINK, DRINK" to Cassio, the winking banter of Emilia and Desdemona early in the plot.

Aside from some hamfisted costuming (wow, I never would have guessed that everyone in black leather is bad and everyone in white cotton is good!), the mechanics of the play were flawlessly executed. The stagecraft was stunning.

The end of the play is unwatchable at the best of times, and meant to be so. No one can sit through the live performance of a man killing his wife in a jealous rage without feeling very uncomfortable. Overall, I would say don't watch *Othello* if watching domestic violence will upset you—which is true of every production of the play, and not particular to the decisions made by this director. The season (which includes Henry V as well!) ends this week—I can't recommend it enough. ♦

ANZAC DAY TREE PLANTING EVENT

ANNA CUSACK AND ALANA MISSELBROOK

On Saturday, 29th of April, despite the pouring rain, AUSA's own Political Engagement Officer Anna Cusack, and Environmental Affairs Officer Paht Satjipanon created in an amazing event to honour the fallen soldiers of ANZAC.

Forty young people planted over 1,200 native trees at Puhinui Reserve in honour of ANZAC Day. The event was organised by AUSA in partnership with the Auckland City Council. Auckland Mayor Phil Goff welcomed the volunteers and took part in the tree planting himself. A range of native trees were planted, including Kahikatea which will grow to 55 meters tall. The volunteers joined over 3000 people from around the country, who together pledged over 9000 hours to serve for New Zealand, in remembrance of ANZAC Day.

This was an amazing event, with an incredible turnout. As the soldiers fell, the trees will grow in honour, and will be a constant reminder for the sacrifice of their lives. Lest we forget those who fought, and are currently fighting in wars, as their sacrifice will forever be appreciated by the people who they are fighting for. ♦



FIONA'S FEATURES

Kia ora friends!

With the fresh excitement of a new half-semester now beginning to fade, what better way to re-enliven your enthusiasm for university life than attending some of the upcoming events university clubs are holding this week?

From learning the 'art of pitching' from successful student entrepreneurs to a calm meditation workshop, the following activities will help you stay upbeat in a stressful semester, have plenty of fun and overcome the beginning of winter blues.

Coming up this week:

Social Innovation New Zealand

We are stoked to present the most popular workshop of the Kickstart Series, to help you learn the 'Art of Pitching'.

Why this workshop is a must attend for all aspiring entrepreneurs and social entrepreneurs? Because being competitive isn't enough. You have to be compelling!

James Koo from Niesh will share his sponsorship secrets, telling us how he managed to raise funds from renowned organizations like MYOB, for his hugely successful student-run social enterprise. You will also have the opportunity to hear from investors themselves. First Cut Ventures will be sharing the exclusive insights about the elements of a winning pitch, and how you can secure funding for your social enterprise.

Come along to OGGB Case Room 3 on Monday 15th at 6.30pm, and who knows you may be sitting next to your potential business partner or investor.

Sustainability Network

Meditation Workshop: Take time out from studying. One key for success is - 'Sharpening the Saw'. During these workshops we will be practising easy mantra meditation and gaining wisdom about how to harmonise body, mind & spirit.

You will learn how to prioritise tasks for short & long term.

See you there on Tuesday May 16th at Room 312-398, below Shadows Bar.

Comida y conversación: The food's on us - come to iSpace (level 4 of Kate Edgar) Tuesday May 16th at 5.15pm to enjoy some empanadas and get to know your fellow Spanish and Portuguese speakers/enthusiasts on campus!

UoA Buskers Festival

Throughout this week between 12-2pm on City Campus, talented students at UoA will be performing at the first-ever UoA Buskers Festival on campus!

We'll have students performing all types of styles throughout the week, from acrobatics, dance, singing, juggling to puppeteering, magic and painting or any other special talent, with some great prizes up for grabs, so come along and support your favourite performers!

This is a cashless festival - a public voting system will determine the winners. ♦

Quarter-Life Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

The Lady Doth Protest Too Much

Each week Caitlin, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tackles an item from her list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties and tries to pass it off as journalism.

Last week, I finally fucking graduated. As my ex-co-editor Pork Fullerton handily pointed out, it took a mere 1,894 days (over the course of five years) for me to get my Arts Degree. Some said it was never going to happen. To them I say, “Fuck you, what else was I gonna do with my life, get a job?” After five long years I have become irreparably lazy. In this spirit, I decided to kill two birds with one stone and complete my column challenge as I graduated. I decided on:

Make a stand for something you believe in.

Oh boy. I believe I have been fundamentally mistreated as an Arts student at the University of Auckland. UoA has its mouth firmly wrapped around the shaft of STEM subjects, and won't even give Arts a feeble wrist. Over the course of five years, I've seen the loss of almost all the admin staff in the English Department, the drastic reduction of the number of papers offered in both History and English, the History Department's beautiful historic building demolished, tutorials abandoned in favour of cost-efficient “discussion hours”, and lecturers becoming increasingly overwhelmed as they lose all support staff and have to be lecturers, tutors, markers, administrators and researchers simultaneously. It's shitty enough that the rest of society craps on Arts degrees, but the University doing it through its allocation of funding away from the Faculty is a constant slap in the face. So yeah, maybe I would make a stand at graduation. But what form would my protest take? In the spirit of my list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties, I made a list of Twenty Ways To Protest A Soul-Sucking Corporate Money-Grabbing University That Undervalues The Shit Out Of Your Degree And Cuts All Funding But Still Charges You The Same Fees As Students Who Actually Get Some Resources Out Of The Tens Of Thousands Of Dollars They Pour Into The Place. Here's what you can do to protest a graduation:

1. Wear a t-shirt that says “I Went To University Of Auckland And All I Got Was This Lousy Degree”.
2. Pull a “down-low/too-slow” on Stuart McCutcheon when shaking his hand.
3. Get “fuck you” in nail art à la Lindsay Lohan at her probation hearing in 2010.
4. Streak across the stage.
5. Wet-willy the guest speaker.
6. Lash self to a lamppost outside Aotea Square and sing “We shall overcome”.
7. Sack-tap Stu McCutch.
8. Copy Fossil Free UoA and unfurl a banner on stage, but instead of reading “STOP FUNDING COAL, OIL, GAS.” it says “EAT MY ENTIRE ASS”
9. Cover entire hand in mayonnaise before shaking Stewie Mac's.
10. Whisper “it rubs the lotion on its skin or else it gets the hose again” to McCutchy in the hope that he will get that my reference to *Silence of the Lambs* is in reference to the time he *literally froze and starved baby lambs for his doctorate* (Google “A study of some factors affecting the resistance of newborn lambs to cold-stress with particular reference to starvation and exposure mortality” if you don't believe me and want to read a gnarly 386-page thesis).
11. Bum-shuffle up the stairs and across the stage, insisting that you have vertigo.
12. Grab the Vice-Chancellor's hand and start a “stop hitting yourself” gag.
13. Put superglue on palm and get stuck to Cutcheon McStuart when shaking his hand and cut arm off with a pocket knife à la James Franco in *127 Hours* leaving the VC with a mutilated amputated limb stuck to his person.
14. Eat whole physical degree on stage.
15. Convince a fellow graduate to do the thing where you block your nostrils and breathe into one another's mouths until you're both inhaling carbon dioxide and pass out on stage à la Ulay and Marina Abramović in their famous 1977 performance art *Breathing in/breathing out (death itself)*.
16. Say “I know you are but what am I” when they announce your name.
17. Fart while walking past the academics #drive-by.
18. Smash plates on stage and claim you're Greek as they drag you off.
19. Do that awkward thing where you have your headphones in your iPod but the volume's up really loud and you haven't slid the lock thing over and you bum-tap the play button and it starts playing “Sugar We're Going Down” by Fall Out Boy from their critically-maligned but clearly excellent 2005 album *From Under the Cork Tree* just as you walk across the stage and it's that quiet tinny headphone noise but everyone knows it's you except for you and you finally realise but the iPod is wedged in your pocket and it takes a solid minute to get it out and turn it off and by then it's too late and your special day is in tatters.
20. Cover self in kerosene and self-immolate on stage.

As I sat in the theatre, looking at my parents smiling down at me, I realised that I didn't need to humiliate them in order to fulfil this protest challenge. Getting an Arts degree after five years of being told, in varying degrees of subtlety, by friends, by distant relatives, by old school teachers and by the University itself that it's worthless, is an act of protest in itself. Suffering through the torturous “so what do you plan to do after university” conversation hundreds of times, explaining the value of critical thinking to baby boomers year after year, defending yourself to your Engineering mates, dropping out of Law because you hate it and you love Film Studies or English or Anthropology, sticking with the degree even as you see it being dismantled before your very eyes—that's really sticking it to the man. ♦

**By Popular
Demand**



*With
Michael Clark*

13 Reasons Why: The Ethics of Suicide Media

Each week Michael, long-time writer and all-round teddy bear, tries to persuade you to take pop culture seriously.

**CONTENT WARNING: THIS COLUMN DISCUSSES
ISSUES RELATING TO SUICIDE AND MENTAL ILLNESS**

In 1774, a German fellow named Goethe wrote a fiction called *The Sorrows of Young Werther* which detailed the life of Werther in letters. Werther, reflective with fits of passion, falls in love with a woman called Charlotte. Charlotte marries a man called Albert and, Werther, unable to overcome his love, kills himself. The last letter is from The Editor themselves, detailing the extent of Werther's death.

Suicides spiked after *Sorrows* was published. In reading the novel, you can understand how Werther's letters were intimate; his false justifications are persuasive; his depression is slow and methodical, and it's hard not to synchronise with his mood. Authorities in some countries banned the book to try and lessen this phenomenon, but it remained noticeable across Europe.

This wasn't a freak cult-like occurrence or a religiously-motivated mass event. It happens all the time; even to this day. *Sorrows* was merely the first documented case in Western culture of what is called "The Werther effect". Whenever a highly publicised suicide occurs in the media, whether fictional or otherwise, the number of suicides increases for a period of time. It's why you have to be incredibly delicate with the way you approach suicide.

To this extent, a journalistic code was developed to deal with suicide reportage. It differs somewhat between institutions but recurring rules are: never oversimplify the cause (as factors are numerous and likely interconnected), avoid publishing materials surrounding the death (letters, photographs, etc.), never sensationalise (headlines that read "suicide epidemic sweeps the nation"), and always direct affected people to places that can help (a phone number to a help-

line). In New Zealand, the guidelines are held by the Ministry of Health who have done an exhaustive study on the topic and have a handy do and don't cheat sheet for "busy journalists".

To my knowledge, there is no equivalent code for fictional suicides. It is becoming common practice, in lieu of outdated classification labels, to place trigger warnings preceding questionable content as a sign of good faith between author and audience. This allows the audience member to make a judgement on the content in question, but this just removes traumatic surprises and misses the point. After all, talking about suicide doesn't encourage people to kill themselves; it is the way it is represented that determines its impact.

This is why *13 Reasons Why* was thrown into question. A lot saw its depiction of suicide as clumsy and uninformed, as if it were written by someone who didn't quite understand the concept. It is trauma porn for non-suicidal people and misses all the marks of being a suicide prevention tool. As Zoe Williams says, "If there was a list of ways not to portray suicide, this would tick every box." It legitimises death as an option. It doesn't explore alternatives to the crisis. It lingers on the method of completion. It sensationalises the death by withholding the scene until the end of the season then showing us as a reward for our commitment.

The series even perpetuates the cardinal myth that suicide is the result of a cause. That there's something or someone to blame. People don't kill themselves solely as a reaction to a negative change. Change often provokes hope, and people in crisis only complete when they falsely perceive their futures without hope.

Leaving behind a series of tapes is not something someone does when they have run out of hope. Thirteen tapes is not the equivalent of a suicide letter. Suicide letters look for closure; thirteen tapes to be passed around indicates that Hannah has some life in her.

To market *13 Reasons Why* as a rhetoric against suicide would be unwise and unethical. It's good that suicide is now being more openly discussed by people who haven't been affected by it, but it is not a great deterrent.

Perhaps there should be a code of practice when approaching suicide in fiction. I'm not saying that suicide should be censored, because it definitely shouldn't; it is a thing that exists and we should address the fact that it's a public health issue.

What I am saying is that authors, writers, creators, whatever need to be informed and take steps to ensure that what they are producing is able to have a positive effect on an individual's decision-making rather than a negative one. They need to be able to use a fictional character's suicide as a powerful deterrent against it; to not sensationalise and glorify taking one's own life; to not oversimplify the death as the end result of a cause; to not linger on the method of killing; and to explore alternatives in a crisis.

Because lives are at risk. And information is your weapon. I got mine from the Ministry of Health, googling "suicide and the media", a play called *Every Brilliant Thing*, and most importantly, people who are/were in crisis. ♦

AND HEY, IF YOU WERE AFFECTED BY ANYTHING YOU READ HERE, PLEASE CALL LIFELINE NEW ZEALAND ON 0800 543 354. THEY'RE GOOD.

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Amateur Hour



With
Jordan Margetts

Penal Dysfunction

Each week Jordan, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries to impart political wisdom but mainly just cries in the shower.

Let's indulge in a counterfactual-hypothetical: You're eighteen years old and male. You're from Auckland, a sbitty part, but not nearly the worst. Let's say Panmure. You went to the local high school (Tamaki?), Dad works, Mum doesn't. You have three siblings. You aren't super poor, but rent costs a lot and pocket money definitely isn't a thing. Now, because you're male and young it's almost totally impossible to get a part-time job. And since fun = money, you're fairly bored. And since study is boring (and tragically uncool), you sort of find yourself vaguely loitering. Your friends are in a pretty similar position. Now being an un-moneyed teenager and probably suffering from a maelstrom of hormones and insecurities and pimples and anxieties and what-the-hell-am-I-going-to-be-and-who-am-I-and-why-do-I-smell-funny type feelings, you need distraction. And let's say one pretty reasonable source of distraction is, ummm video games, and let's say you can't afford video games (STEAM or otherwise). And the Pakuranga Mall is nearby and there's a Dick Smith's and you reckon you could bring your school bag (black, bulky, it looks awkward and dorky, you do your best to slick things up by slinging it over one shoulder, and fuck does your shoulder hurt by the end of the walk home) with you to just look at some games and sort of shuffle the bag in front of you and just kind of pour one of those new crisp looking video-game boxes into your bag and then, like, really casually walk out, and the Dick Smith's is right by one of the entrances so you can pretty much just walk/run your way right out and up to Reeves Road and from there saunter to the bus stop on East Tamaki Drive and away you go. You need an accomplice, of course, because now you have the idea, you've sort of lost the guilt bit and just feel excited because this seems cool and you get a video game, and your friend Curtis (taller and skinnier than you, but with worse pimples and greasier hair so it kind of evens out) is keen as all shit to get up to some petty crime, so you make the plan. After school (uniforms still on, you aren't the brightest) you saunter over, quick bus from Panmure village to Pakuranga (just outside the mall, the suburban highways studded with weird

sad palm trees that make it look like it's trying to be L.A) and boom you're there. You get to the mall and you're a bit scared and excited and...

So. Here's the thing. You got caught. Cause your plan was stupid. The security guard (big bloke, looks like a bouncer, he clearly hates you, he swears a lot, seems to get off on scaring you, you cry a lot, it's far from manly) has apprehended you (Curtis ran off, the snake)...¹

This act is starting to blow my word count. The point is, if you get caught and things don't go your way, for a theft like this (I'm told by a lawyer friend who I made do the research for me) you're facing, assuming no prior convictions, perhaps a few months in prison. And given our prisons aren't, well, great, and we do things like delegate their operation to profit-driven multinational corporations that let prisoners develop fight clubs and the like, you're actually fairly likely to come out having been damaged in some legal (as opposed to just psychological—but that's a different topic) way.

Take the early 2000s case of *Taunoa v Attorney-General*. A group of prisoners took the Government to court for breach of the NZ Bill of Rights Act. In what was dubbed a "behavioural modification regime" by Corrections, some already severely mentally unwell prisoners were placed in solitary confinement (dank, unventilated cells) for up to twenty-three hours a day over a period of, in some cases, almost a couple of years.

In cases like these, one might think, given the systemic poverty and disproportional Māori representation among our prisoners, that perhaps when one of these unfortunates gets actually fucked over by the state they might get compensation in some meaningful way. Yes?

No. Or, at least not quite. And here's the point (this column is really just a PSA): check out the Prisoner's and Victim's Claims Act 2005. What interests me here is the practical effect of

¹ The above story is pilfered from a now defunct Craccum columnist. Some fictional licence has been taken. As far as we know the former columnist is still at large.

this Act: if our fictional *You*, who stole the video games, after being sent to prison takes Corrections to court for negligence or a breach of *You's* human rights and wins, *You* does not actually get any money. At least for a bit. The money goes into a pool whereby the victim (so defined in Section 8 of that Act if you're interested)—in *You's* case the Dick Smith owner—gets to apply to dip into the fund first.

Which, in our increasingly victim-conscious world, sounds kind of fine and acceptable until you think about it for two minutes. Are we as a society really okay with preventing a victim of the incompetence or malice of the prison system from receiving their compensation merely because they committed a crime in the first place? Are we really okay with what is essentially double punishment for a single crime? Are we really okay with these sorts of bizarre damning non-sequiturs?²

Well yup, is the answer. The 2013 Amendment Act made this regime permanent. Again, let's not forget that most people in the penal system are there because of property-related crimes (unlawful entry etc. and burglary etc. being the two largest categories), not the visceral sorts of crimes we associate more readily with labels like "victim".

New Zealand's (rather weak) sense of self-esteem in the wider world is based on ridiculous bloviating about "punching above our weight" or being willing (fucking thirty years ago) to stand up to the United States' desire for nuclear warships to visit our shores; or the fact we had a tantrum about racist rugby teams once. But if things get even slightly less cut-and-dry, we make it even slightly easier to let ourselves off the hook, and our strong stances and liberal policies melt away. A criminal is a criminal. Who gives a shit if he's abused by the state. Fuck 'em eh? ♦

² After all, the initial crime that lands someone in prison has nothing whatsoever to do with potential future abuse by the state, and surely denying someone (now a victim themselves) compensation is a pretty effective way to increase recidivism and, like, further alienation type stuff.

How to Talk About Sport



*With
Mark Fullerton*

DON'T TAKE DRUGS, KIDS, OR YOU'LL NEVER PLAY FOR THE KIWIS; but if you want to beat a guy up then go for gold

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to write a column about sports but ends up replacing any discernible point with way too many unnecessary footnotes.

In June 2013, Russell Packer urinated through his shorts onto the field of Suncorp Stadium.¹ Five months later he appeared in court for punching a man to the ground outside a club and stomping on his head, causing two fractures to his face.² Packer was sentenced to two years, served one, then rejoined the NRL with the St George Illawarra Dragons at the end of 2015 before being named as part of the Kiwis test side earlier this year.

Packer's story is not one of redemption. Granted, he did enter an early guilty plea, but further than that he hasn't said much of the incident,³ and is happily playing away at the highest level of rugby league. But, on the whole, he's a thug who engaged in some NRL-sanctioned thuggery before branching out for a bit of freelance thuggery (of which the NRL does not approve—poor profit margins) before almost immediately being welcomed back into the fold and further engaging in beating other men up, but this time on grass not the footpath so that's okay.

If you're a fan of league, or if you've been vaguely following the news over the last two

weeks, you'll know where this is heading. Jesse Bromwich and Kevin Proctor, captains of the New Zealand national league team and the Gold Coast Titans respectively, caught allegedly buying and taking cocaine outside a nightclub in Canberra. They've now been dropped from the Kiwis for the League World Cup⁴ and are about to have VERY awkward conversations with their NRL clubs.

We've had quite the spate of sports stars behaving badly. One Aaron got drunk and missed the plane to Argentina, another Aaron got jiggy in a bathroom, Ali Williams lost his contract with whatever French team he plays for⁵ for buying a bit of coke on the streets of Paris, while Dan Carter got a slap on the wrist for driving drunk through the very same city.⁶

I get that people look up to All Blacks as role models. They shouldn't, because really all they do is run into people or have people run into them or are very good at not running into people, but people do. But surely we don't need NZRL to tell us what is and isn't good behaviour? People are quite often sensible enough to make up their own minds about what is and isn't inappropriate behaviour,⁷ and

it seems highly unlikely that we'll see legions of six-year-old Kiwis fans hanging around Hobson St looking for a nasal hit just because Jesse and Kevin did.⁸

Is it right to very publically punish two men for partaking in recreational drugs⁹ while being 100% a-okay with letting a man with an assault conviction pull on the white V and piss all over the field?¹⁰ Apparently, according to NZRL CEO Alex Hayton.

"NZRL and the Kiwis will continue to work hard to ensure the people of New Zealand are proud to support our teams both on and off the field," he says.

If the NZRL are wanting to be taken seriously ever again then they need to take a long hard look at themselves because to be honest, Alex, if I had to choose someone of which I had to be proud, I'd pick those two poor wannabe Scarfaces over that field-pissing face-breaking fuckball any day. ♦

the terrifying spate of car-hood stompings that occurred in the wake of Doug Howlett's unruly behaviour post-2007 semi-final loss to France. So many damaged vehicles. The horror, the horror.

8 Although this is more to do with the fact that there are, in fact, no six-year-old Kiwis fans because there are, in fact, no Kiwis fans because the Kiwis do, in fact, suck. Some would consider NOT being picked for the Kiwis World Cup Squad to be a more prestigious honour than making the cut.

9 James Graham, captain of the Cronulla Sharks, is so far the only NRL figure to come out vaguely in support of the pair, arguing that he didn't care what his opponents did on the weekend and that the NRL should be focusing on their anti-doping programme instead.

10 SERIOUSLY. WHO THE FUCK PISSES ON A FIELD. THROUGH HIS SHORTS AND EVERYTHING. LIKE, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO TACKLE YOU.

1 Thereby joining a long list of players who have relieved themselves on the field, including the late great Jerry Collins, the Brazilian great Ronaldo and great mate Zane Fookes, who, after walking about twenty metres across the Western Springs field on the way to watch Eminem at Rapture 2014, decided that he needed to piss so rallied the troops with a cry of "boys, make a wall!" and went and we'd all over the ground as thousands strolled past.

2 Jerry, Ronaldo and Zane may have their flaws, but they've never done THAT.

3 "Not much" meaning "only slightly more than what he said about the pissing incident", meaning slightly more than a single tweet that read "Good win when u gotta go u gotta go lol".

4 The vagaries of the Rugby League World Cup are almost worthy of their own column. It appears that they just hold it whenever they feel (1995, 2000, 2008, 2013, 2017) and apparently it's being co-hosted by New Zealand this time what the fuck since when

5 Either you already know or you don't care, so why should I bother looking it up?

6 A far more immediately accessible crime in New Zealand than cocaine because cocaine is damn hard to come by in NZ and everyone knows that what you do end up finding is going to be pretty shite so why even bother? Ubers are expensive, and that Land Rover is winking at me.

7 For me, at least, I tremor with fear when I remember

BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

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3	9						7	2
	6	1				5	9	
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KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

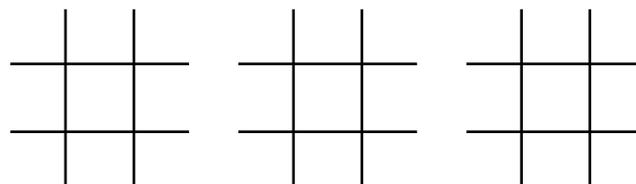
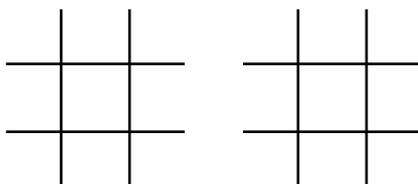
1. What is the closest planet to the Sun?
2. In what country does the New Zealand *Survivor* take place?
3. What was the name of King Arthur's sword?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. What colour is kakariki?
5. A sommelier is someone with expertise in what?
6. Which author created the characters of Boo Radley, Tom Robinson and Dill Harris?
7. Which half of comedy duo Key and Peele directed the recent film *Get Out*?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. What did Dmitri Mendeleev compile?
9. Which two All Blacks were involved in the series-ending spertackle on Brian O'Driscoll in the first Lions test in 2005?
10. New Zealand is comprised of how many regions – 10, 12 or 16?

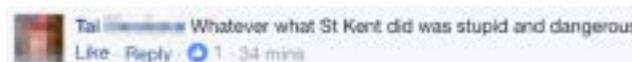


ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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	6	5				7	3	
	9		5		7		1	
1								4

HERALD'S HEROES

Every week we'll trawl the comments section of the NZ Herald Facebook page to find the hilarious, the repulsive, and the outright absurd.



St Kentigern (AKA St Mungo, AKA Kent) was brought up by St Serf in medieval Scotland. At the age of twenty-five, Kent began his missionary labours on the Clyde, the site of modern Glasgow. He built his church across the water from an extinct volcano. For some thirteen years, he laboured in the district, living a most austere life in a small cell and making many converts by his holy example and his preaching. A strong anti-Christian movement in Strathclyde, Kent retired to Wales, via Cumbria, staying for a time with St David, and afterwards moving on to Gwynedd where he founded a cathedral at Llanelwy. While there, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. He eventually returned to Glasgow where a large community grew up around him. It was nearby, in Kilmacolm, that he was visited by St Columba. The two saints embraced, held long converse, and exchanged their pastoral staves. In old age, Kent became very feeble and his chin had to be set in place with a bandage. He is said to have died in his bath.

So, contrary to popular belief and defamatory and downright blasphemous social media comments, and perhaps due to his incredibly saintly social circles, St Kent never did anything dangerous or stupid in his life. Sorry Tai. ♦

Answers: 1. Mercury 2. Nicaragua 3. Excalibur 4. Green 5. Wine 6. Harper Lee, in *To Kill a Mockingbird* 7. Jordan Peele 8. The Periodic Table 9. Tana Umaga and Keven McElam, controversially receiving no punishment 10. 16

the people to blame.

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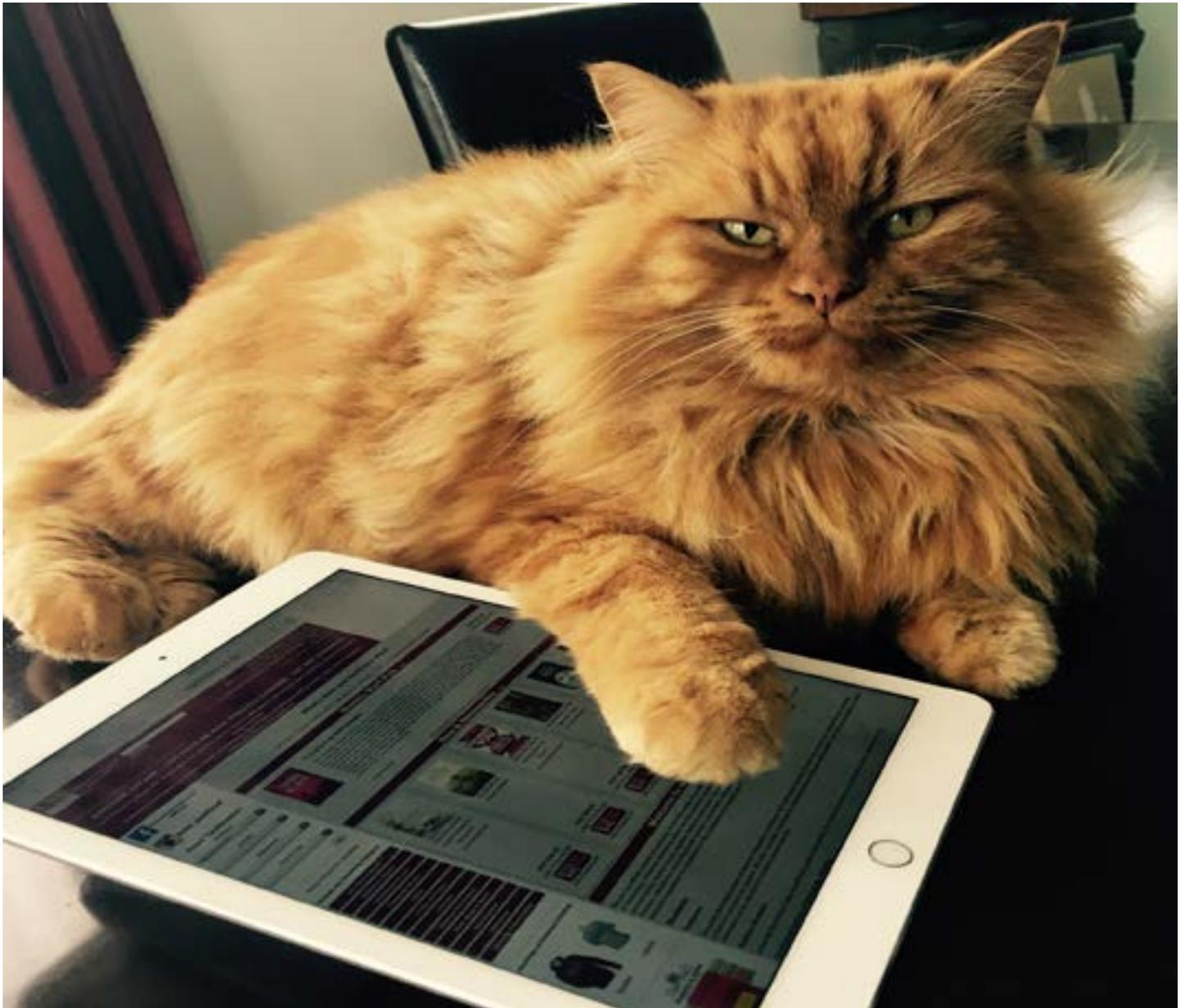


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